

dom PATROL

Grant **MORRISON** Doug **BRAITHWAITE**
Richard **CASE** Scott **HANNA**
John **NYBERG** Carlos **GARZÓN**



ROLAND

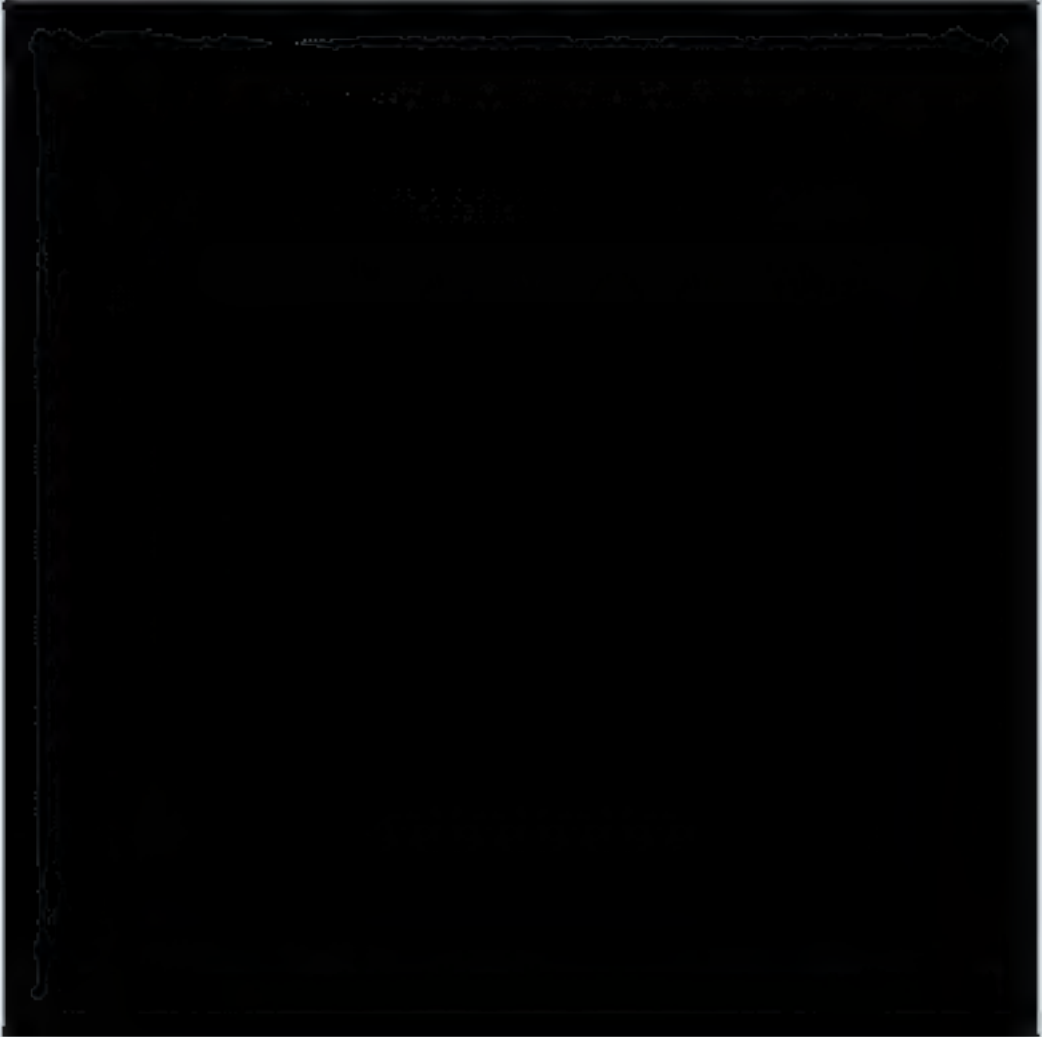
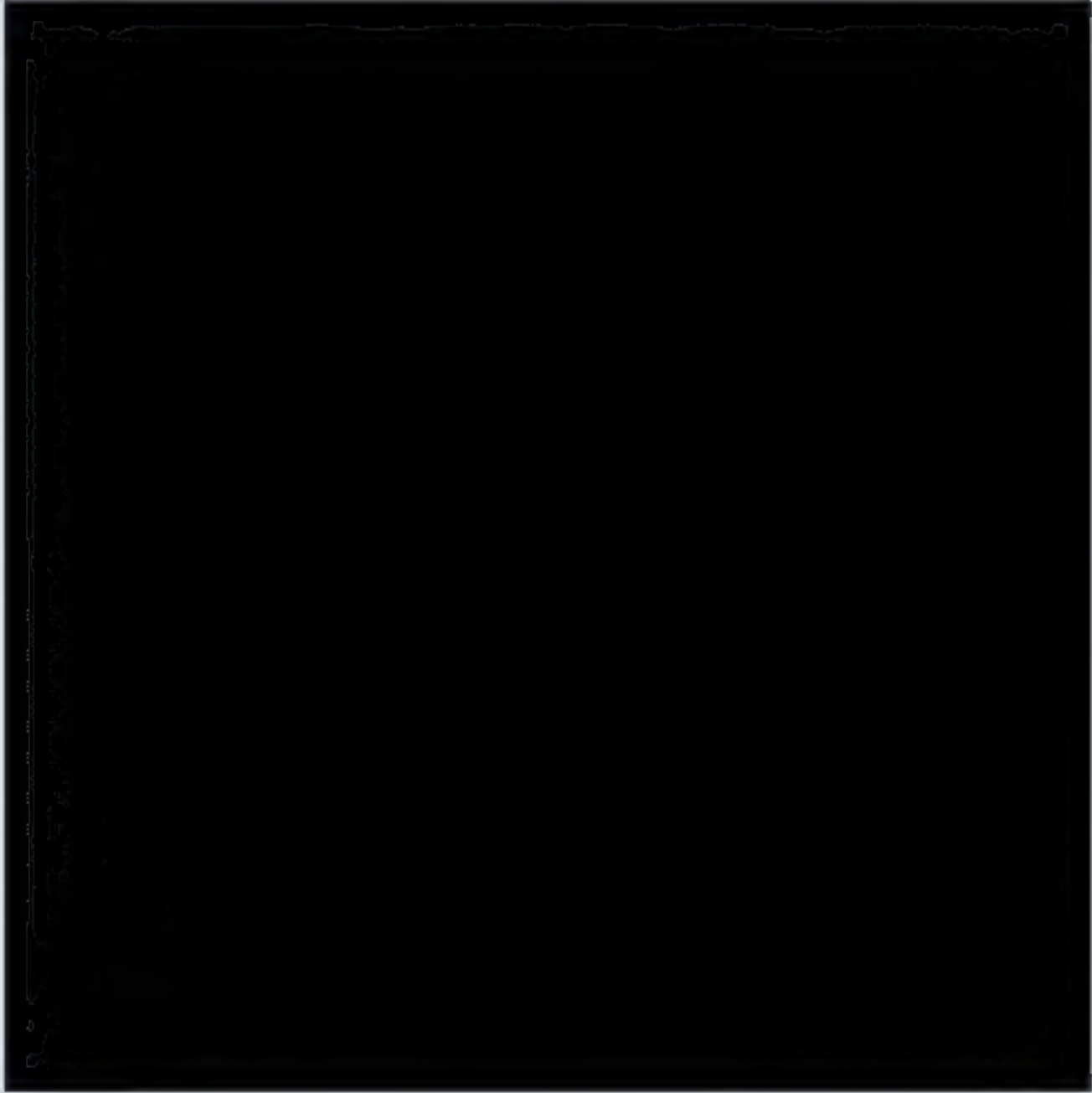
VERIGO

"The craziest superhero story ever told."

— The Atlantic

BOOK ONE

**"All I want is the answer to one
simple question before I run
screaming back to the bughouse.**



Is this real or isn't it?"

GRANT MORRISON
WRITER

RICHARD CASE
JOHN NYBERG
DOUG BRAITHWAITE
SCOTT HANNA
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ARTISTS

DANIEL VOZZO
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COLORISTS

JOHN WORKMAN
LETTERER



doom PATROL



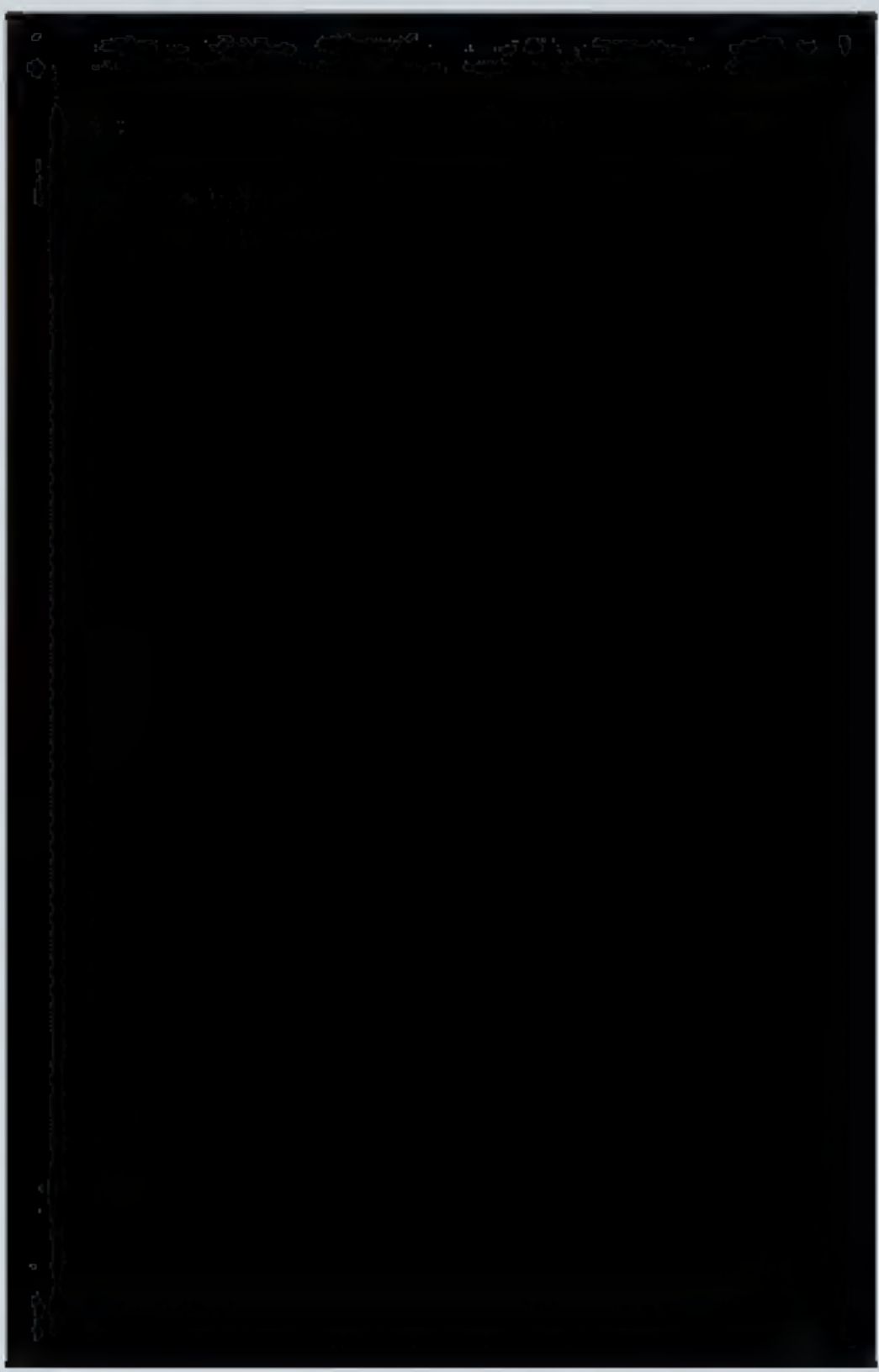
BOOK **ONE**



BRIAN BOLLAND
COVER ARTIST

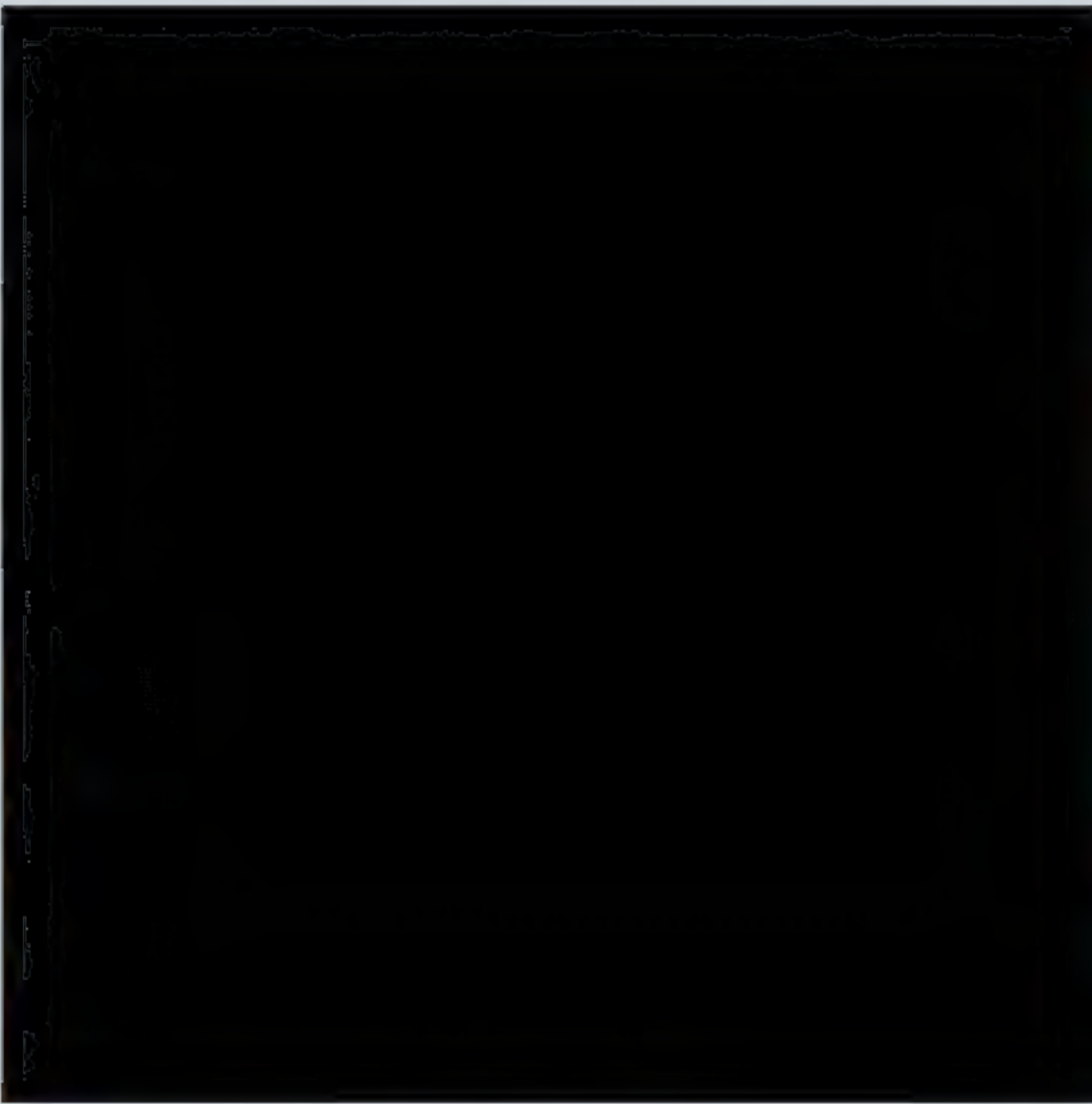
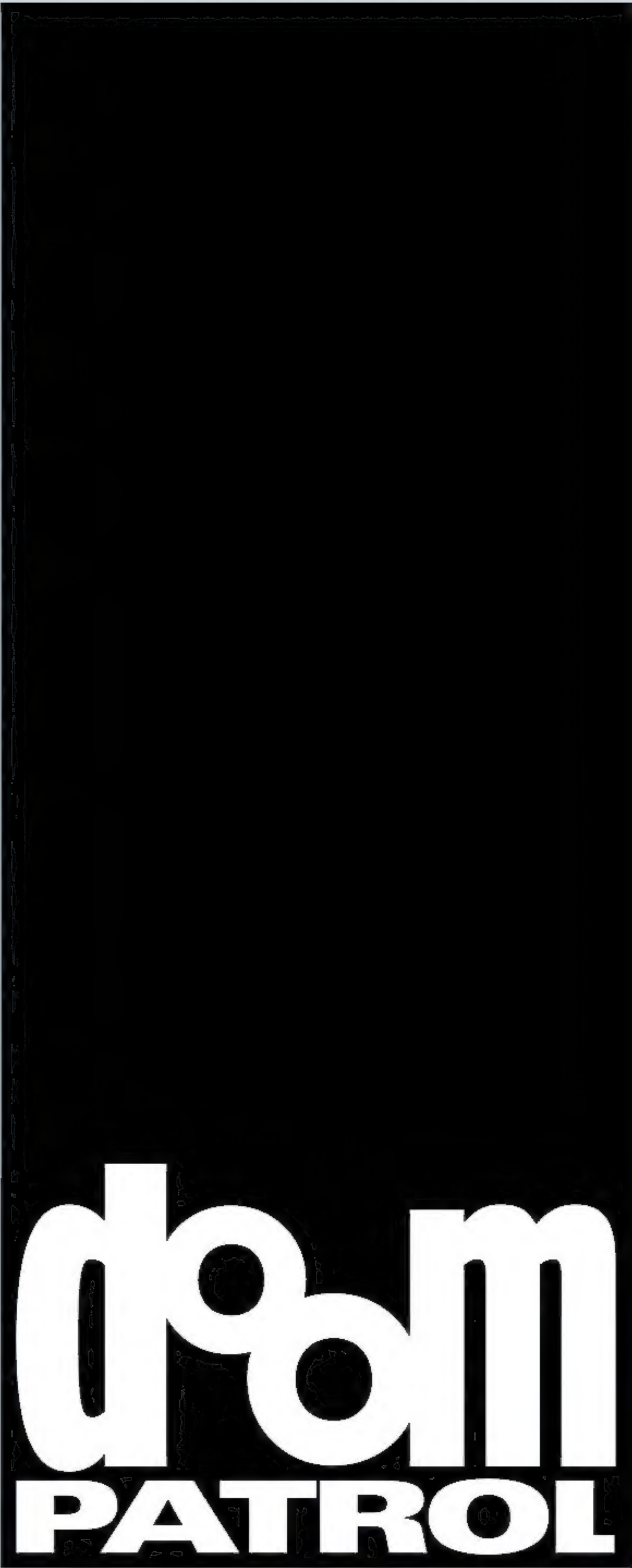
RICHARD CASE
SCOTT HANNA
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SIMON BISLEY
ORIGINAL SERIES COVERS

THE DOOM PATROL CREATED BY
ARNOLD DRAKE



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DOOM PATROL BOOK ONE

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Nobody Wants to Be a Human Brain in a Robot Body — or — Why This Isn't a Superhero Comic, and Why That's Good



But enough about DOOM PATROL; let's talk about me.

When I was a kid, like millions of others, I would pin a red bath towel to my collar and imitate George Reeves's springboard Superman takeoffs. Other days, unlike millions of others, I might clench my right fist and spin my arm like a windmill, creating a miniature tornado that could uproot trees, in imitation of the Flash's super-speed. Sometimes, like no other kid before or since, I would wear my sport coat and clip-on necktie and dart for cover from bush to car to tree as I believed James Bond would if he ever ended up in my neighborhood. Besides absorbing and reliving the adventures of these beloved heroes, I also read Arnold Drake and Bruno Premiani's DOOM PATROL each month — but I never wrapped my head in bandages and feigned weakness in 60-second bursts as a radioactive parasite fled my body to perform routine rescues that I could only watch. I never wished that isolated parts of my body could grow or shrink if only I could concentrate hard enough. I certainly never wanted to burn to a crisp in an auto wreck so my brain could be transplanted into a clunky robot body with a steam shovel jaw.

And that's why the Doom Patrol — Larry Trainor, Negative Man, Rita Farr, Elasti-Girl, and Cliff Steele, Robotman — weren't really superheroes, despite their names and the way they looked. Part of the function of a superhero is to give us a refuge from our normalcy, an identification with something wonderful, a secret airborne headquarters from which we can look down at our friends, families and authority figures — especially authority figures — and feel pity for their tragic lack of special gifts.

Disguised as a regular comic book, DOOM PATROL subverted this drive. Compared to the omniplegic Cliff and the infected Larry, normal people were to be envied, not pitied. In a similar way, a nine-year-old who windmills his arm in the direction of an old elm tree on a busy city street corner in broad daylight might secretly envy normal people as they puzzle at him from their Valiants and Corvairs. Maybe you have felt this envy, too.

So if the Doom Patrol aren't superheroes, I guess they're people, just like you and me, or at least like me. They don't look like anything that can exist, but maybe the feelings that come with the full-body bandages and the steam shovel jaw and the ankles like sequoia trunks are as genuine as the last time you compared yourself to a stranger and came up short. Maybe the untroubled normalcy we project onto others is what's so preposterous. Maybe the Doom Patrol make perfect sense.

Mind you, I'm not claiming to have developed this analysis 29 years ago while amputating the pet parakeet's wings for my homemade Hawkman helmet*; all I really knew then was that the DP were gross and made me feel weird, and that I went out of my way to buy every issue.

It's almost thirty years later, and Grant Morrison and Richard Case have given us a new Doom Patrol, through which interested readers have an opportunity to feel gross and weird all over again. Like the original version, Grant and Richard's Doom Patrol sort of resemble other action heroes on the surface, but fall pathetically out of step once the chase music starts. Crime-fighters who fly, shrink, and stretch once again seem ordinary by comparison, and ordinary people seem lucky. Their first full storyline, "Crawling From the Wreckage," begins in one hospital and cuts abruptly to another, racking up infirmities in the first few pages like most comic books go through superpowers.

In the place of Rita, who could pass for regular folks, and whose power was never all that horrible, there's Kay Challis, the unforgettable Crazy Jane, whose paranormal "gifts" are limited only by the number of personalities serving time inside her head. As her story opens, there are 64 in attendance.

Larry Trainor and the super-parasite are still together, joined by the unwilling Dr. Eleanor Poole to form Rebis, the radioactive hermaphrodite who just doesn't sound like Larry anymore. That bothers our old friend Cliff; he's still the same, but when you start out as a leaky gray sponge in a prosthetic body, there's not much room to deteriorate.

Also along for the plunge are Niles Caulder, the difficult genius who founded the Doom Patrol; Rhea Jones, a comatose girl who seems to be sleeping her way toward a frightening destiny; and the lovable Dorothy Spinner, an ape-faced adolescent whose inner life can manifest itself for all to see — a "gift" that would have most teenagers clawing at the asylum gate for entry.

The only member with what I would call healthy, average superpowers — Joshua Clay, a physician who can fly and shoot some kind of ray-blasts from his fists — is too freaked out by all of this to let himself use them. He'd rather stand by for the inevitable medical emergencies and perform routine tasks for the Chief in the meantime.

As tedious as that sounds, we can't blame Josh for trading his tights for an apron when we consider the opposition. The Doom Patrol has never been lucky enough to face mere jewel thieves who dress like playing cards, or masked kidnappers who messenger easy clues to their whereabouts to the commissioner's office. Their rogues gallery is more likely to include the imaginary world that threatens to become real, supplanting our own reality; the unattended machine that could make dreams come true; the bloodthirsty omnipotent who claims to be God, and who's to say for sure he's lying?

For all of these dangerous encounters, for all of our heroes' disorders and infirmities, for all of their fear and heartbreak, one of the best features of Grant's DOOM PATROL scripts is what's missing from them. Another writer working with the same ingredients might have inflated the stories with the familiar grim-and-gritty solemnity of the DARK KNIGHT/WATCHMEN imitators. Don't bother looking for the (yawn) clipped, first-person angst, the (groan) balletic violence, the (sob) dead sidekicks, the (ah-chooo!) anguished resignation that worked so well in those projects and has seldom done the job since. Grant is too playful and hard-working a writer for any of this; in its place, you'll find pleasure in the strange workings of his universe, a fondness for its inhabitants, and a straightforward presentation rare in comics today.

A large share of the credit for that presentation must go to Richard Case's style and storytelling. Watching him grow from a raw but confident talent to an inspired master craftsman has been one of DOOM PATROL's most satisfying rewards.

The result of Richard and Grant's hard work is one of my favorite comics ever. A couple of years after their run began, I had the good fortune to become editor of the regular monthly title. No matter what happens, I intend to hang on to it until they pry it from my cold, dead fingers.

But enough about me; let's read DOOM PATROL.

— **TOM PEYER** 1992

**Just kidding, bird lovers.*

(The following letter from Grant Morrison originally appeared in DOOM PATROL #20)

A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

I'll be perfectly honest with you right from the start and admit that I find it incredibly difficult to write this sort of thing. DOOM PATROL editor extraordinaire Bob Greenberger asked me to fill up a couple of pages by introducing myself to the readers of this magazine and waffling on about whatever came to mind. As far as I'm concerned, this pretty much gives me *carte blanche* to bore the pants off everyone by indulging in a series of childhood reminiscences and idle speculations, so, like I always say, "Get out now while you still can!"

Okay. Now that only the real diehards and the serious masochists are left, let's talk about the Doom Patrol.

My involvement with DOOM PATROL came about in the trembling spring of '88 when Bob called me and asked if I'd like to take over the scripting chores on the book, following the departure of Paul Kupperberg. Bob had seen the script for the ARKHAM ASYLUM book that I was doing with Dave McKean and he wondered if I could do to the members of the Doom Patrol what I'd done to Batman and the inmates of DC's infamous fictional loony bin.

I was busy with ANIMAL MAN and with my *Zenith* series for *2000 AD* and with all sorts of other things too numerous and too boring to mention, and I wasn't sure if I really wanted to take on another monthly book on top of all this stuff. The more I thought about it, however, the more attractive the idea of revamping the Doom Patrol began to look. What really clinched it was the fact that, when I was a kid, I hardly ever read DOOM PATROL; that comic *frightened* me, and the only reason I read any of the stories at all was that there was a certain dark and not-altogether-healthy glamour about those four characters.

That was good enough for me. I decided to write DOOM PATROL.

In these days of angst-ridden mutants and grittily realistic (yawn) urban vigilantes, the Doom Patrol no longer seem quite as extreme as they did back in 1963, but I'm sure that some of you reading this can still recall the genuine frisson that accompanied those early stories. Back in the '60s, when DC superheroes still sported right-angled jawlines and Boy Scout principles, the Doom Patrol slouched into town like a pack of junkyard dogs with a grudge against mankind. Believe me, this team was *bad* news. An audience more accustomed to the freshly laundered antics of Wayne Boring's Superman was suddenly confronted by a manic robot with a transplanted human brain, a bandaged pilot who was possessed by a mysterious Negative Being, and an ex-movie starlet whose life and career had been ruined by size-changing powers. To cap it all, this motley crew of complaining misfits was led by an irascible genius in a wheelchair. Add to that a cast of villains that included a disembodied brain and a talking French gorilla and you may begin to understand why those initial Doom Patrol adventures are still looked upon with such fondness by connoisseurs of the strange.

When I sat down to work out what I wanted to do with this book, I decided straight away that I would attempt to restore the sense of the bizarre that made the original Doom Patrol so memorable. I wanted to reconnect with the fundamental, radical concept of the book — that here was a team composed of *handi-capped* people. These were no clean-limbed, wish-fulfillment super-adolescents who could model Calvins in their spare time. This was a group of people with serious physical problems and, perhaps, one too many bats in the belfry.

My feeling about the recent incarnation of the Doom Patrol was that, quite simply, they were too normal. I proposed that we create a more or less completely new team, based more clearly on the tight family structure of the original group. Paul Kupperberg, via the *INVASION* crossover, kindly agreed to kill or maim most of his characters and leave the field clear for me to introduce a Doom Patrol that was a little less comfortable, a little more unsettling, and, I hope, more faithful to the spirit of the Arnold Drake/Bruno Premiani stories of days gone by. Most of all, I wanted to break away from the massive influence that the Claremont/Byrne-era *X-Men* continue to exert over the whole concept of the comic book super-team and to forge a new style that would look forward to the '90s.

Sounds great on paper, doesn't it?

In the end, most of my ideas arrived like Hurricane Gilbert, in one wild week of constant and feverish inspiration. When it was over, I found myself with enough material to take me up to around issue #60, if we can possibly imagine ever getting that far. At which point — and since I'm rapidly running out of things to say — I'll waste some space by mentioning a few of the things that led to the creation of this new version of the Doom Patrol.

Most certainly a major influence was the work of Jan Svankmajer, whose films I saw while I was working on my Doom Patrol proposal. Svankmajer is a Czech filmmaker whose films are often mistakenly described as surrealist. (In truth, they're only surrealist in the strict "super real" sense of that much-maligned word.) The films are generally fairly short; they use a combination of live action and the animation of everyday objects; and they present a disturbing vision of a world set free from all logical constraints. Svankmajer has just released a full-length interpretation of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and if you get the chance to see it, jump at it.

The season of Svankmajer films was augmented by "surrealist" classics like Kenneth Anger's *Eaux d'Artifice* and Maya Deren's eerie *Meshes of the Afternoon*, so when the time came to start work on *DOOM PATROL*, I'd immersed myself in the atmosphere of these weird, irrational worlds and was all set to bring some of that dream-like ambience to the stories I was planning.



Douglas Hofstadter's brilliant book *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, which is an immensely readable voyage into the twilight world of logic and abstract mathematics, was another useful springboard for me (as someone who rarely managed to get beyond writing my name on math exams, I'm doubly grateful to Hofstadter for being so perfectly lucid in his explanations) and some of that material will doubtless find its way into upcoming adventures.

When Rabbit Howls, the astonishing autobiography of multiple personality victim Truddi Chase, was another invaluable source of reference when it came to creating the Crazy Jane character. If you really want to have your mind blown, buy or steal that book and take a peek at what reality looks like from the other side.

Then there were the books on alchemy, the dreams I've used almost directly, the weird little stories told to me by friends and a million other things that I threw into the simmering stew that was the Doom Patrol proposal.

From here on in, we cast ourselves to the tender mercies of you, dear reader.

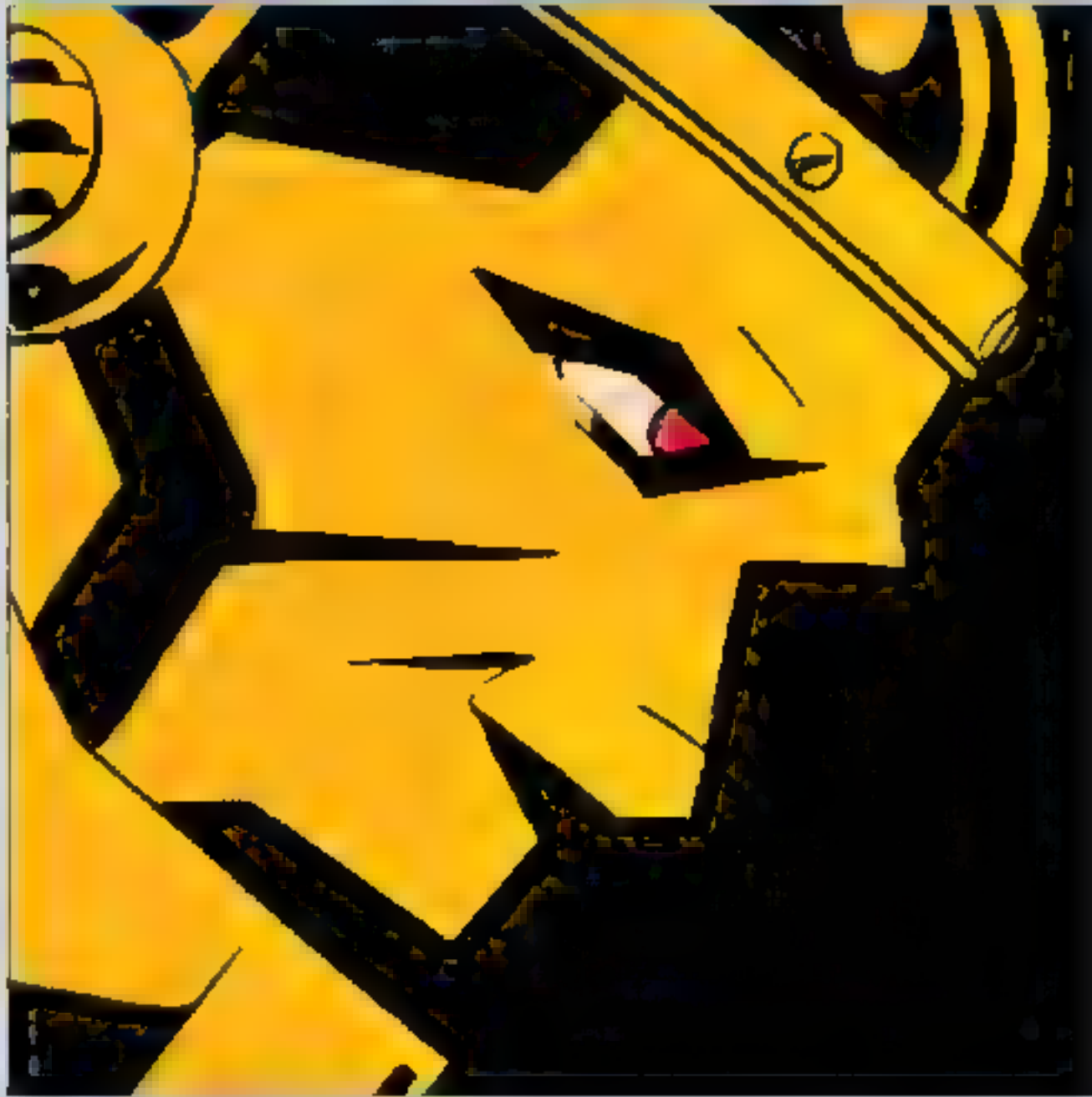
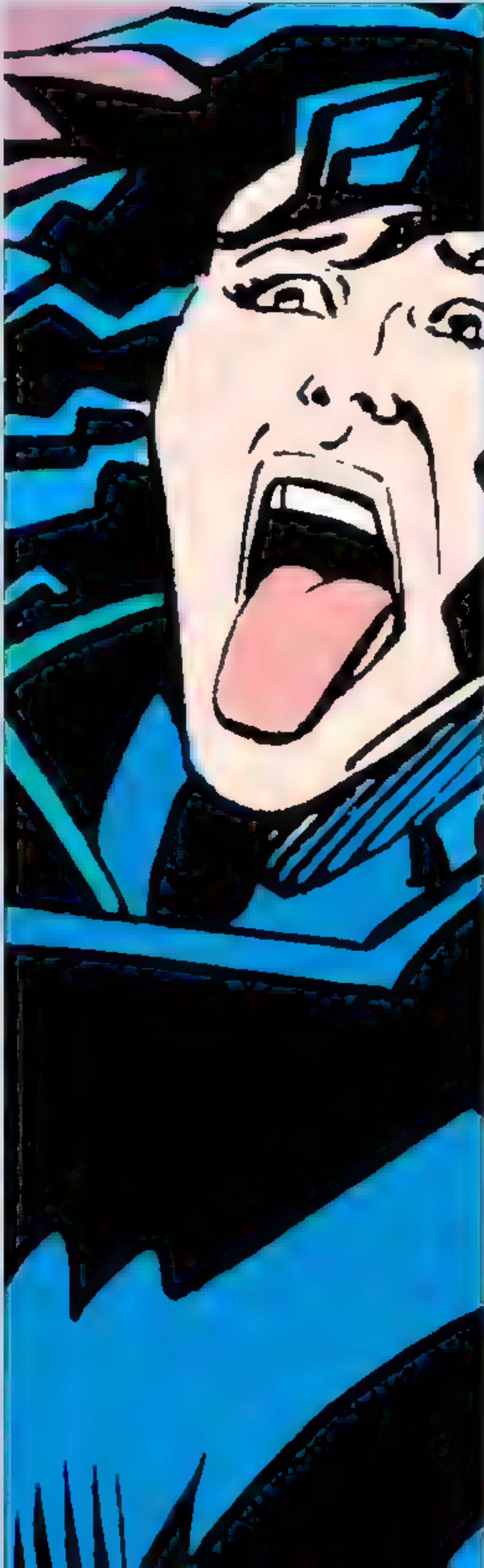
Anyway...

Basically, my aim is to bring back some of that ol' Doom Patrol magic by stripping the team down to its roots and returning, as quickly as possible, to the freewheeling weirdness that made the early stories so exhilarating. If things go as planned, we'll be hitting you with a rapid turn-over of ideas and concepts and unusual villains. In fact, waiting just out of sight in the wings we have the Scissormen, we have Red Jack, we have Mr. Nobody and the New Brotherhood of Evil and, oh, all sorts of other groovy stuff!

I really can't think of anything else to say. I return the space to you, to fill with learned correspondence or Crayola™ squiggles. In taking my leave, I just want to grace you with one final thought:

Remember when all the other kids on the block had Superman and Batman as positive role models? Well, if you could only identify with a human brain in a metal body or a guy wrapped up in bandages, and if you grew up weird, welcome home. You're among friends now.

— GRANT MORRISON
Dear Old Glasgow Toon, **Scotland 1988**




NEW FORMAT
19
FEB 89

THE **DOOM** PATROOL™

**CRAWLING
FROM THE
WRECKAGE**
PART 1 OF 4



by **GRANT MORRISON,**
RICHARD CASE
& **CARLOS GARZON**

CASE & GARZON

dom PATROL



"All the time I've been away,
I've been studying reports,
filing information,
making *preparations*."

roaringraringracing haring
home on the homestretch
now and the wind in my
ears the sound of the
crowd

200 on the speedo...210...
215...220...and oh the sky
runningspilling blue smoke

and i should have
seen it

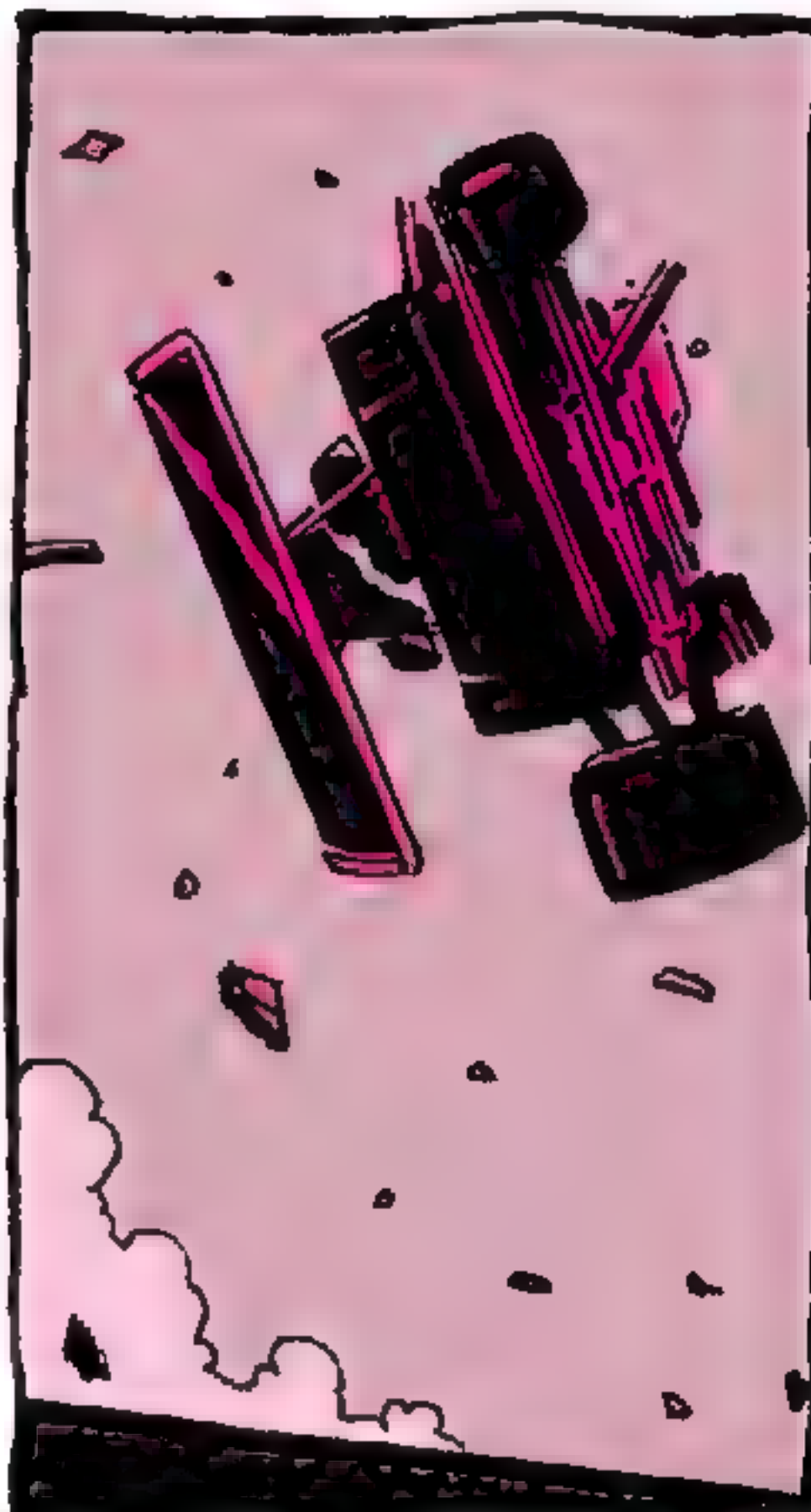
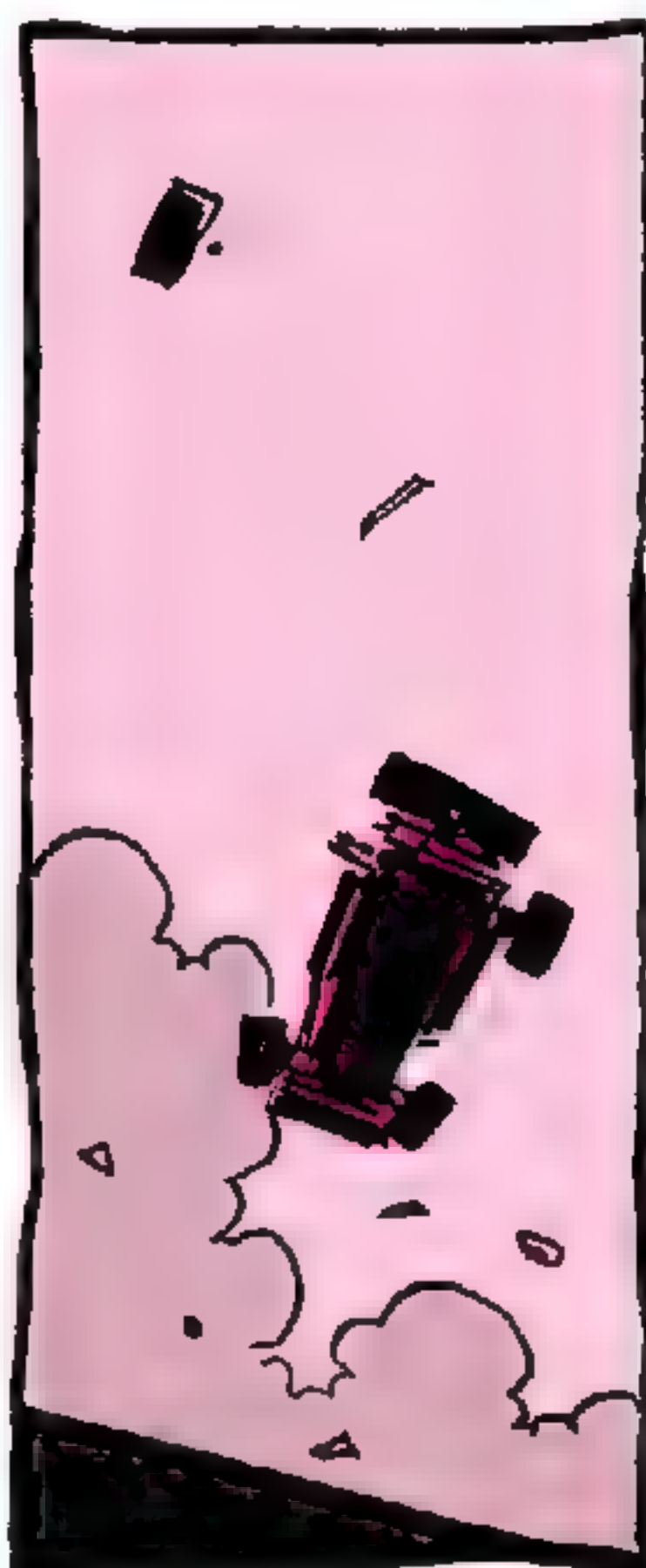
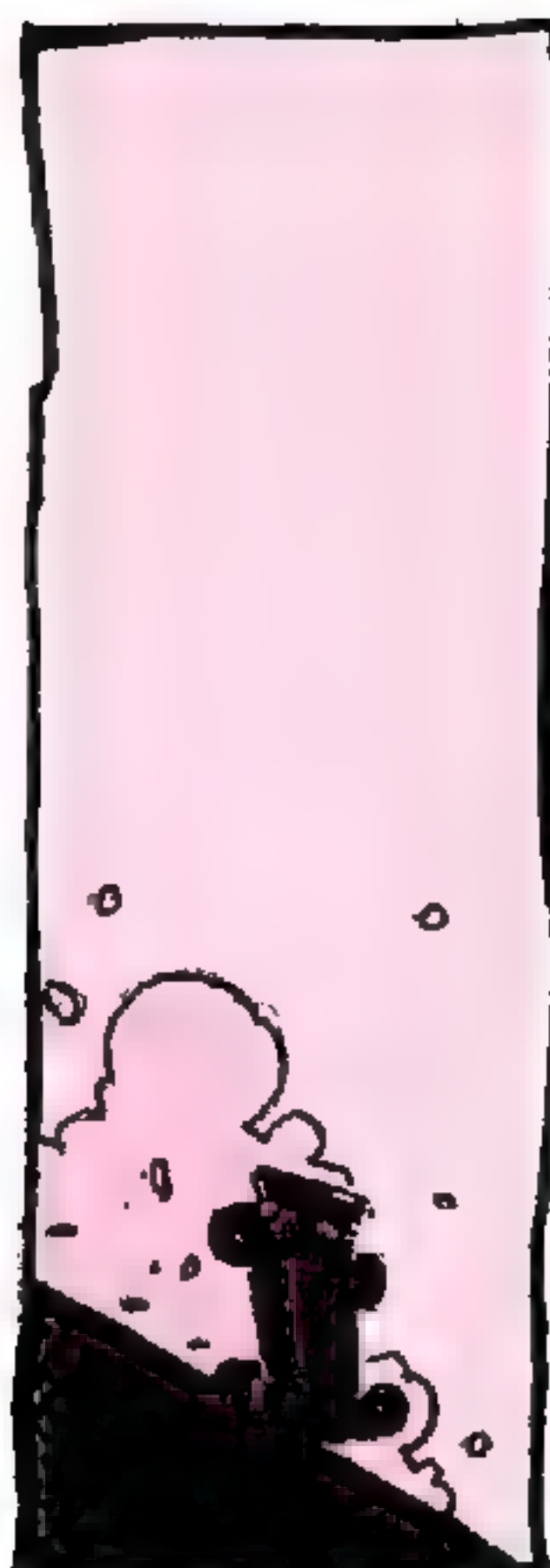
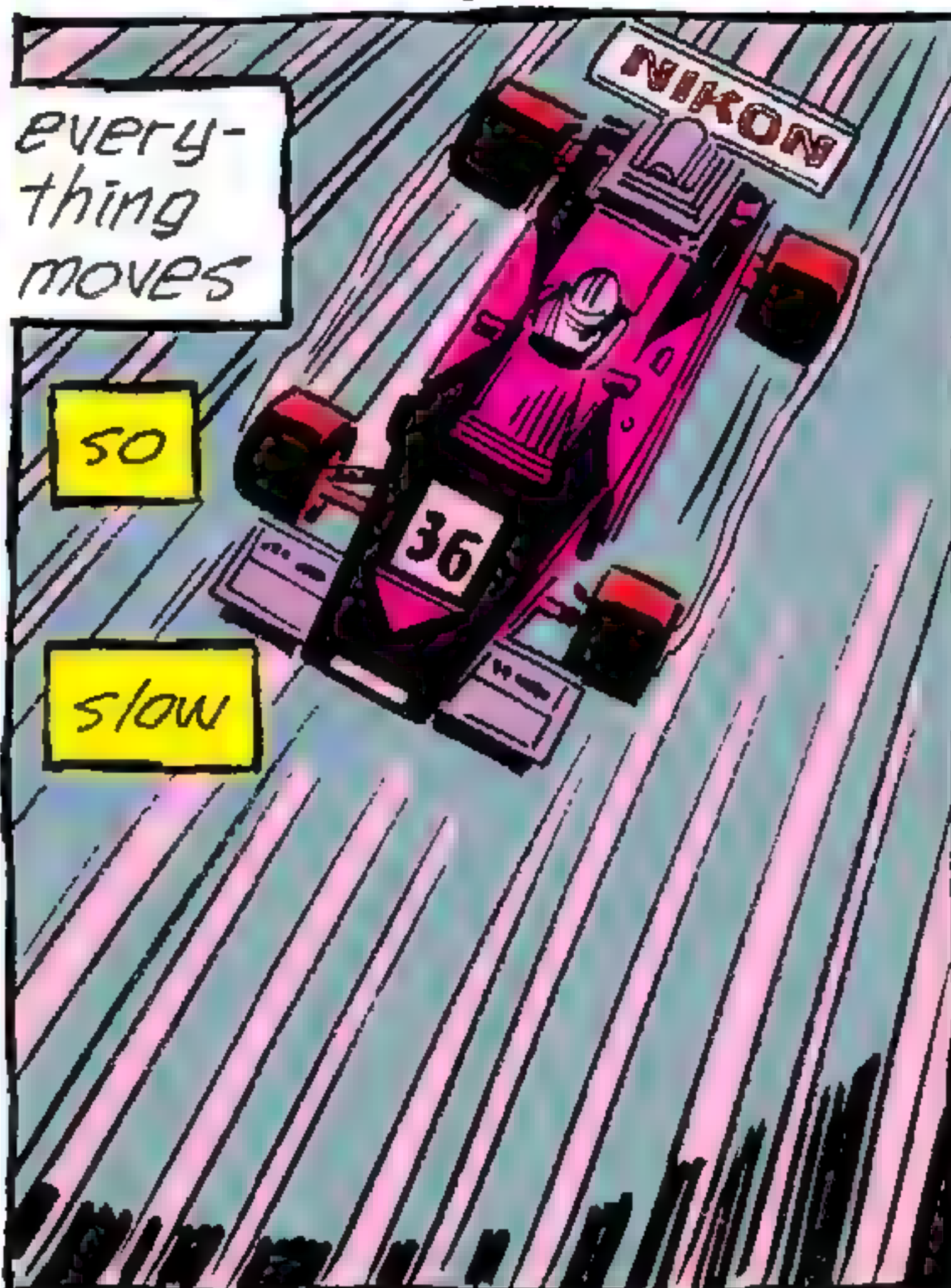
the oil
slick

every-
thing
moves

so

slow

i should have





WELL,
NOW...



DREAMING ABOUT
OUR **ACCIDENT**
AGAIN, ARE
WE?

THAT'S WHAT
HAPPENS...

...WHEN
WE REFUSE
TO TAKE OUR
MEDICATION.

GET
LOST.



COME ON NOW, RISE
AND SHINE! I'VE
BROUGHT YOU A
FRESH **NUTRIENT**
TANK.

NOW WHERE
ARE WE GOING
TO PUT IT?



"WE" CAN SHOVE
IT WHERE THE SUN
DOESN'T
SHINE.

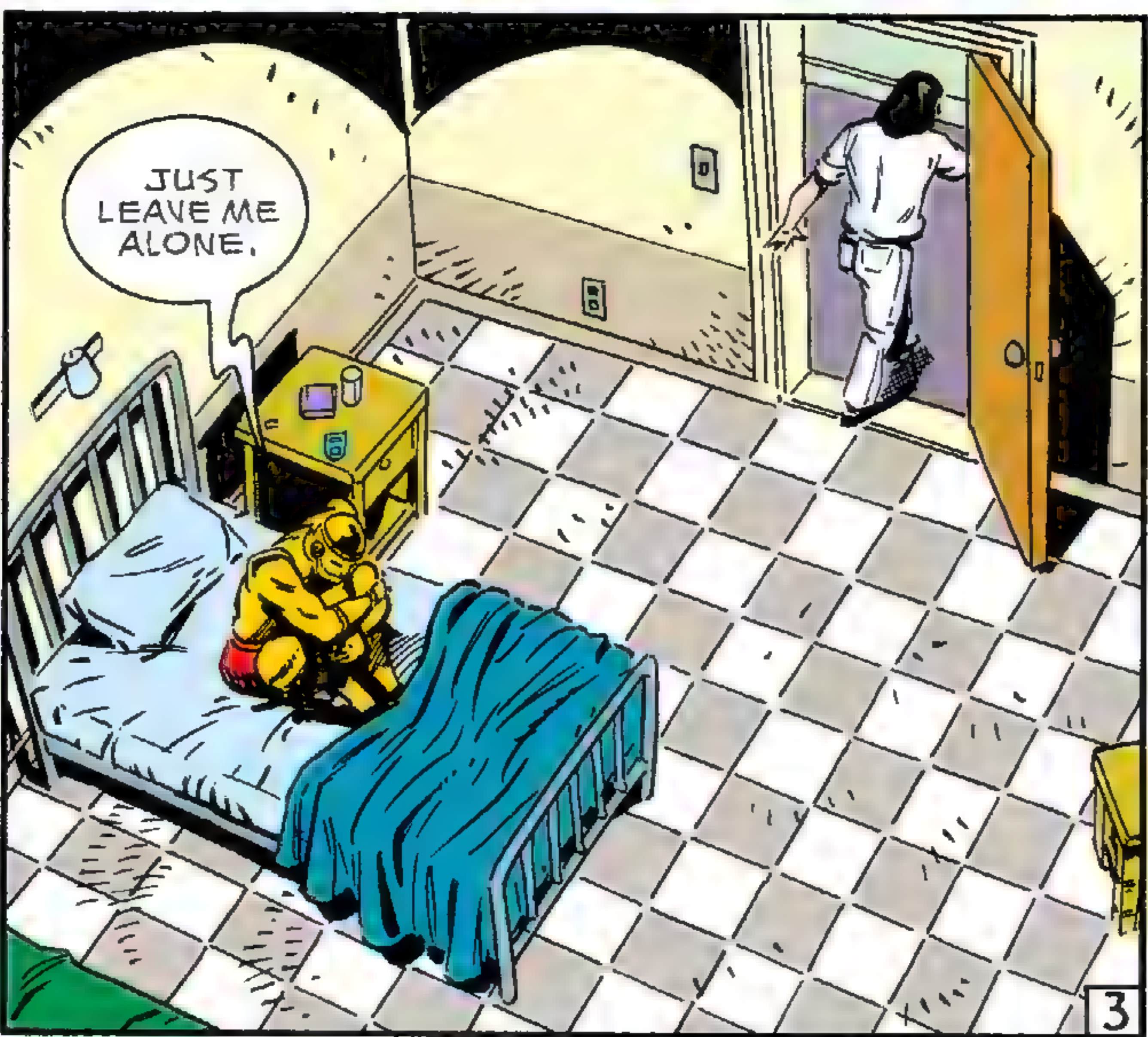
HARD.



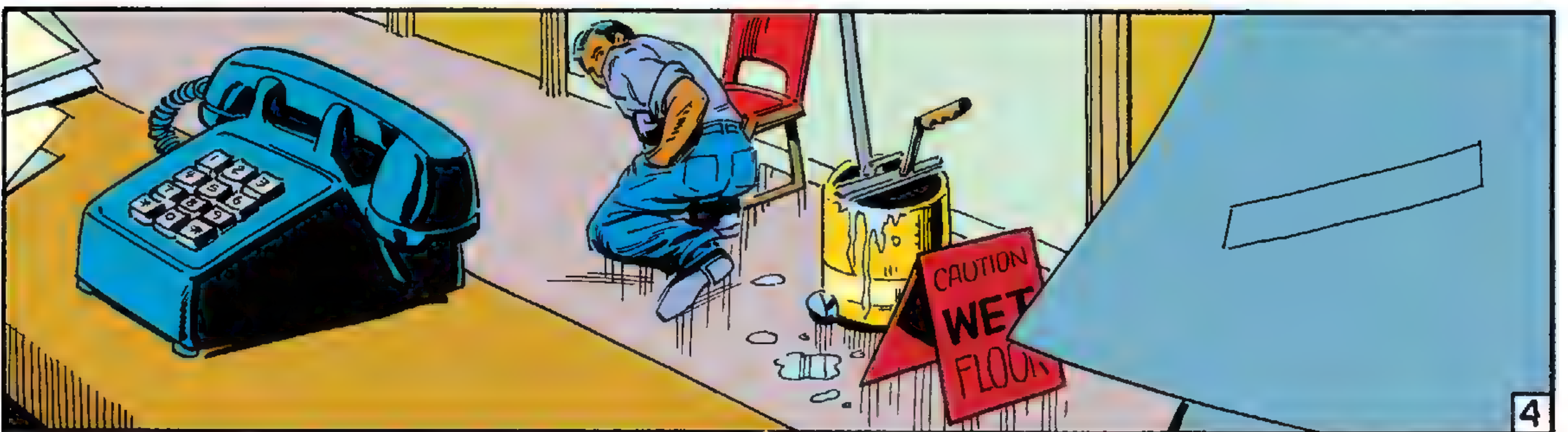
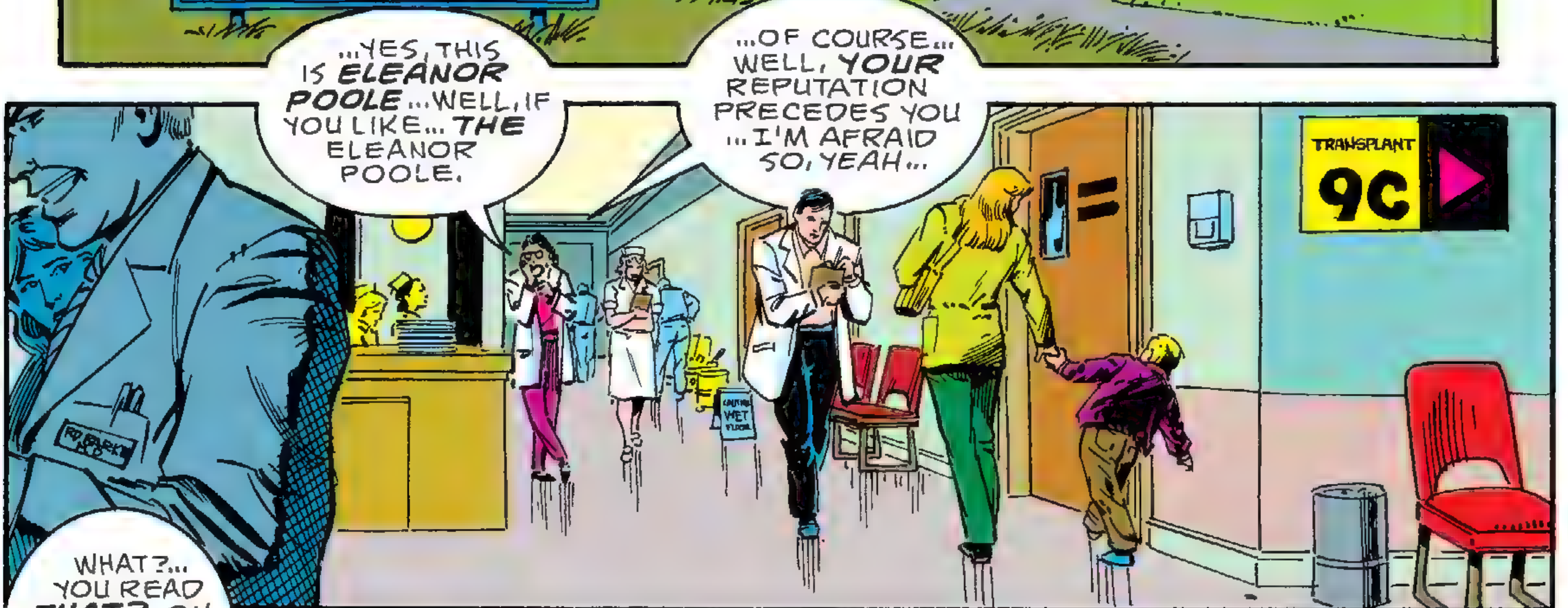
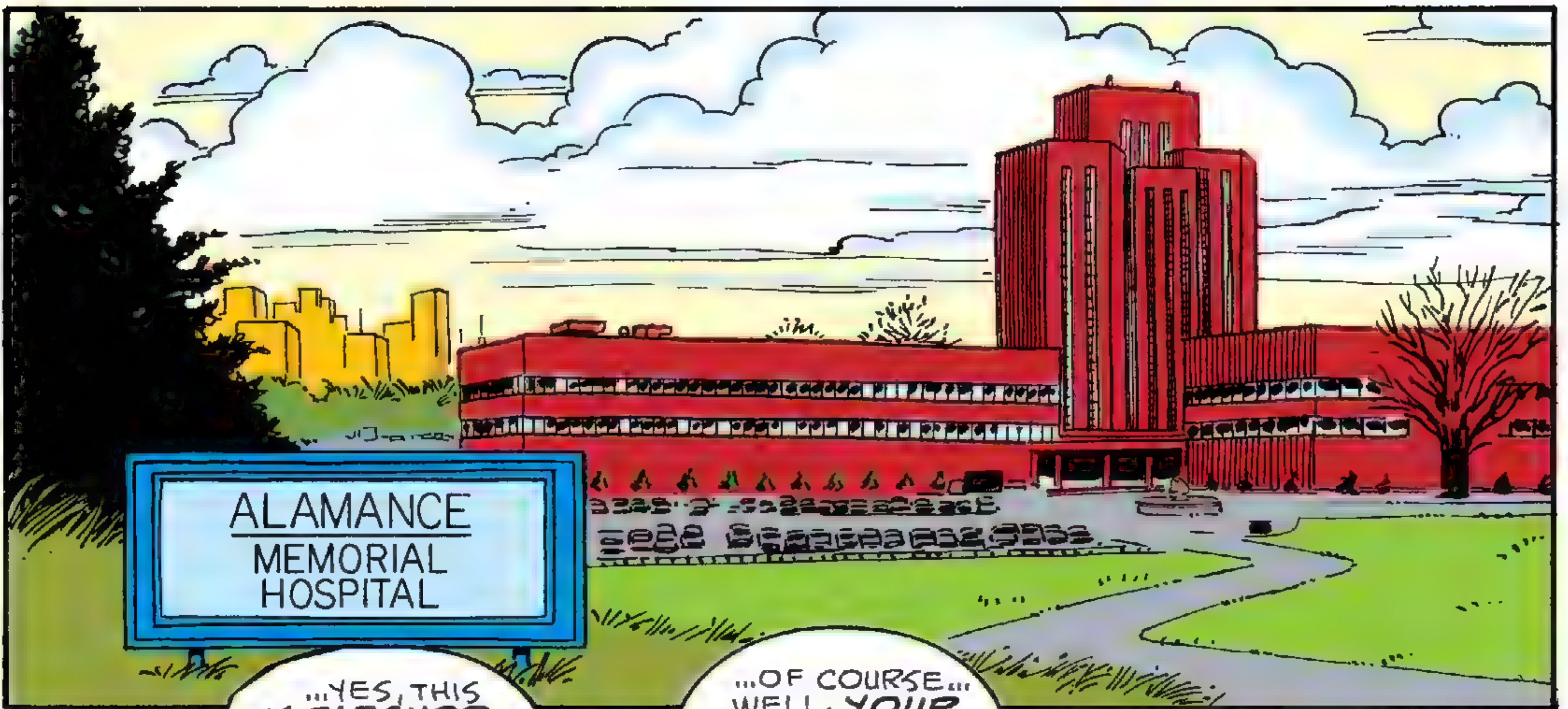
YOU'VE GOT A REAL
BAD ATTITUDE PROBLEM,
MISTER. I'LL
TELL YOU THAT
FOR **NOTHING.**

SHUT
UP.

GET
OUT.



JUST
LEAVE ME
ALONE.





WELL.

TWO CALLS COVERED EVERYTHING, I THINK. LARRY'S *FINE*, RHEA STILL HASN'T COME OUT OF HER *COMA*, AND I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MY *PHYSIO-THERAPIST* ON FRIDAY.

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED MY OFFER YET, JOSHUA?



I DON'T THINK SO, CAULDER. THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.



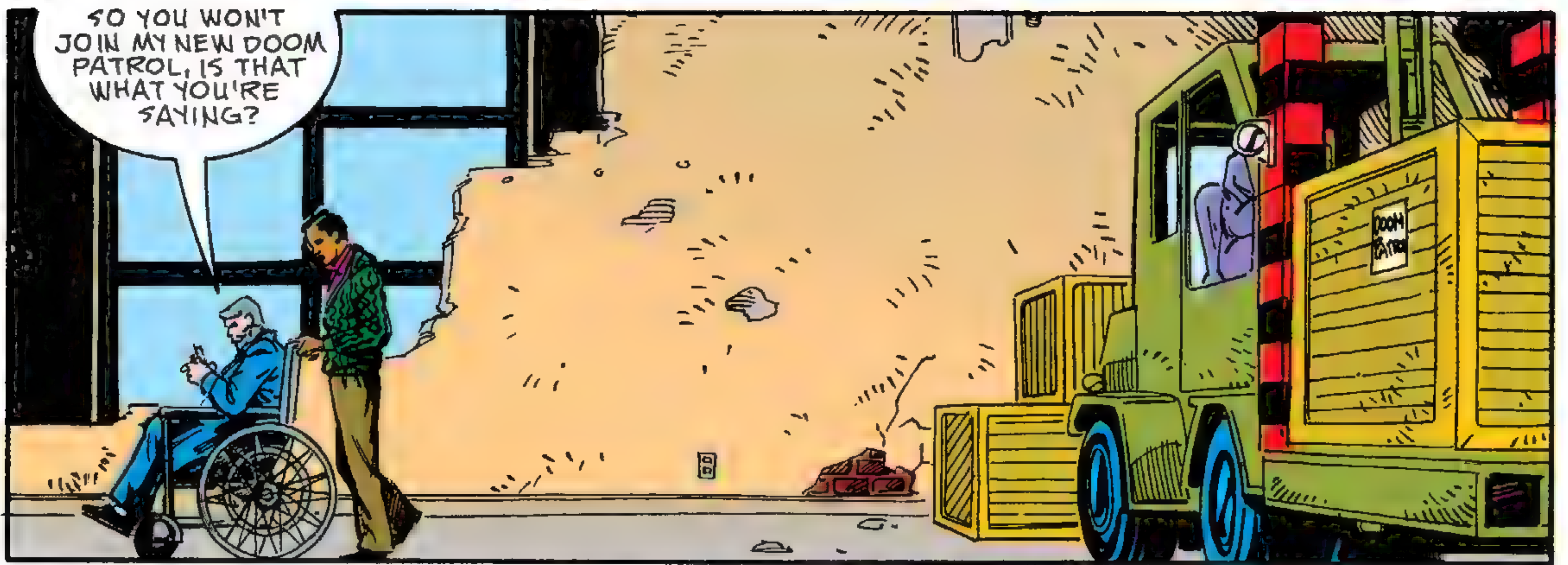
I REALLY JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE HOW EVERYONE WAS, YOU KNOW?



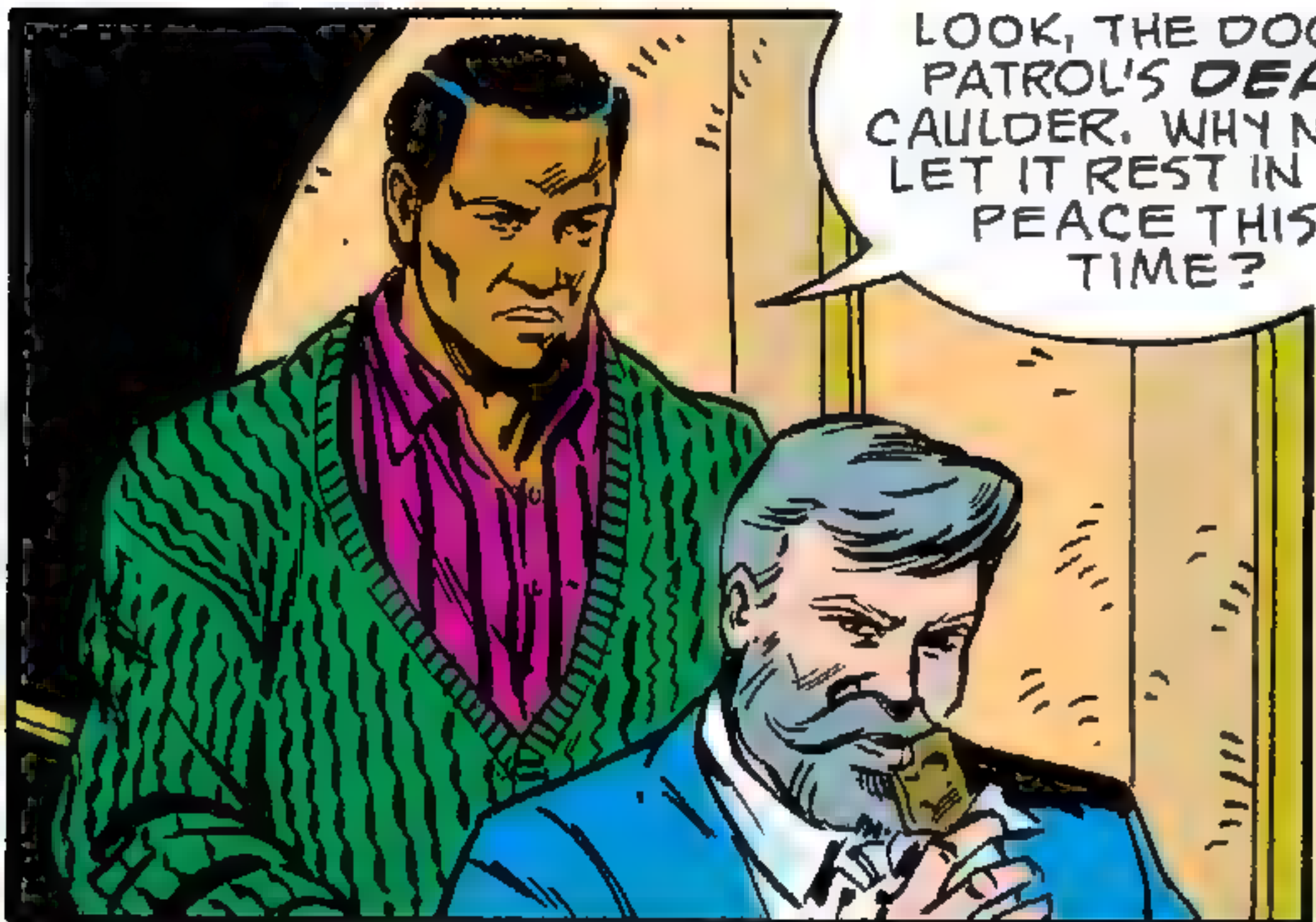
AND TO SAY *GOODBYE* TO THE OLD PLACE,

OFFICIAL DOOM PATROL STUFF

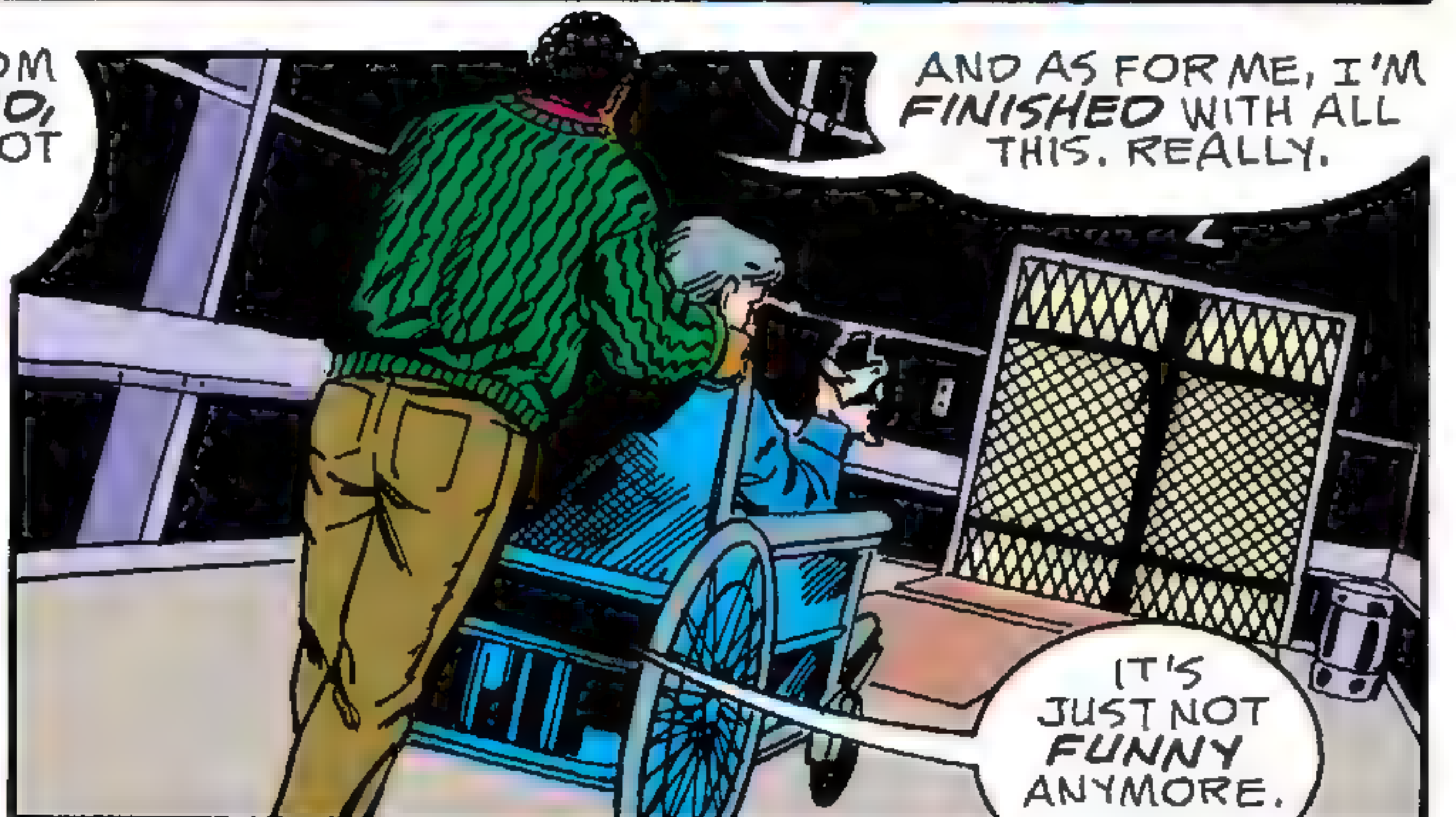
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SO YOU WON'T JOIN MY NEW DOOM PATROL, IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?

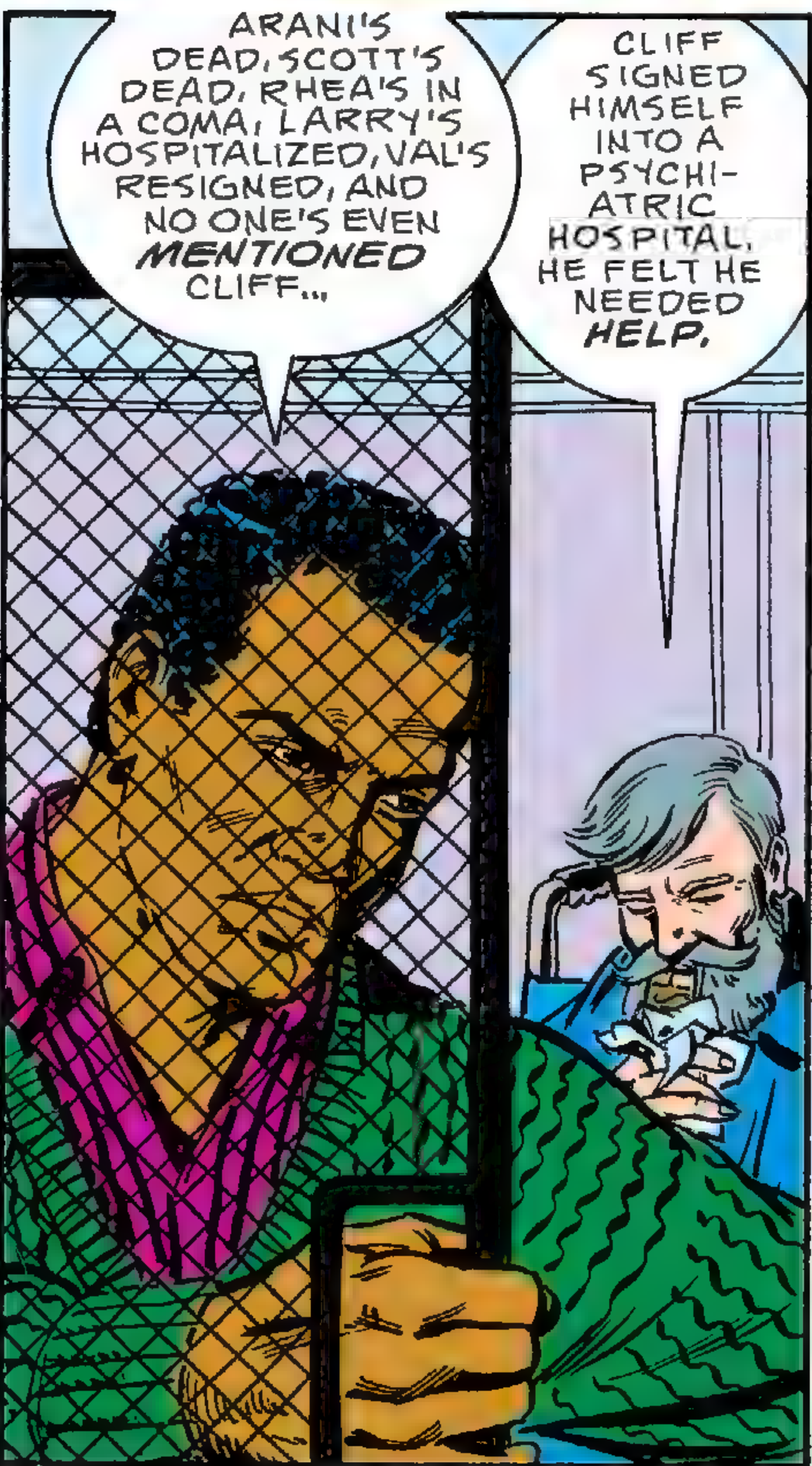


LOOK, THE DOOM PATROL'S DEAD, CAULDER. WHY NOT LET IT REST IN PEACE THIS TIME?



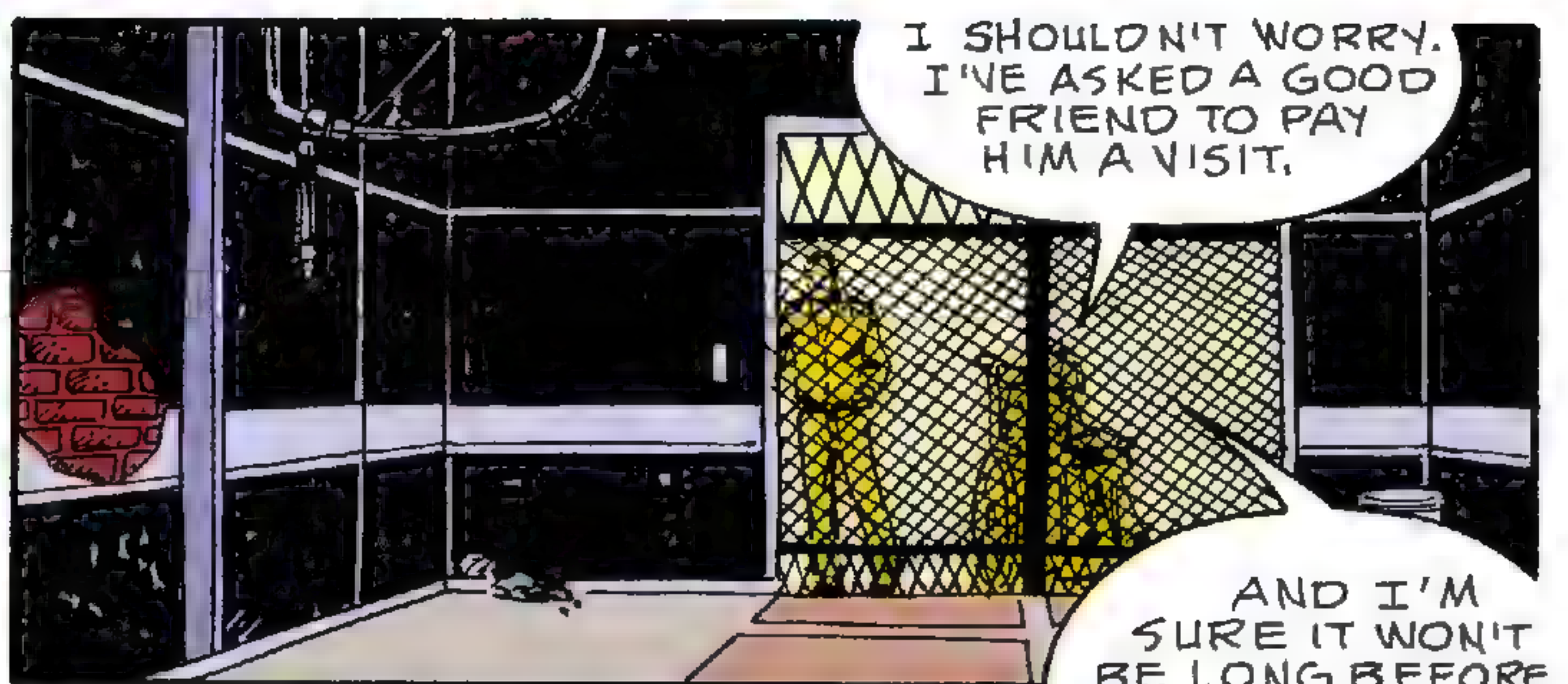
AND AS FOR ME, I'M FINISHED WITH ALL THIS. REALLY.

IT'S JUST NOT FUNNY ANYMORE.



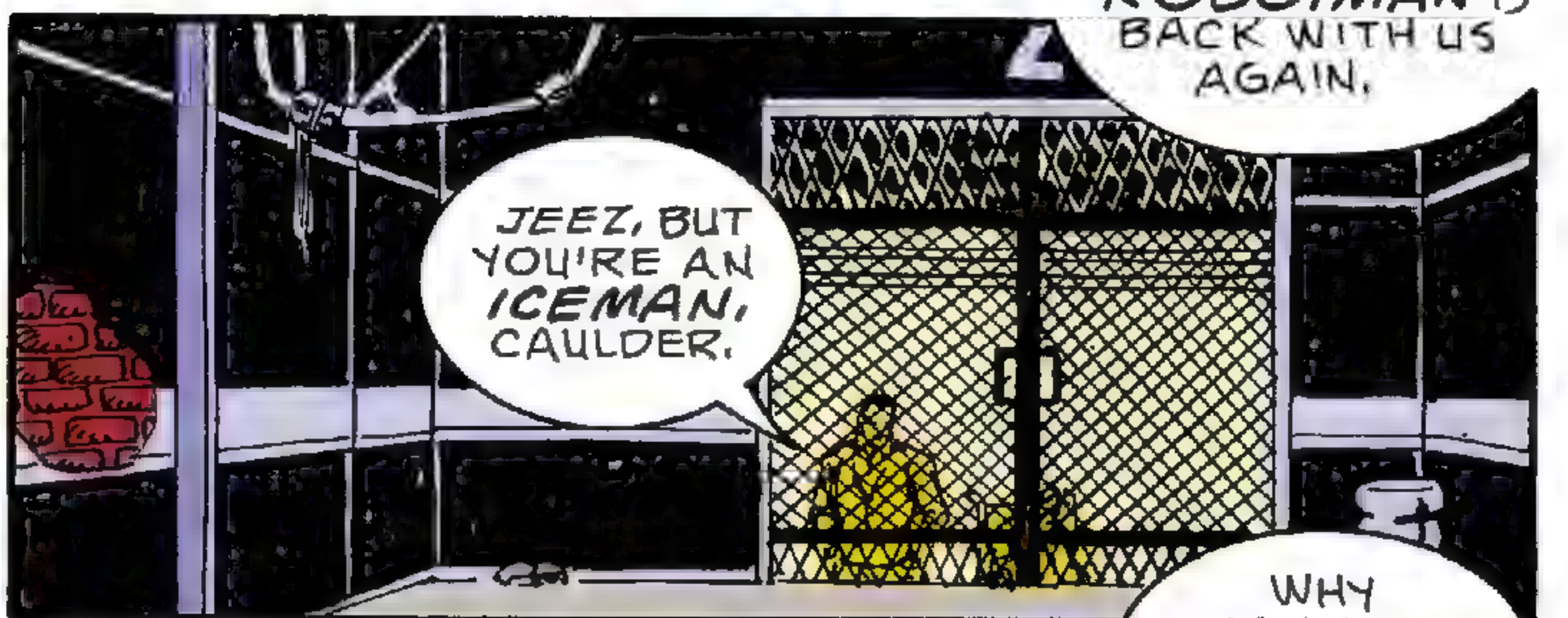
ARANI'S DEAD, SCOTT'S DEAD, RHEA'S IN A COMA, LARRY'S HOSPITALIZED, VAL'S RESIGNED, AND NO ONE'S EVEN MENTIONED CLIFF...

CLIFF SIGNED HIMSELF INTO A PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. HE FELT HE NEEDED HELP.



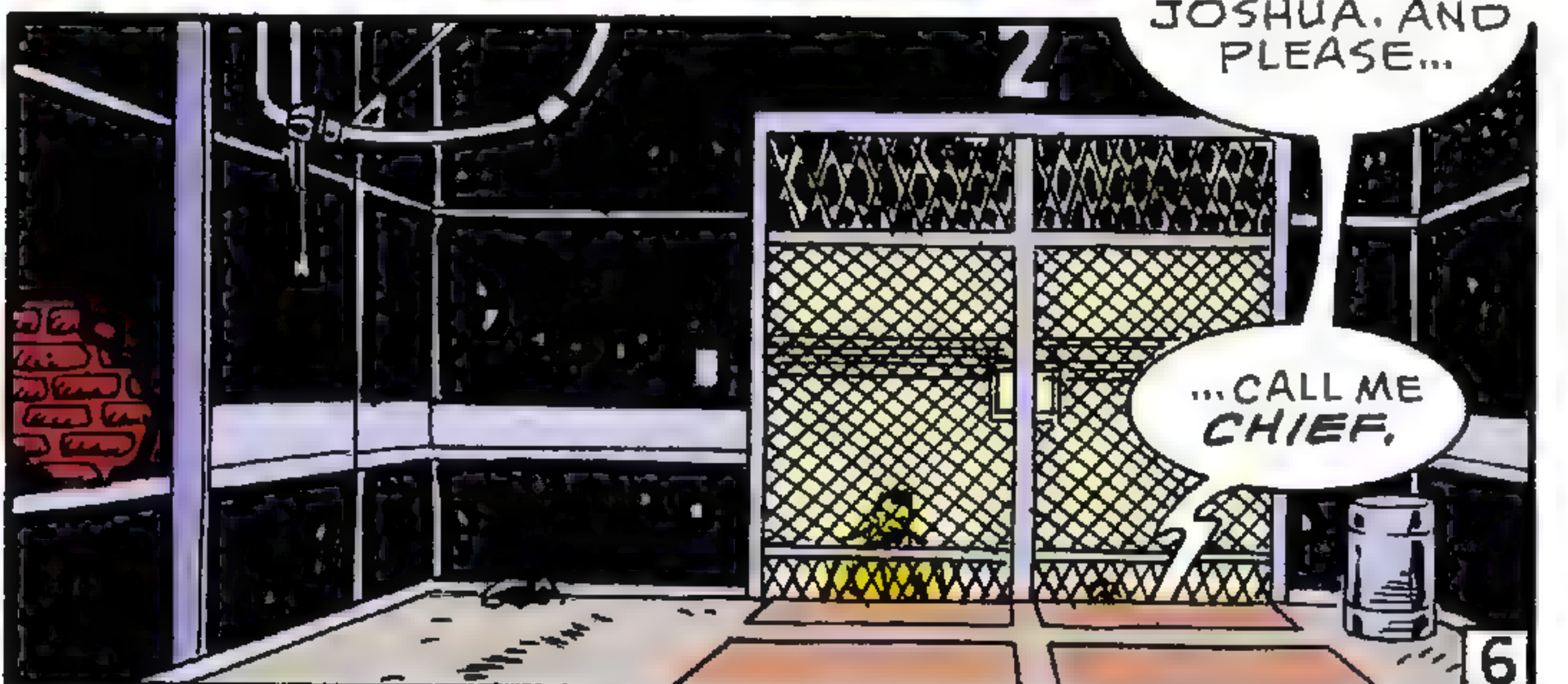
I SHOULDN'T WORRY. I'VE ASKED A GOOD FRIEND TO PAY HIM A VISIT.

AND I'M SURE IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE ROBOTMAN IS BACK WITH US AGAIN.



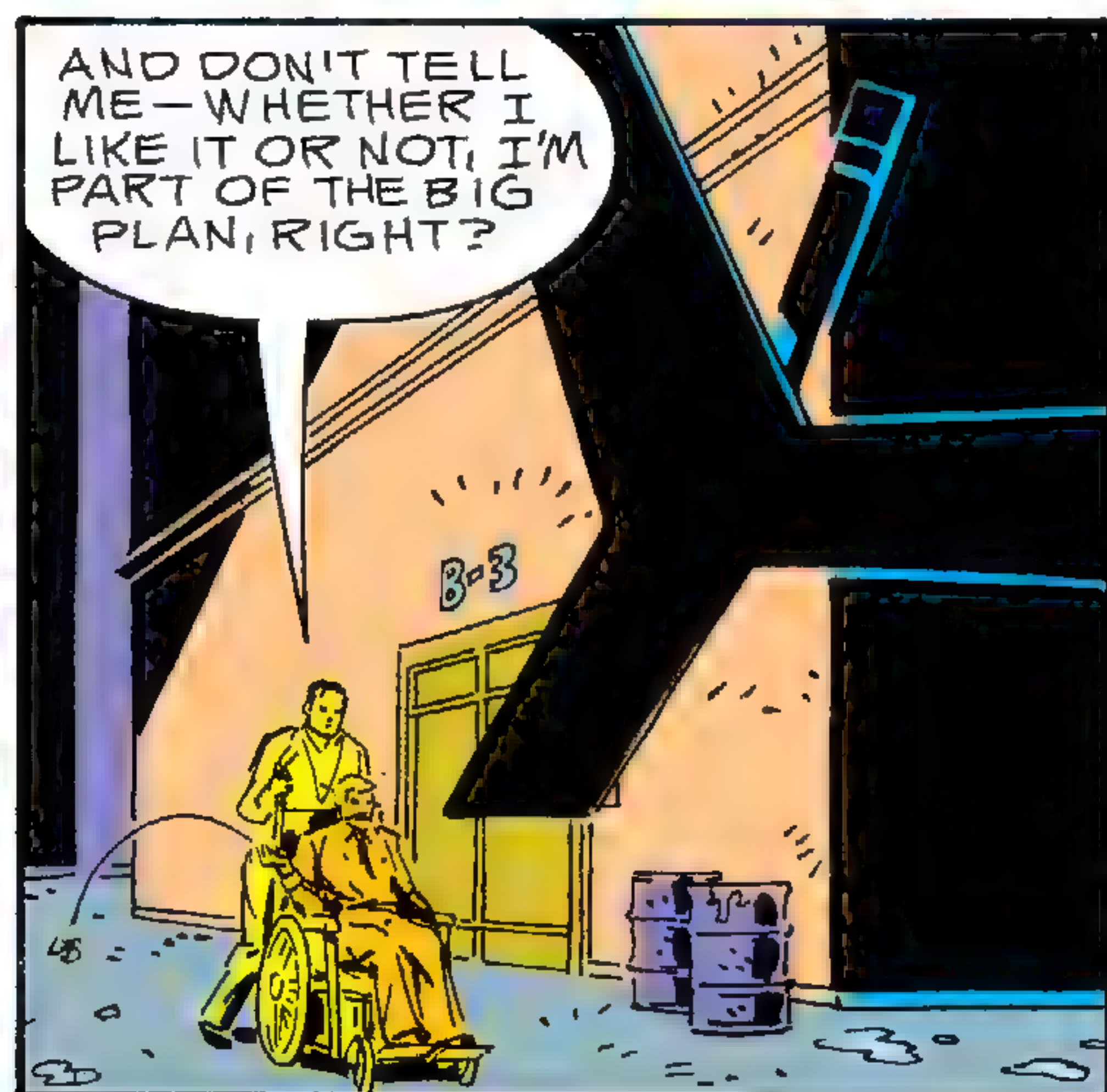
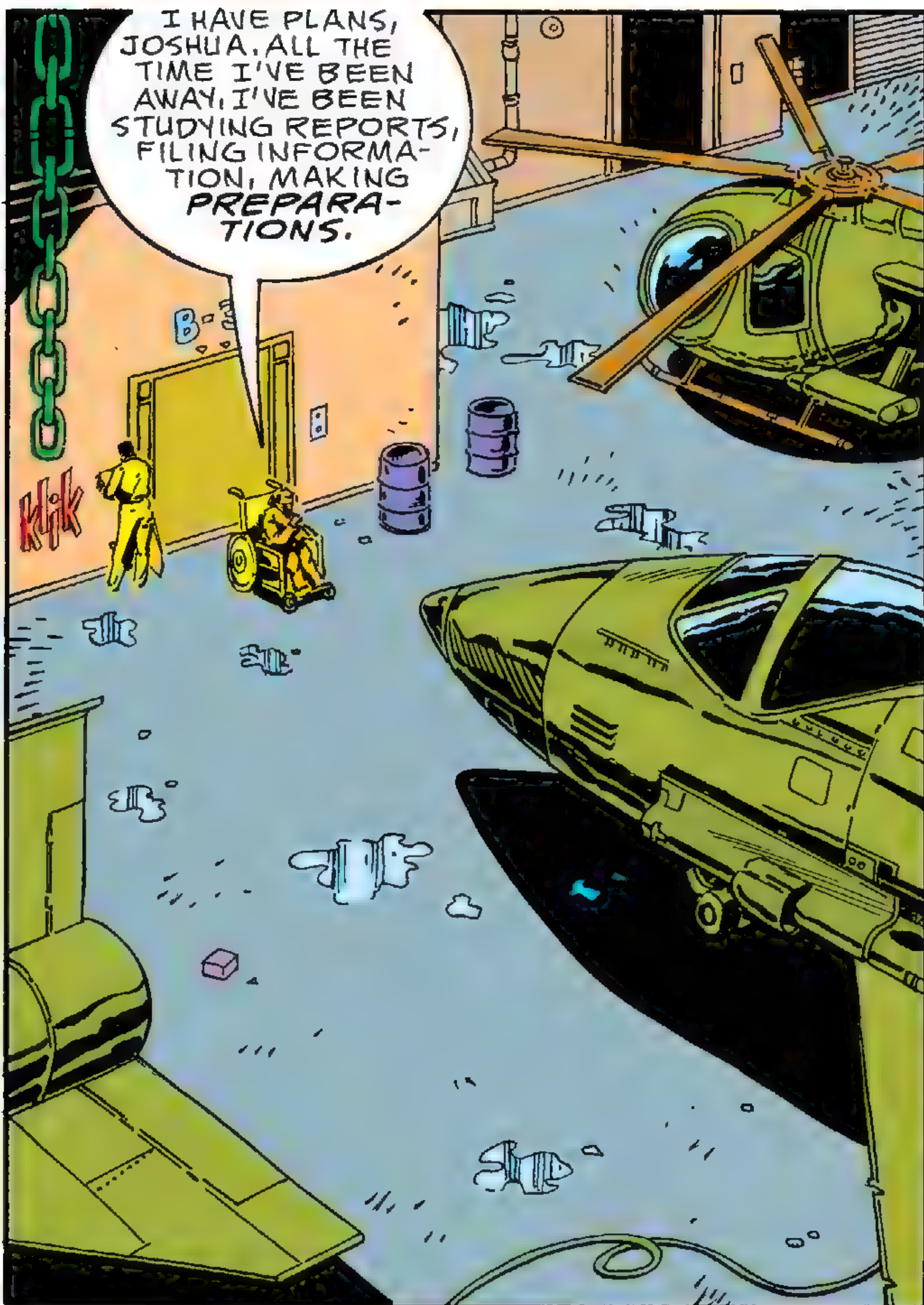
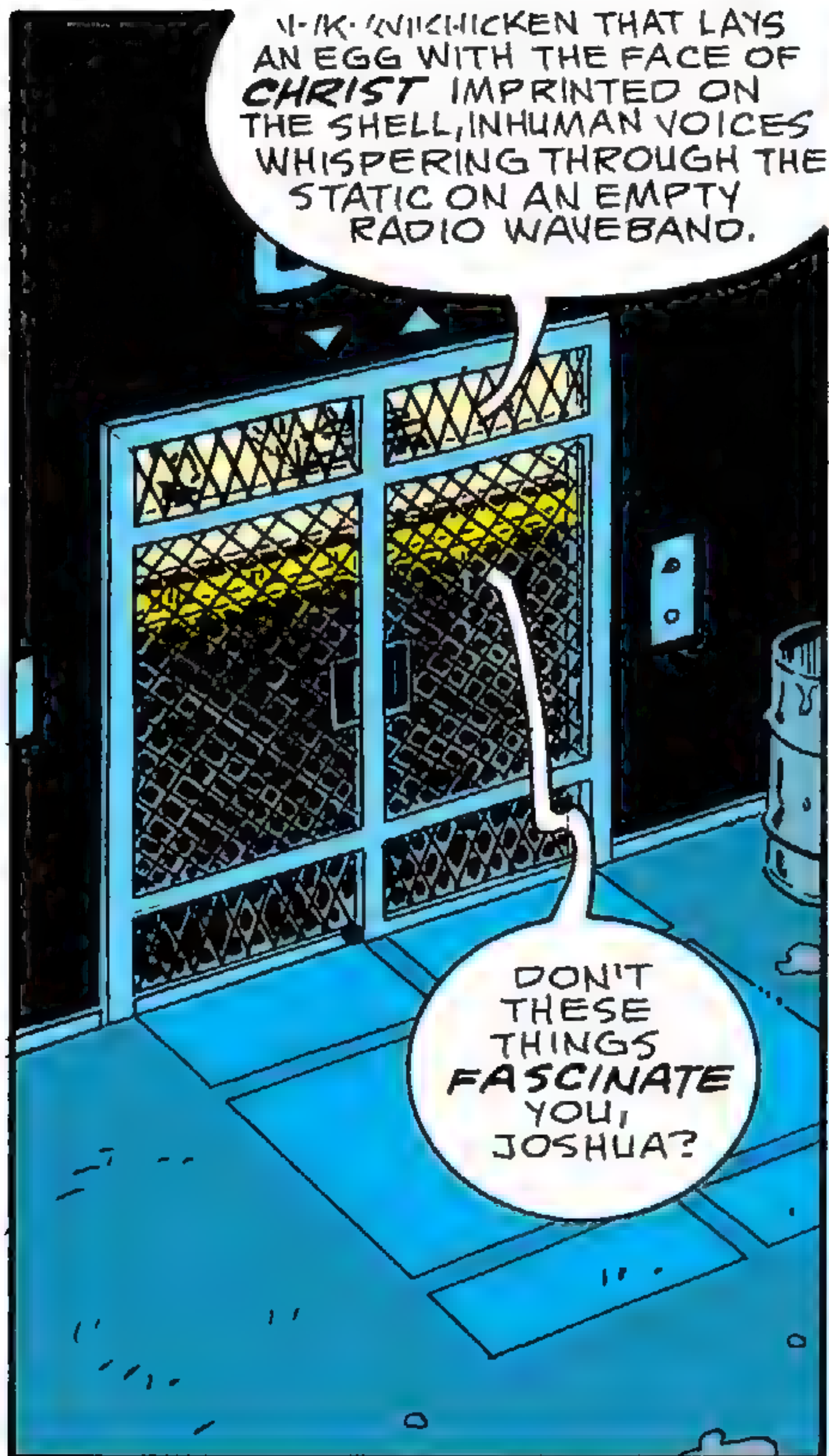
JEEZ, BUT YOU'RE AN ICEMAN, CAULDER.

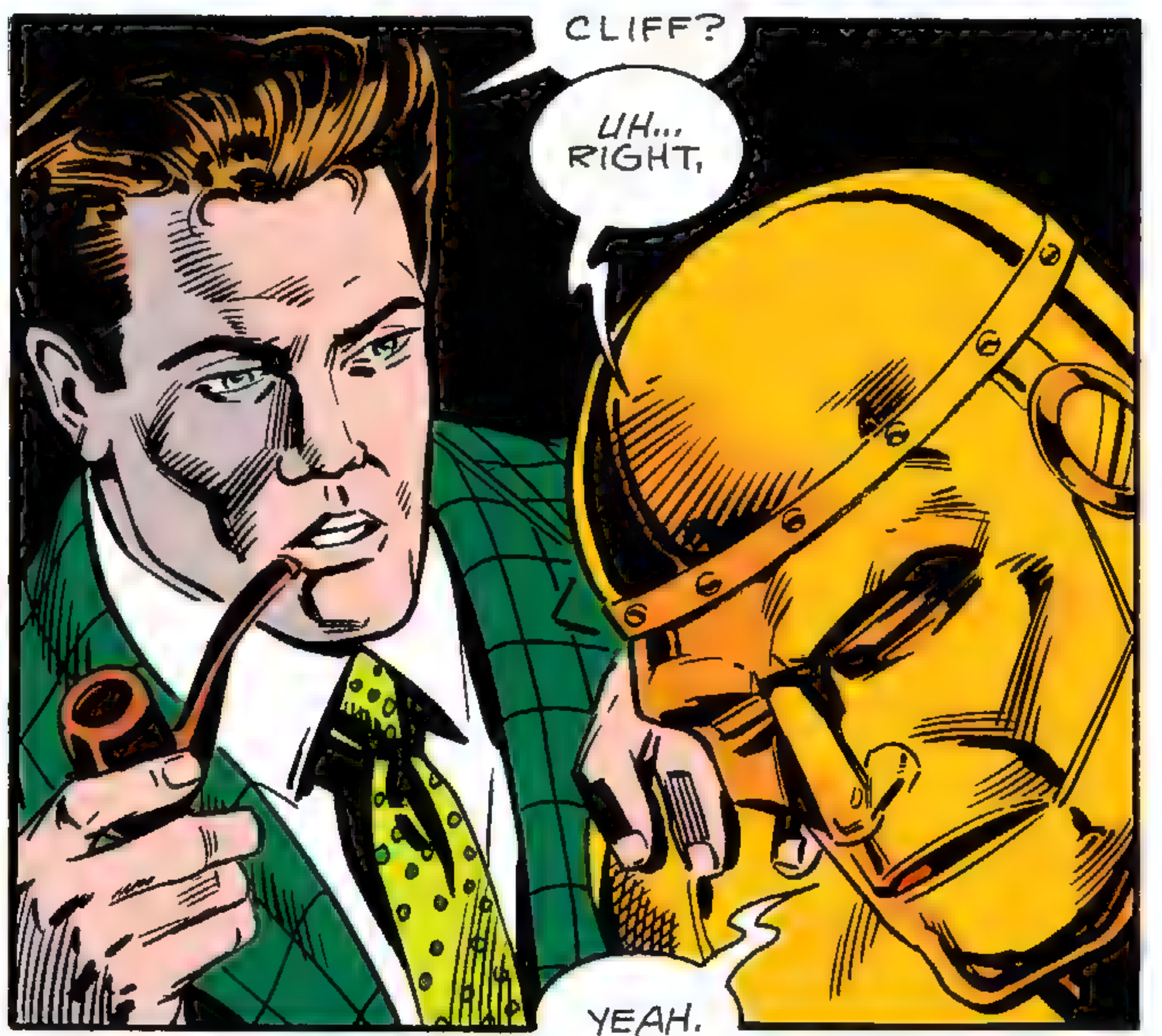
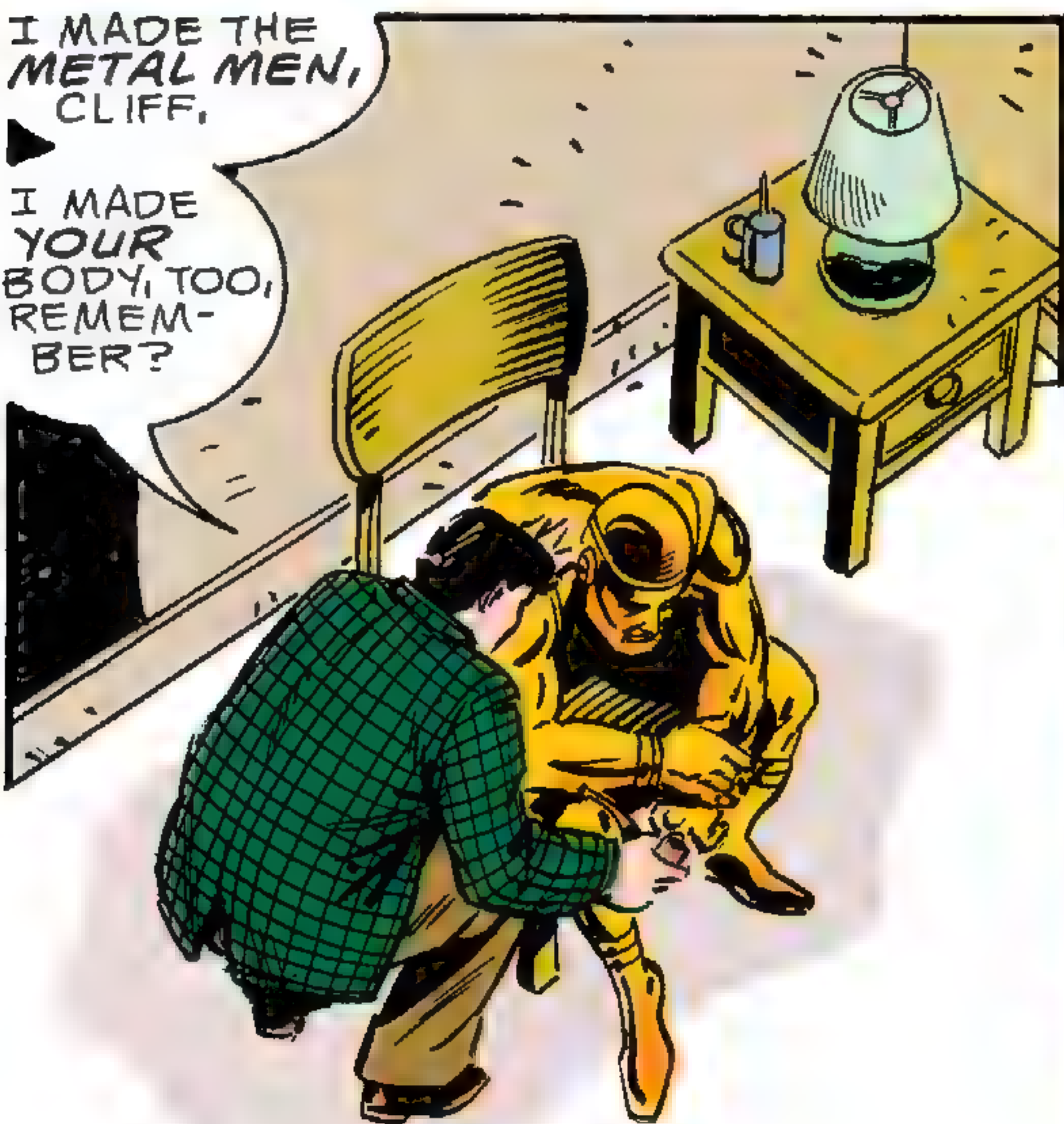
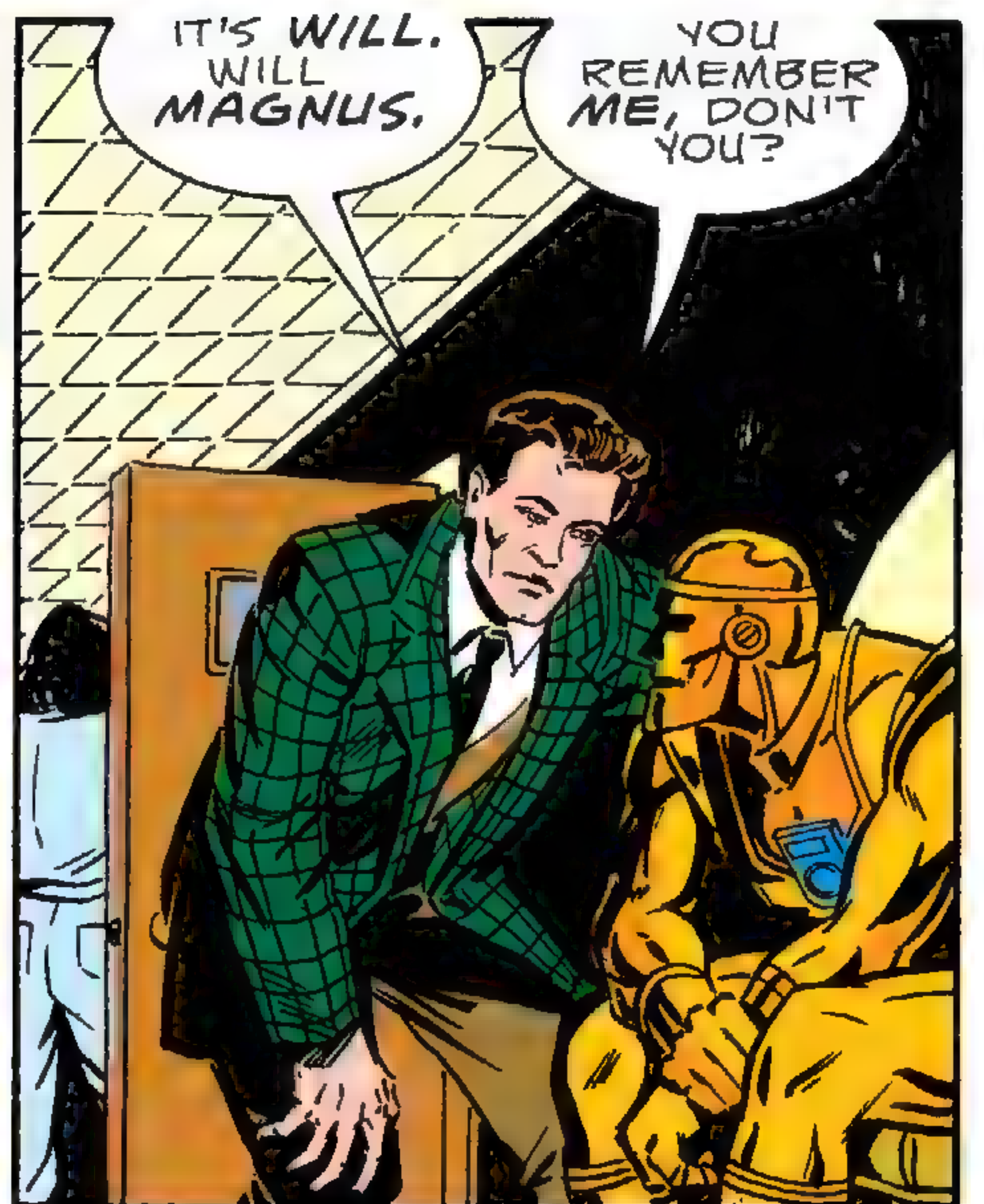
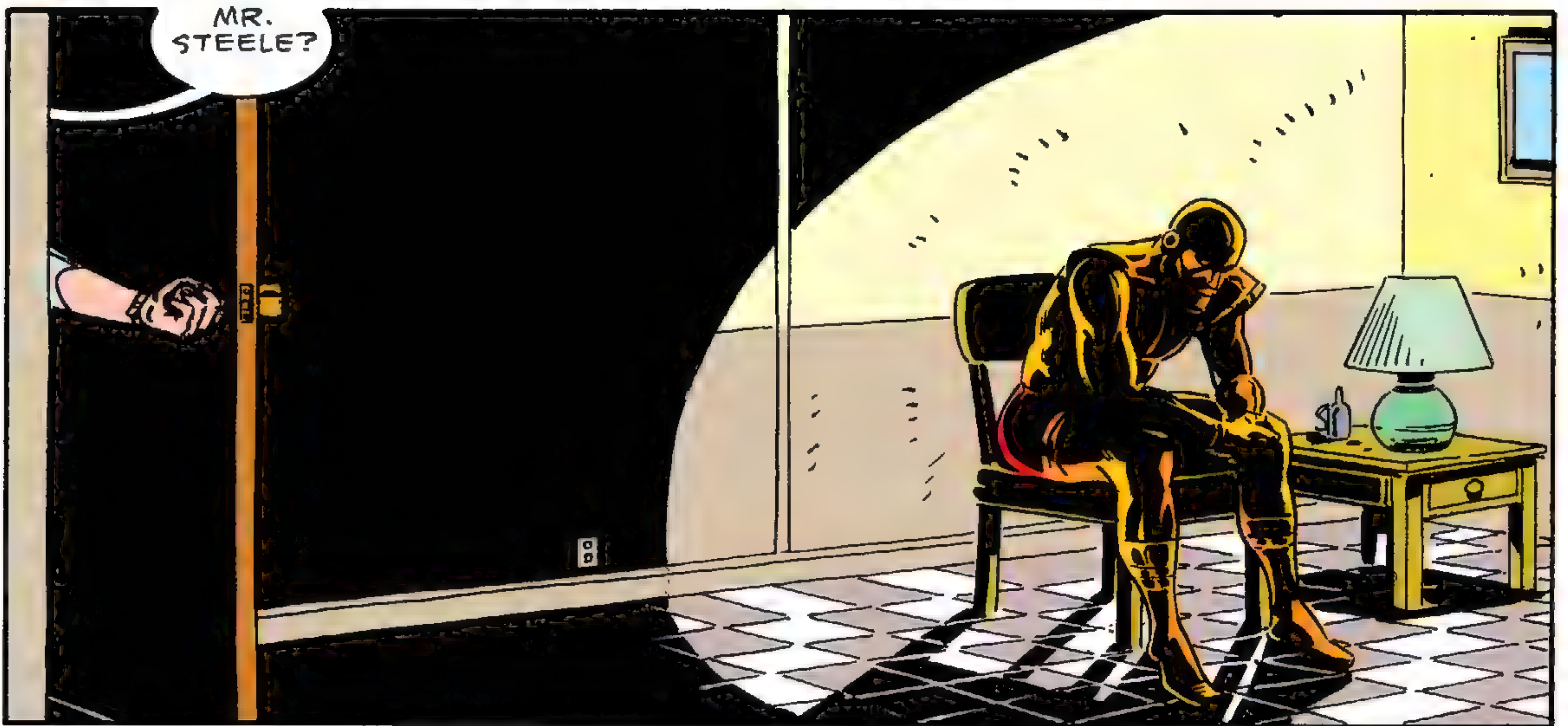
WHY THANK YOU, JOSHUA. AND PLEASE...



...CALL ME CHIEF.

6







I KNEW I RECOGNIZED THAT PATRONIZING TONE FROM SOMEWHERE.



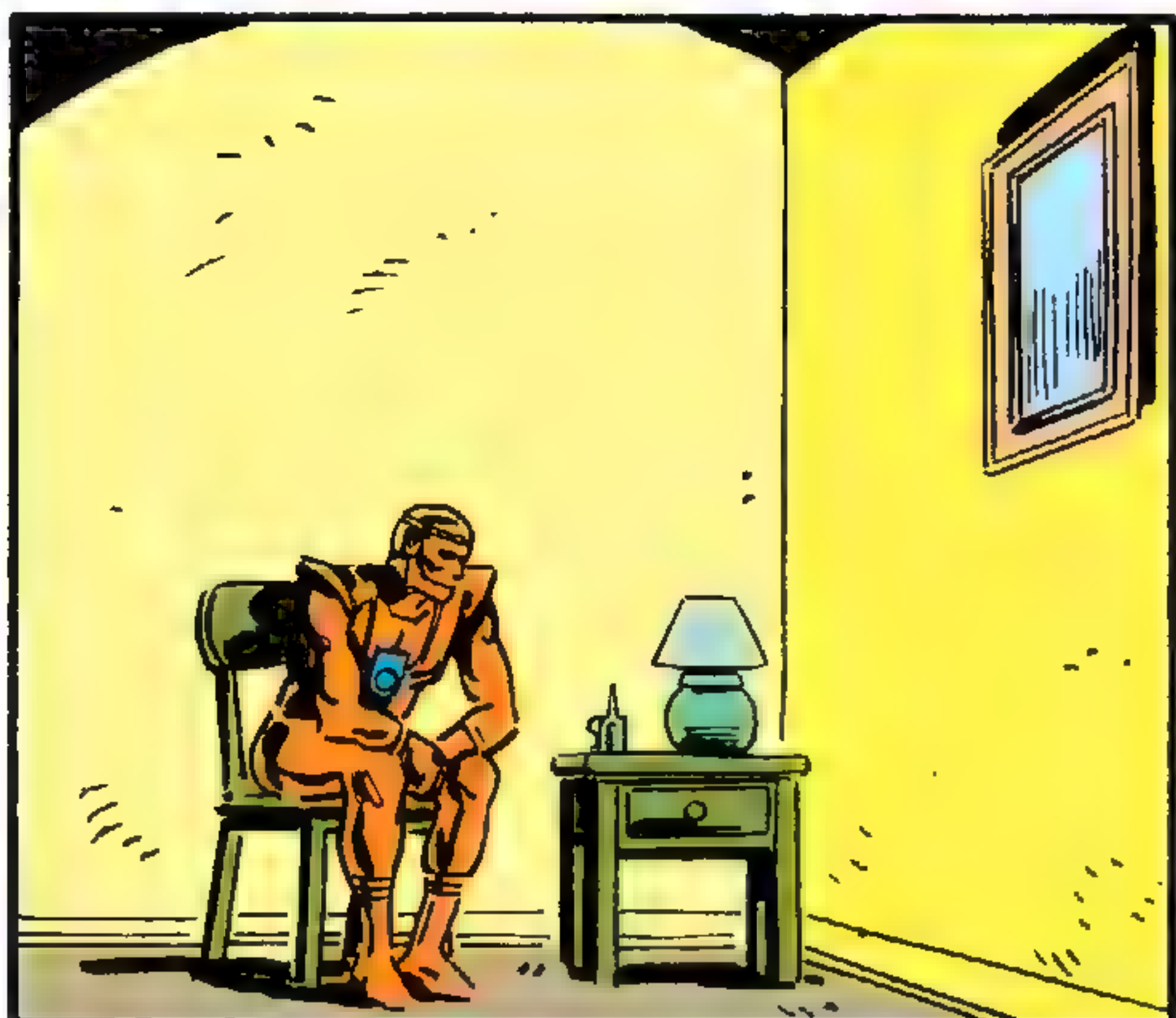
THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT, CLIFF.

WHEN I HEARD YOU'D COME IN HERE, I... WELL, I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH. I'VE BEEN THERE.



AND I THINK YOU AND I CAN LICK THIS THING TOGETHER.

HOW ABOUT IT, CLIFF?



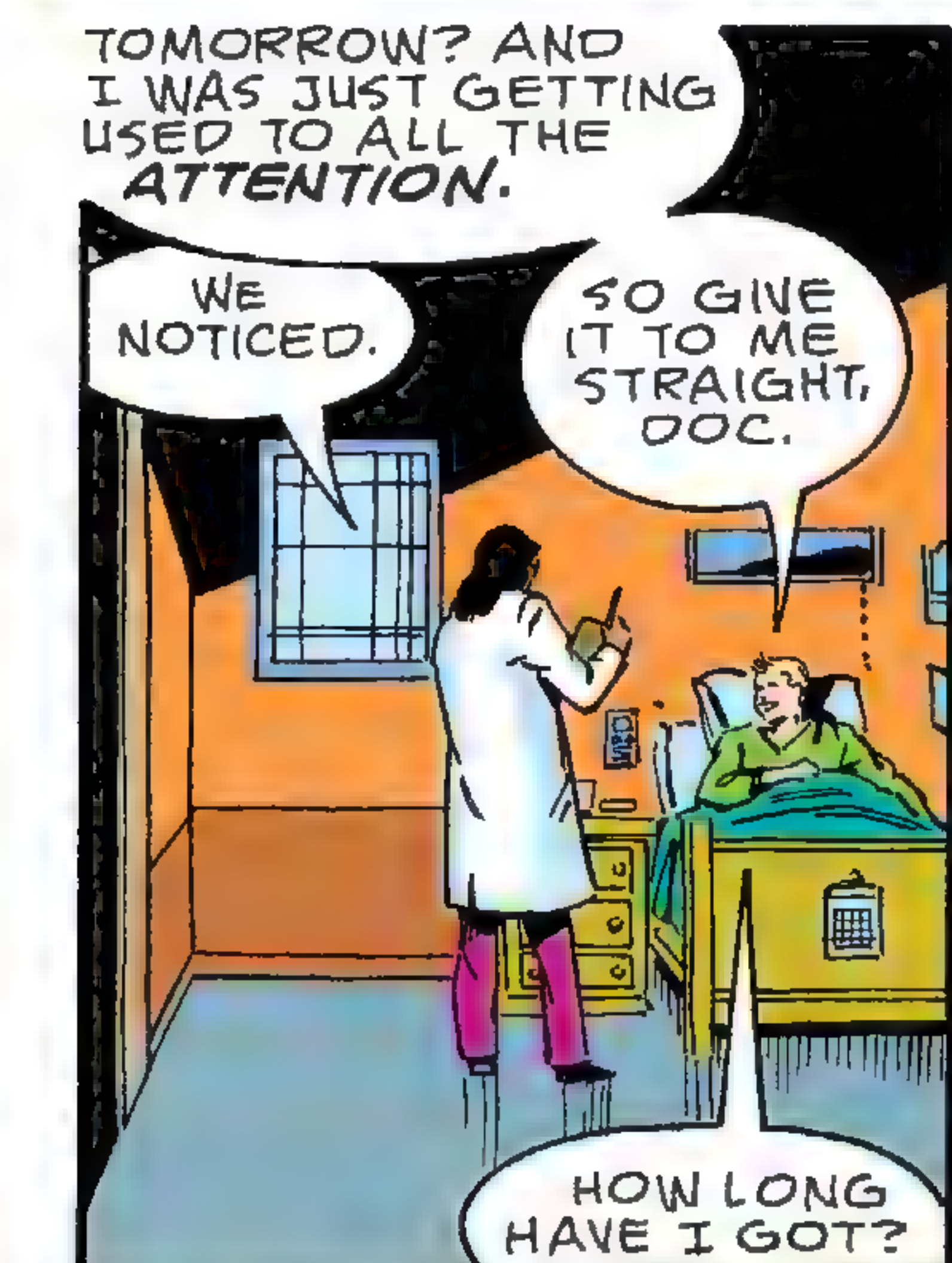
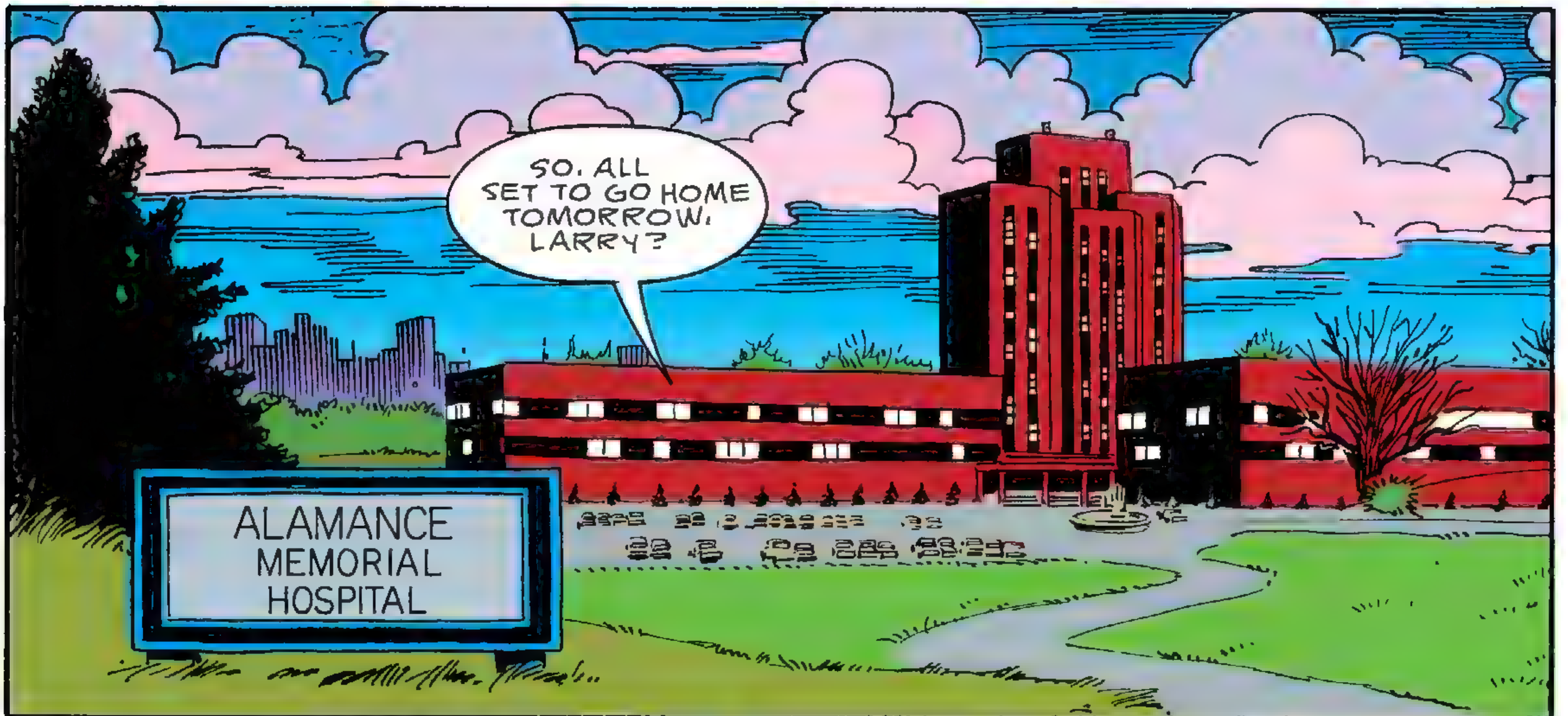
YOU'RE A GOOD GUY, DOC.

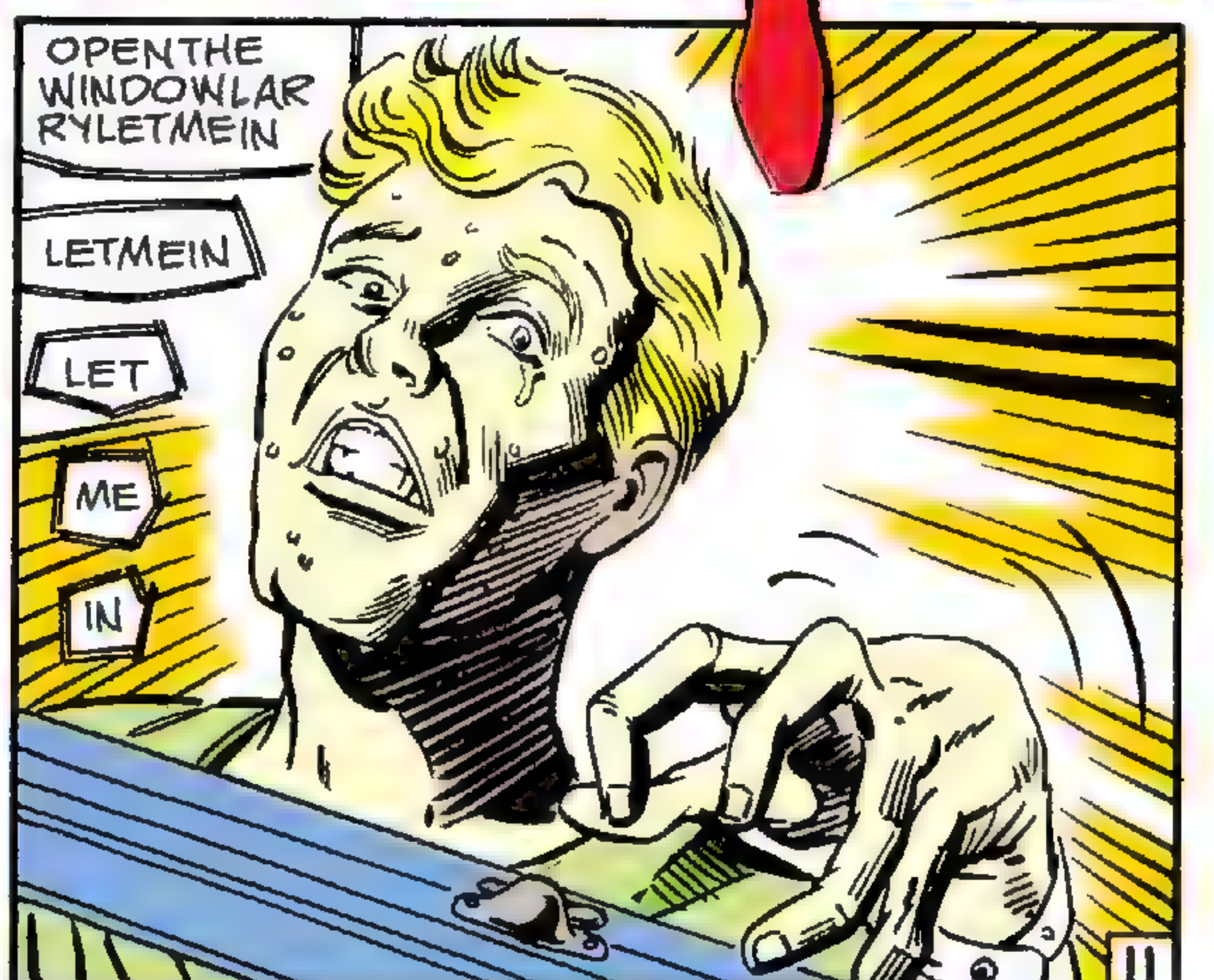
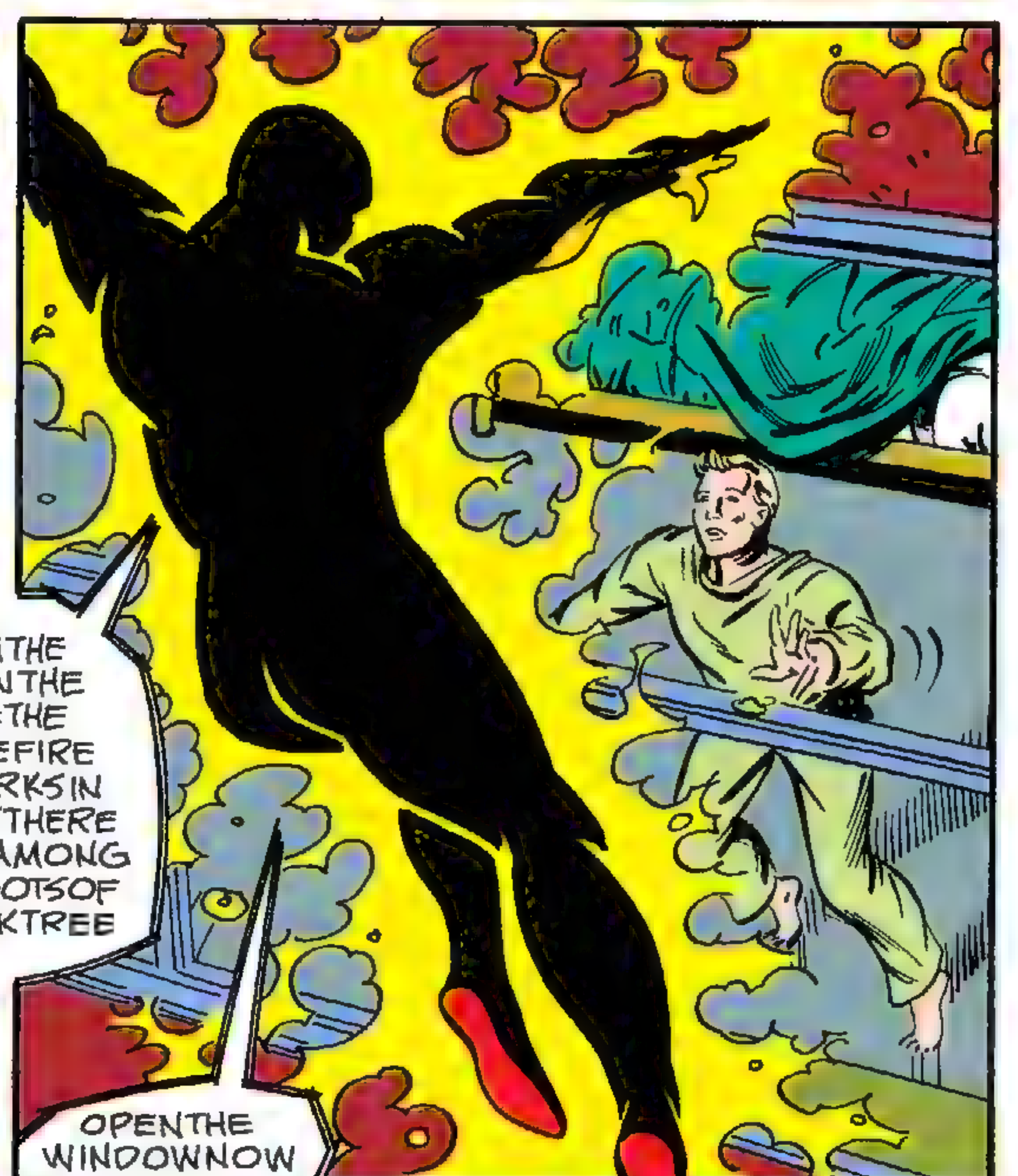
YOU'RE SENSITIVE AND CARING AND COMPASSIONATE.



AND IF I COULD, I'D SPEW IN YOUR FACE.







...WHY D'YOU
KEEP FOLLOWING
ME ABOUT,
MAGNUS?

WHY DON'T
YOU JUST
LEAVE ME
ALONE?

YOU'VE
GOT TO PULL
YOURSELF
THROUGH THIS,
CLIFF!

BELIEVE
ME, I KNOW
WHAT IT'S
LIKE...

HOW THE
HELL CAN
YOU "YOU
KNOW WHAT
IT'S LIKE"!??

HOW CAN YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO HAVE YOUR BRAIN TRANS-
PLANTED INTO A METAL BODY? IT'S
LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

CAN YOU
IMAGINE
HOW **CRUDE**
ROBOT SENSES
ARE, COMPARED
TO HUMAN ONES,
HUH? ALL I HAVE
ARE **MEMORIES**
OF THE WAY
THINGS USED
TO FEEL OR
TASTE.

YOU KNOW, THEY SAY THAT
AMPUTEES FEEL PHANTOM
PAINS WHERE THEIR LIMBS
USED TO BE. WELL, I'M A
TOTAL AMPU-TEE.

I'M HAUNTED
BY THE GHOST OF
MY ENTIRE **BODY!**
I GET **HEADACHES**,
YOU KNOW, AND I
WANT TO CRAP UN-
TIL I REALIZE I
DON'T HAVE
ANY
BOWELS.

AND...WHEN I
LOOK AT A
WOMAN, SOME-
TIMES I...

BUT
SURELY
THE **DOOM
PATROL**
HELPED
TO...

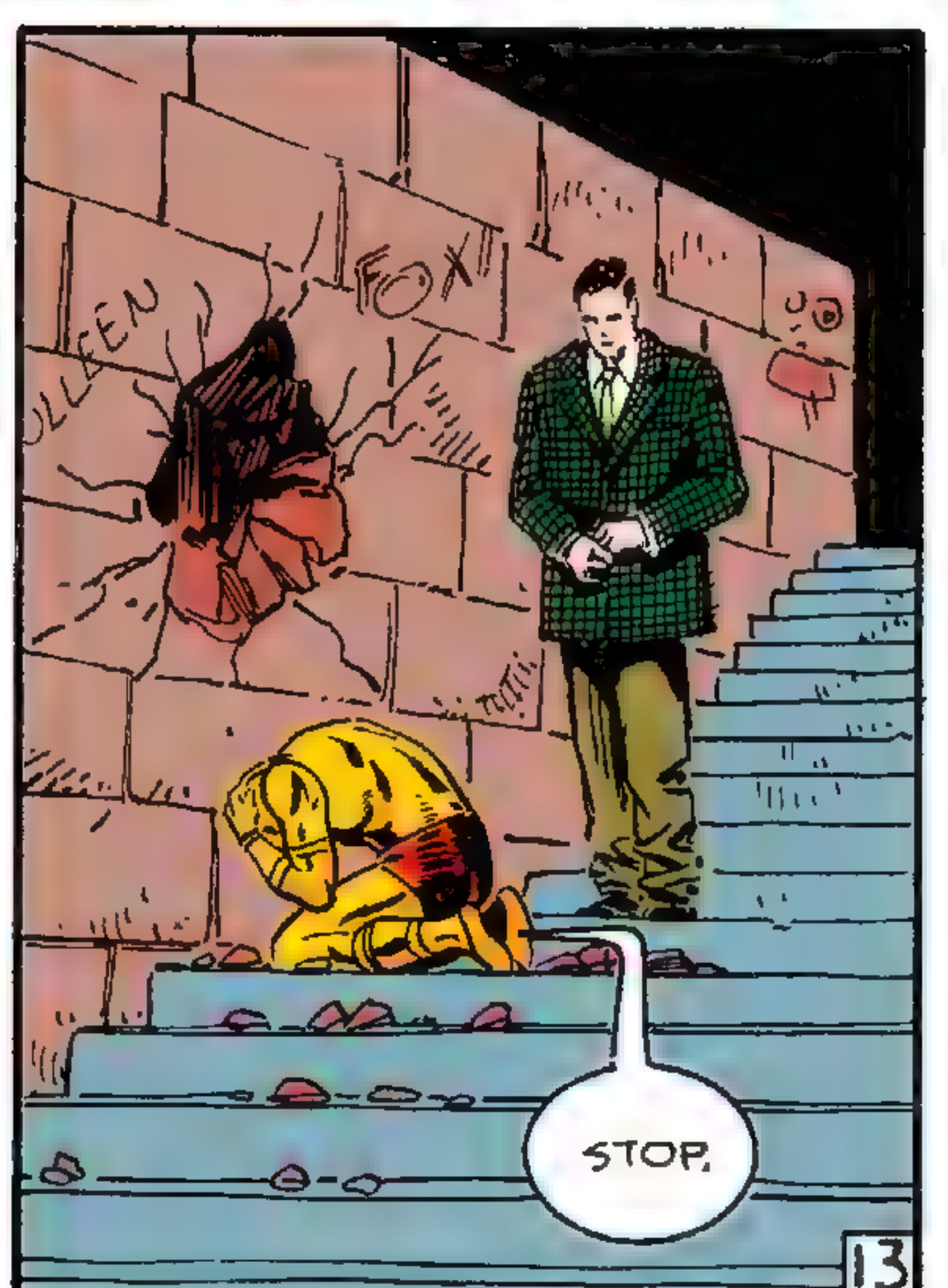
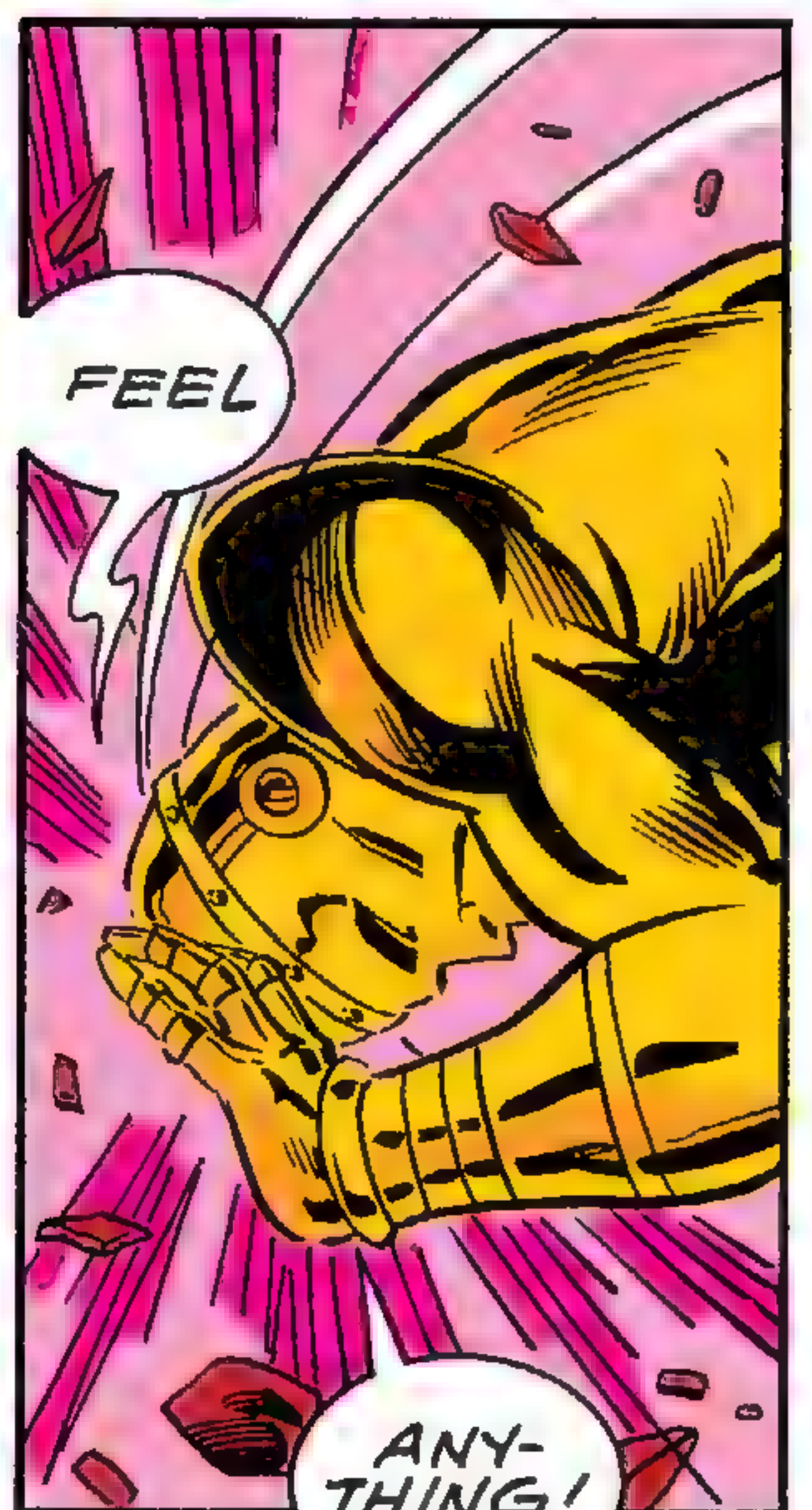
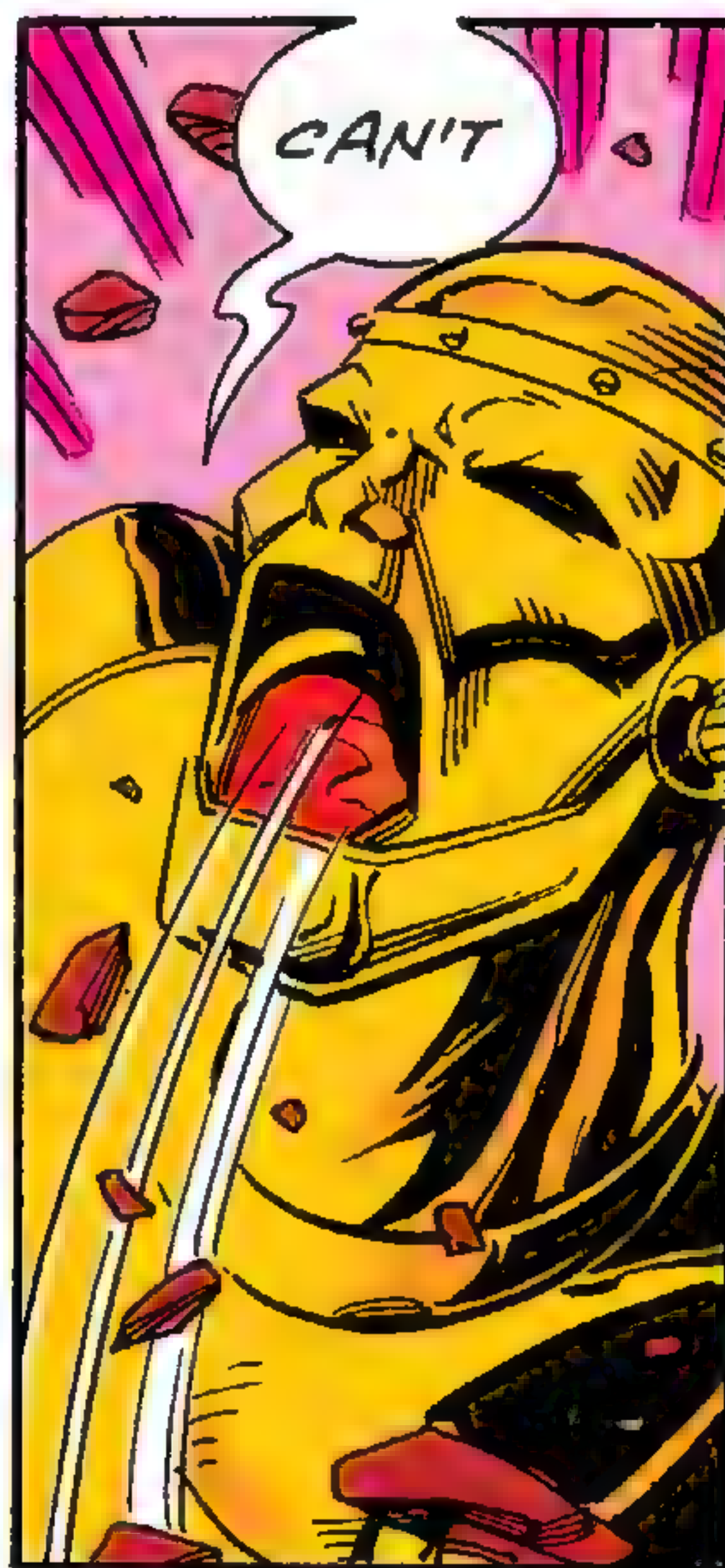
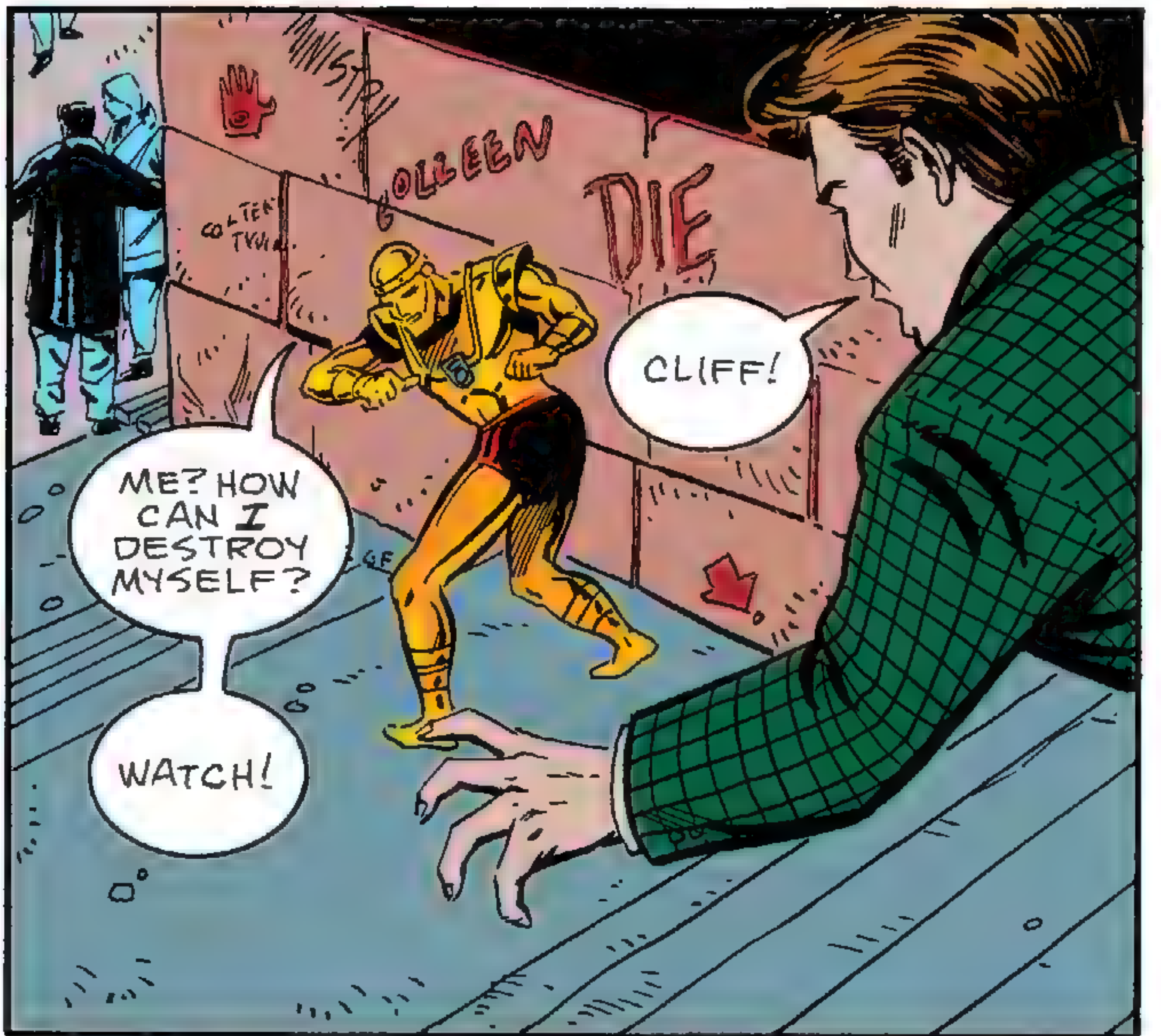
THE DOOM PATROL?
DON'T TALK TO ME...IT...
THE DOOM PATROL
KILLS PEOPLE. IT
CHEWS THEM UP AND
VOMITS OUT THE
BITS.

IT KILLED
RITA AND
ARANI AND
SCOTT...

CLIFF...

I JUST CAN'T
STAND ANYMORE...
I CAN'T GET
THROUGH IT...
REALLY...

I CAN'T.





ALAMANCE
MEMORIAL
HOSPITAL

...BUT YOU'VE
NEVER **SPOKEN**
BEFORE, I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

PER
HAPSIHAD
NOTHINGTO
SAYLAR
RY

I'VE LIVED A
BLACKBLACK
DREAM OF SILENCE
FOR SO LONG

I'M AWAKE
NOW WIDE
AWAKE

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?
I MEAN...

TO CONTINUE
TO PERPETUATE
TO GENERATE



YOU'RE NOT SO
CLEVER LARRY
YOU THINK I'M UNA
WARE YOU PRESSED
THE ALARM

I MADE
YOU DO IT

WHAT?



I NEED THE
WOMAN HERE

IT'S NECESSARY
FOR MY
PURPOSE

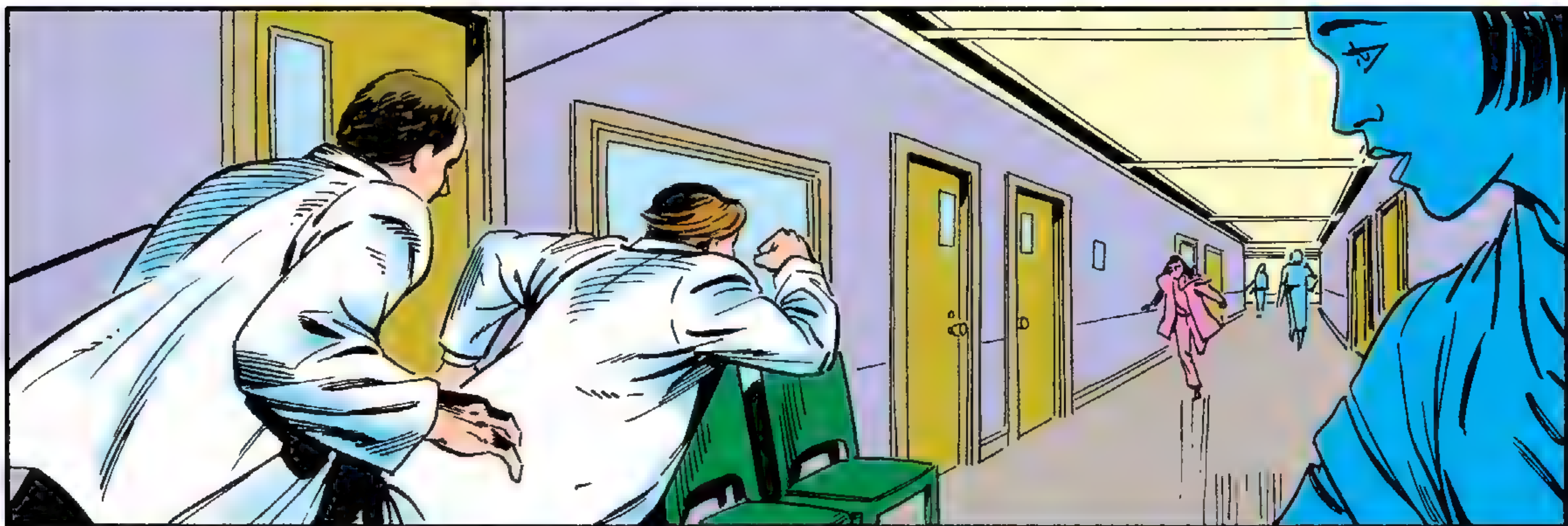
PURPOSE?
WHAT
PURPOSE?

YOU KNOW
LARRY THE
UNION THE
FUSION

THE ALCHEMICAL
MARRIAGE

NO.

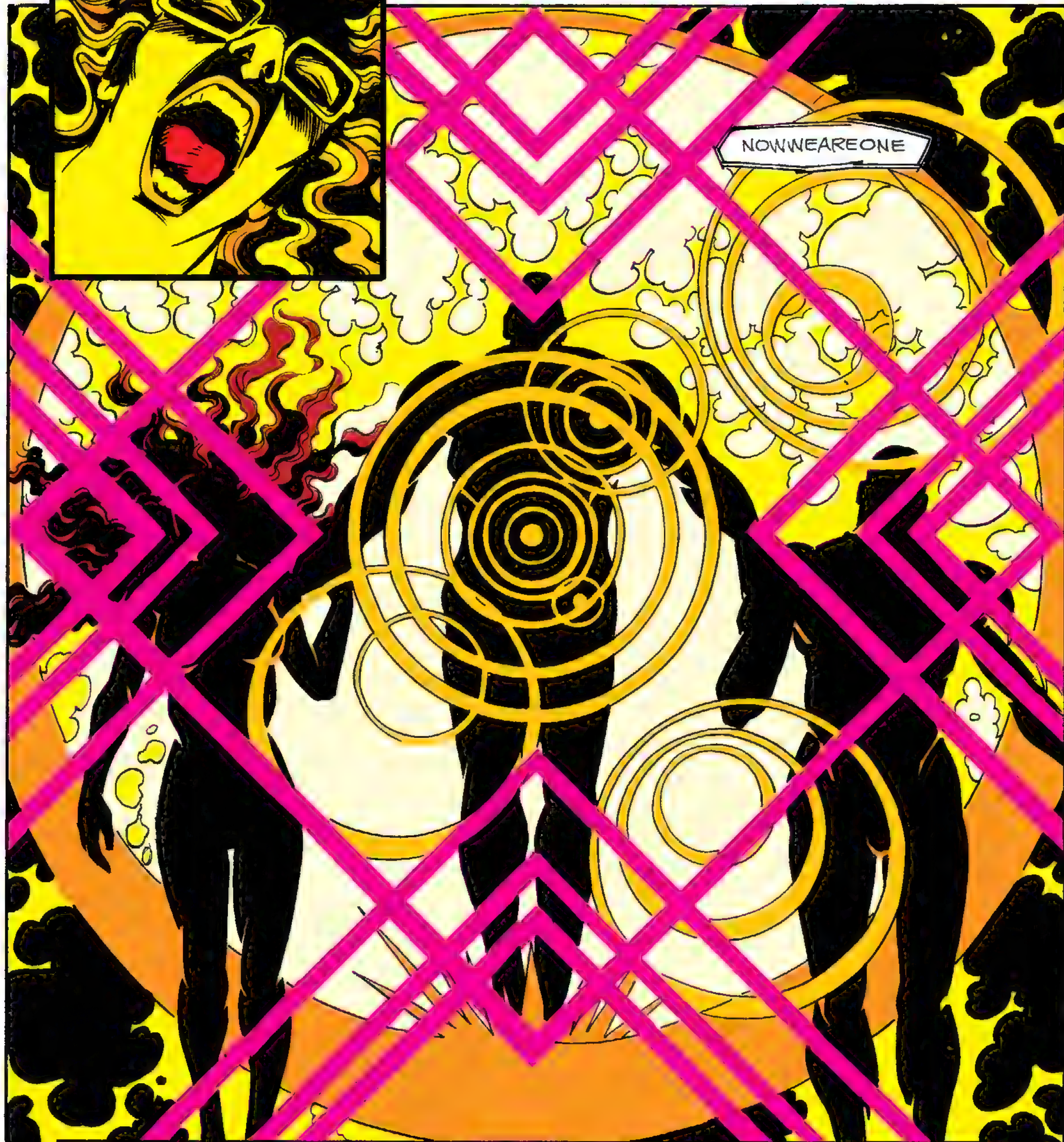
14





AND NOW WE ARE THREE

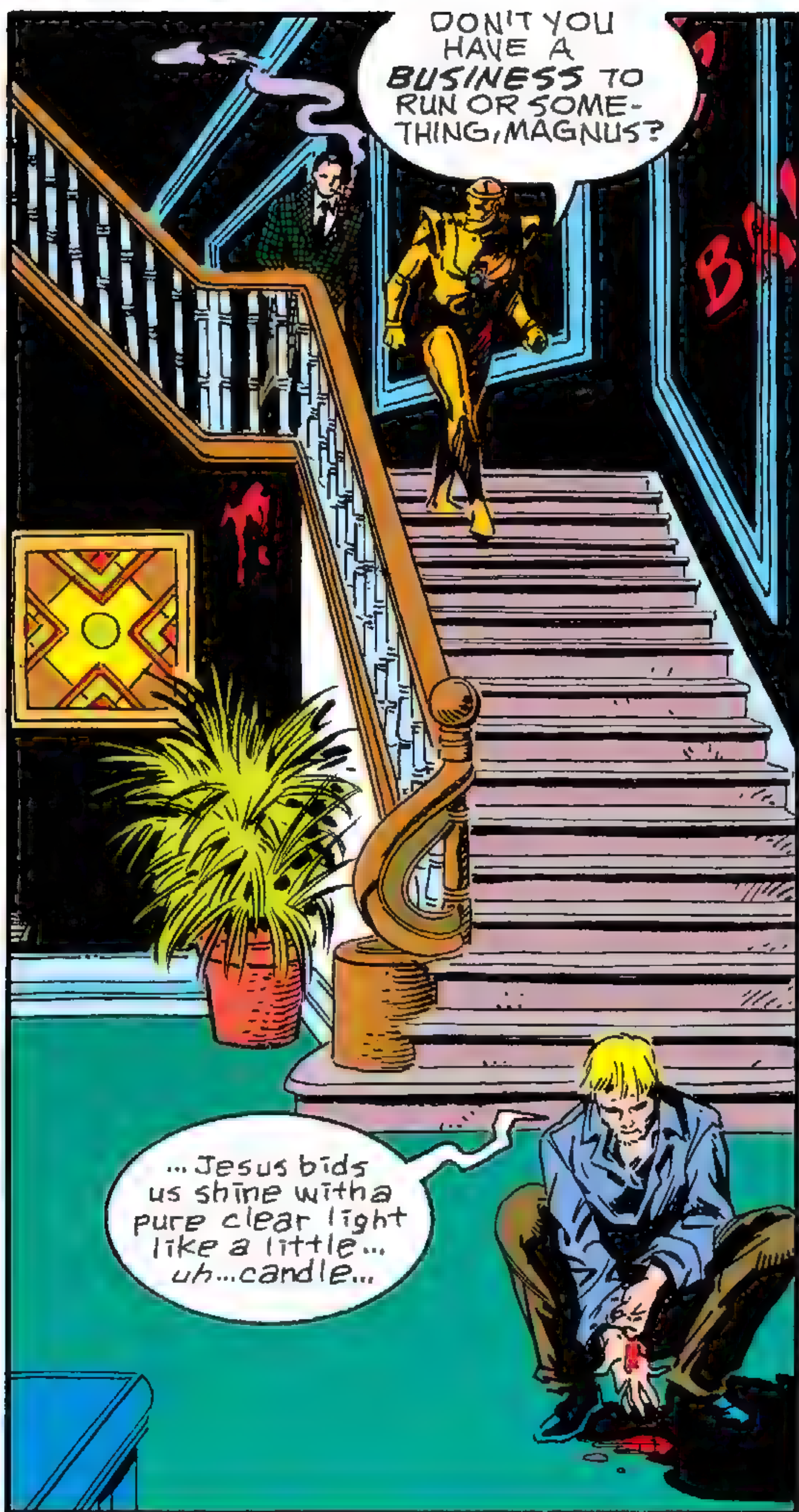
NOW WE ARE ONE



OH,
GOD.

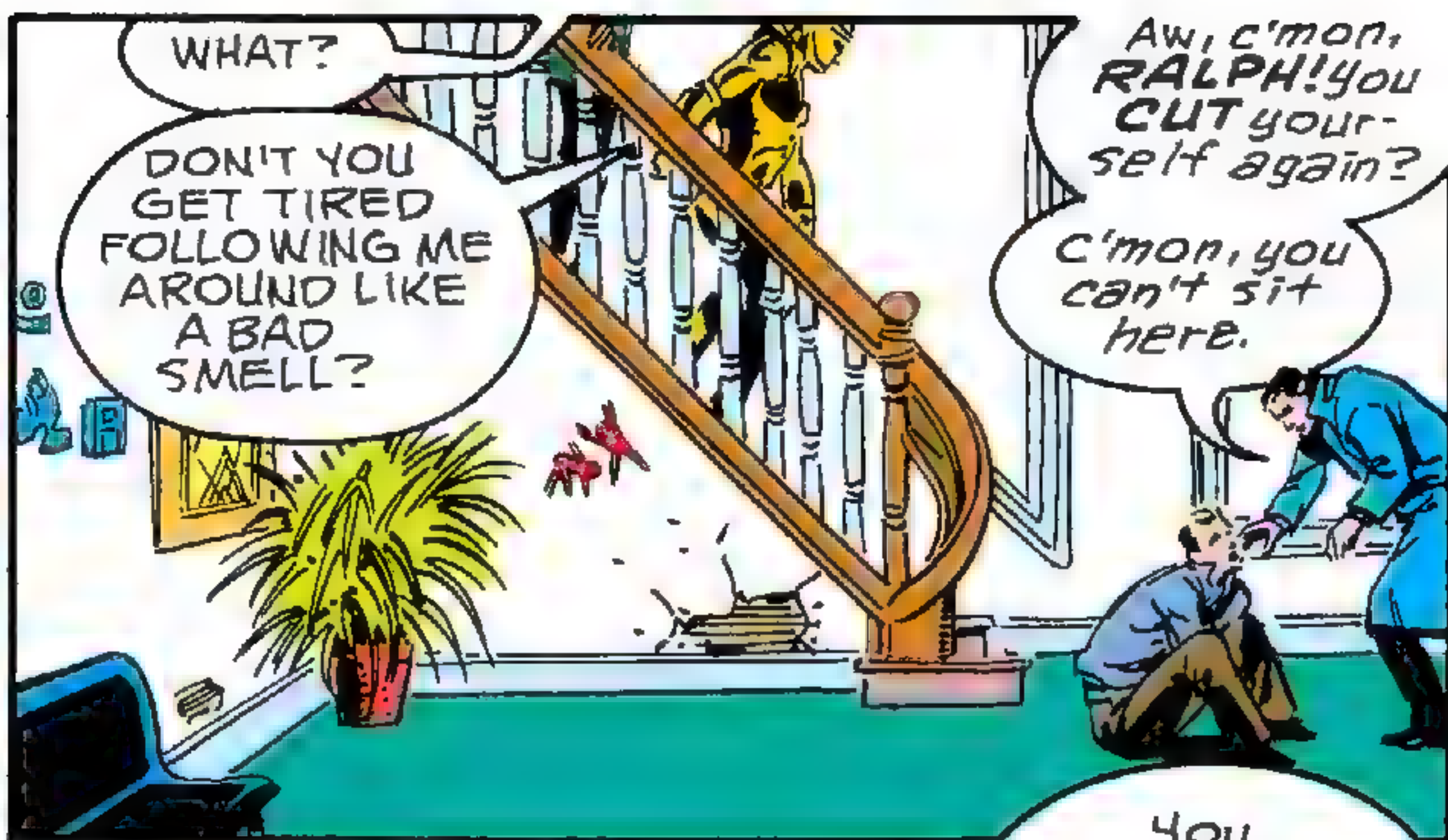
GET
HELP.

SOME-
ONE GET
HELP!



DON'T YOU HAVE A BUSINESS TO RUN OR SOMETHING, MAGNUS?

... Jesus bids us shine with a pure clear light like a little... uh... candle...



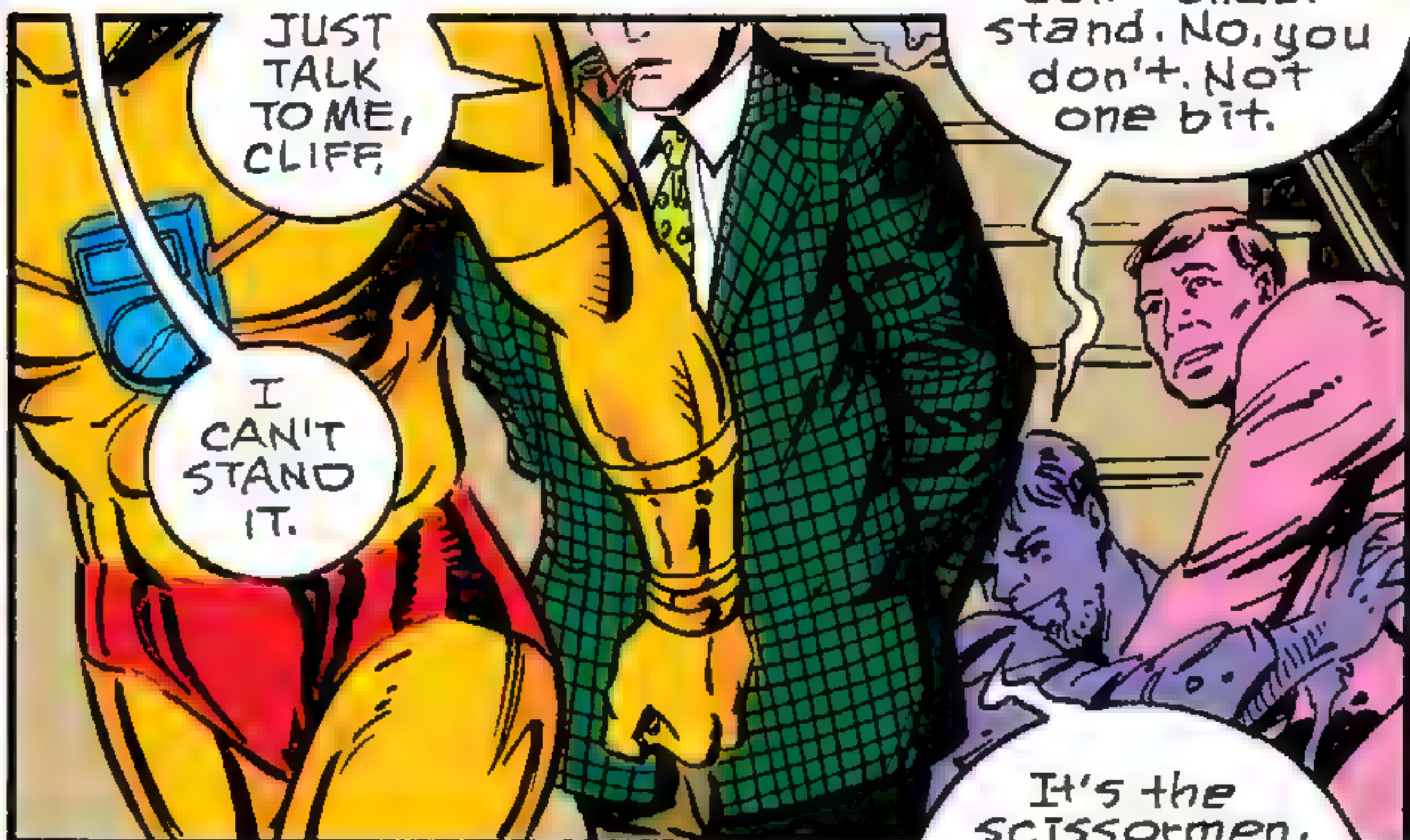
WHAT?

DON'T YOU GET TIRED FOLLOWING ME AROUND LIKE A BAD SMELL?

Aw, c'mon, RALPH! you CUT your- self again?

C'mon, you can't sit here.

You don't understand. No, you don't. Not one bit.



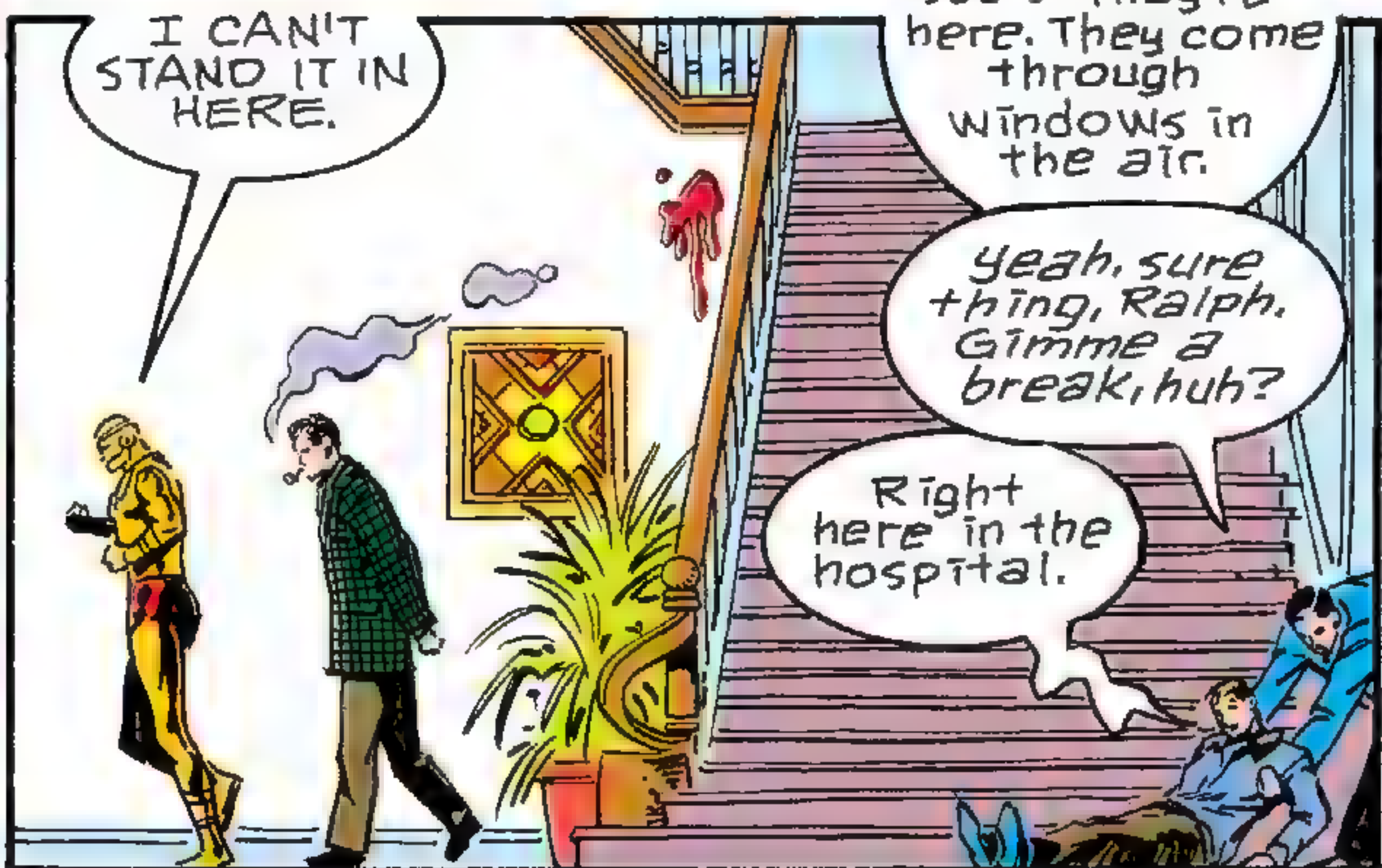
JUST TALK TO ME, CLIFF.

I CAN'T STAND IT.

It's the scissormen, see? They're here. They come through windows in the air.

Yeah, sure thing, Ralph. Gimme a break, huh?

Right here in the hospital.



I CAN'T STAND IT IN HERE.



YOU'RE FREE TO LEAVE WHENEVER YOU...

NO, I MEAN IN *HERE*. IN THIS BODY.

... Jesus had a twin who knew nothing about sin...



GODDAMNIT, CLIFF! I REFUSE TO LET YOU GO UNDER LIKE THIS!

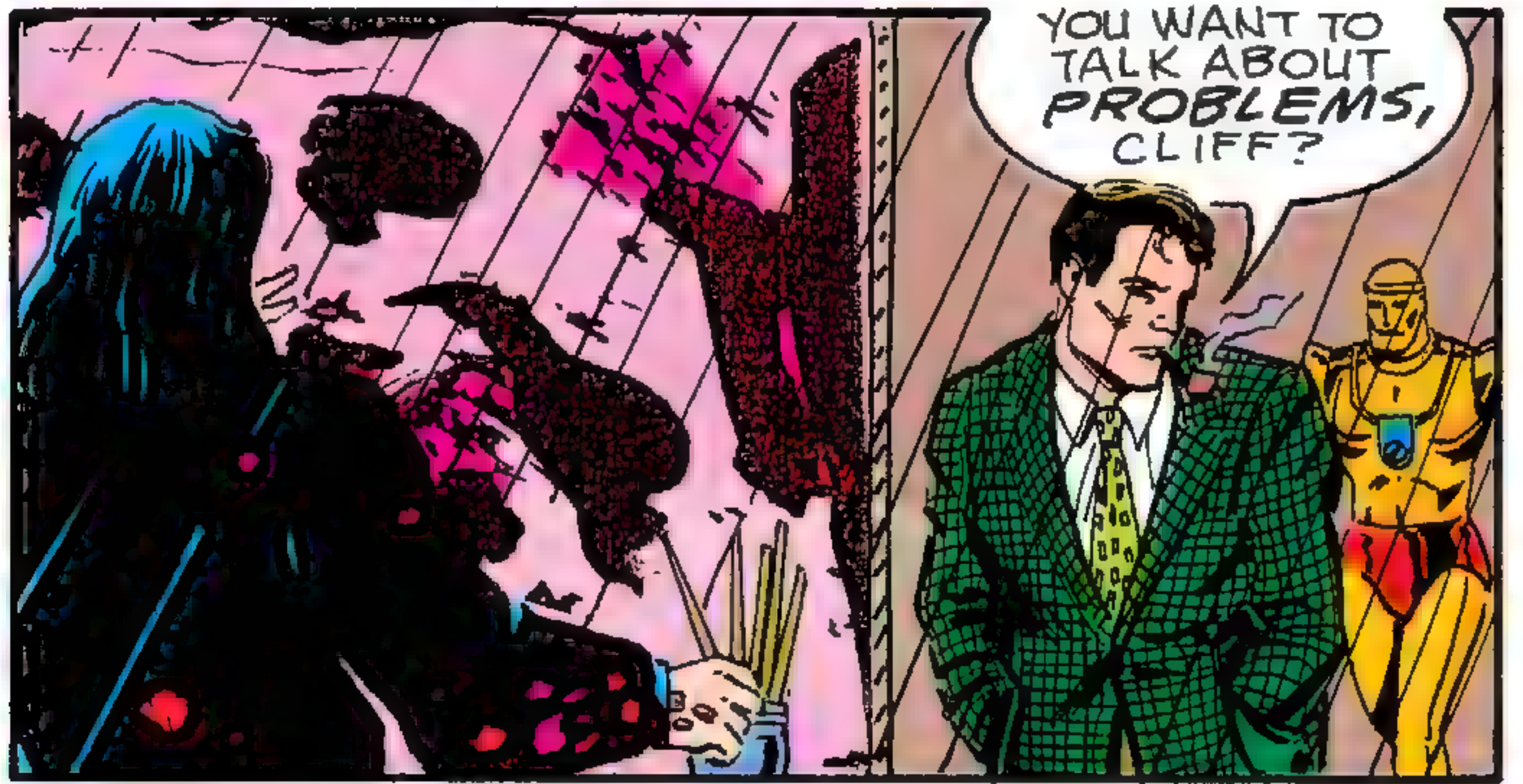
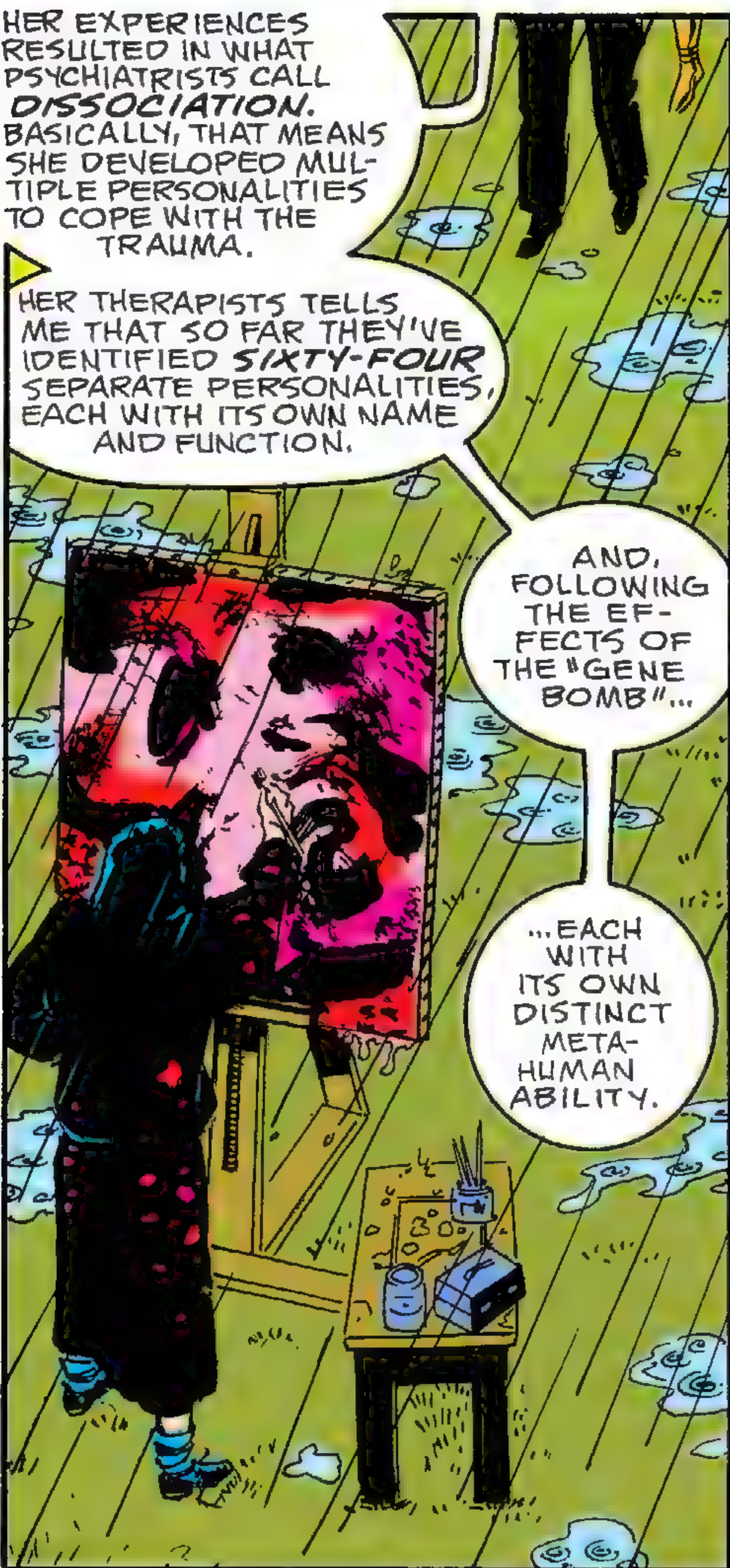
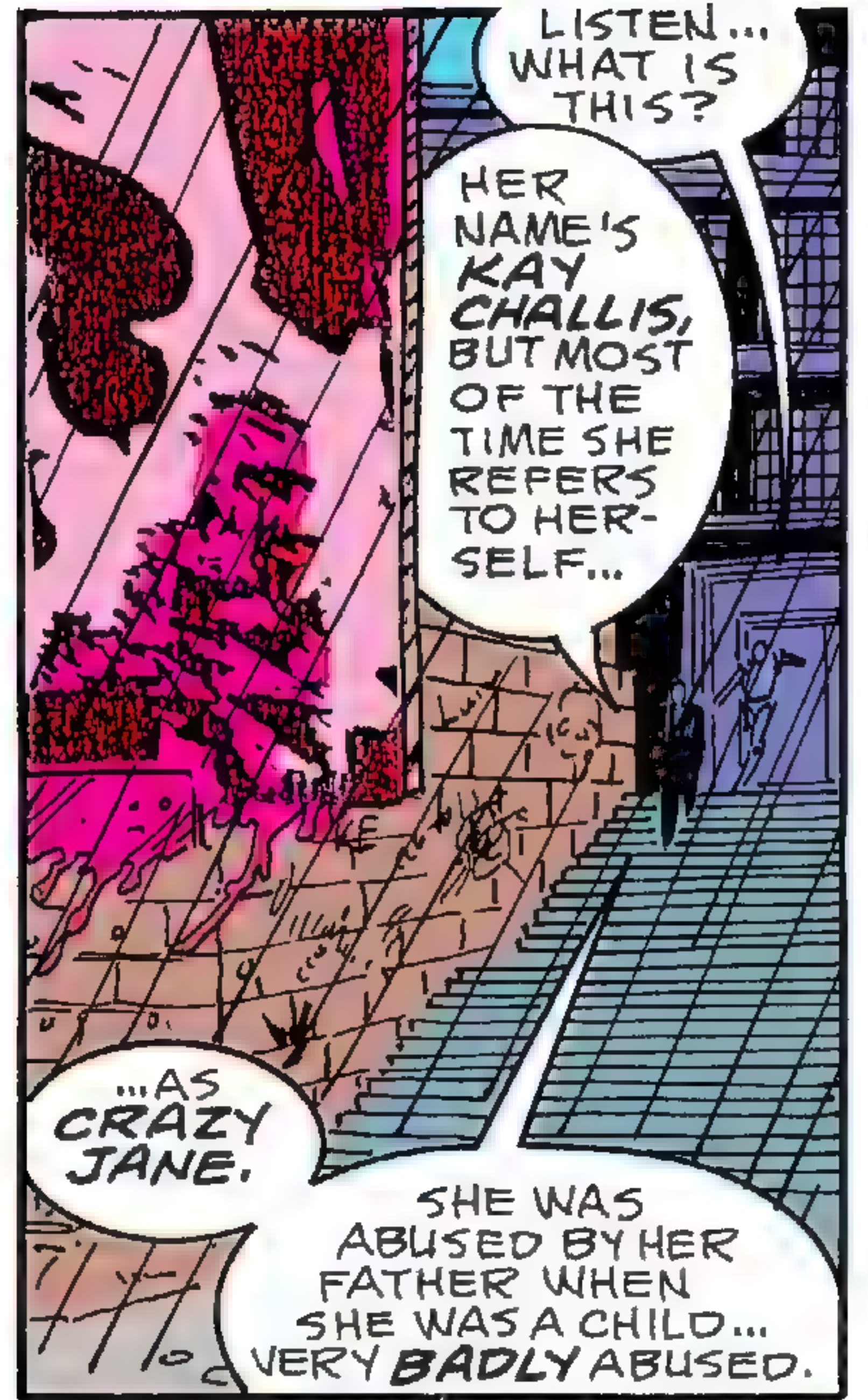
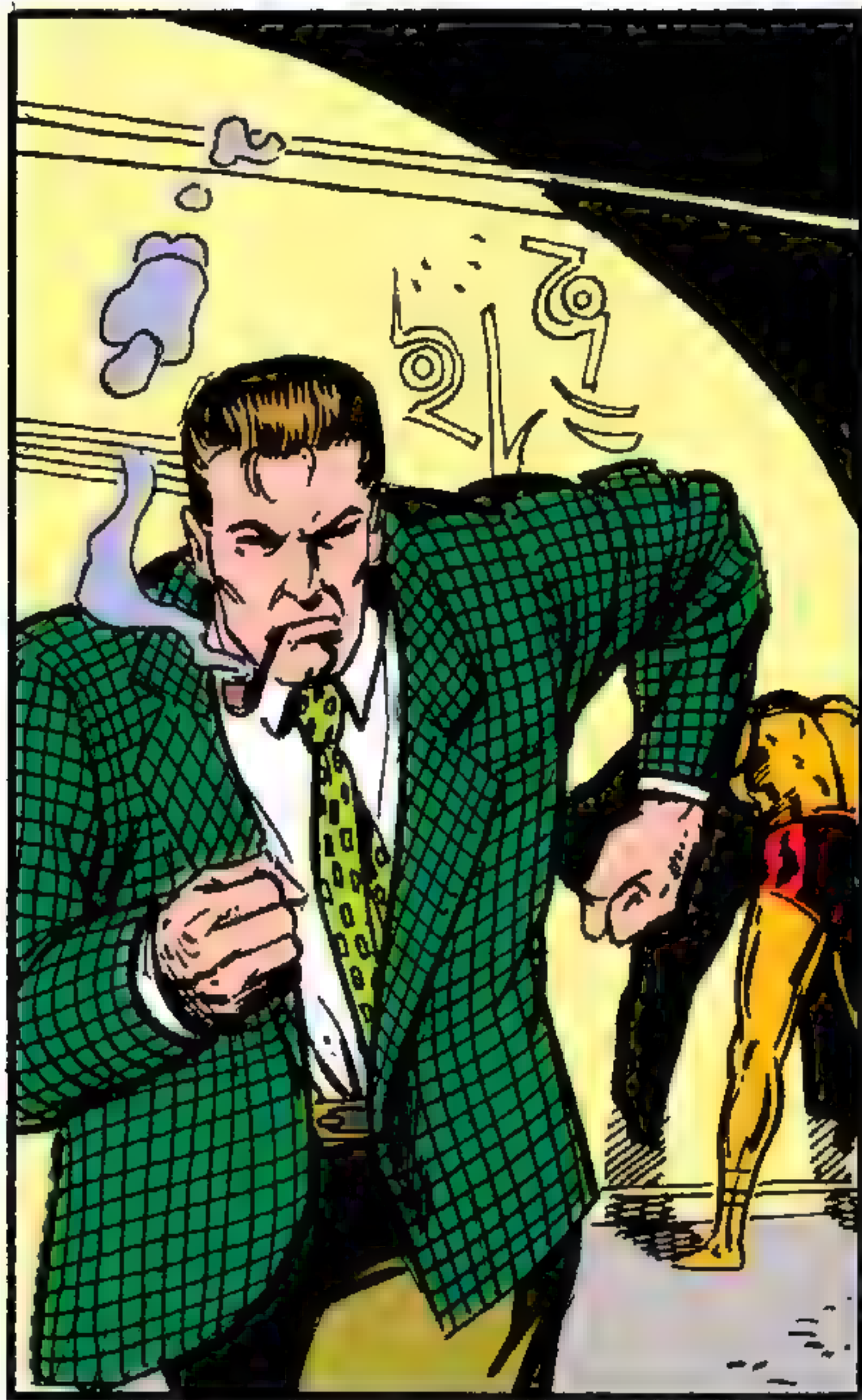
THIS WORLD, IT CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE EVEN ONE GOOD PERSON, YOU KNOW,

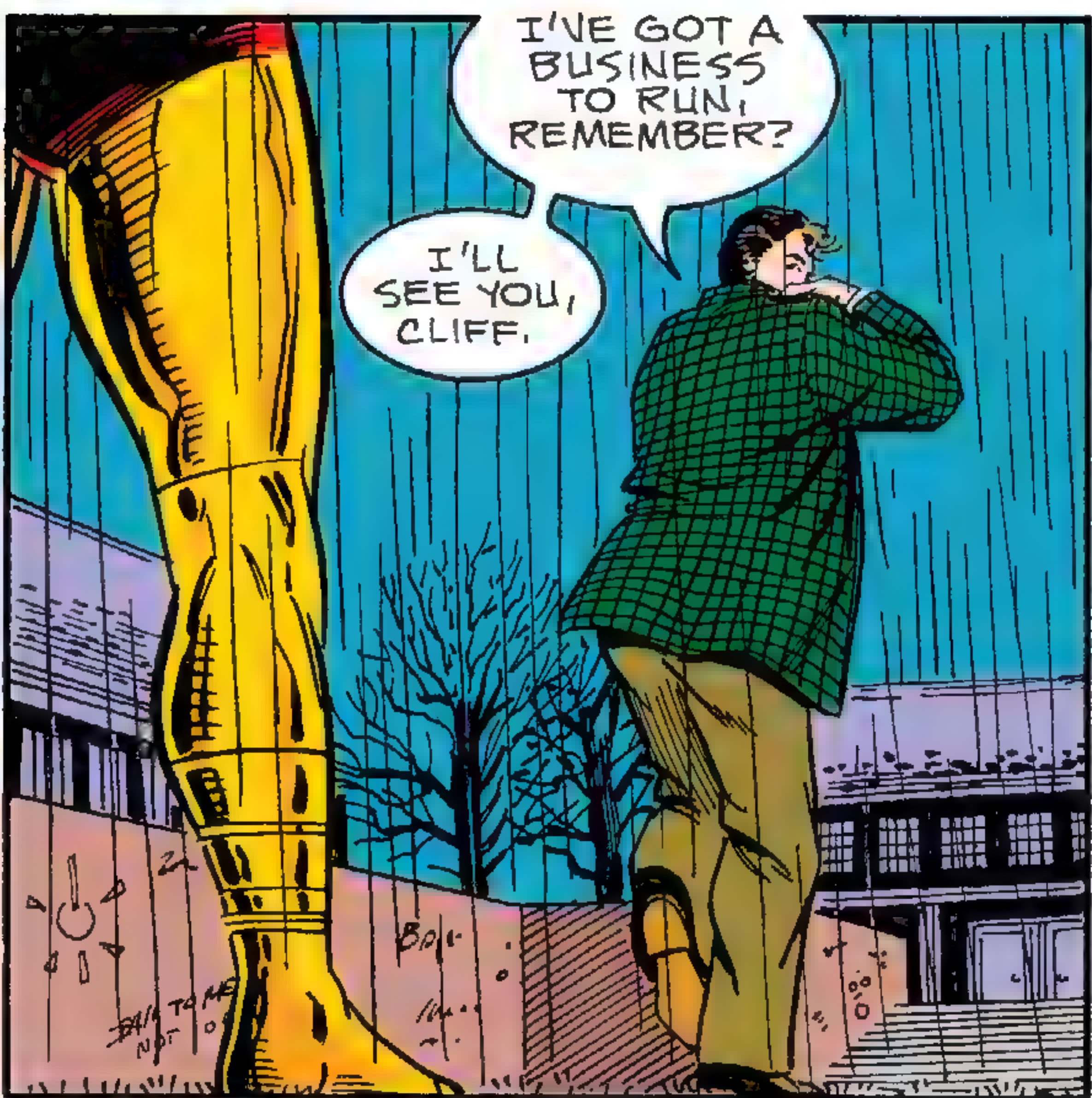
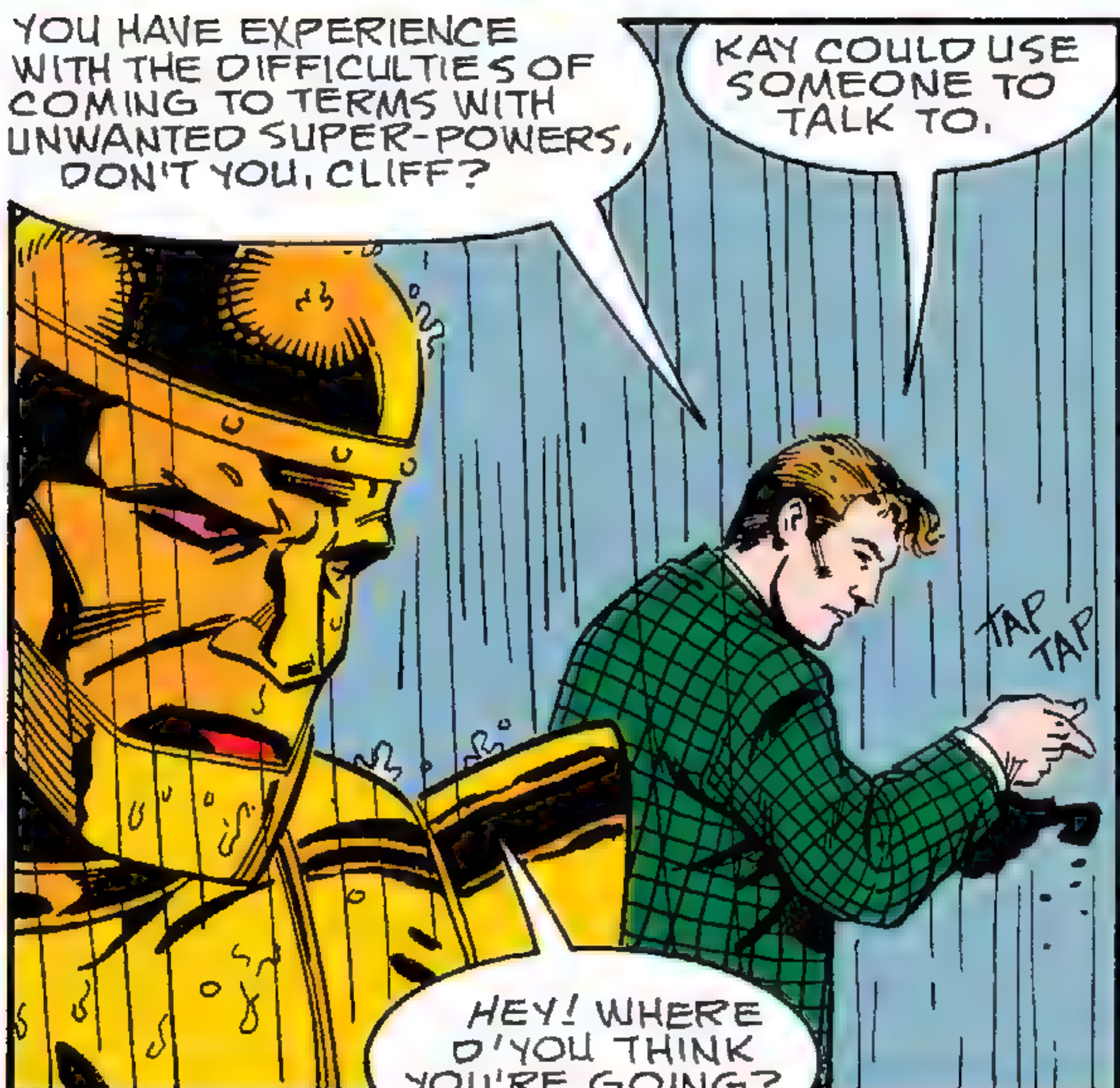
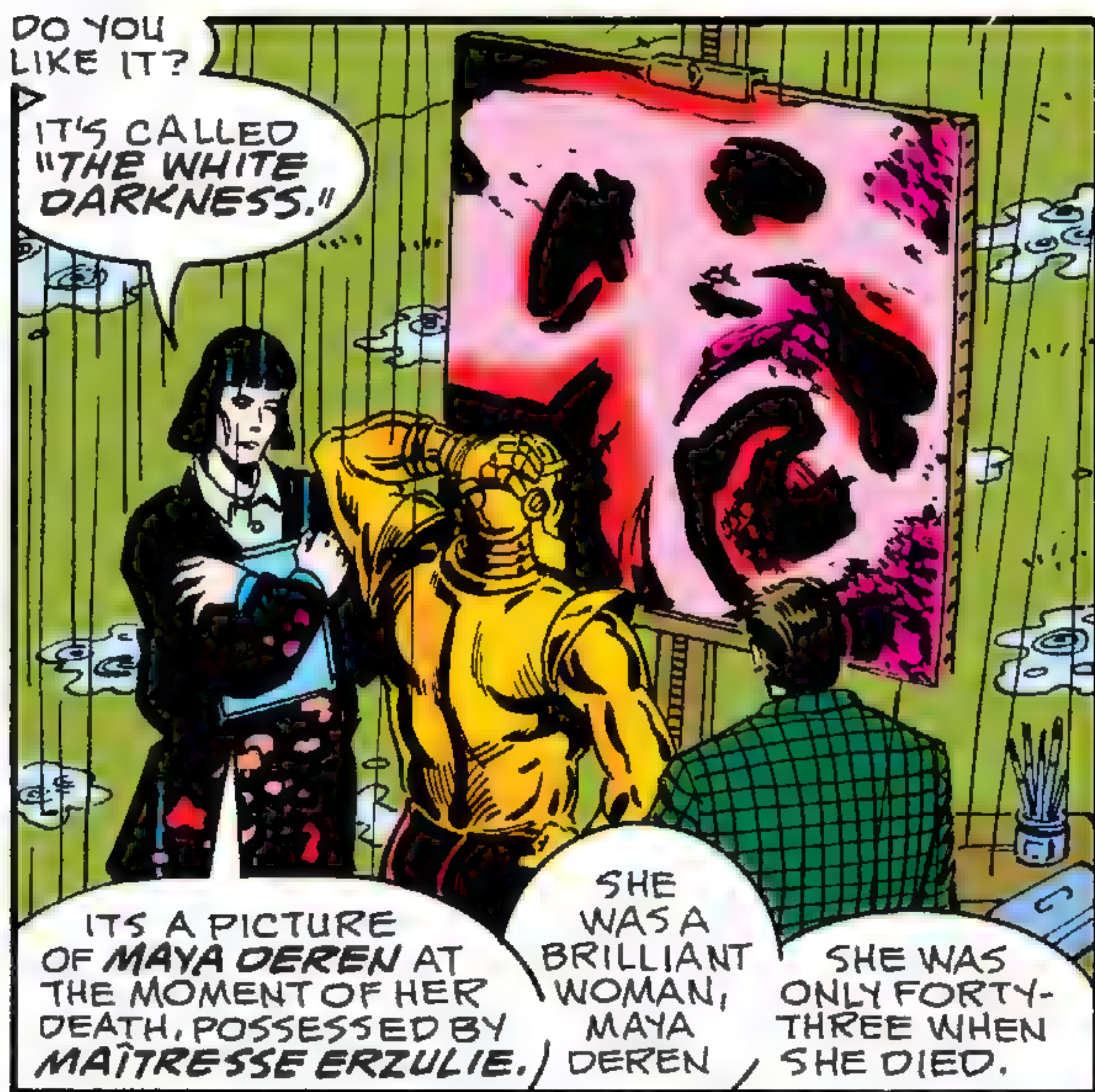
IF YOU COULD HEAR YOURSELF...

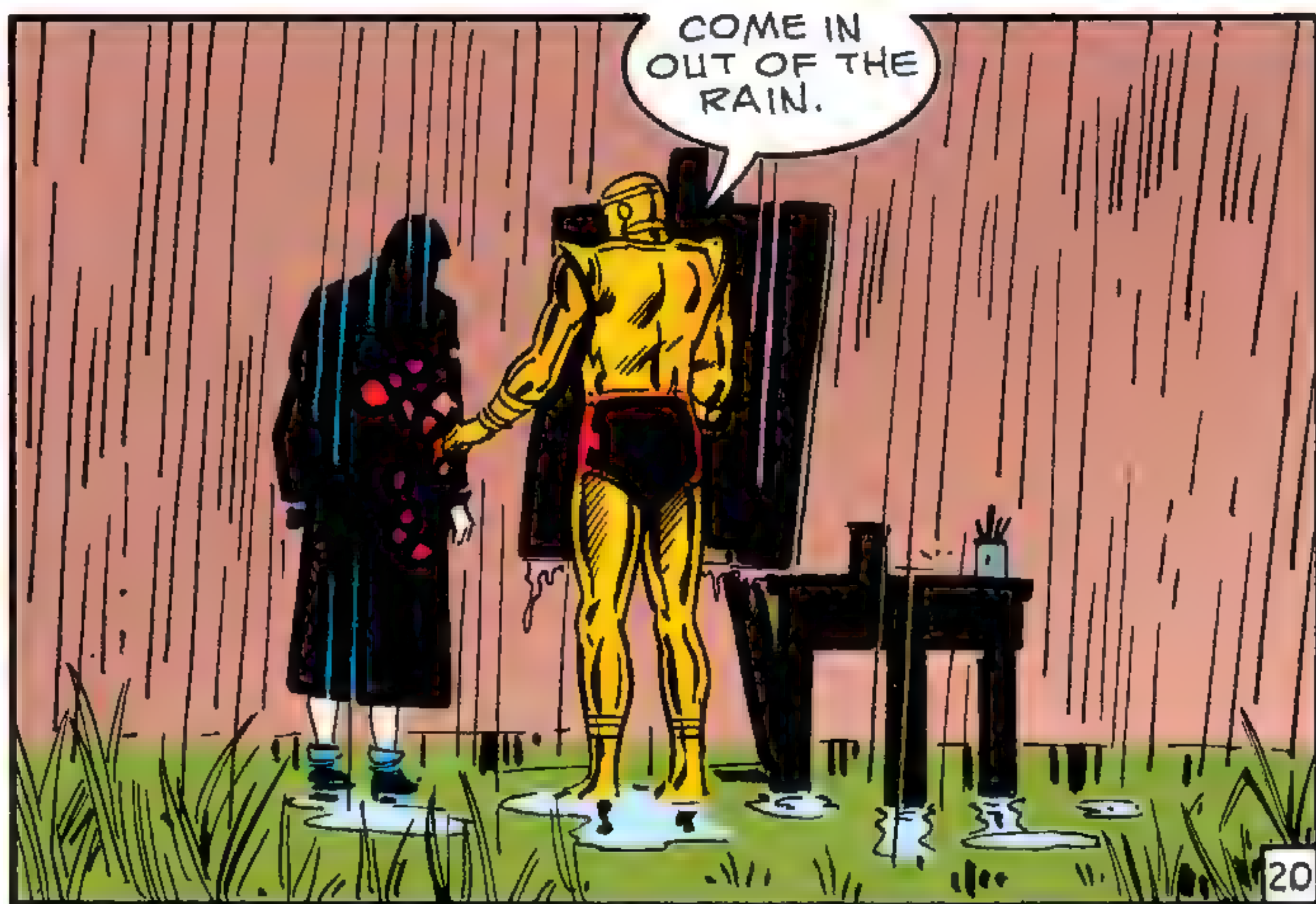
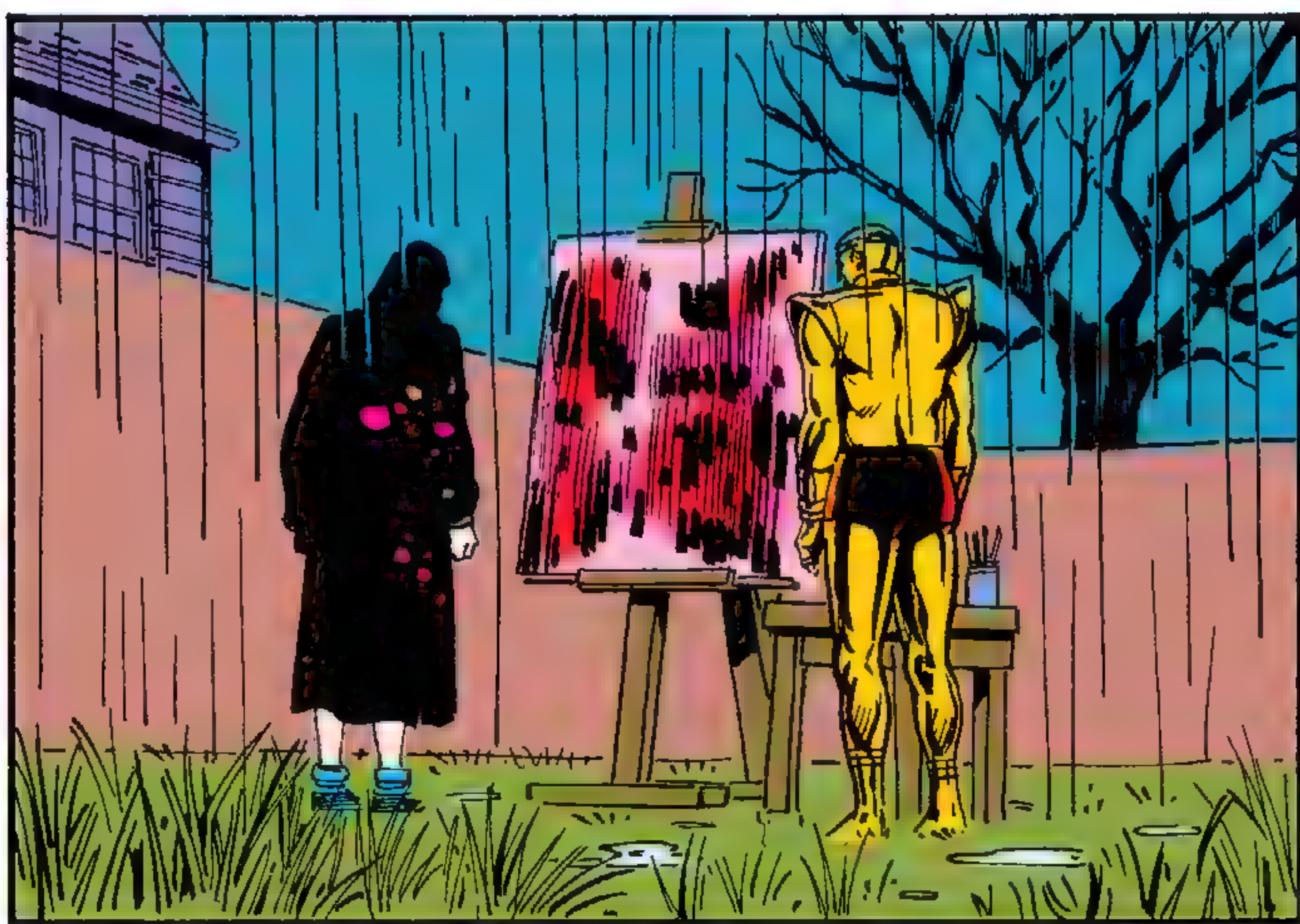
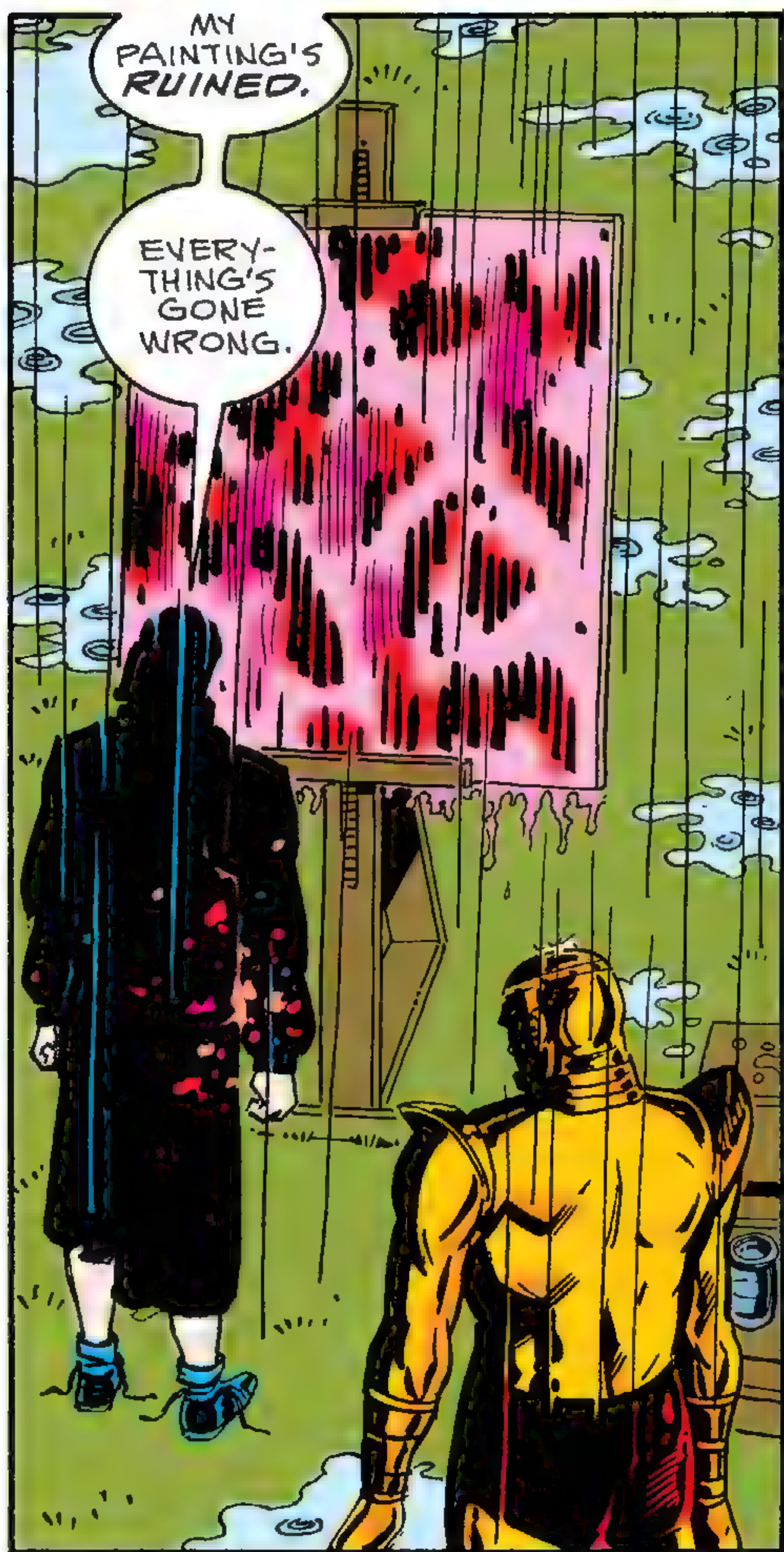


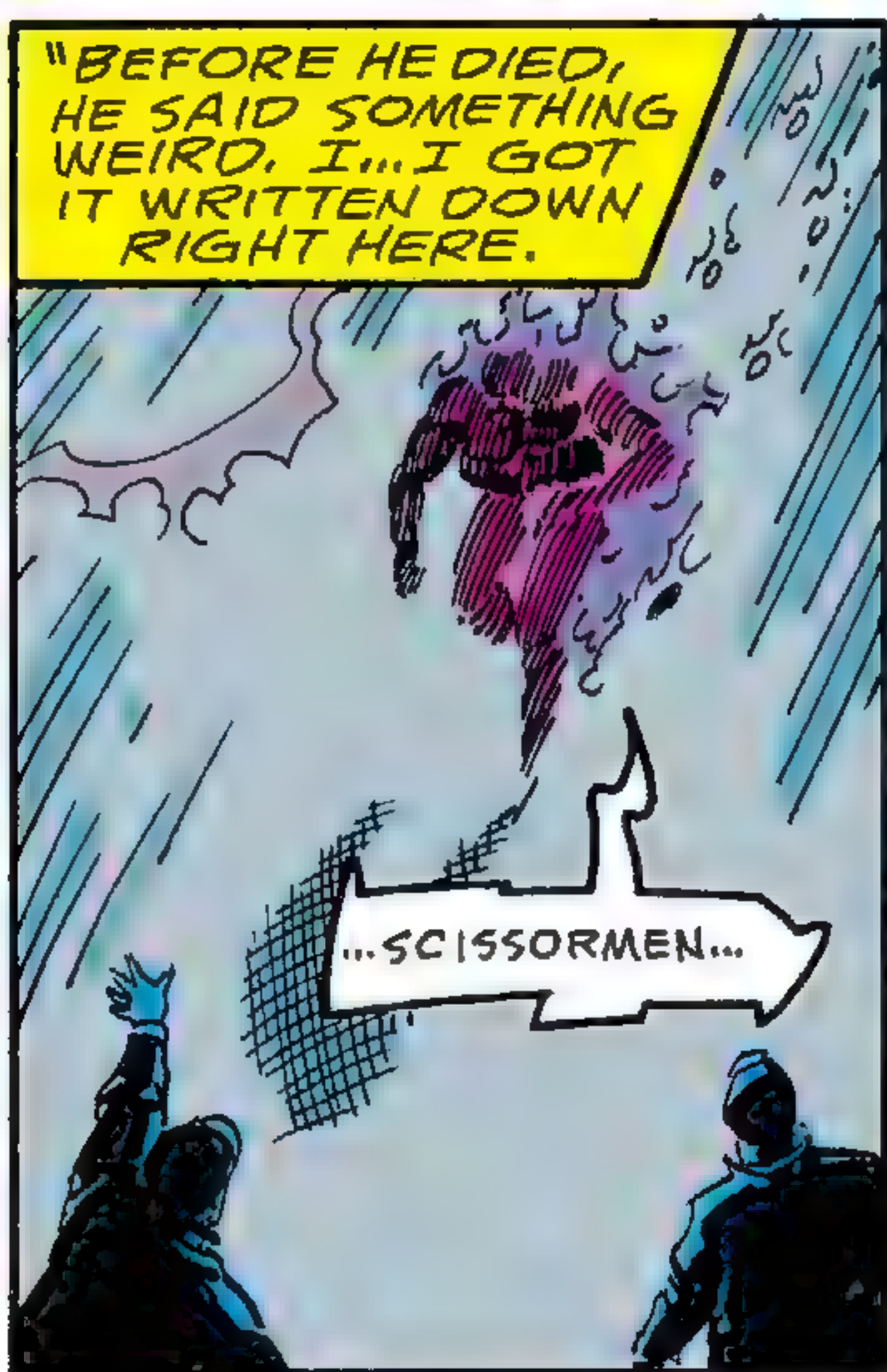
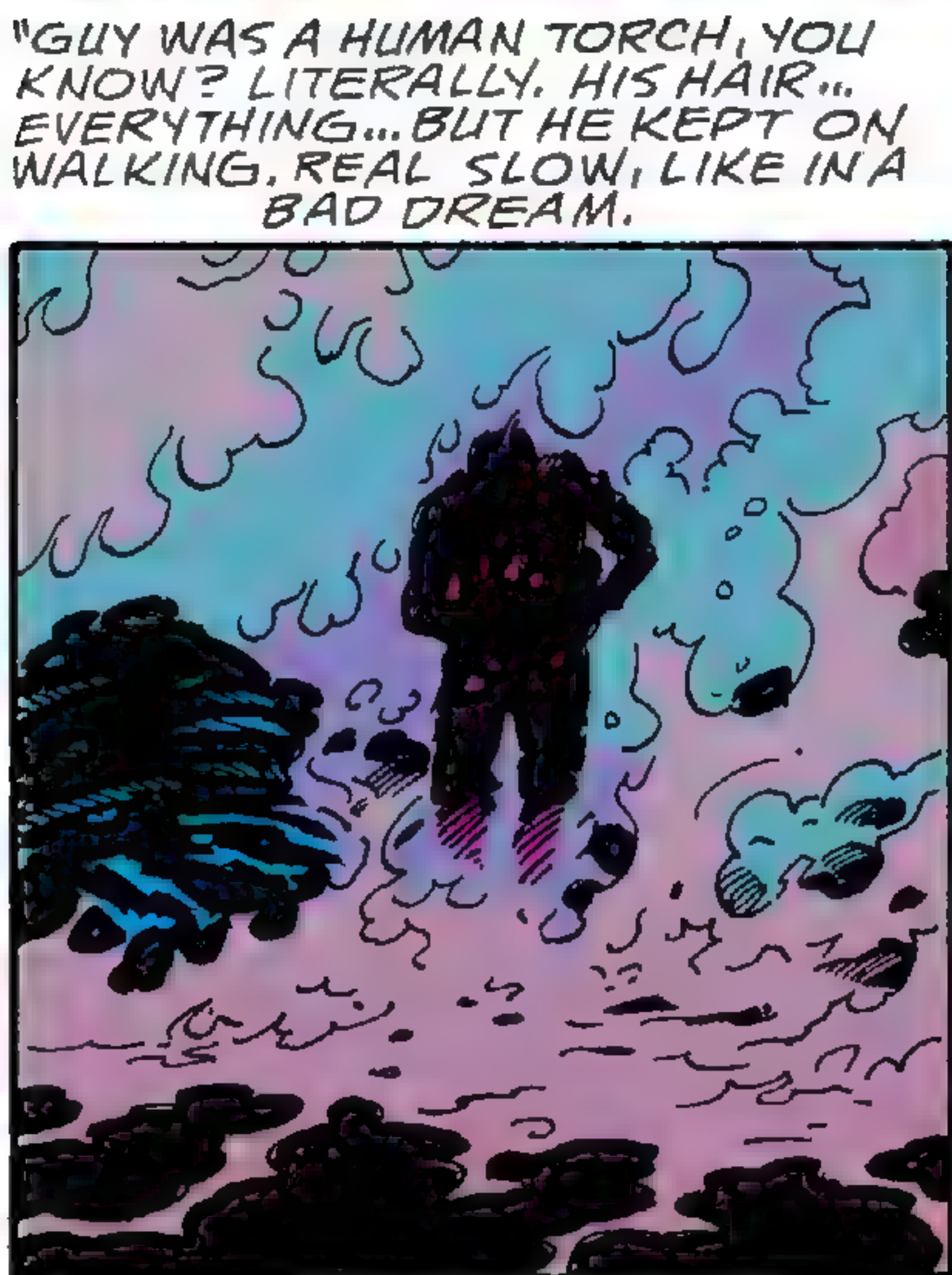
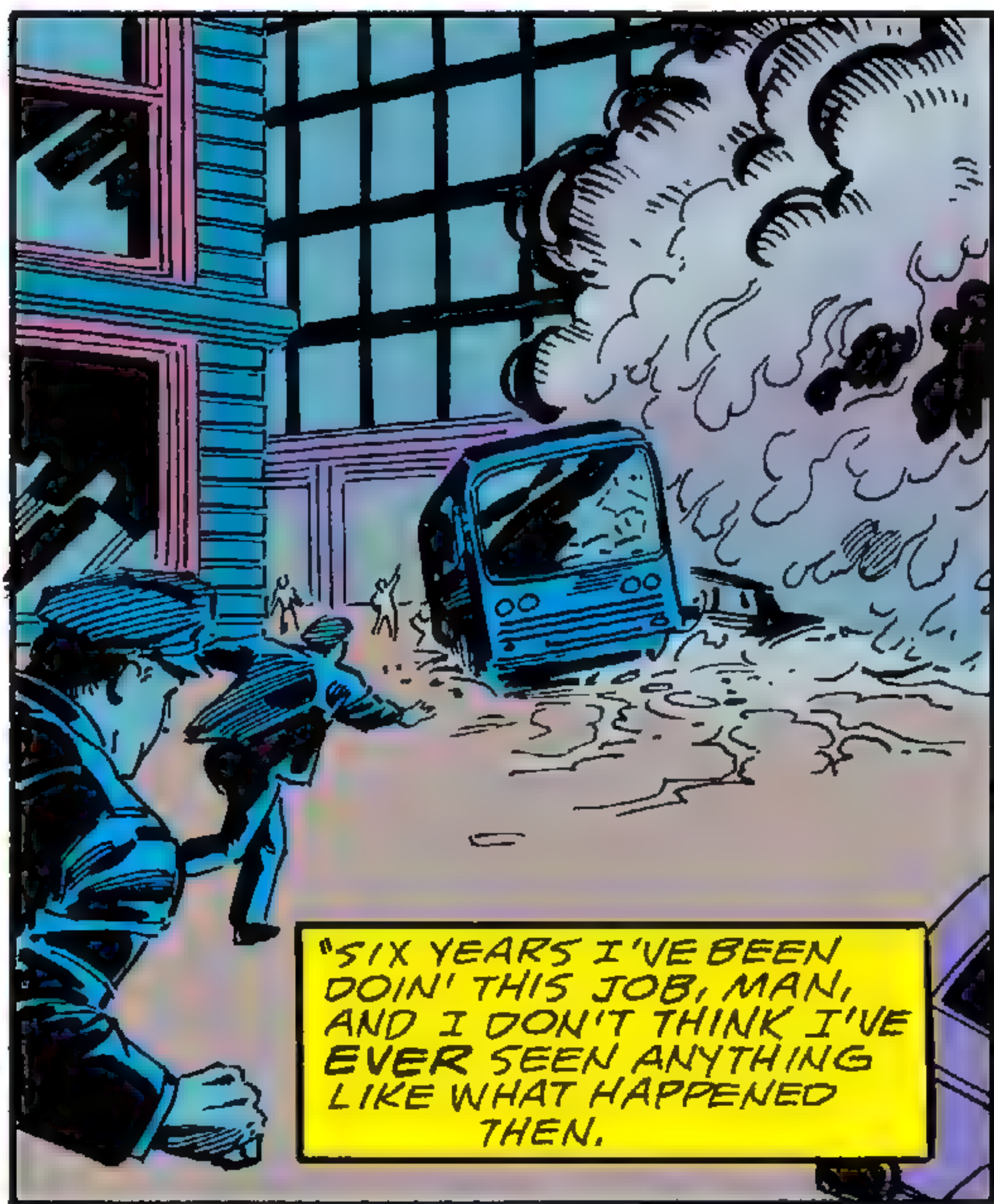
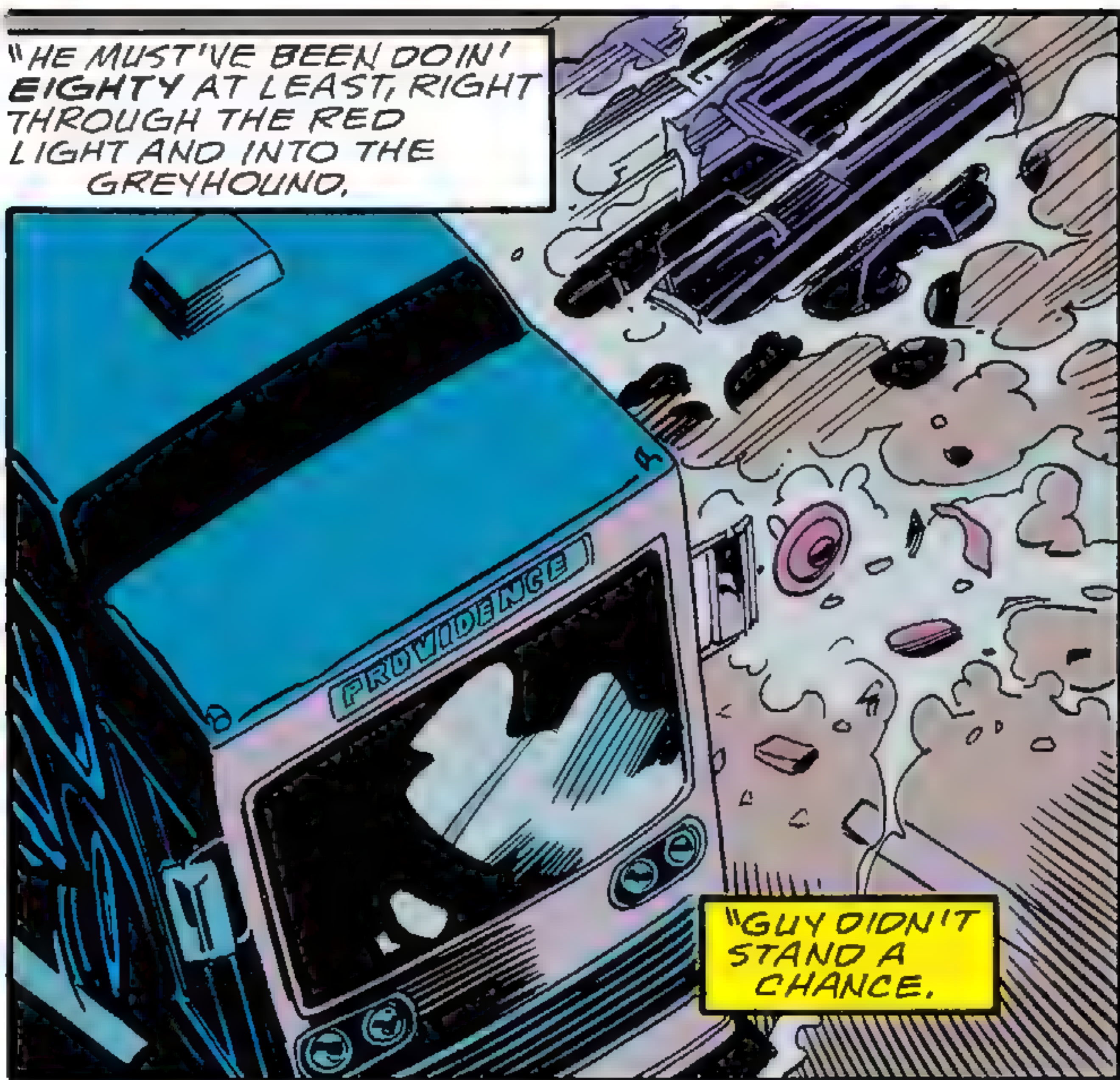
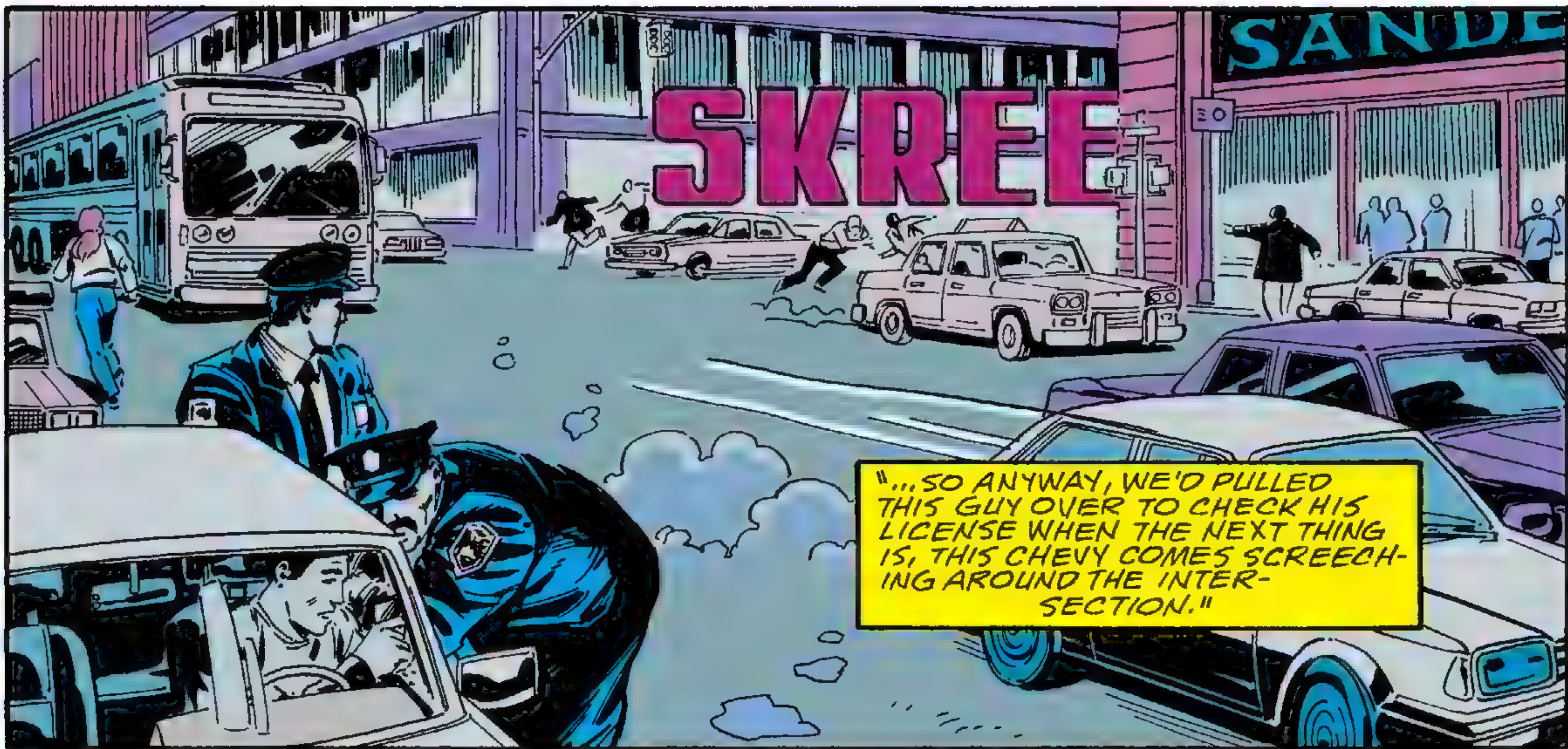
I'M SICK OF THIS SELF-INDULGENT CRAP, DAMNIT! THERE ARE PEOPLE WITH WORSE PROBLEMS THAN YOURS!

SHOW ME ONE.











I'M NOT ASHAMED TO SAY IT, MAN—I THREW UP RIGHT THERE ON THE SIDEWALK.

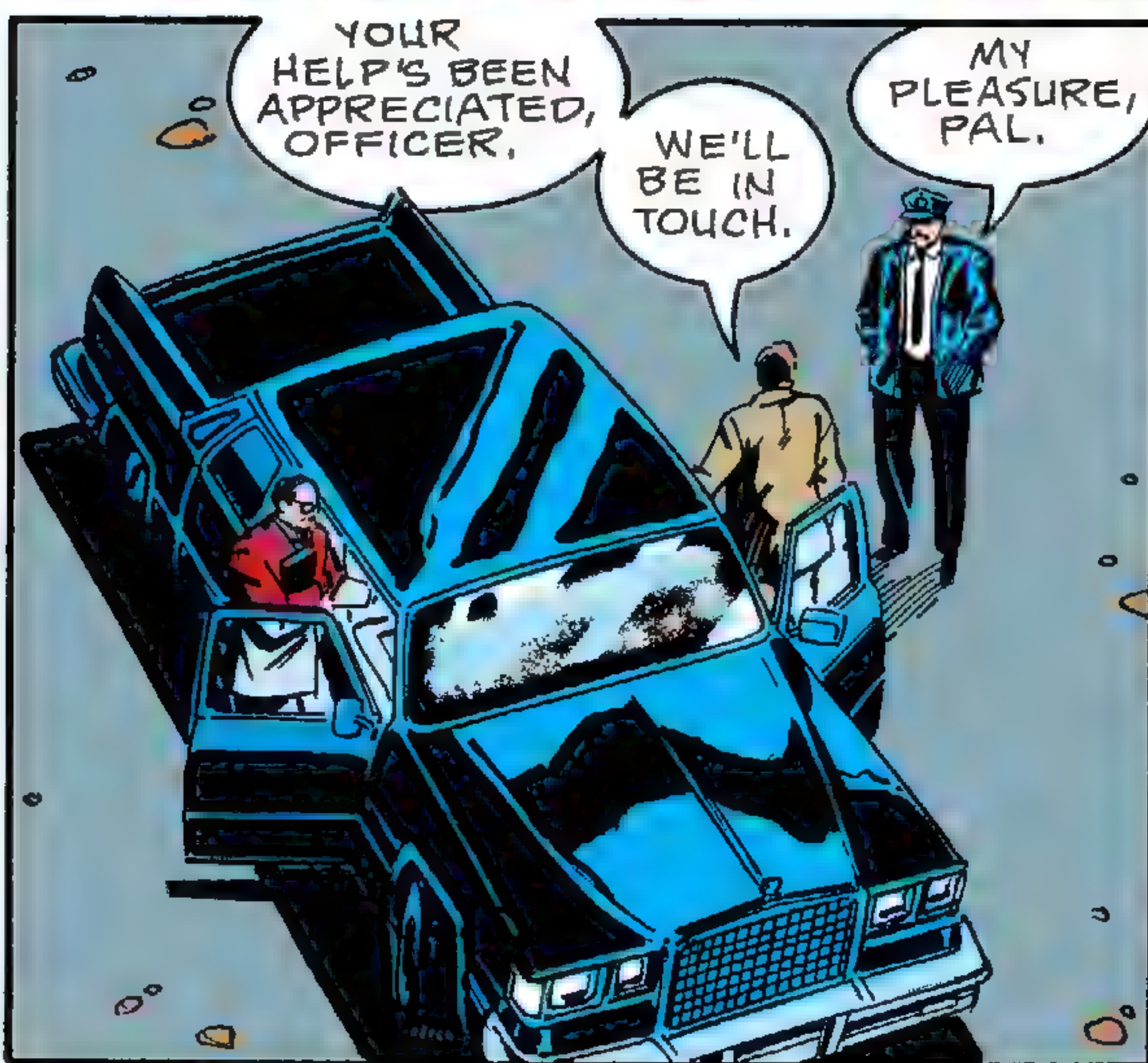
YOU EVER SMELL SKIN BURNING?



AND THIS IS THE BOOK?

SURE IS. GOD ALONE KNOWS WHAT THE THING'S MADE OF.

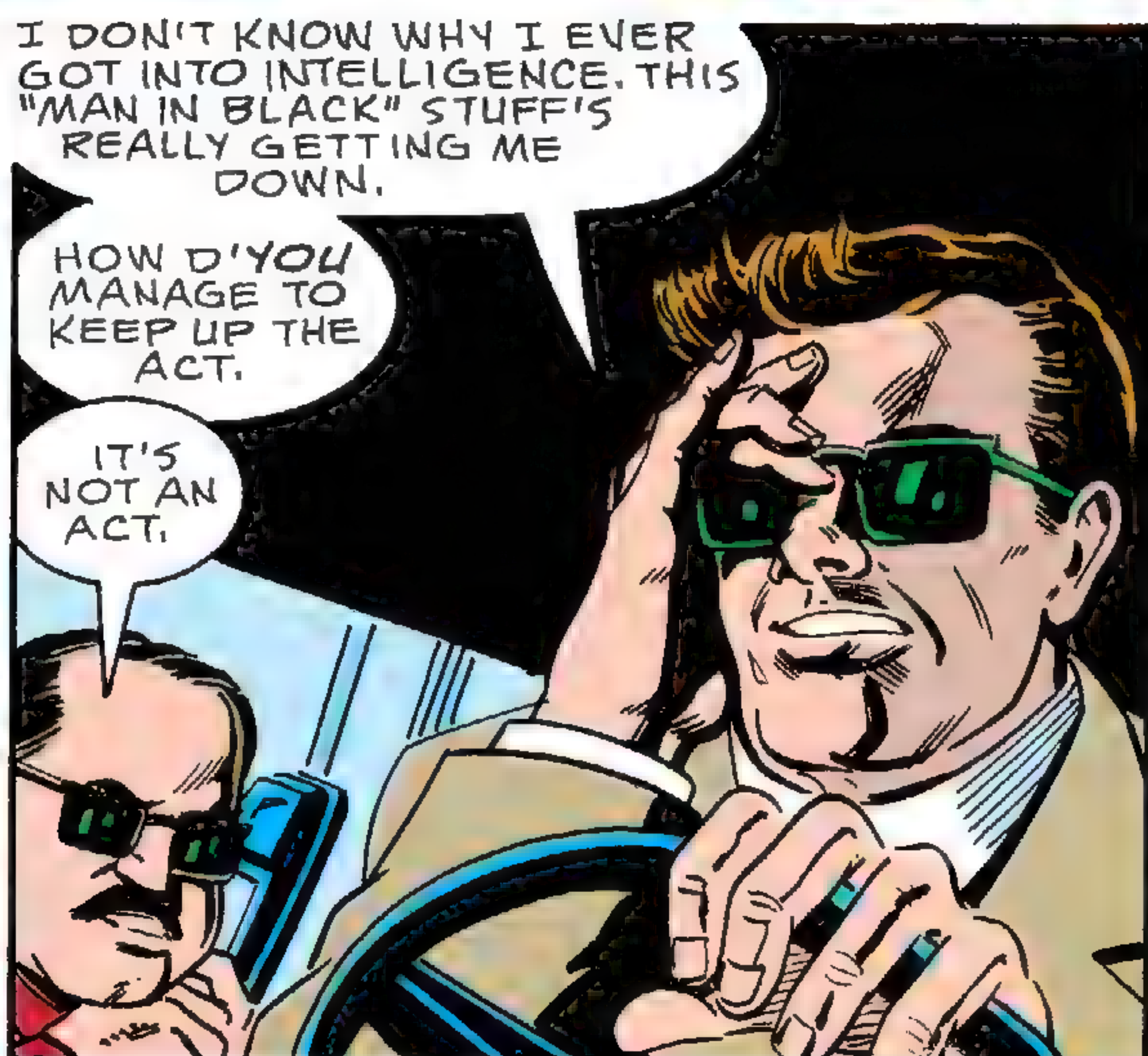
BLACK PAGES! MAN. WEIRD.



YOUR HELP'S BEEN APPRECIATED, OFFICER.

WE'LL BE IN TOUCH.

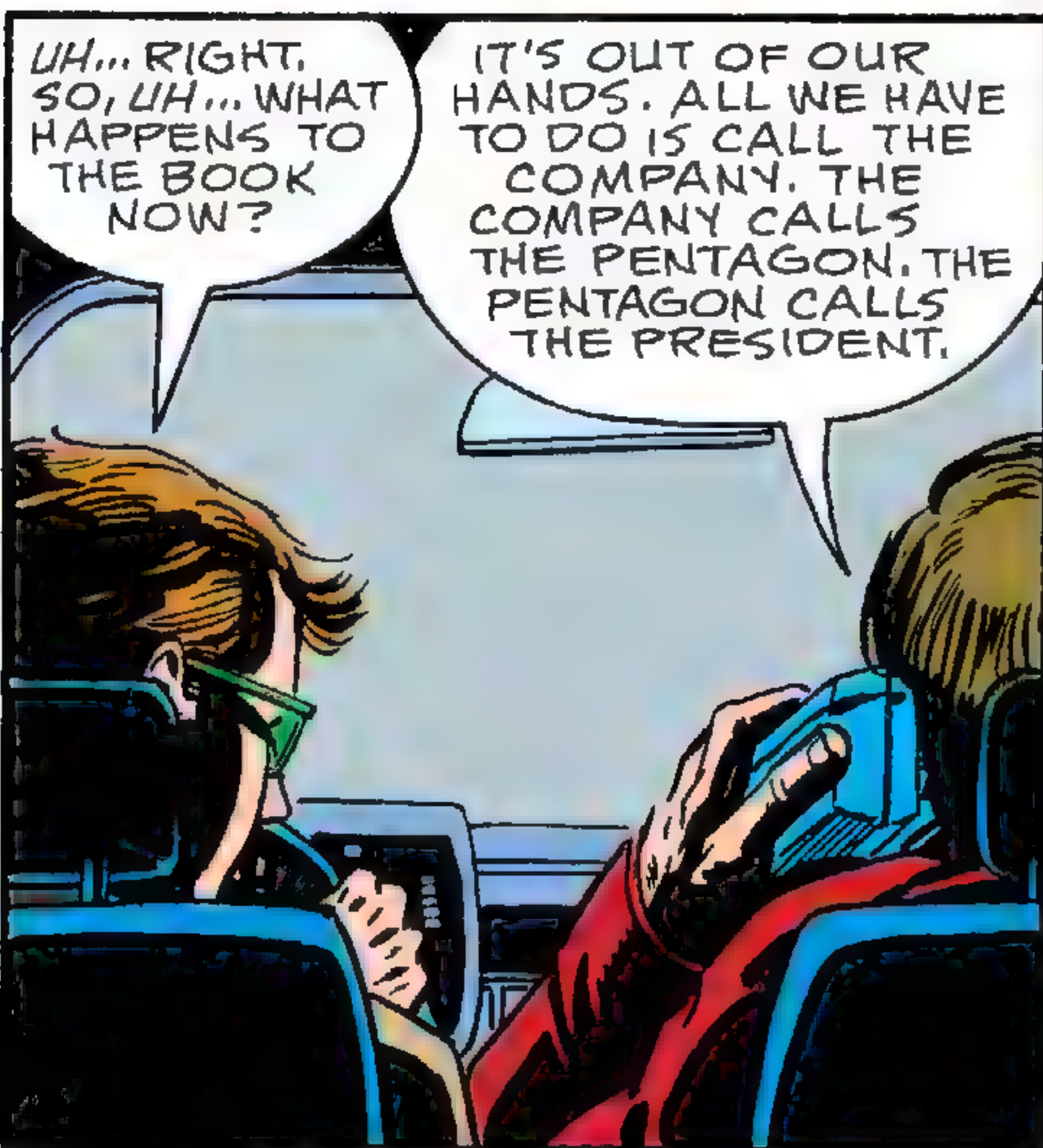
MY PLEASURE, PAL.



I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVER GOT INTO INTELLIGENCE. THIS "MAN IN BLACK" STUFF'S REALLY GETTING ME DOWN.

HOW D'YOU MANAGE TO KEEP UP THE ACT.

IT'S NOT AN ACT.



UH... RIGHT. SO, UH... WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BOOK NOW?

IT'S OUT OF OUR HANDS. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CALL THE COMPANY. THE COMPANY CALLS THE PENTAGON. THE PENTAGON CALLS THE PRESIDENT.



AND HE CALLS NILES CAULDER.


NEW FORMAT
20
MAR 89

BY MORRISON,
CASE & HANNA

THE DOOM PATROL™



CUT
ALONG
DOTTED
LINE

CASE
GARZON

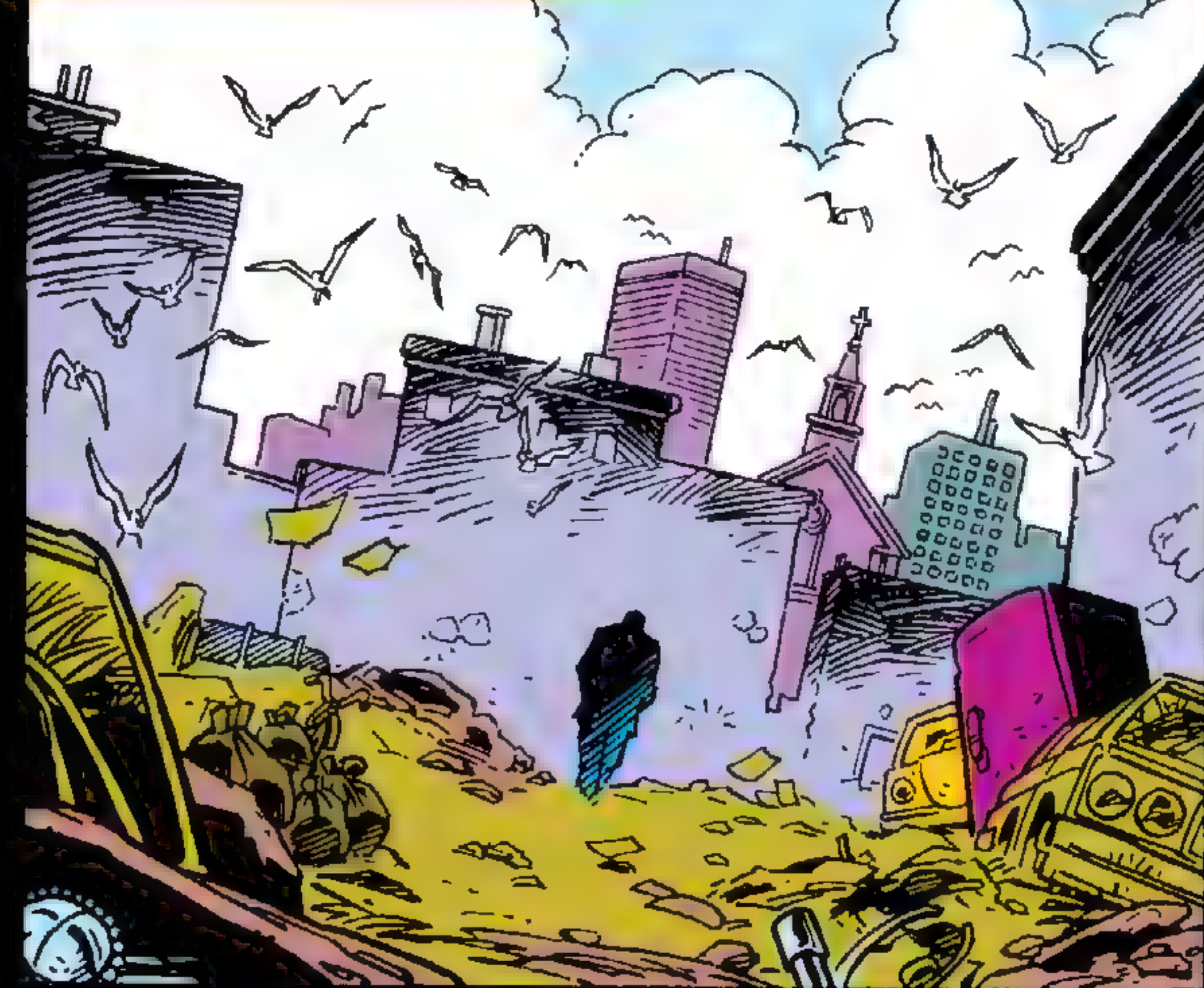
**CRAWLING
FROM THE
WRECKAGE
PART 2 OF 4**

dom PATROL

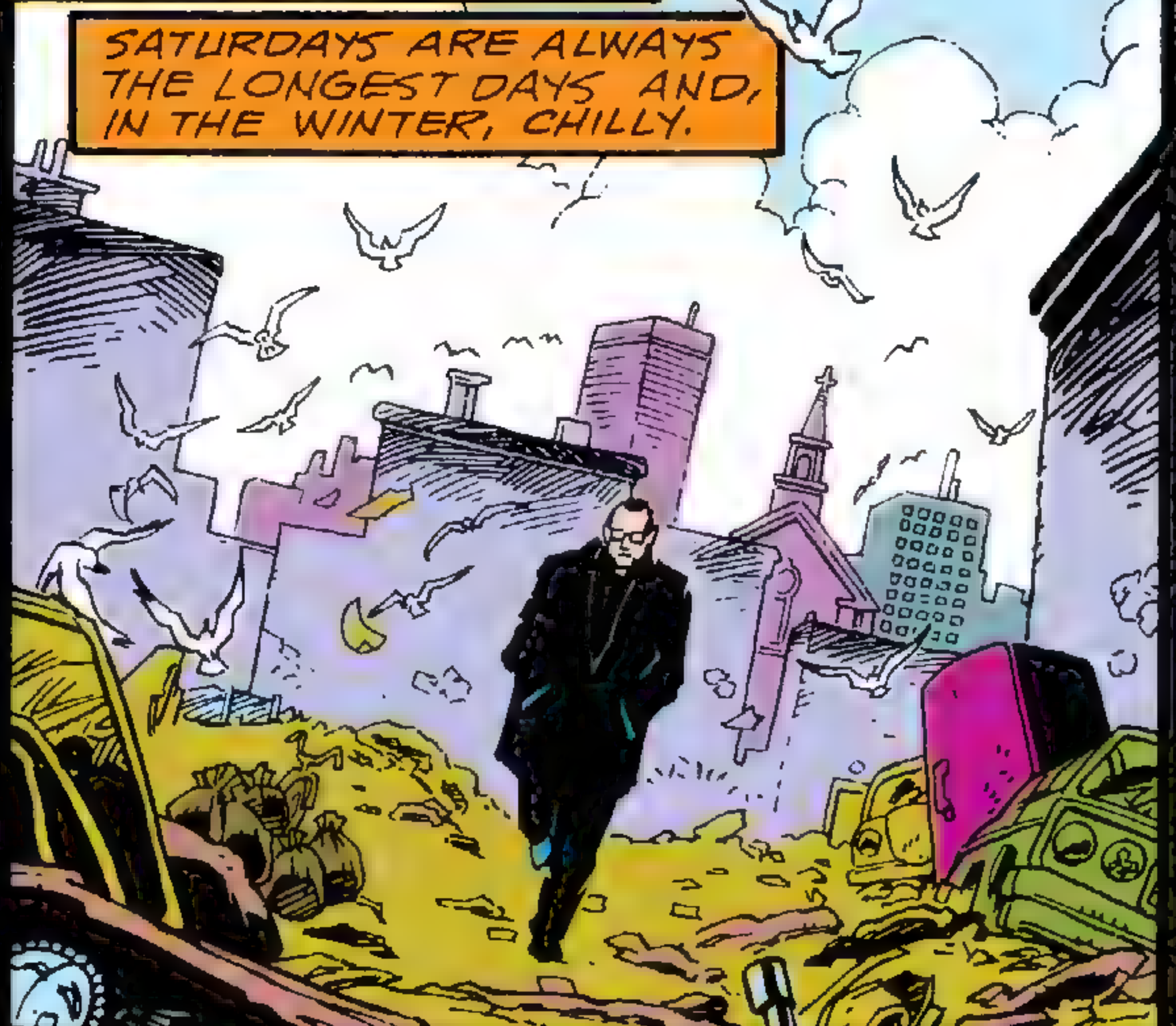


"I am nothing special, nothing pure.
I am mud and flame."

FATHER MCGARRY HAS LONG SINCE CEASED TO BELIEVE IN MIRACLES.



SATURDAYS, HE TRUDGES OUT TO THE DUMP, LOOKING FOR GOD AMONG THE DEBRIS.

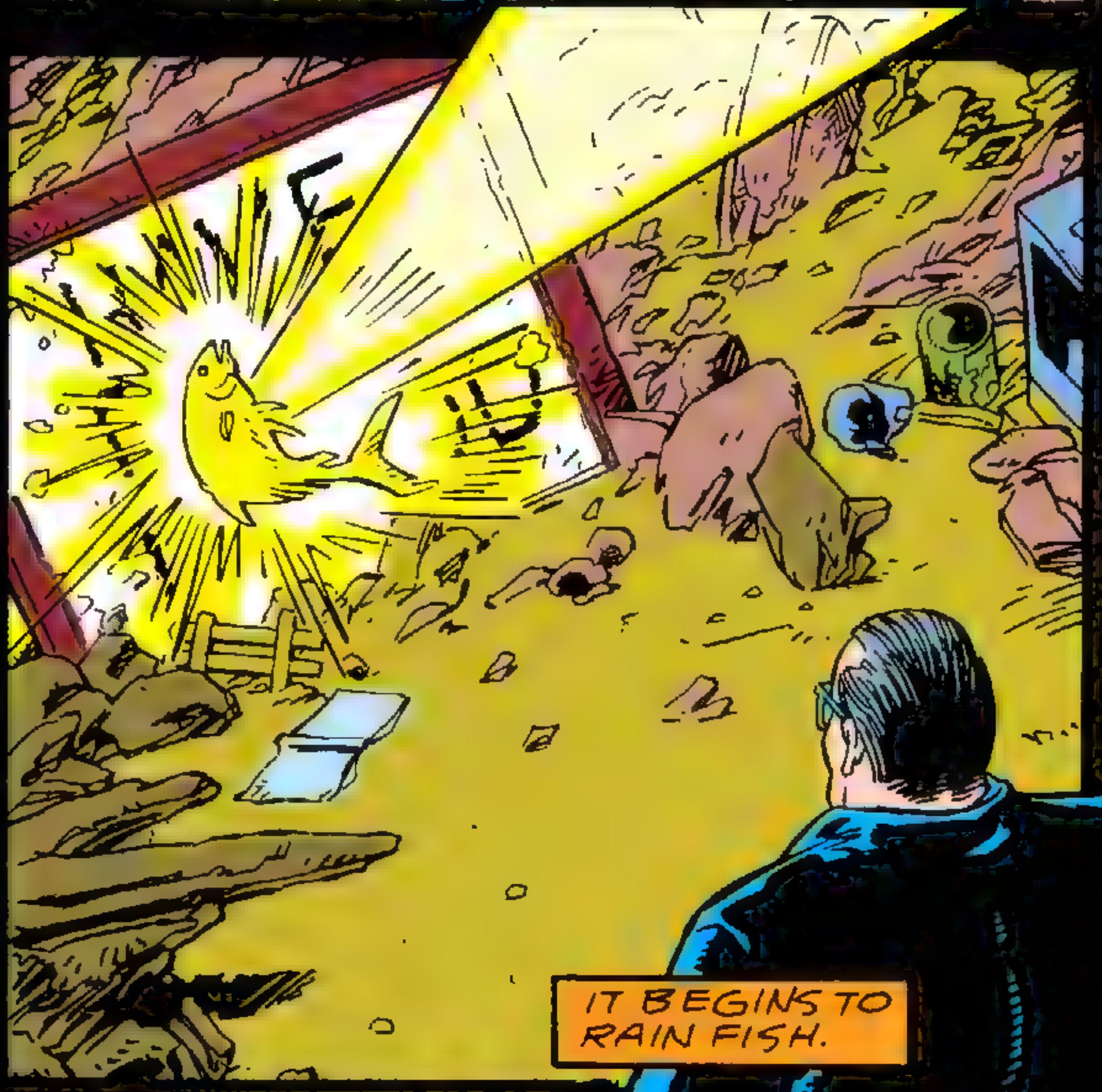
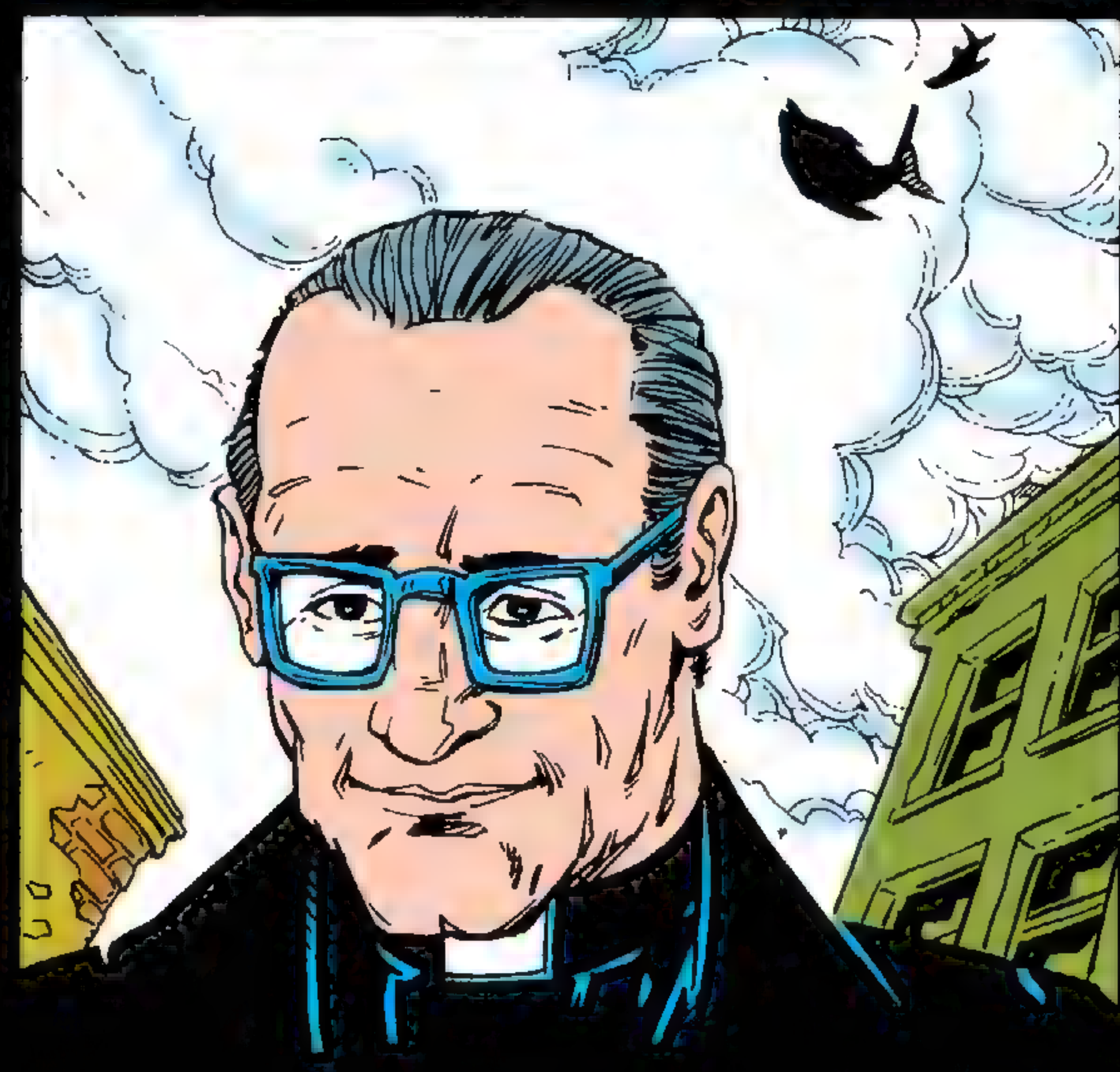
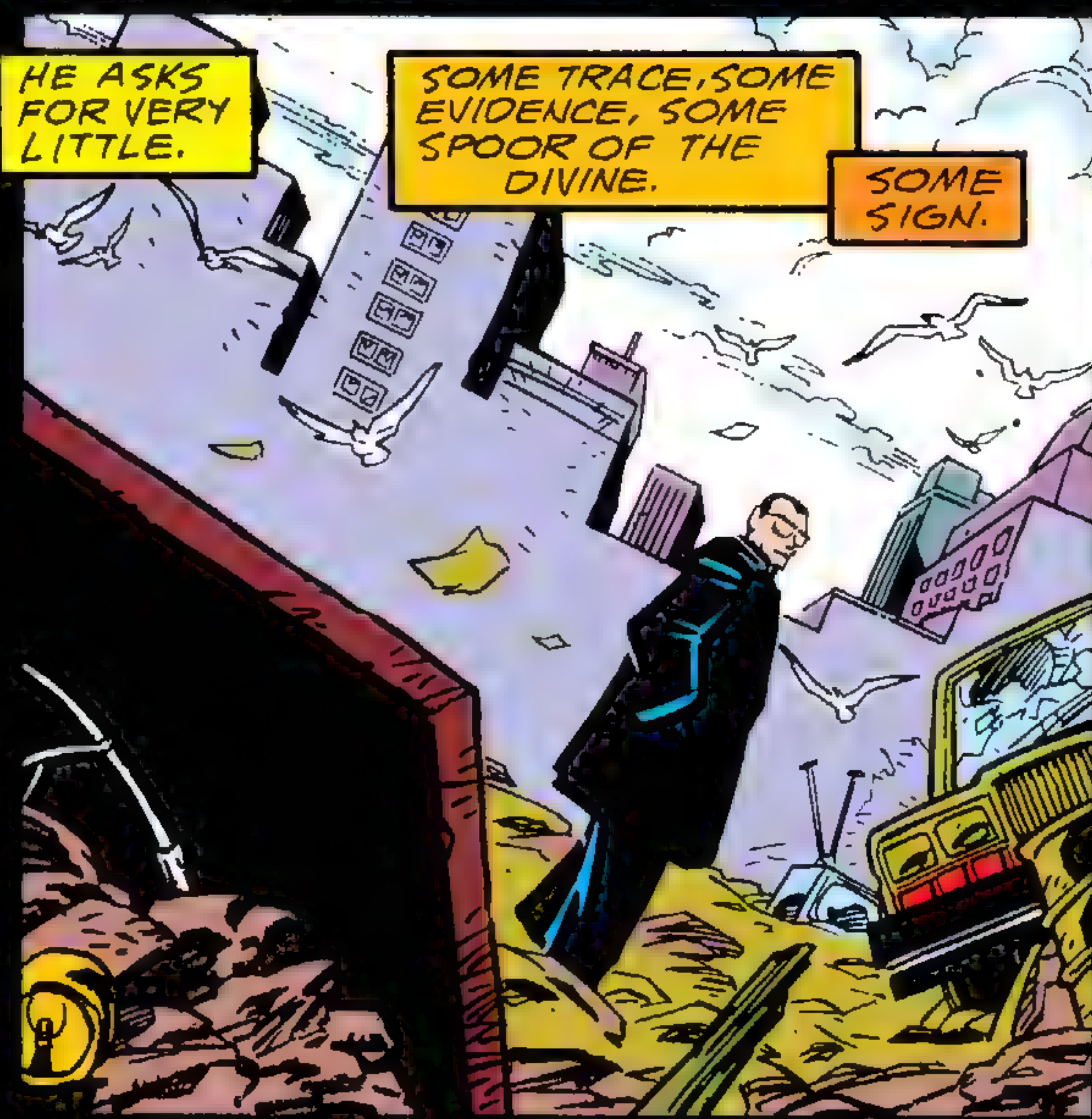


SATURDAYS ARE ALWAYS THE LONGEST DAYS AND, IN THE WINTER, CHILLY.

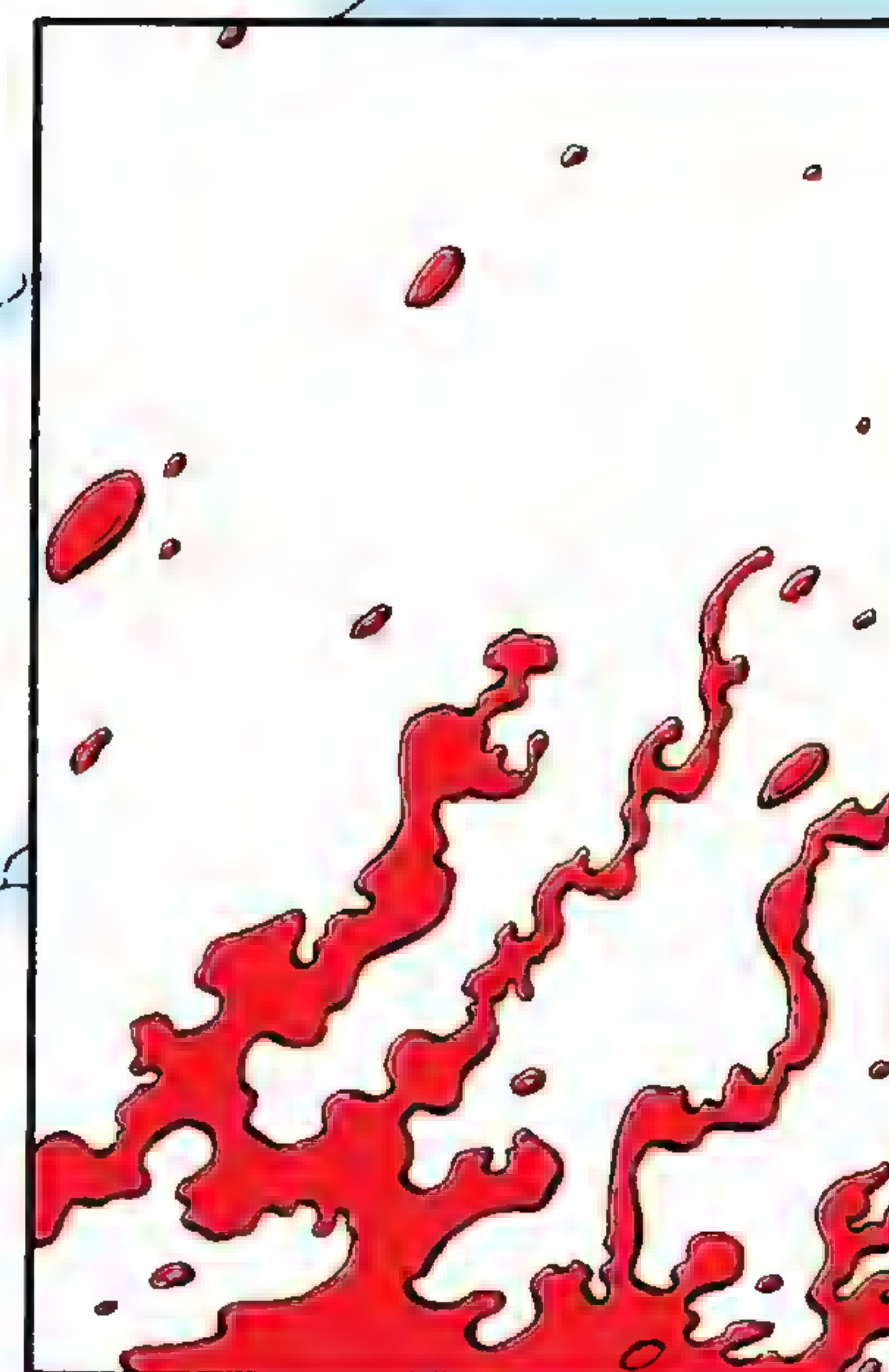
HE ASKS FOR VERY LITTLE.

SOME TRACE, SOME EVIDENCE, SOME SPOOR OF THE DIVINE.

SOME SIGN.

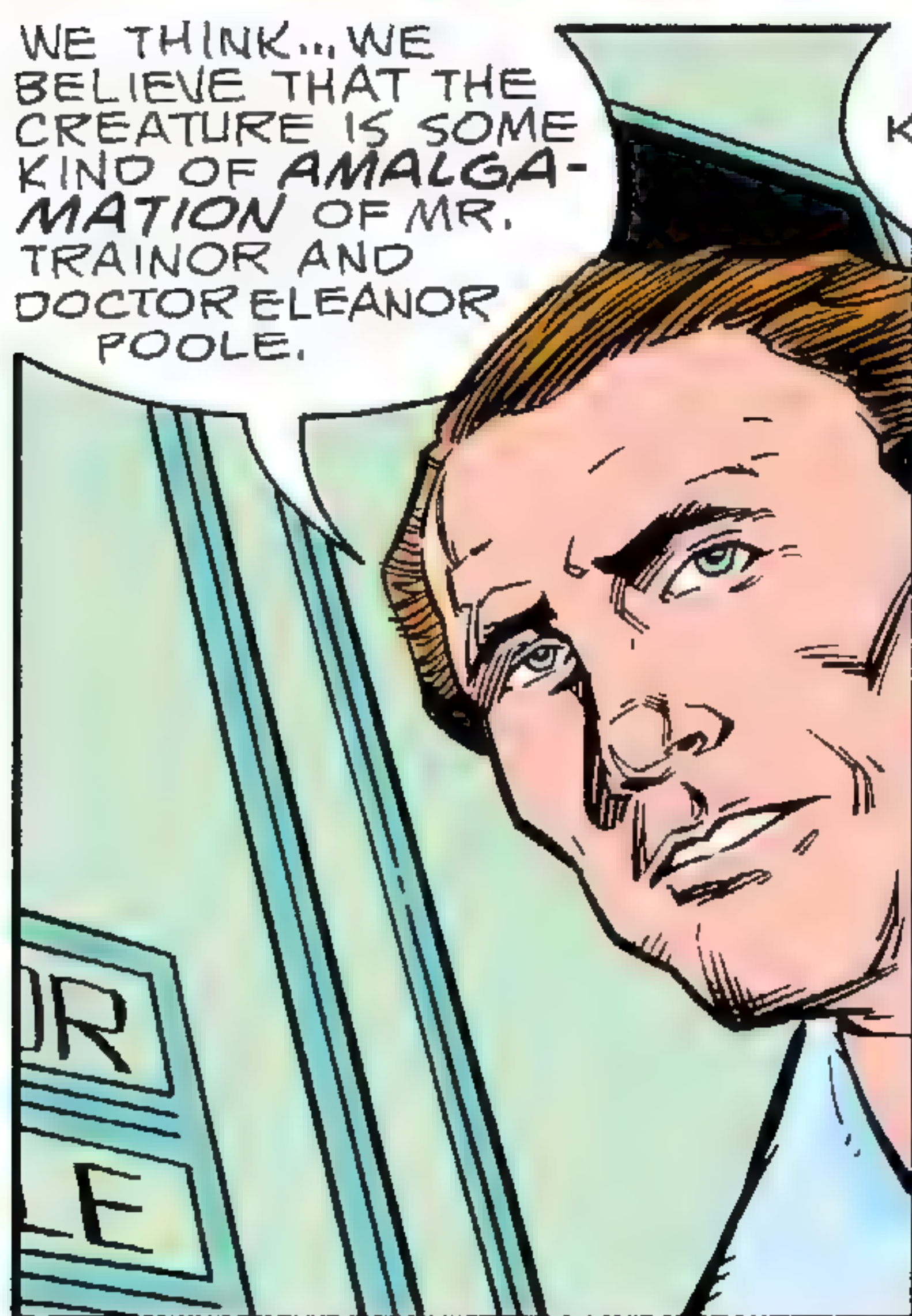
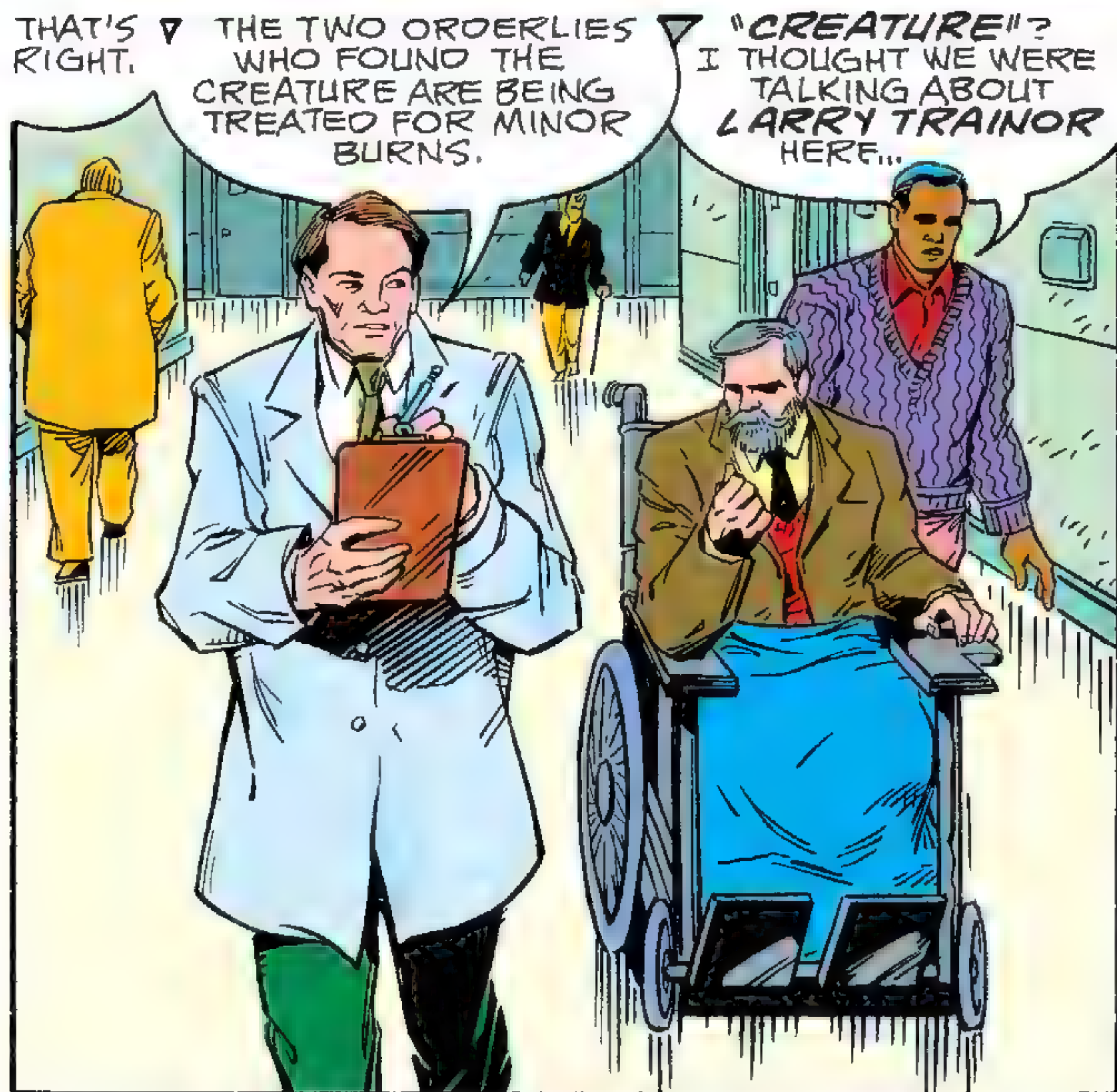
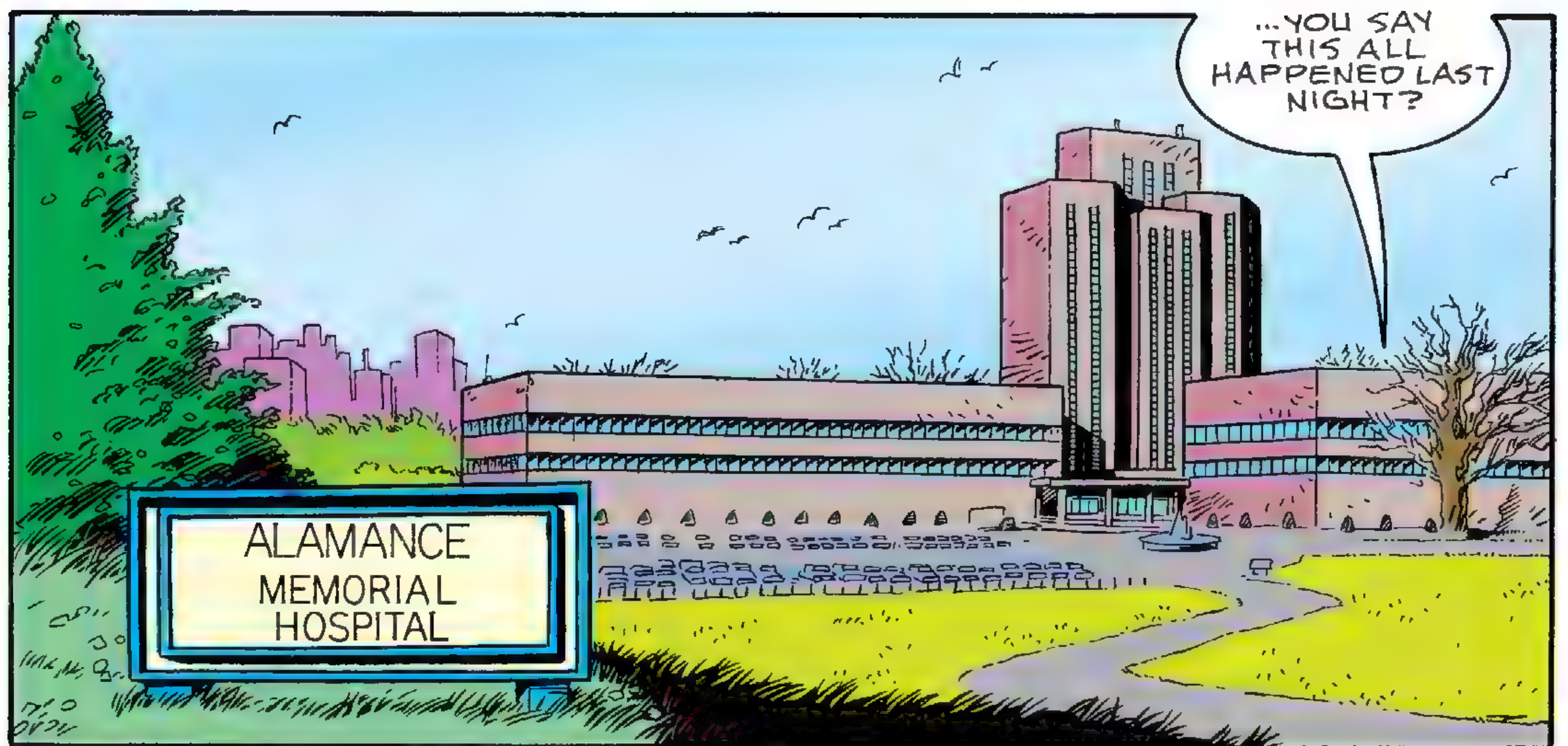


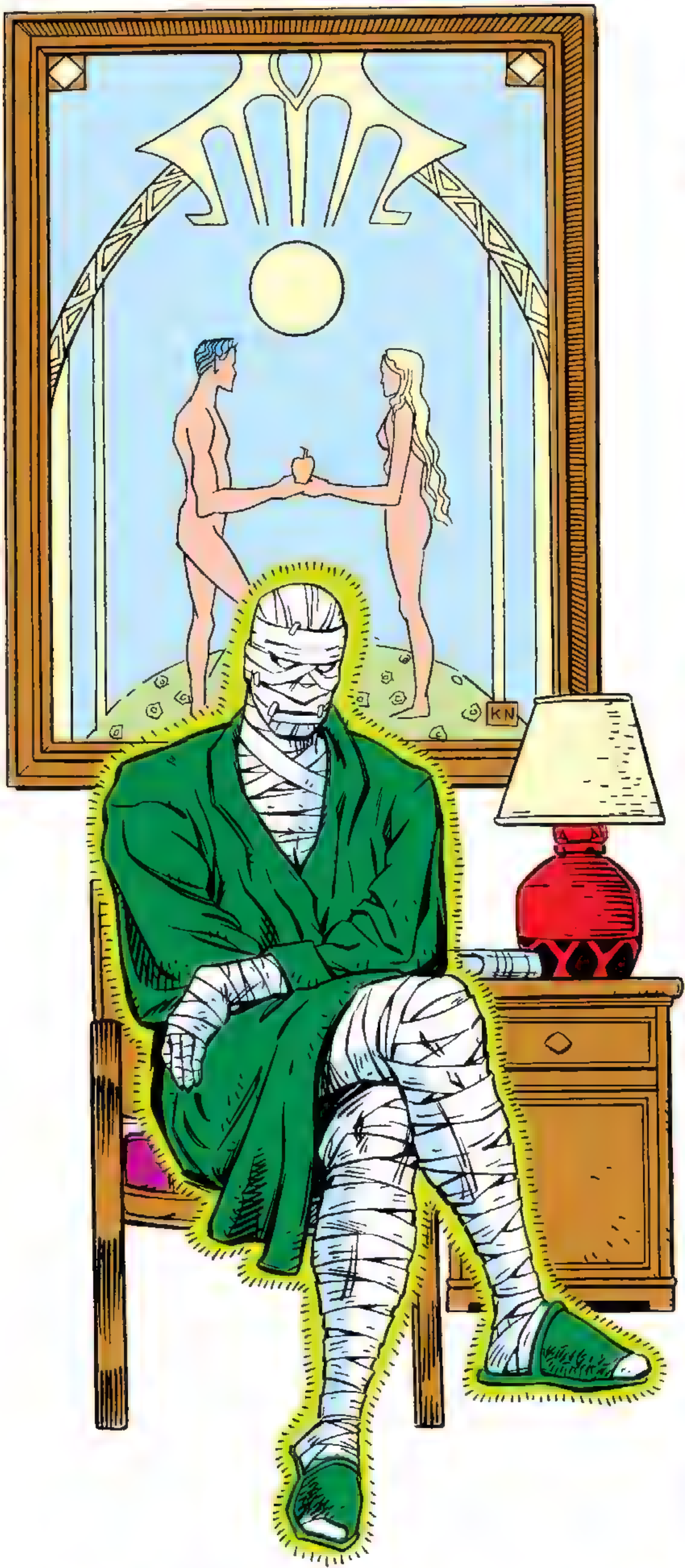
IT BEGINS TO RAIN FISH.



CAUTIONARY TALES







"MY RACE IS MIXED,
MY SEX IS MIXED, I
AM WOMAN AND MAN
AND LIGHT WITH
DARKNESS, MIXED.
MIXED."



"I AM NOTHING
SPECIAL, NOTHING
PURE."

"I AM
MUD AND
FLAME."



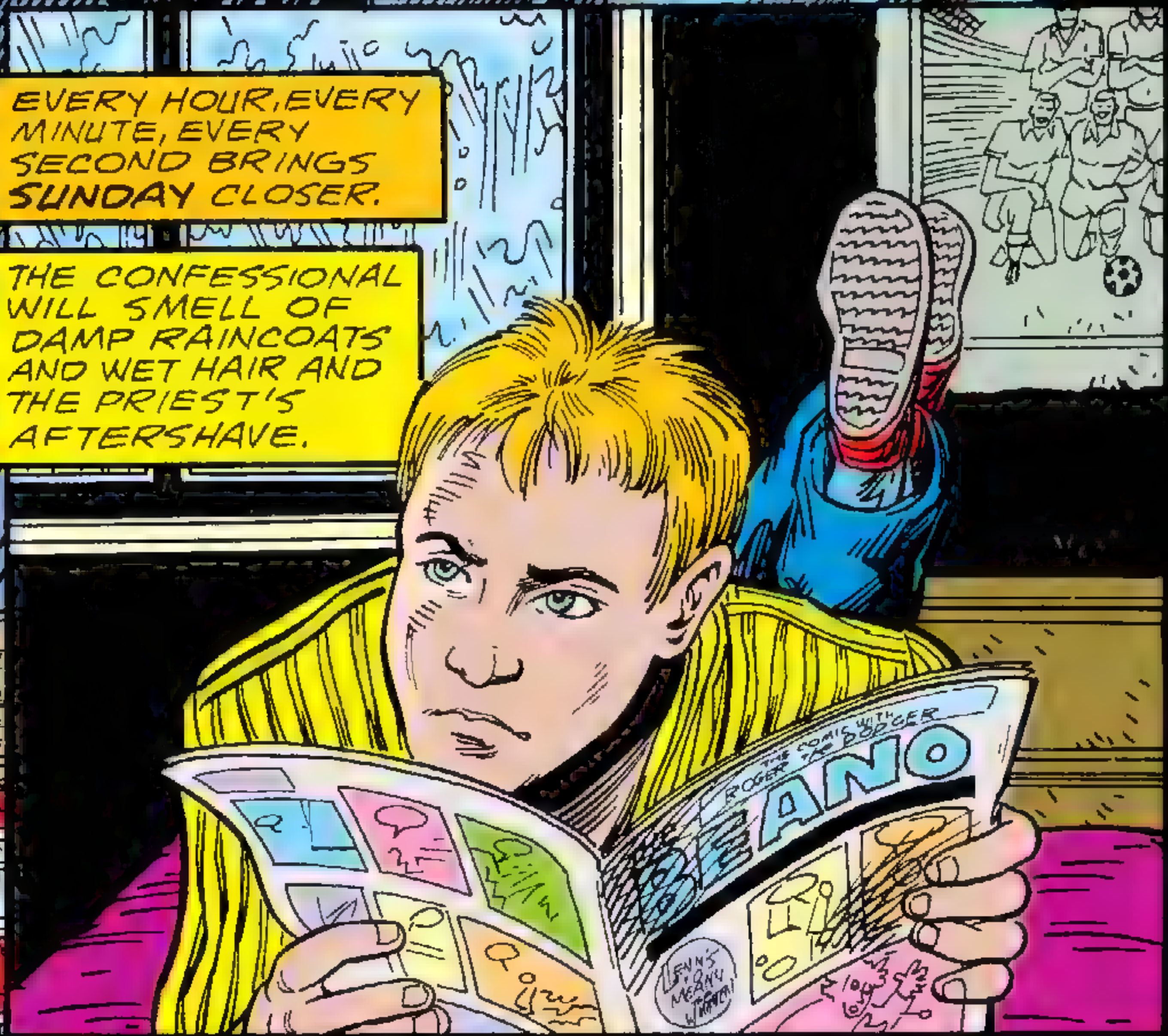
I SEE.

IN GREENOCK.

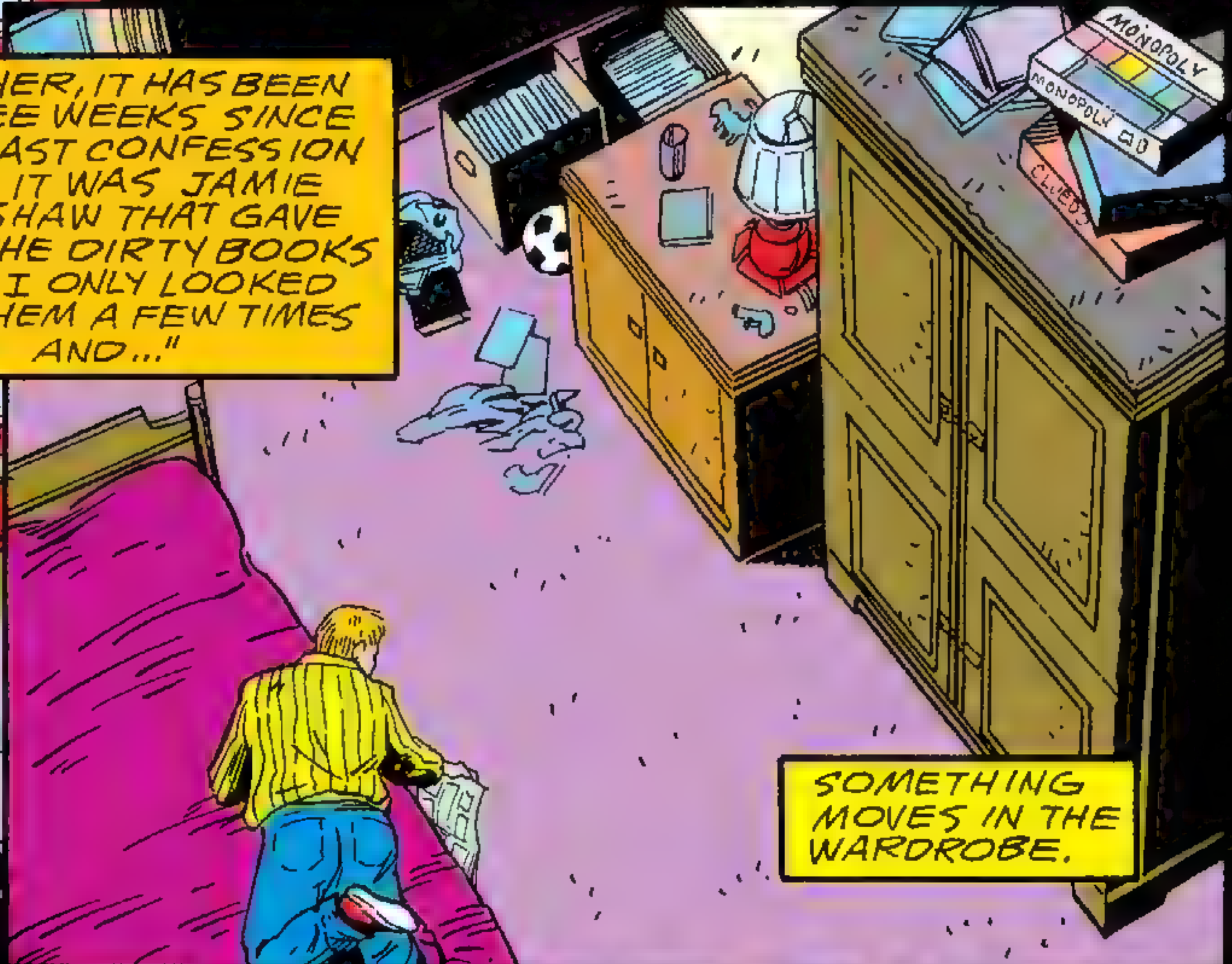
IN THE
POURING
RAIN.

EVERY HOUR, EVERY
MINUTE, EVERY
SECOND BRINGS
SUNDAY CLOSER.

THE CONFESSIONAL
WILL SMELL OF
DAMP RAINCOATS
AND WET HAIR AND
THE PRIEST'S
AFTERSHAVE.



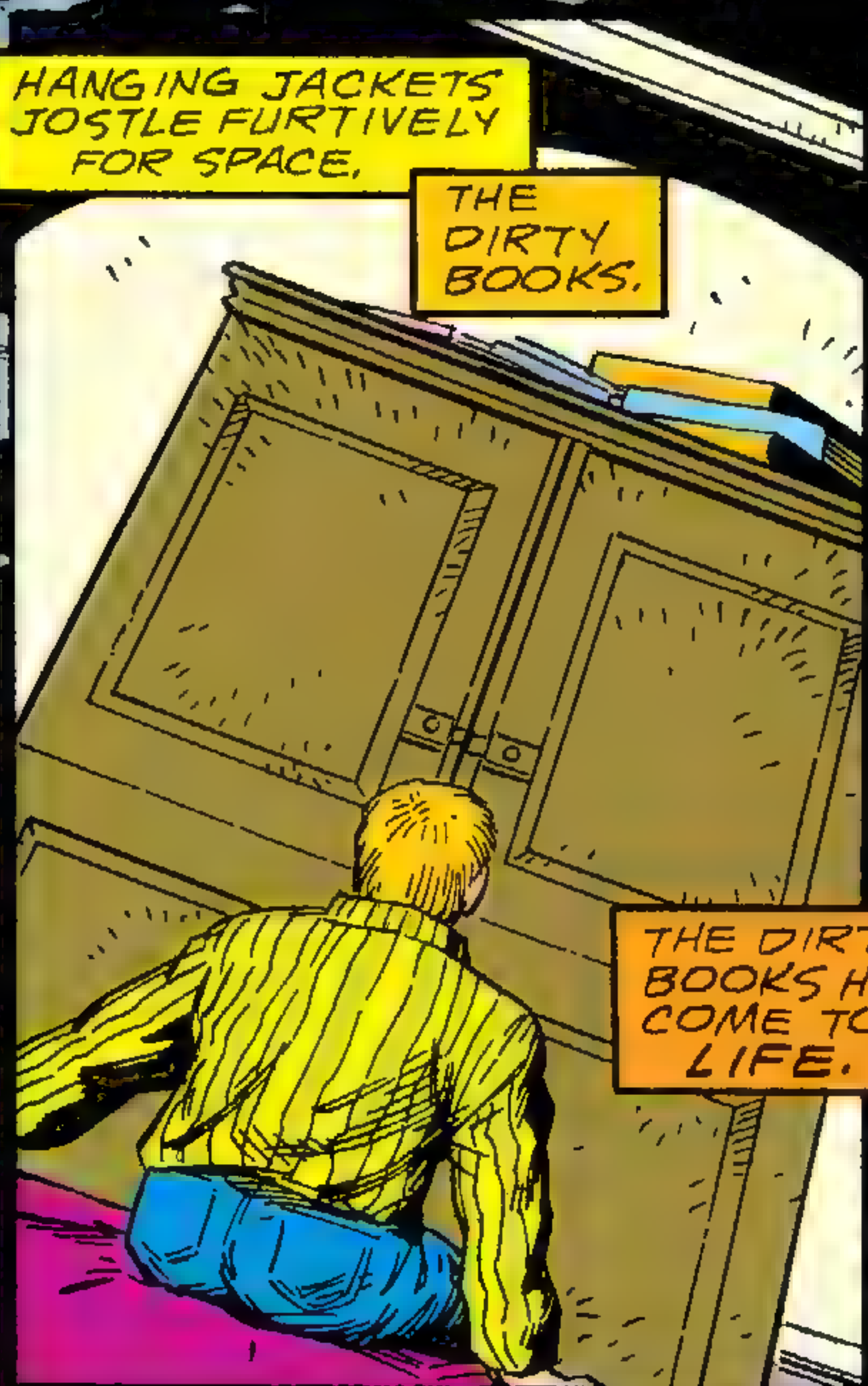
"FATHER, IT HAS BEEN
THREE WEEKS SINCE
MY LAST CONFESSION
AND IT WAS JAMIE
BELSHAW THAT GAVE
ME THE DIRTY BOOKS
AND I ONLY LOOKED
AT THEM A FEW TIMES
AND..."



SOMETHING
MOVES IN THE
WARDROBE.

HANGING JACKETS
JOSTLE FURTIVELY
FOR SPACE,

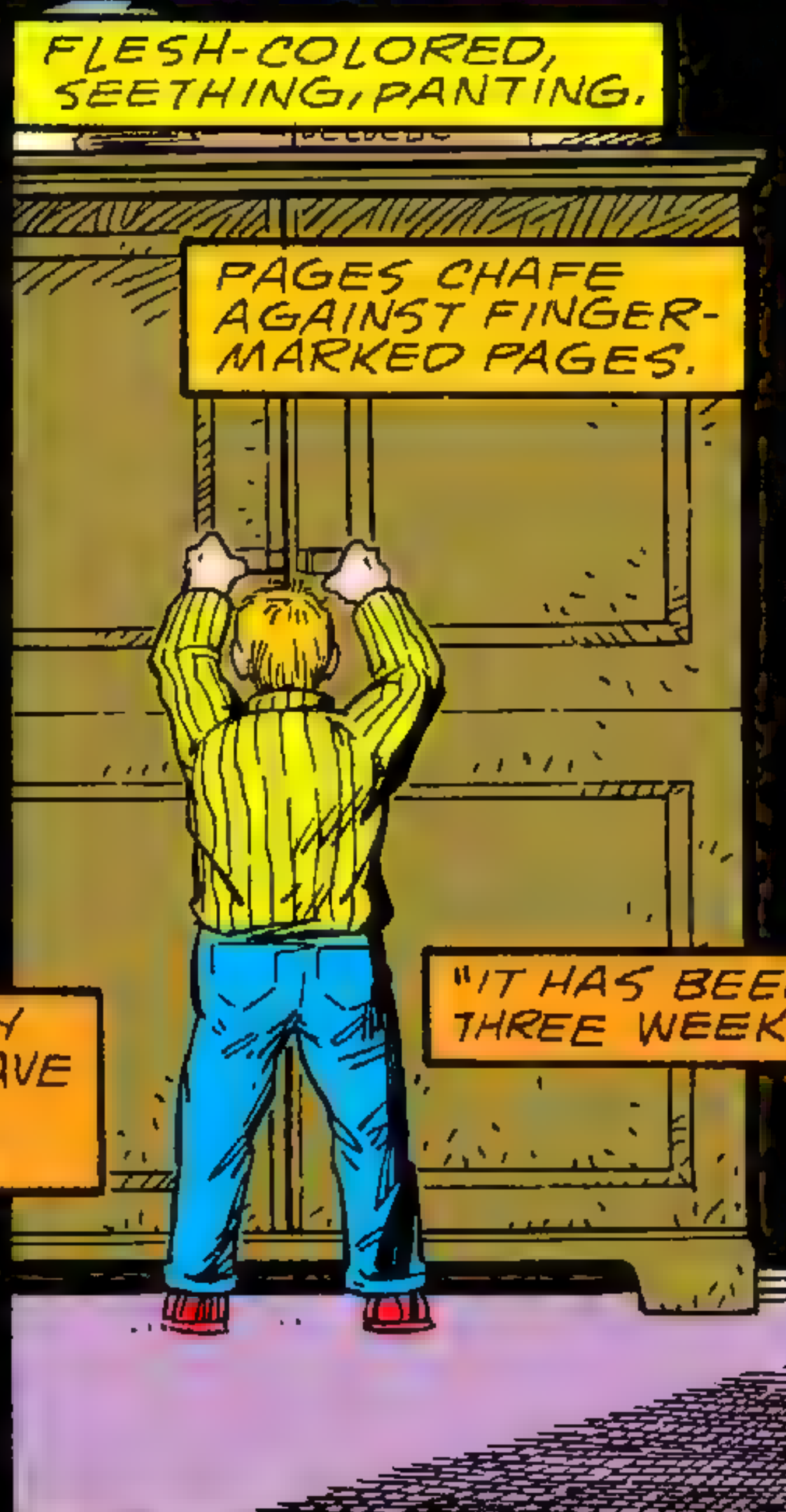
THE
DIRTY
BOOKS.



THE DIRTY
BOOKS HAVE
COME TO
LIFE.

FLESH-COLORED,
SEETHING, PANTING.

PAGES CHAFE
AGAINST FINGER-
MARKED PAGES.



"IT HAS BEEN
THREE WEEKS.

"FATHER."



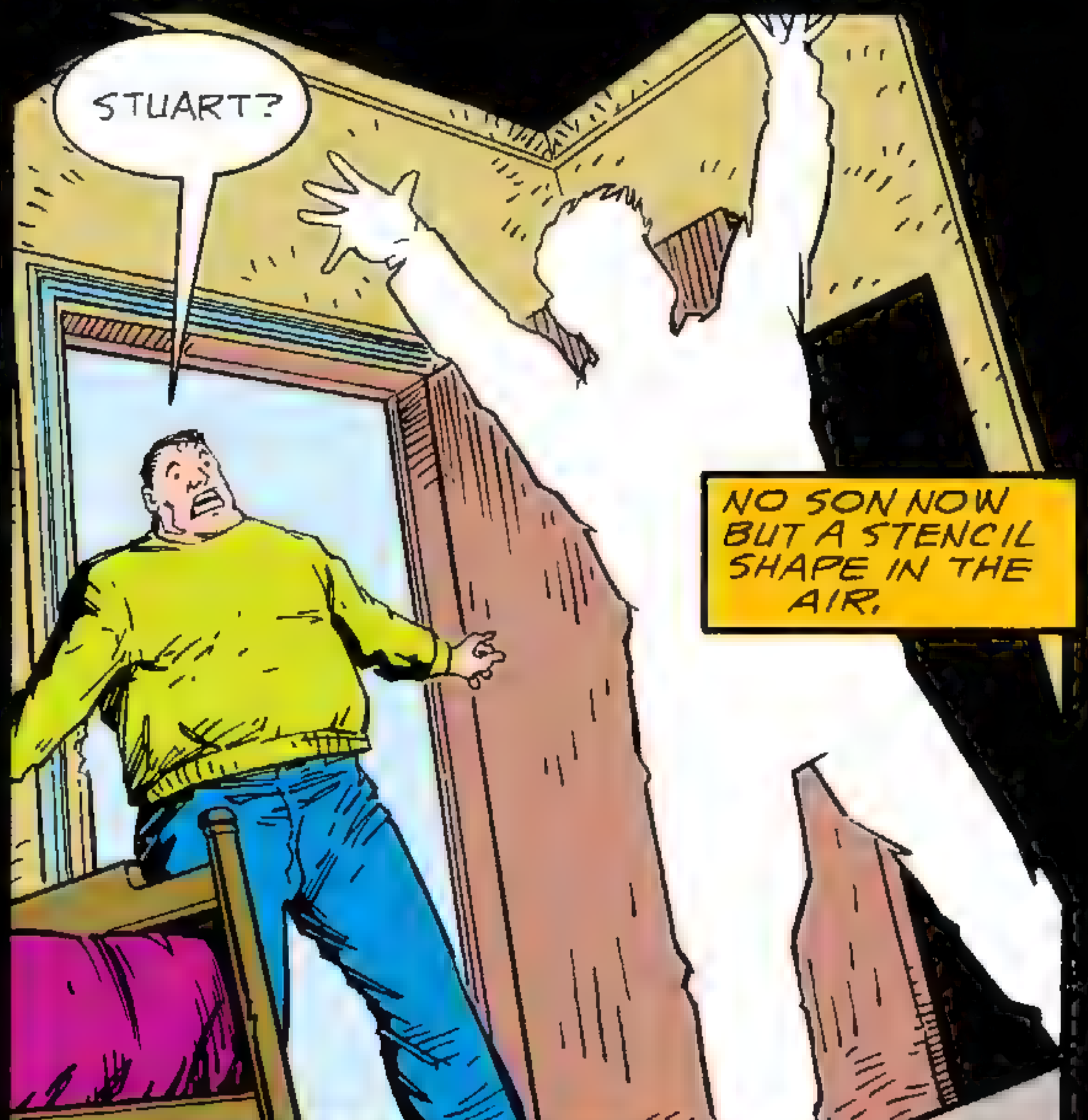


STUART?
I'M PHONIN'
DOWN THE
CHINESE
FOR THE
DINNER.

WHAT
YOU
WANTIN'
?

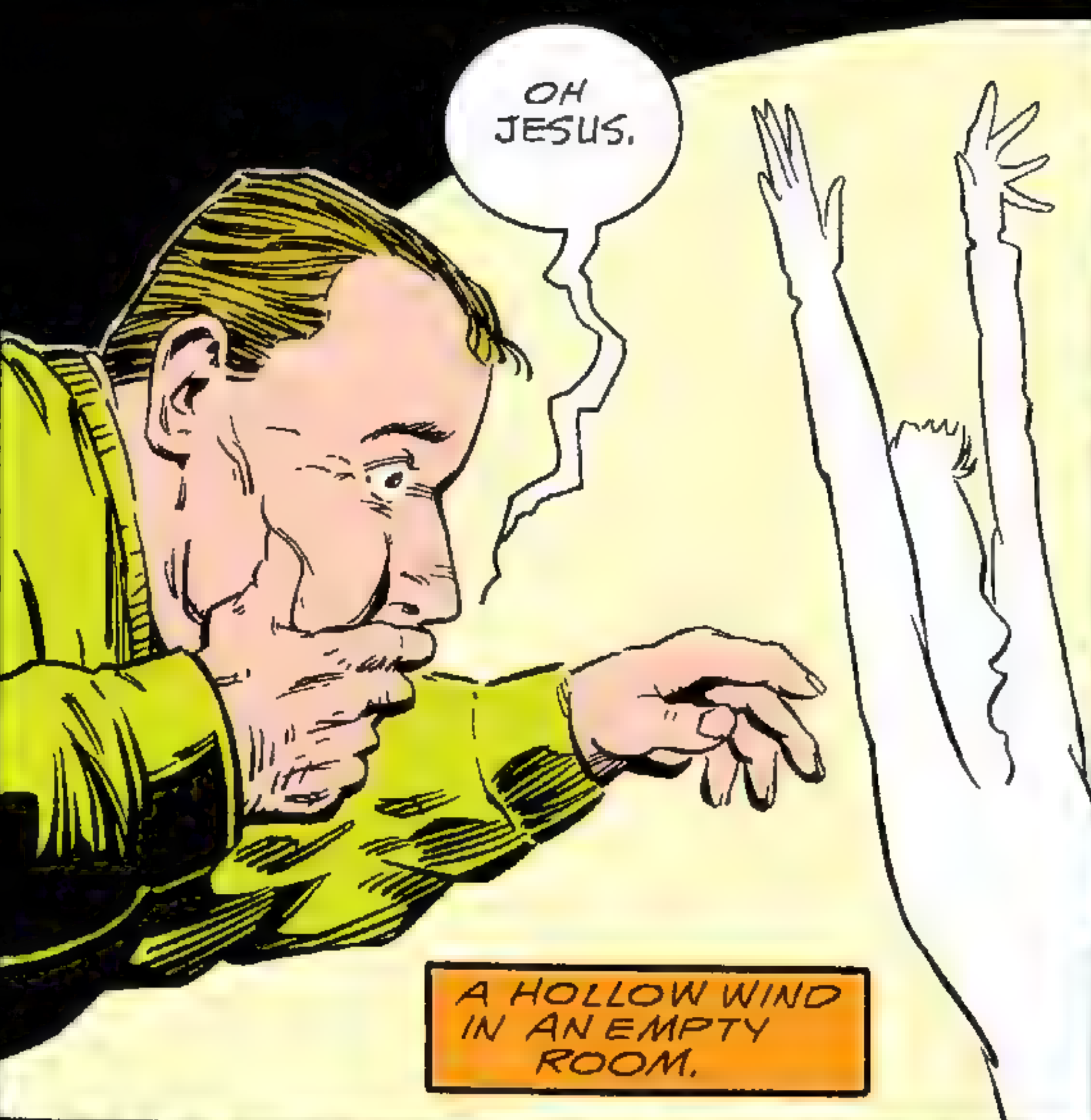


STUART?



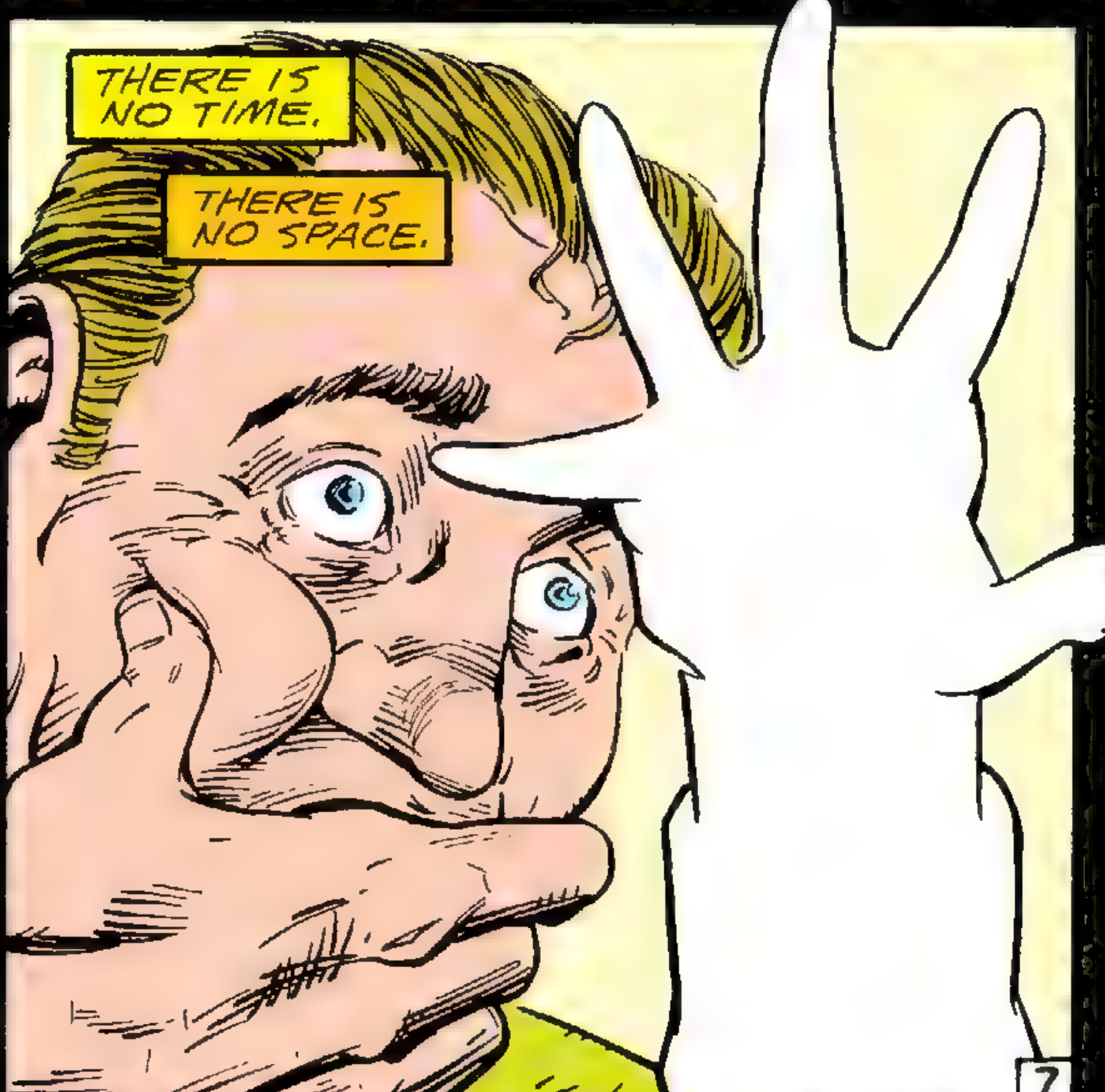
STUART?

NO SON NOW
BUT A STENCIL
SHAPE IN THE
AIR.



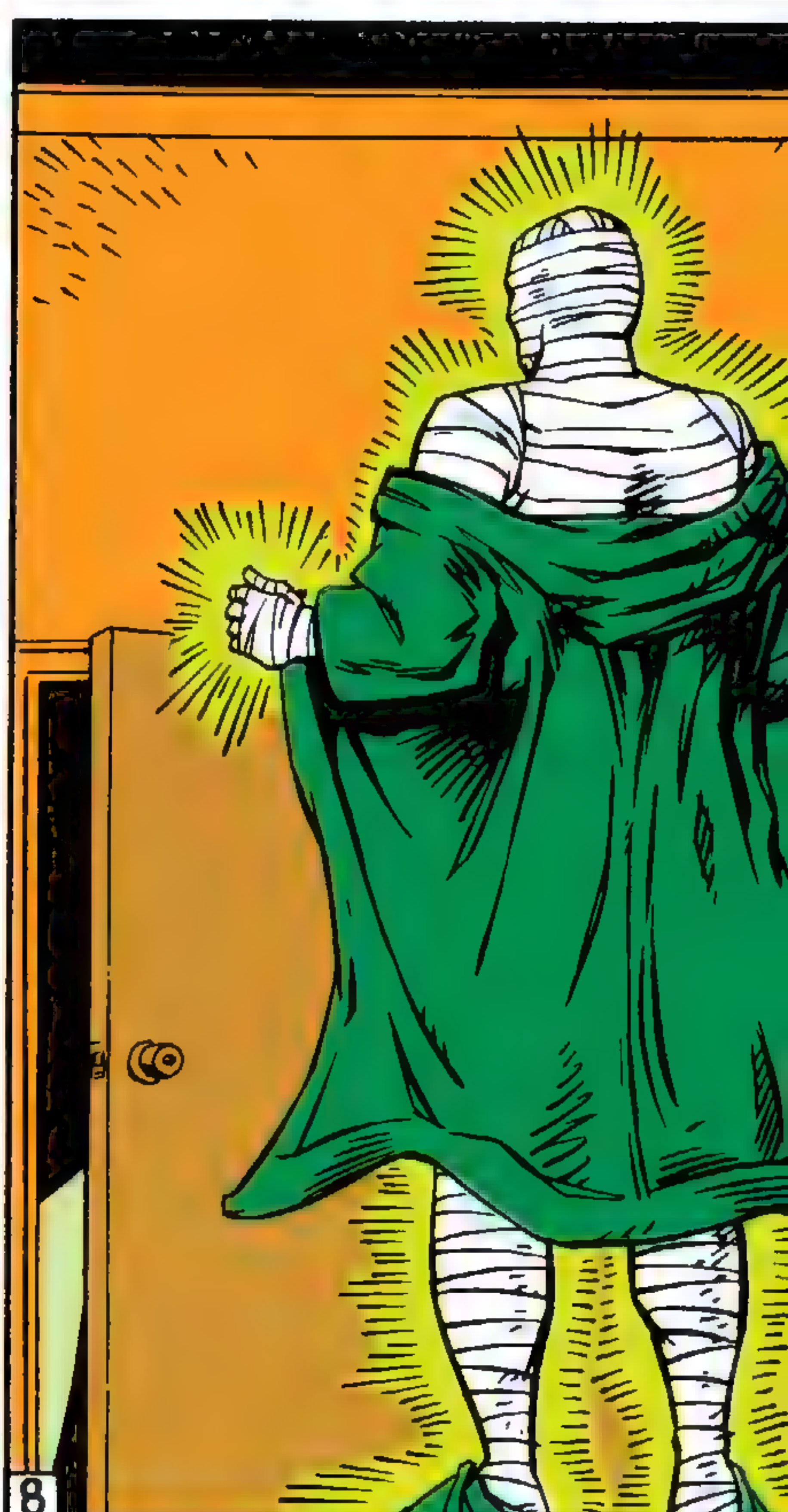
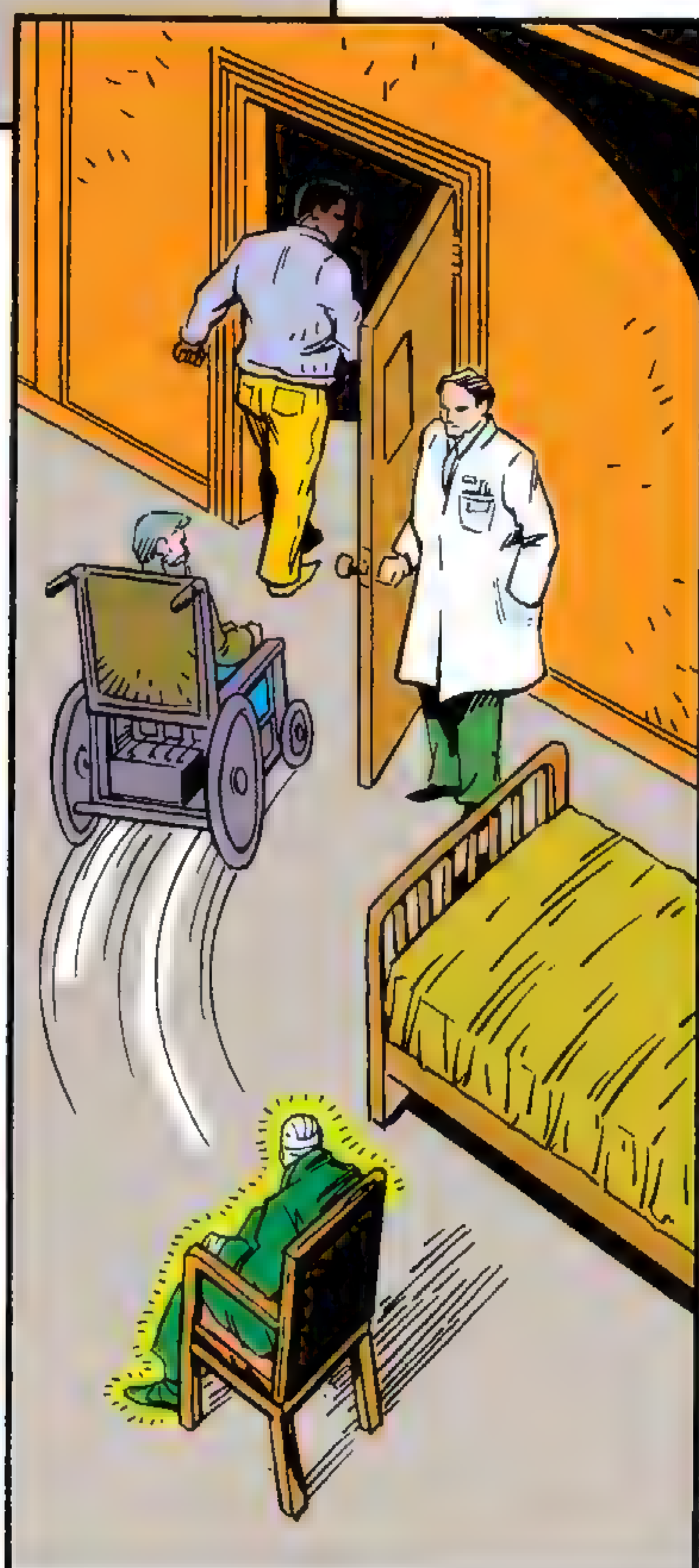
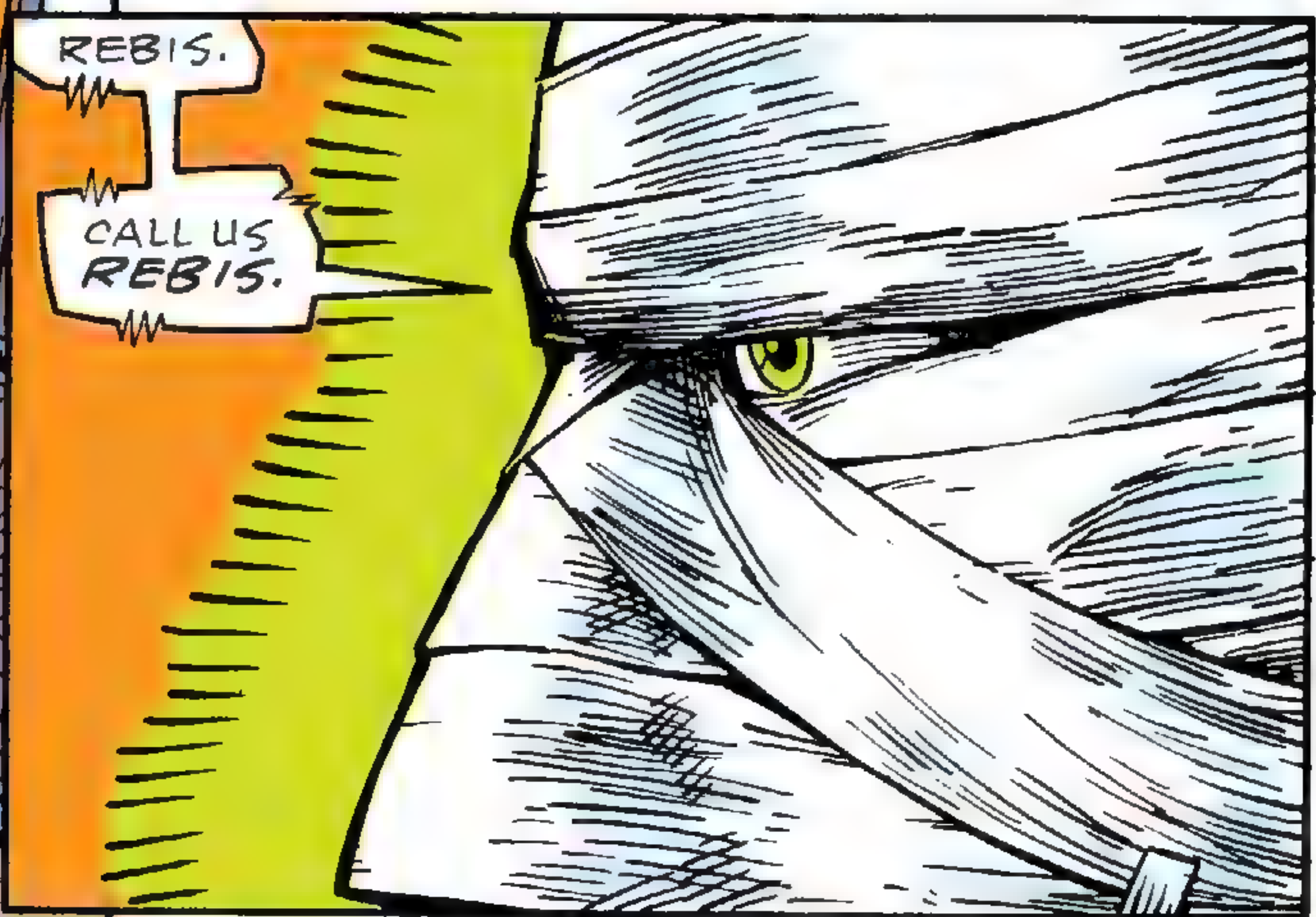
OH
JESUS.

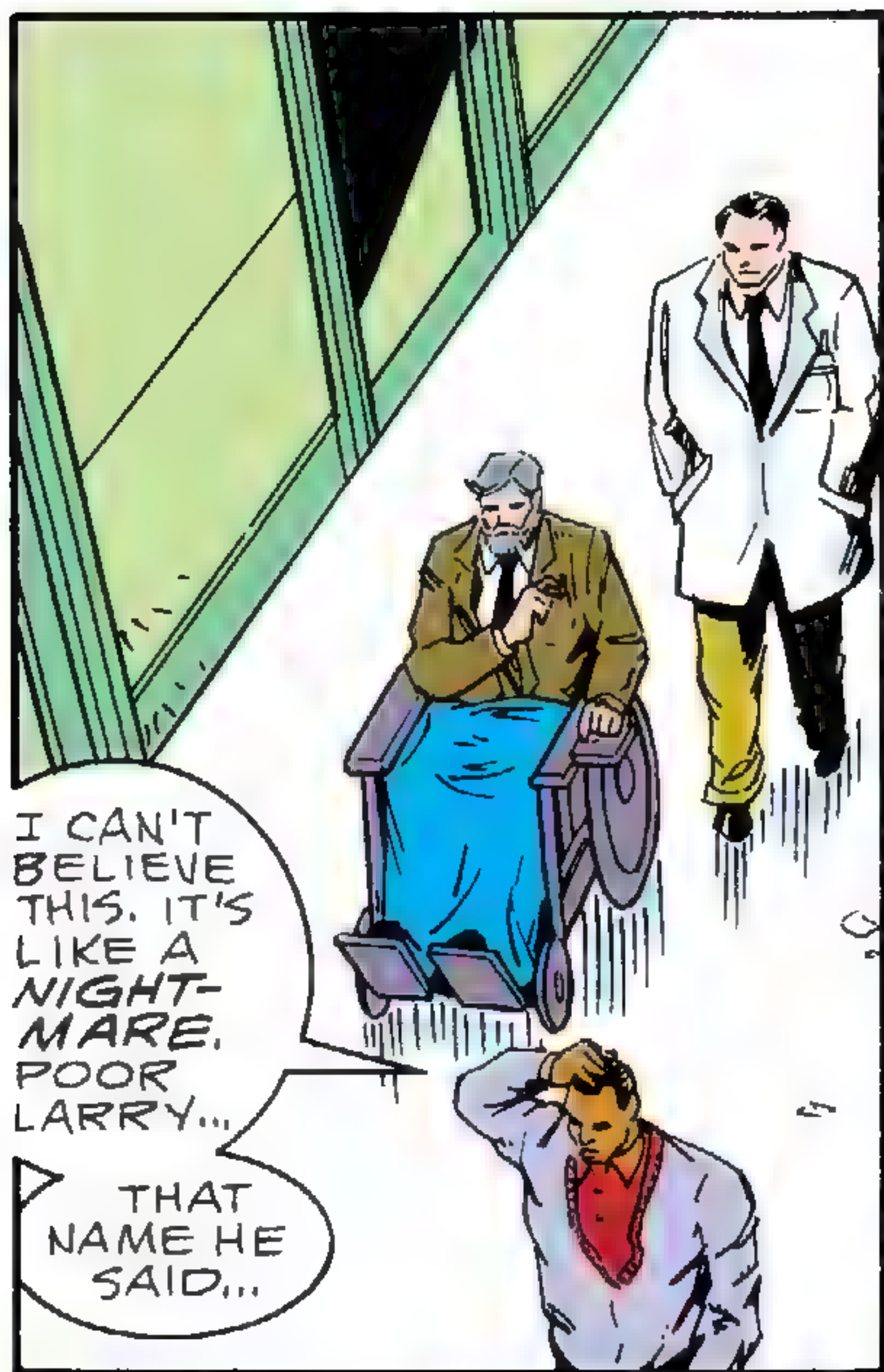
A HOLLOW WIND
IN AN EMPTY
ROOM.



THERE IS
NO TIME.

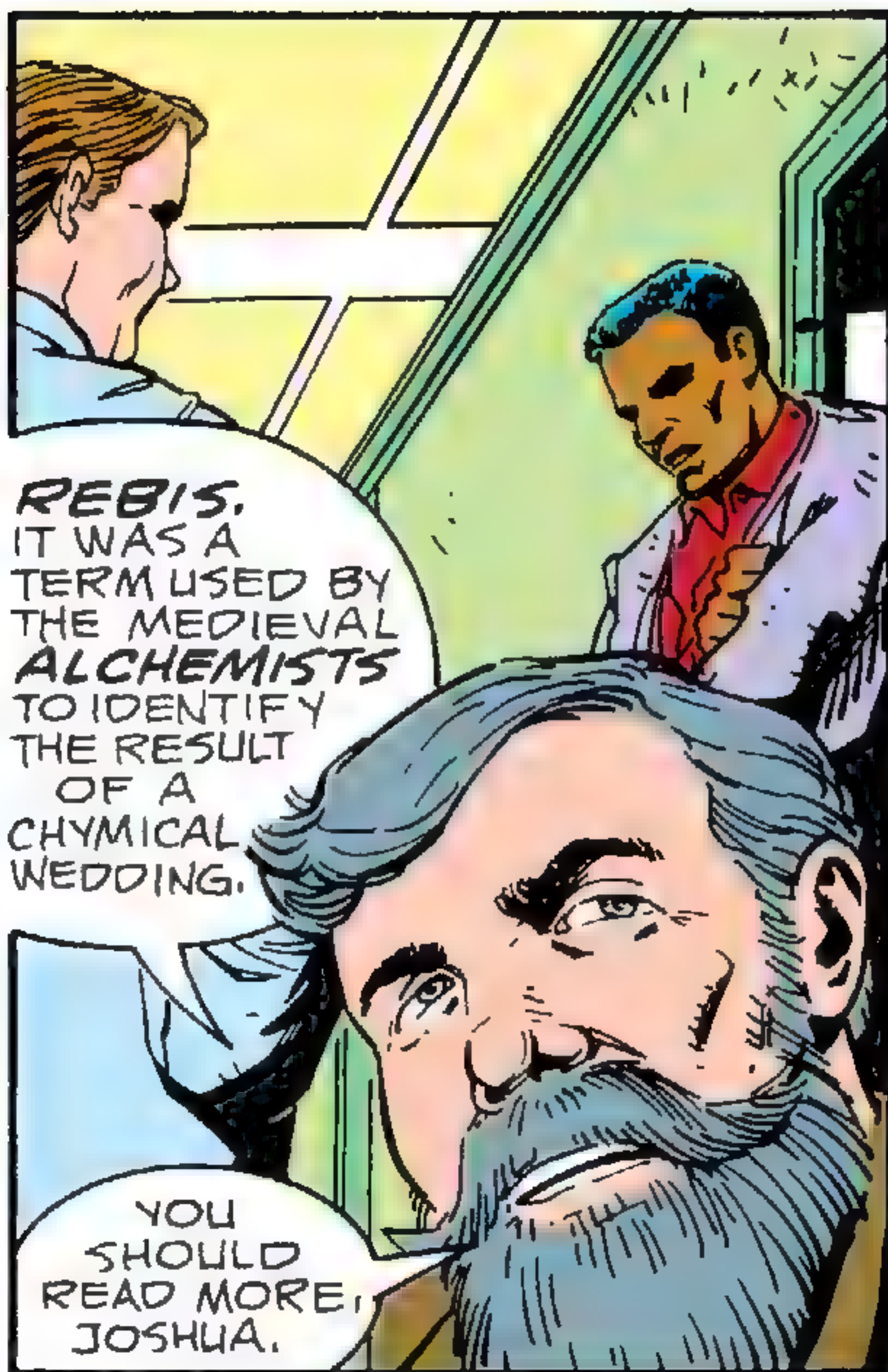
THERE IS
NO SPACE.





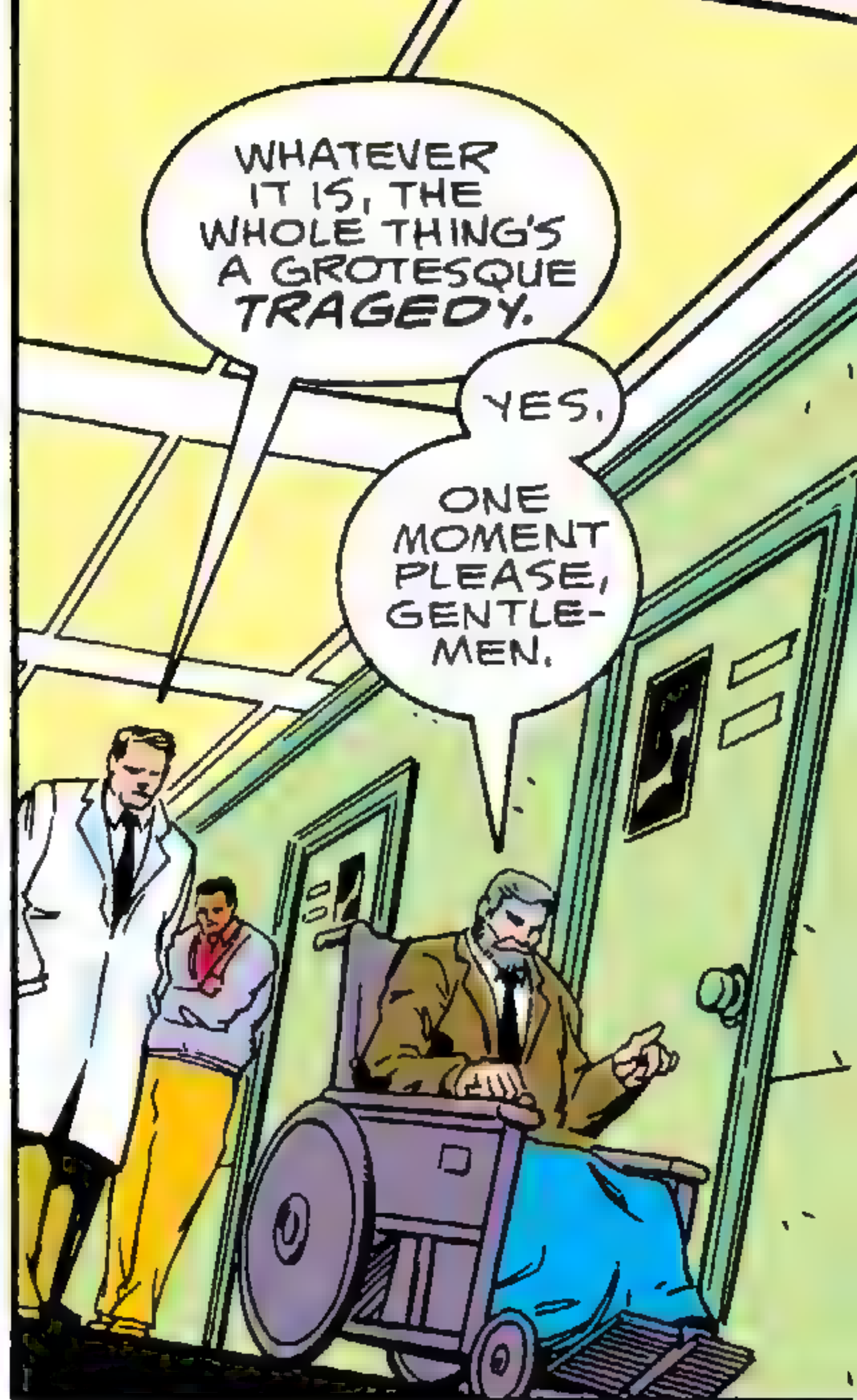
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE, POOR LARRY...

THAT NAME HE SAID...



REBIS. IT WAS A TERM USED BY THE MEDIEVAL ALCHEMISTS TO IDENTIFY THE RESULT OF A CHYMICAL WEDDING.

YOU SHOULD READ MORE, JOSHUA.



WHATEVER IT IS, THE WHOLE THING'S A GROTESQUE TRAGEDY.

YES.

ONE MOMENT PLEASE, GENTLEMEN.



REBIS?



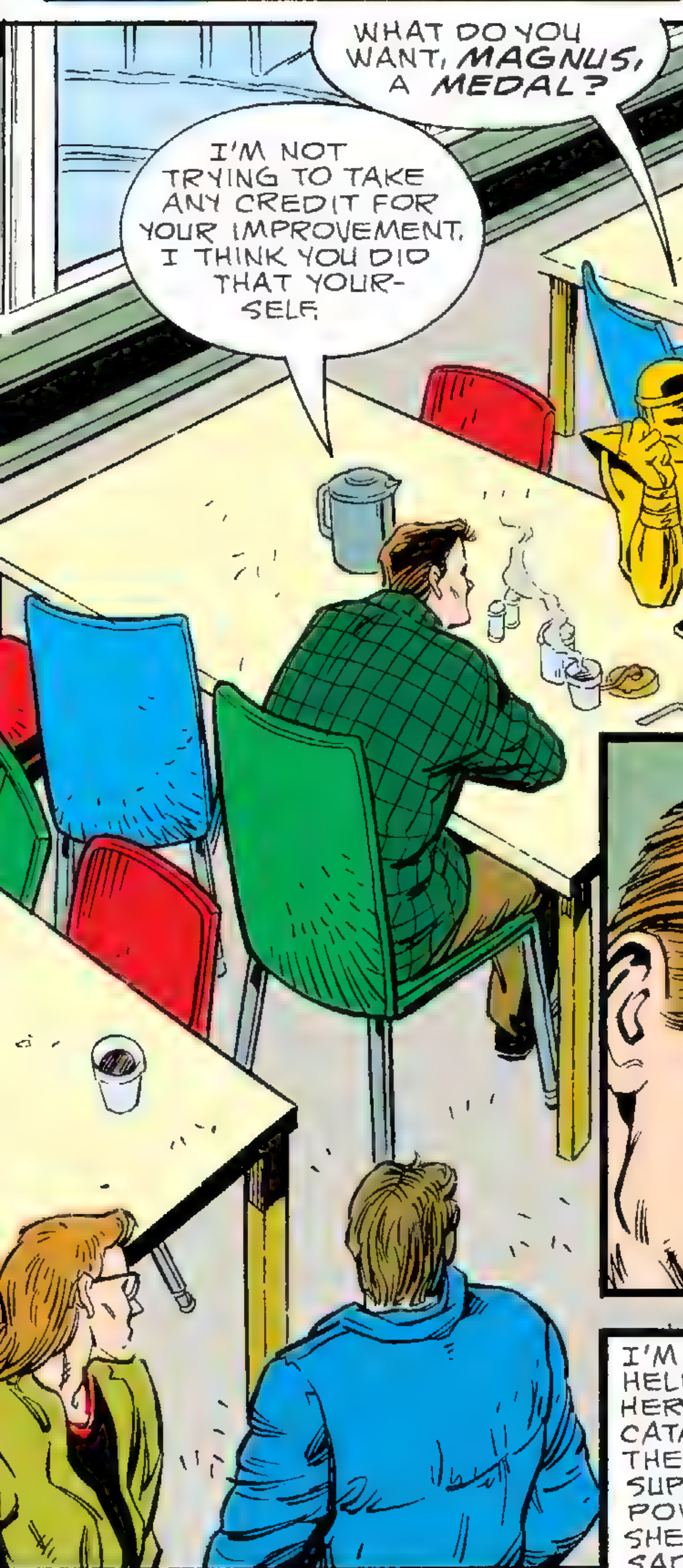
YES?



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THE DOOM PATROL?



YOU'RE MAKING **PROGRESS**, CLIFF. THERE'S NO DENYING THAT.



WHAT DO YOU WANT, **MAGNUS**, A MEDAL?

I'M NOT TRYING TO TAKE ANY CREDIT FOR YOUR IMPROVEMENT, I THINK YOU DID THAT YOUR-SELF.

I'M TOLD YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING A LOT OF TIME WITH **CRAZY JANE**. HER THERAPIST SAYS YOUR HELP'S BEEN INVALUABLE.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF HER? JANE, I MEAN.

I DON'T KNOW. I'D NEVER EVEN **HEARD** OF A MULTIPLE PERSONALITY CASE LIKE HERS BEFORE.

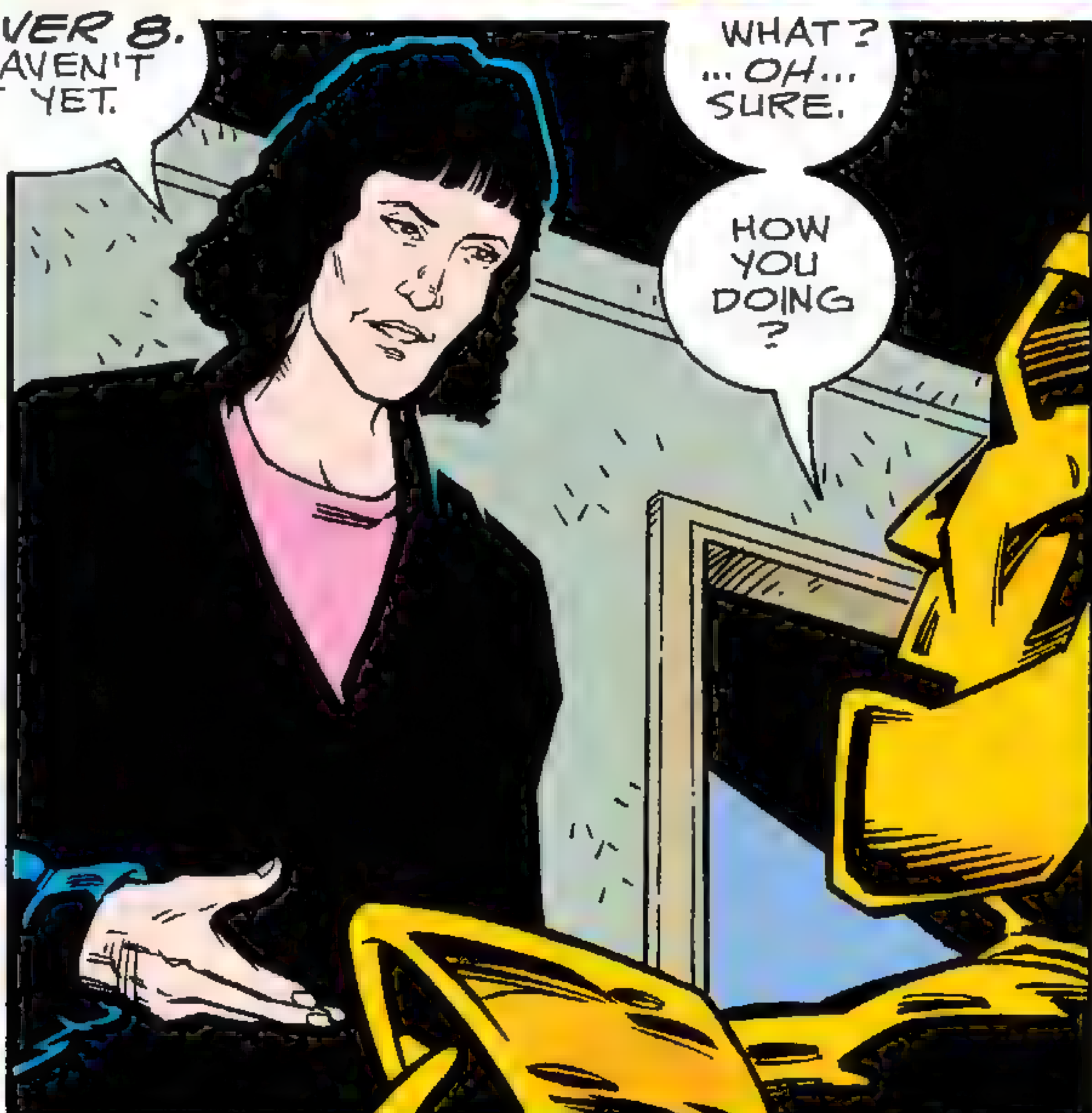
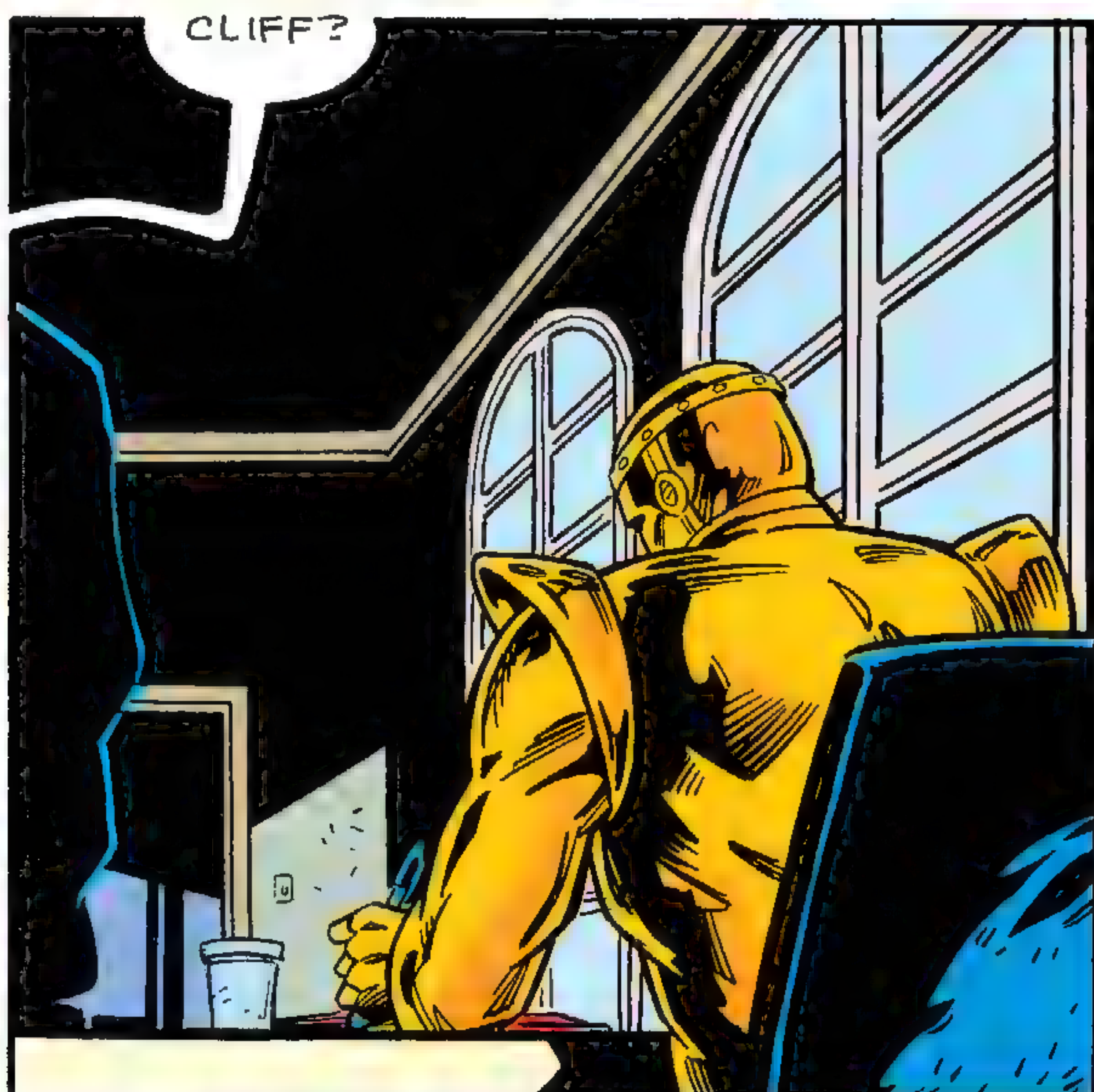
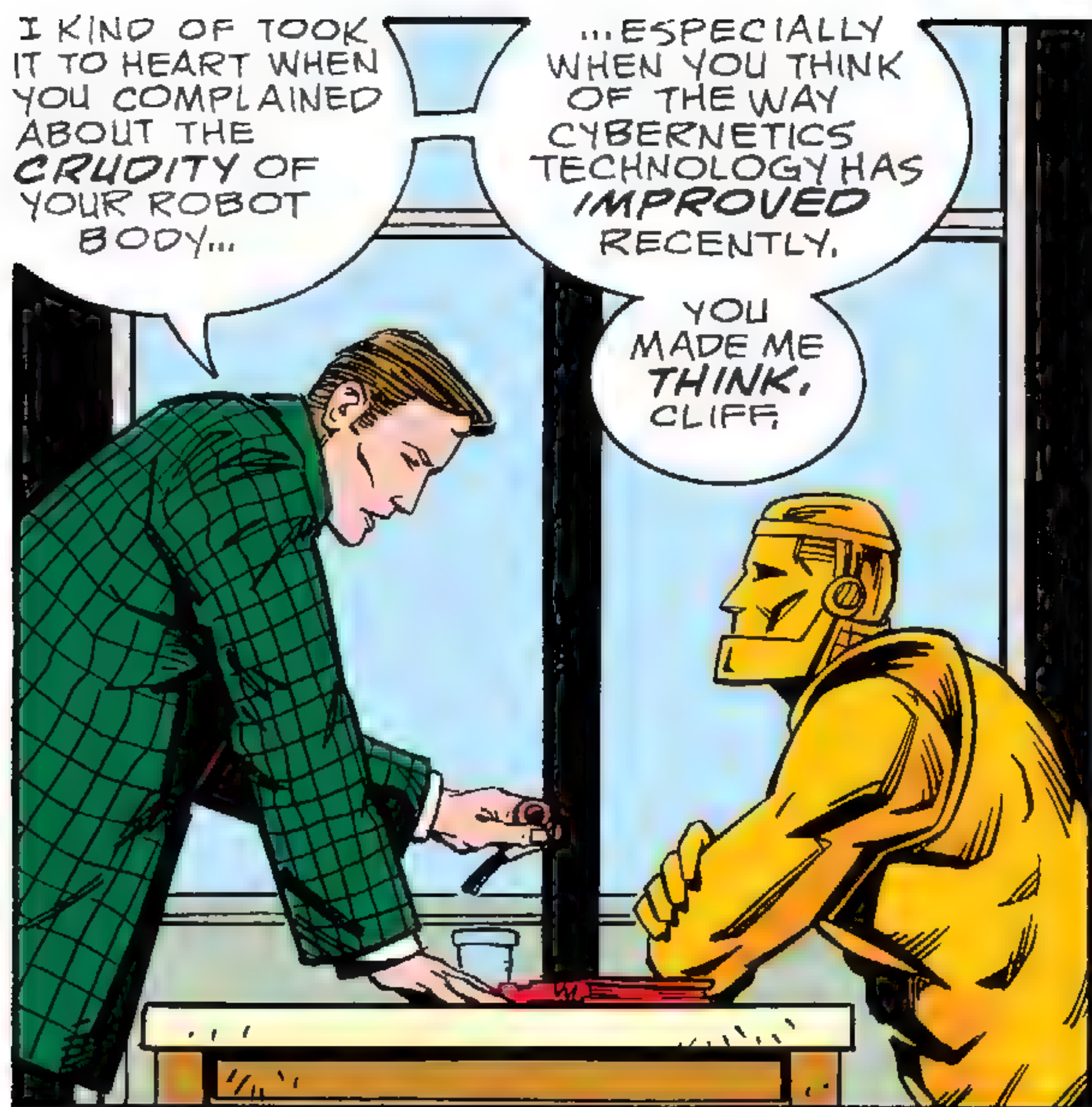
SOMETIMES SHE CAN BE SIX OR SEVEN DIFFERENT PEOPLE IN ONE CON-VER-SATION.

I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP HER **ORGANIZE** HERSELF AND START CATALOGUING THE NEW SUPER-POWERS SHE'S BEEN SADDLED WITH.

KEEPS ME OFF THE STREETS, YOU KNOW?

YEAH, I KNOW.

LISTEN, CLIFF... ONE LAST THING...





IT'S NOT EASY
KEEPING TRACK
OF ALL YOUR
PERSONALITIES.

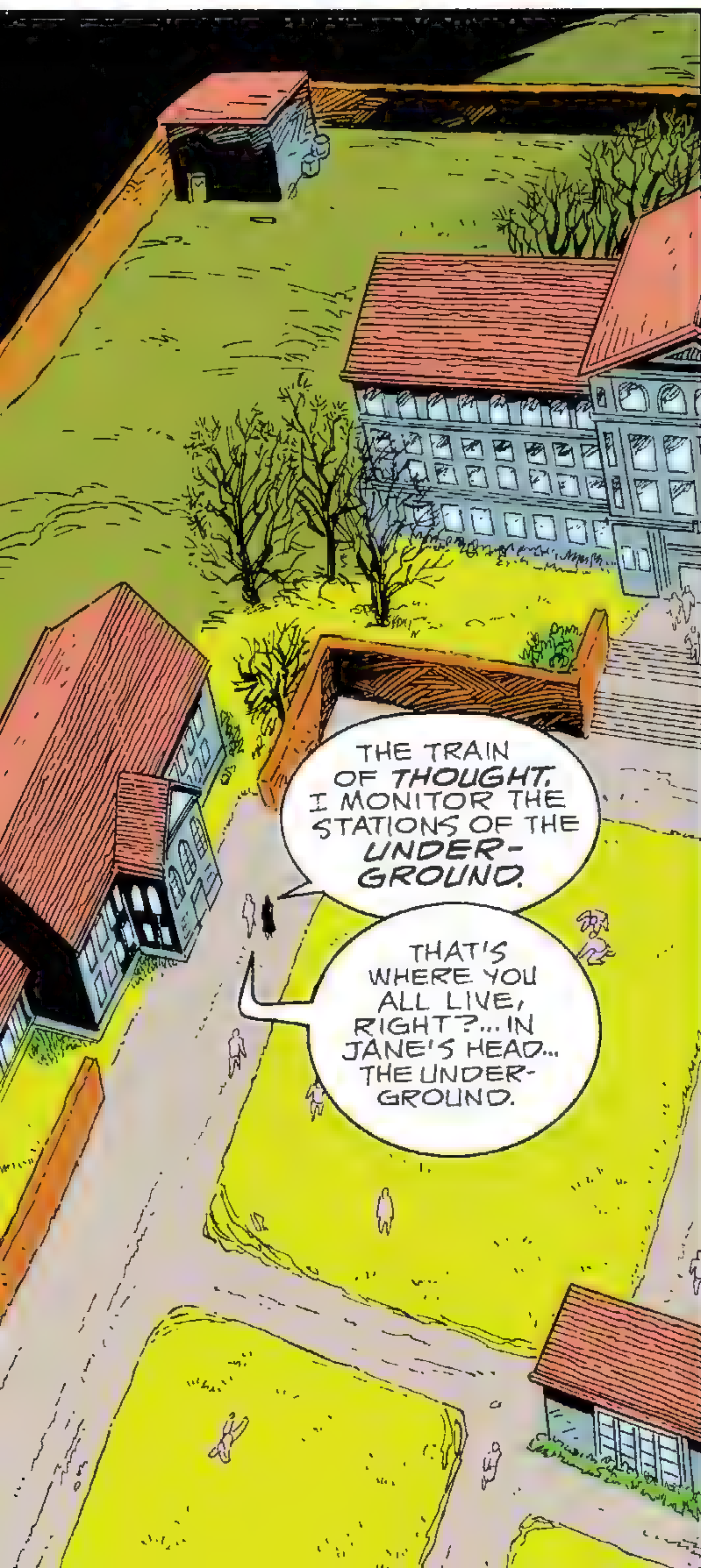
WE'RE NOT
PERSONALITIES,
WE'RE *PERSONS*.

CAN
WE WALK
AWHILE?



SEE,
I DRIVE
THE *TRAIN*,
AND...

HOLD
ON, YOU'RE
WAY AHEAD OF
ME. WHAT
TRAIN'S
THIS?



THE TRAIN
OF THOUGHT,
I MONITOR THE
STATIONS OF THE
*UNDER-
GROUND*.

THAT'S
WHERE YOU
ALL LIVE,
RIGHT?... IN
JANE'S HEAD...
THE *UNDER-
GROUND*.



YOU'RE
OVER-
SIMPLIFY-
ING, BUT
YES, THAT'S
ABOUT
RIGHT.

ANYWAY, SOME OF
THE OTHERS HAVE
ASKED ME TO TELL
YOU THAT... WELL,
THAT THEY
LIKE YOU.



*RAIN
BRAIN*
SAYS YOUR
VOICE IS
LIKE AN OLD
BLACK TELE-
PHONE AND
*BLACK
ANNIS*
TOLD
ME TO TELL
YOU
THAT YOU'RE
THE FIRST MAN
SHE HASN'T
WANTED TO
CASTRATE.

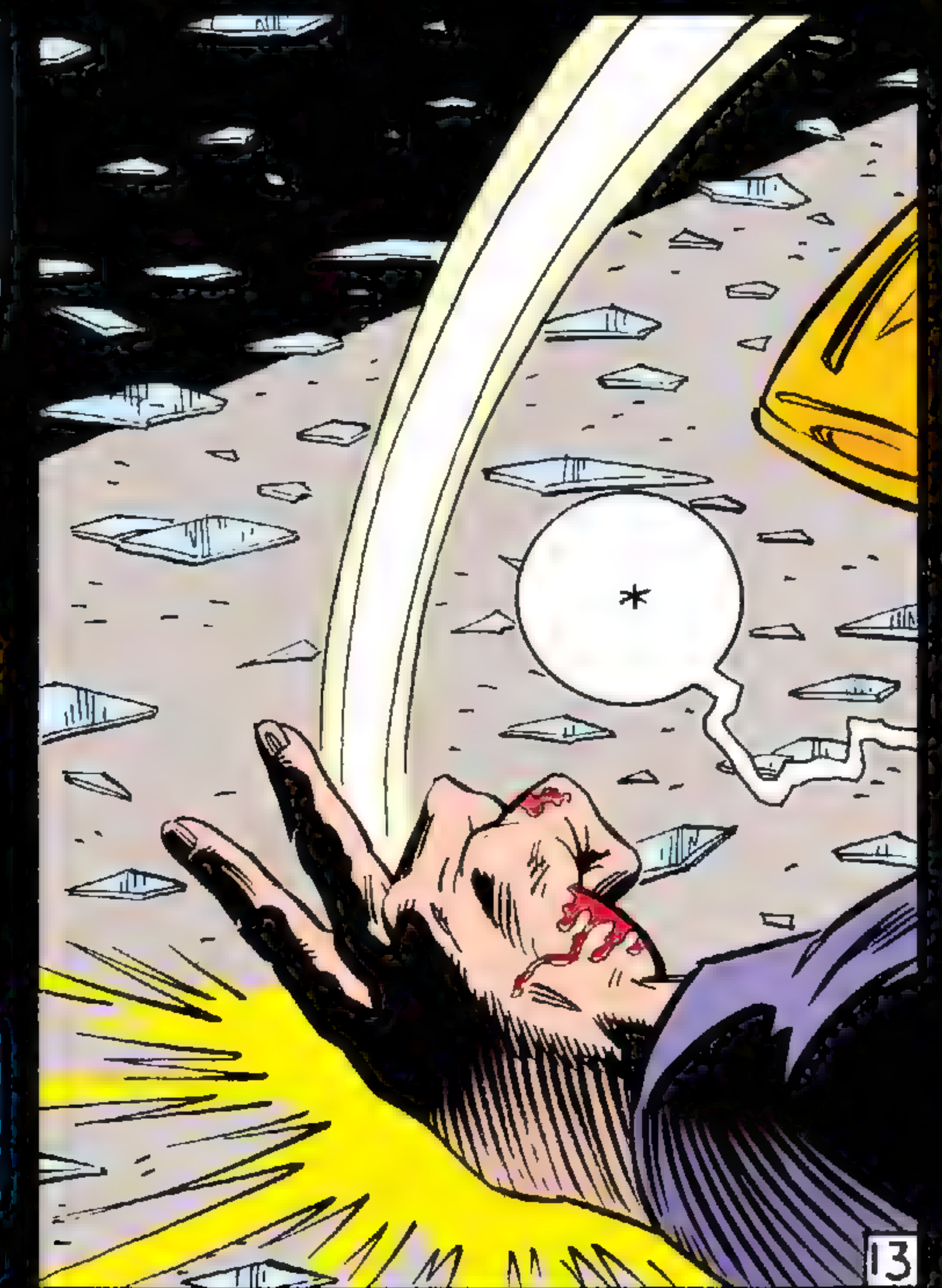
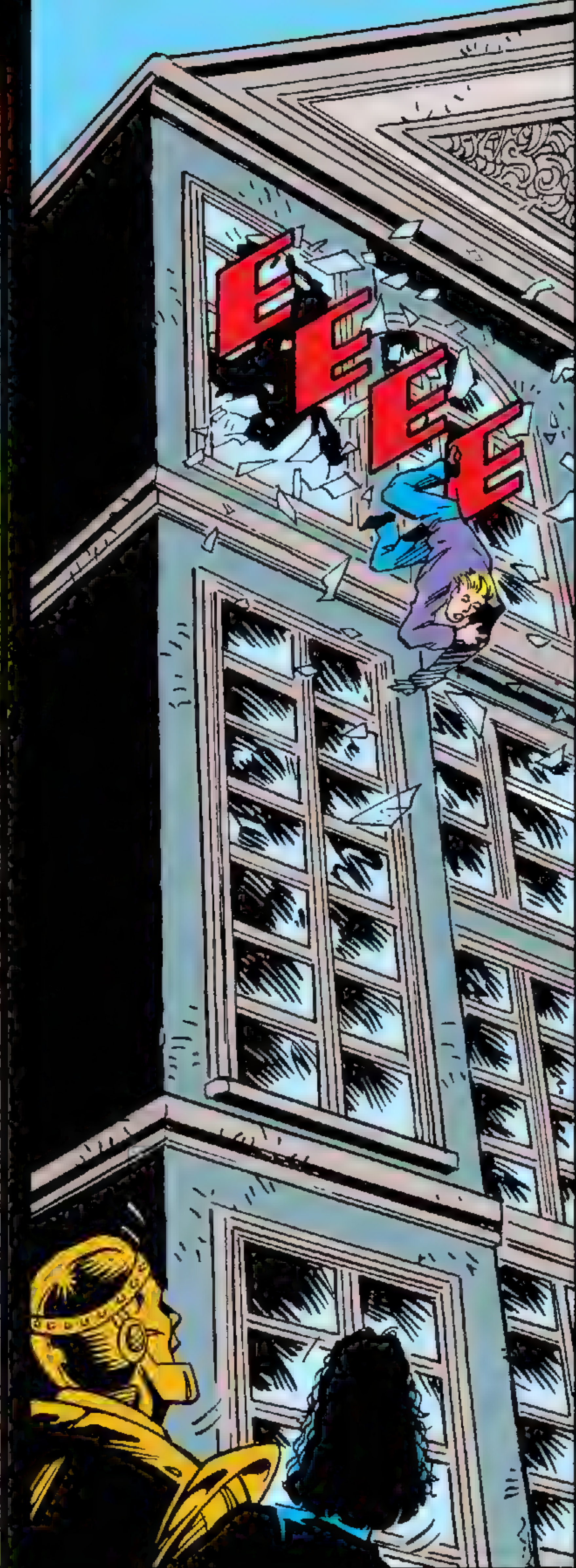
TELL HER
SHE'D BE
TOO LATE
ANYWAY.

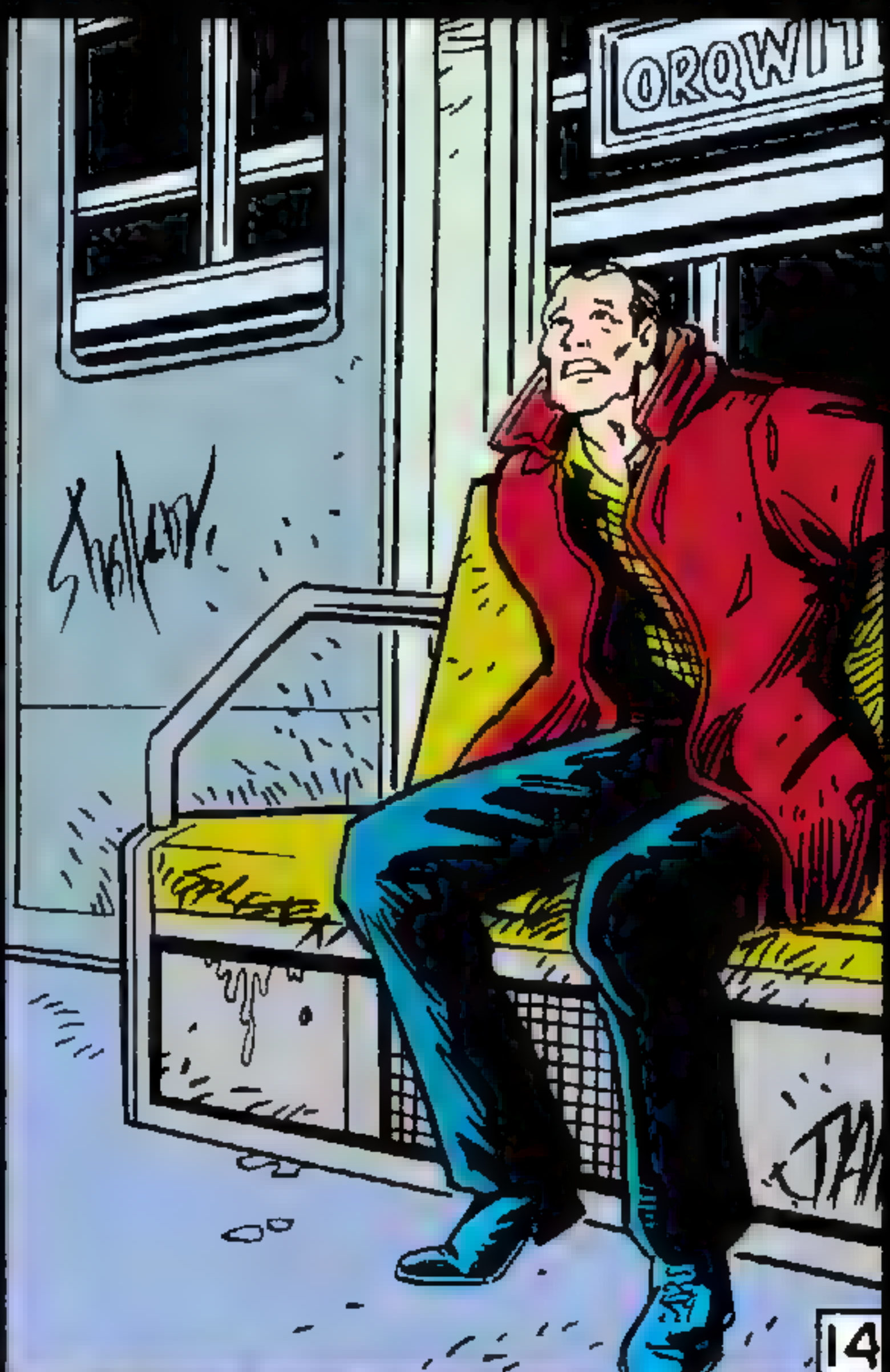
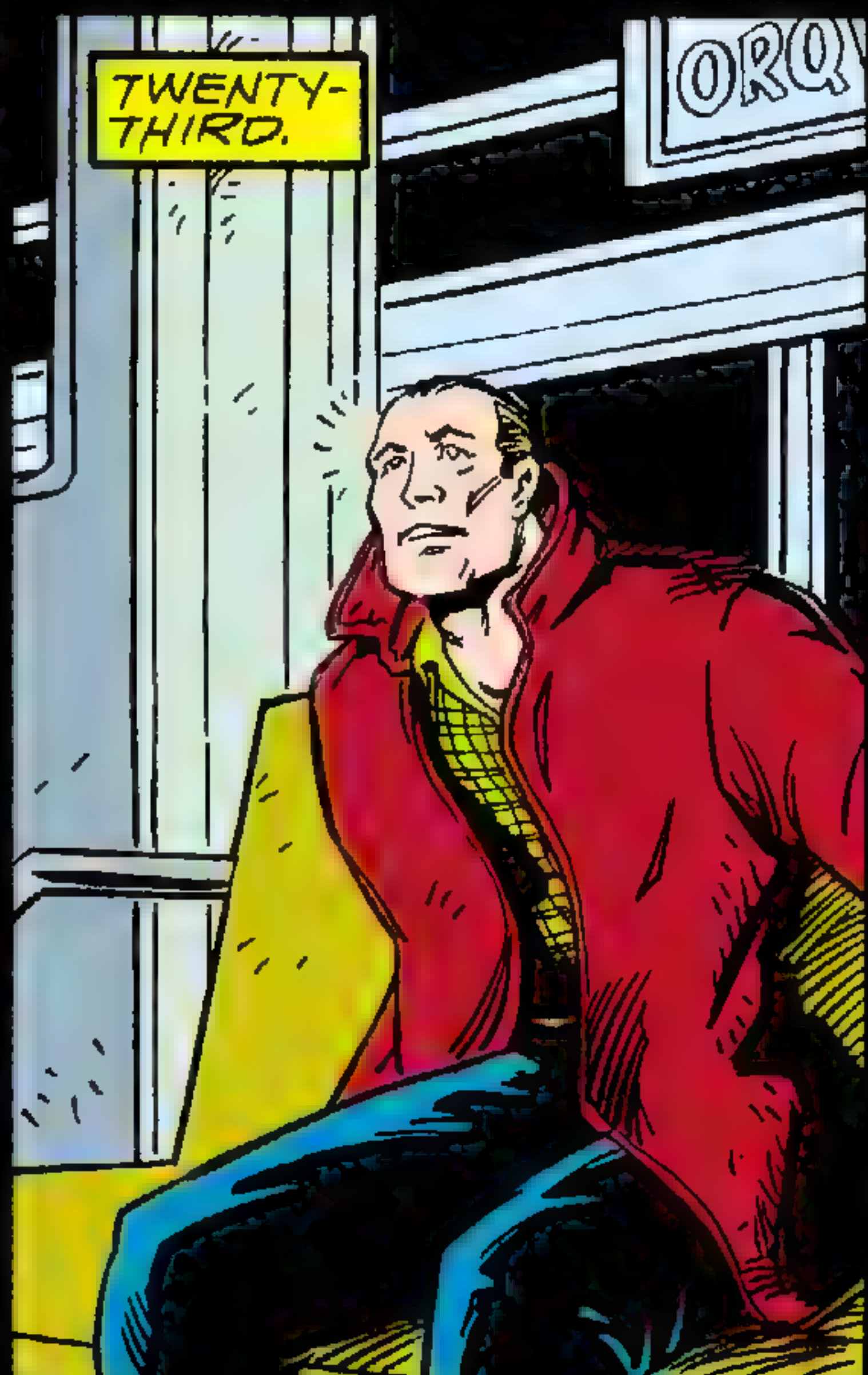
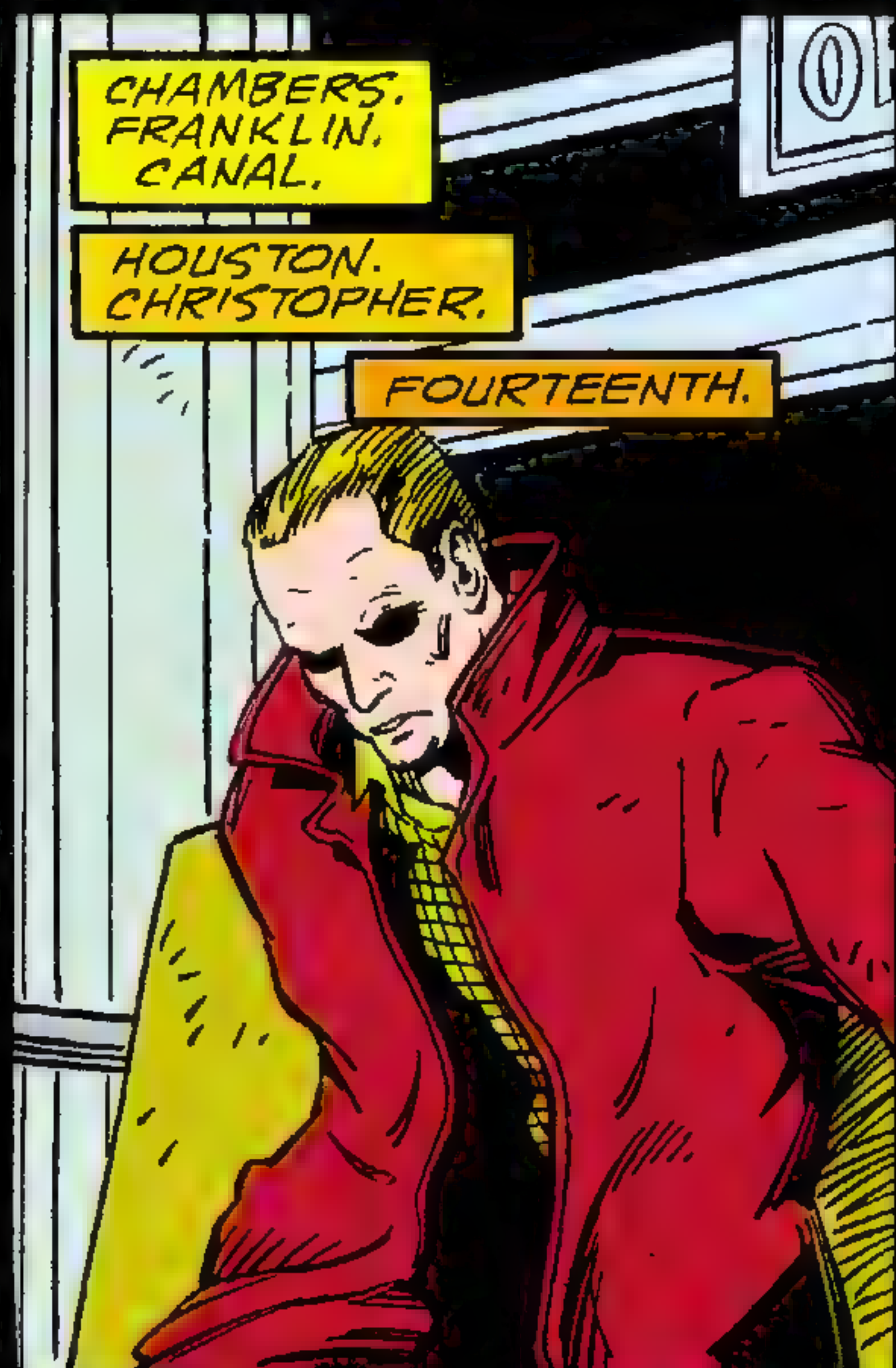
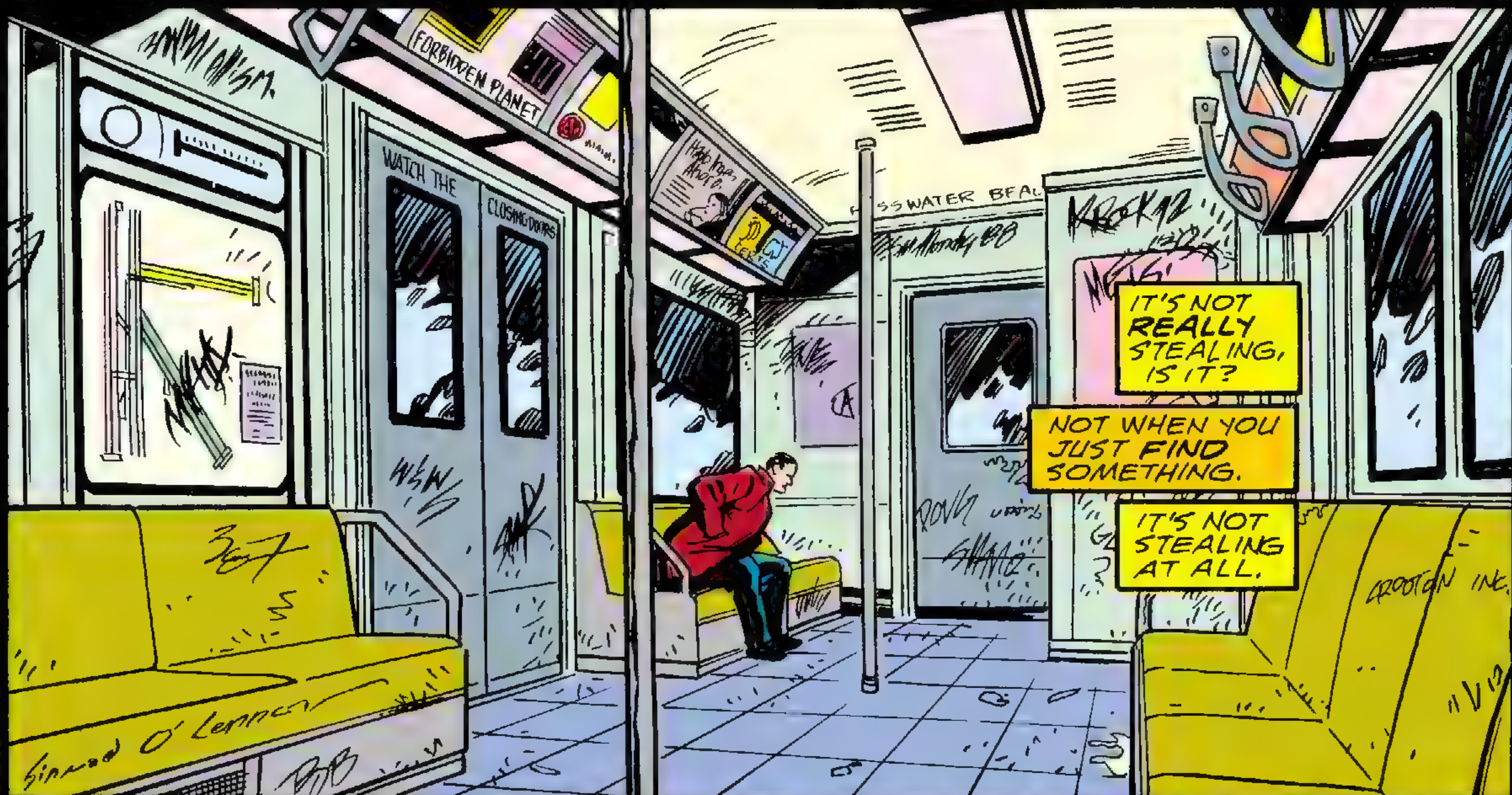


OH, AND *BABY DOLL*
LIKES YOUR NAME: SHE
CALLS YOU "SHELTERING
CLIFF" NOW. SHE'S
ALWAYS BEEN REALLY
EMBARRASSING LIKE
THAT.

I THINK
YOU'RE OKAY,
TOO.

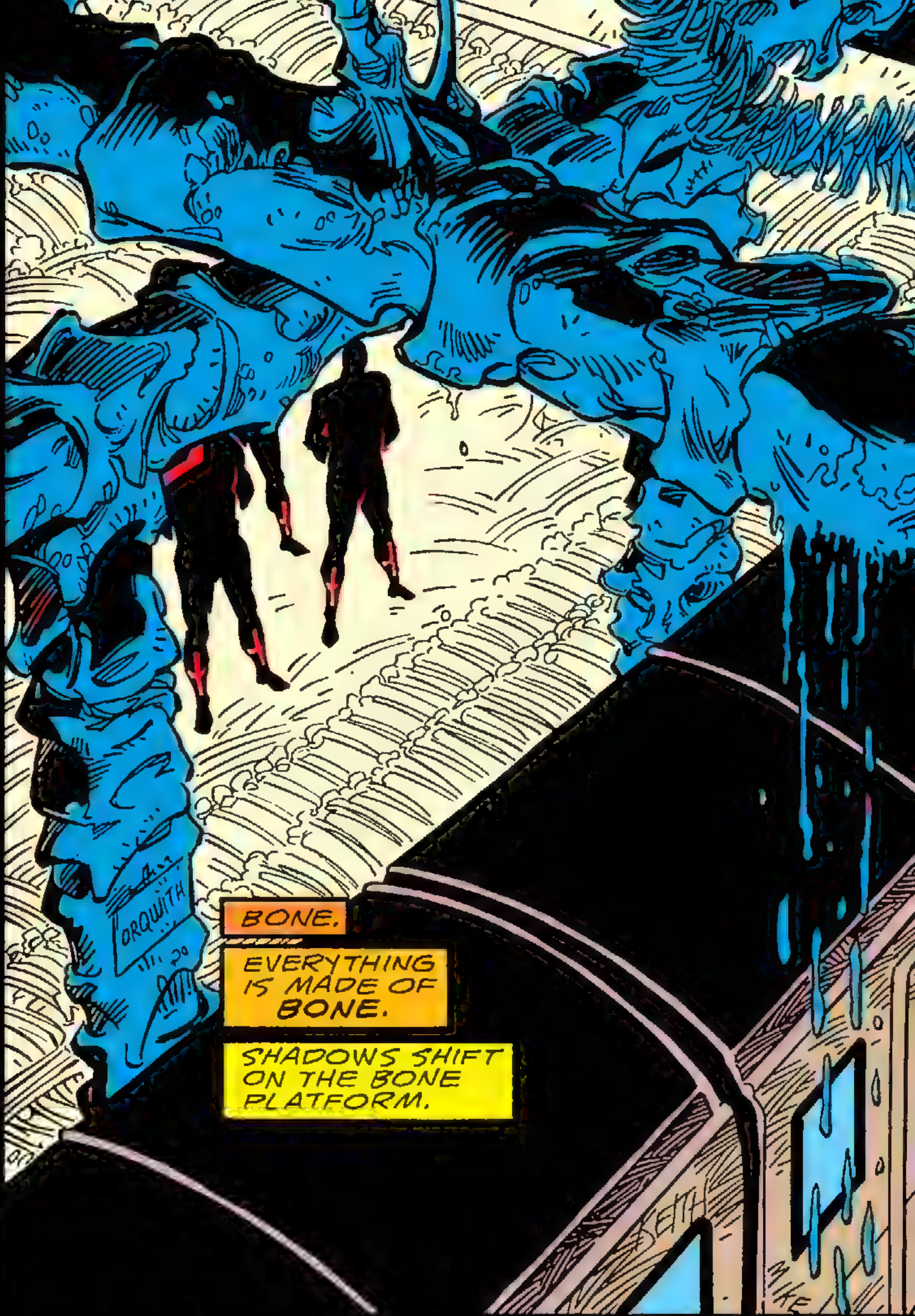
YEAH,
IT'S GOT
TO BE
SAID...







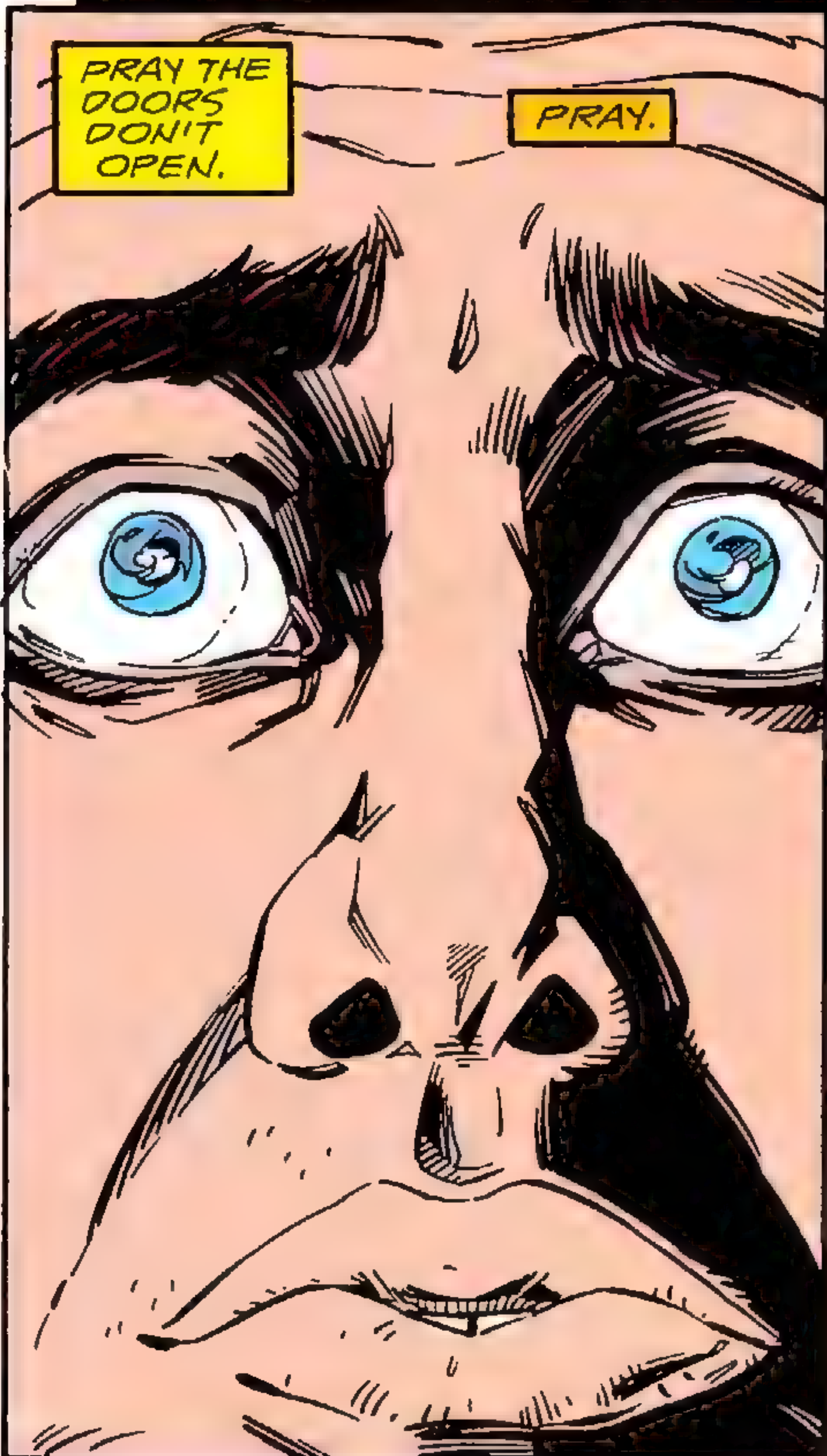
ORQWITH?



BONE.

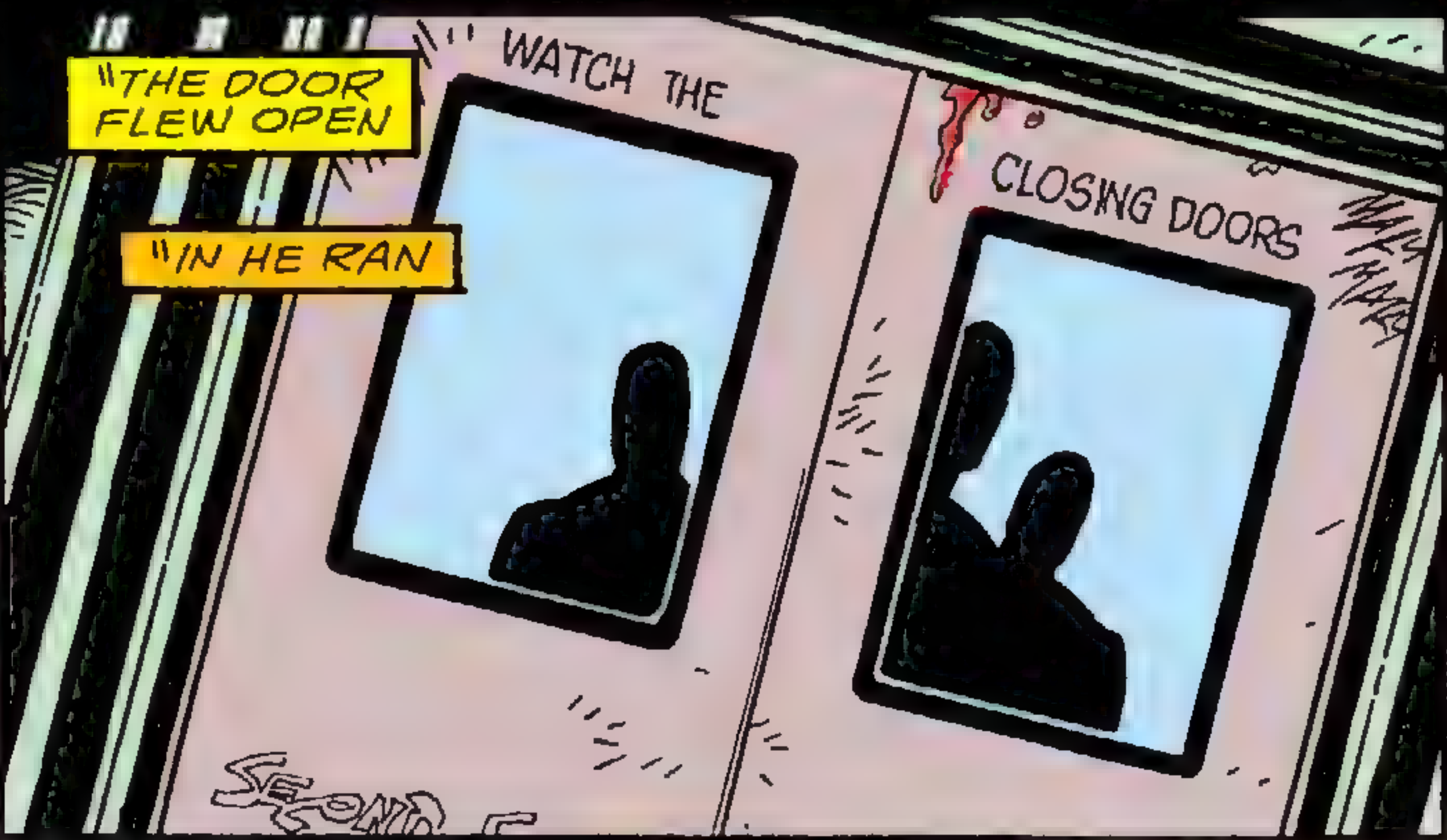
EVERYTHING
IS MADE OF
BONE.

SHADOWS SHIFT
ON THE BONE
PLATFORM.



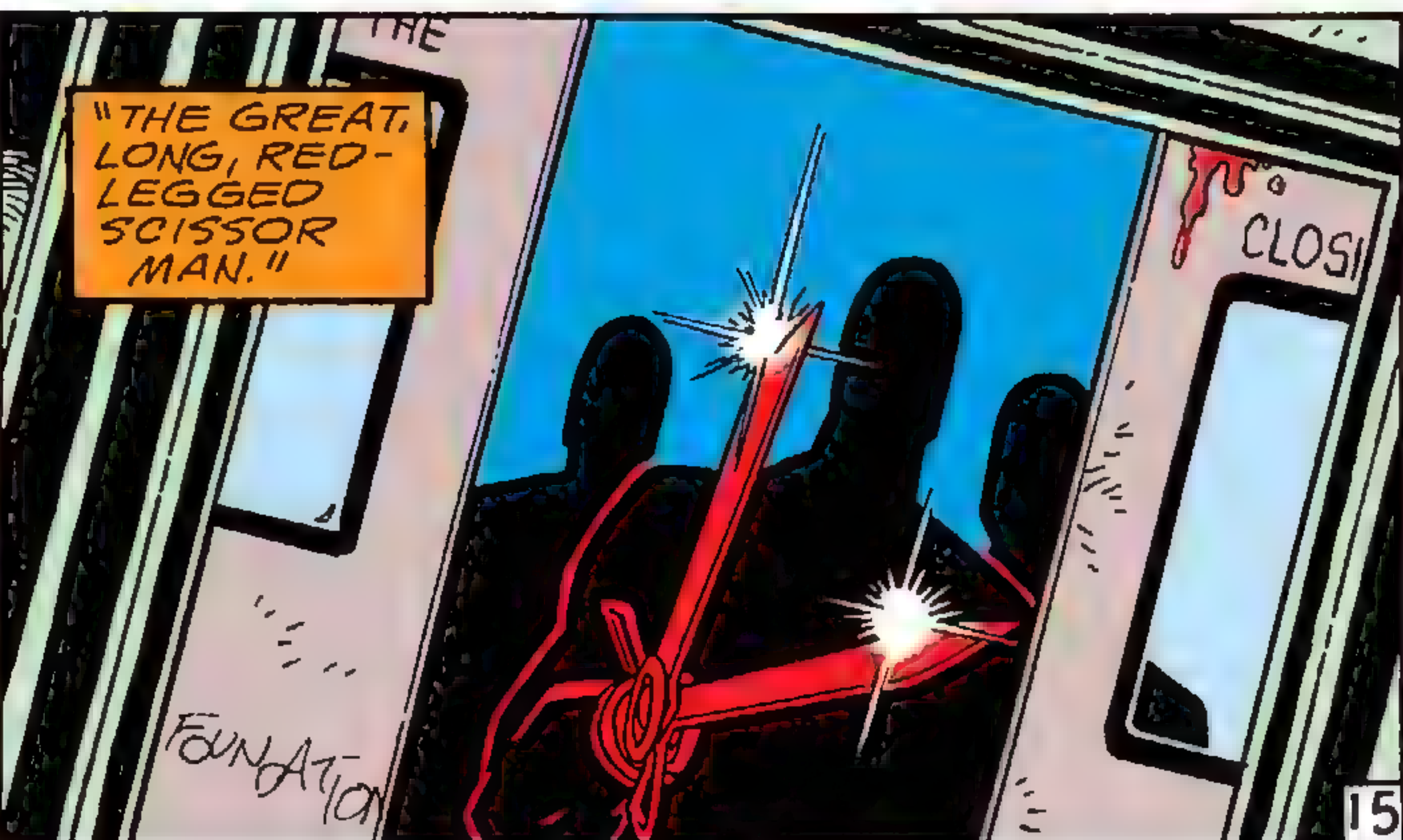
PRAY THE
DOORS
DON'T
OPEN.

PRAY.

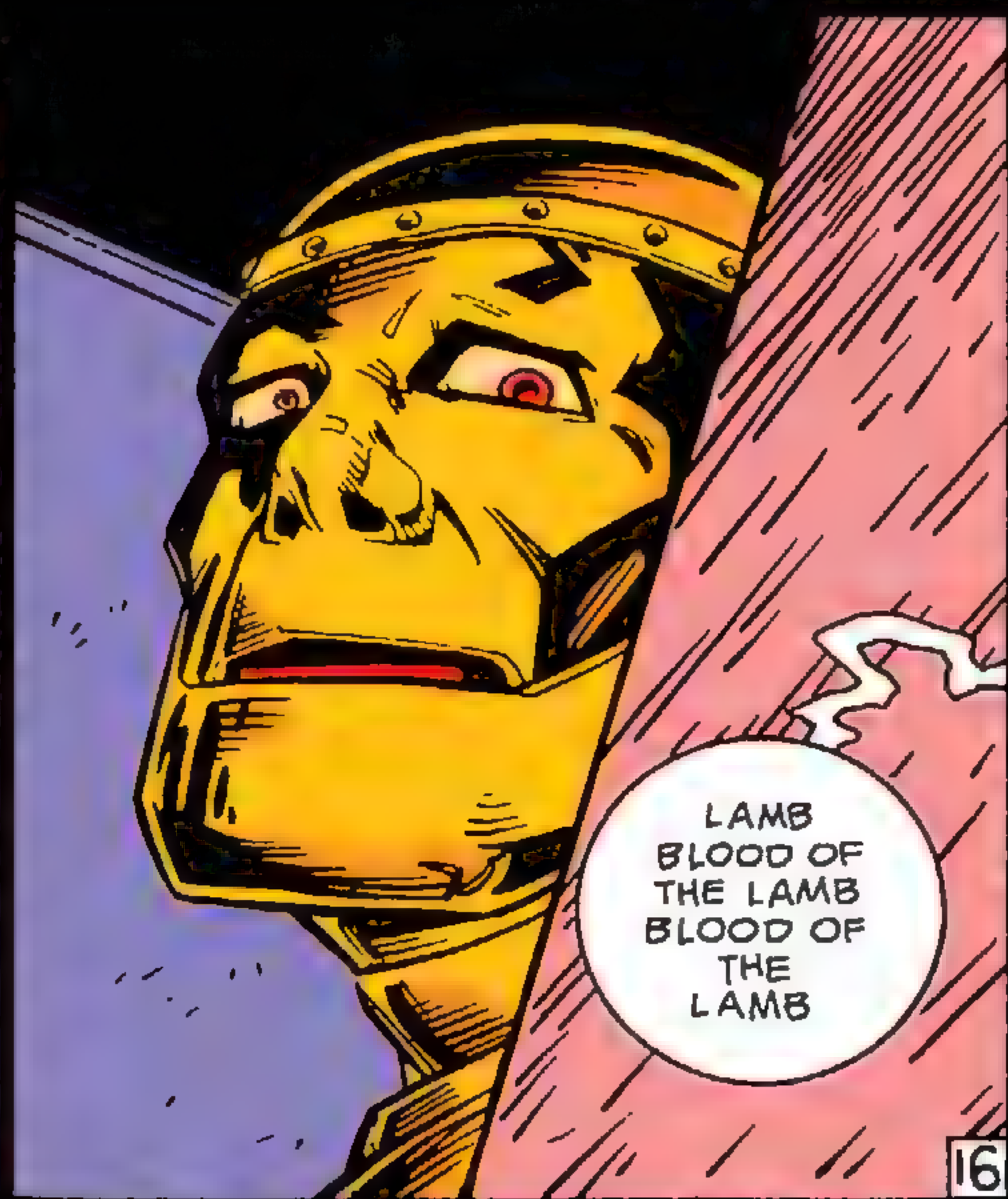
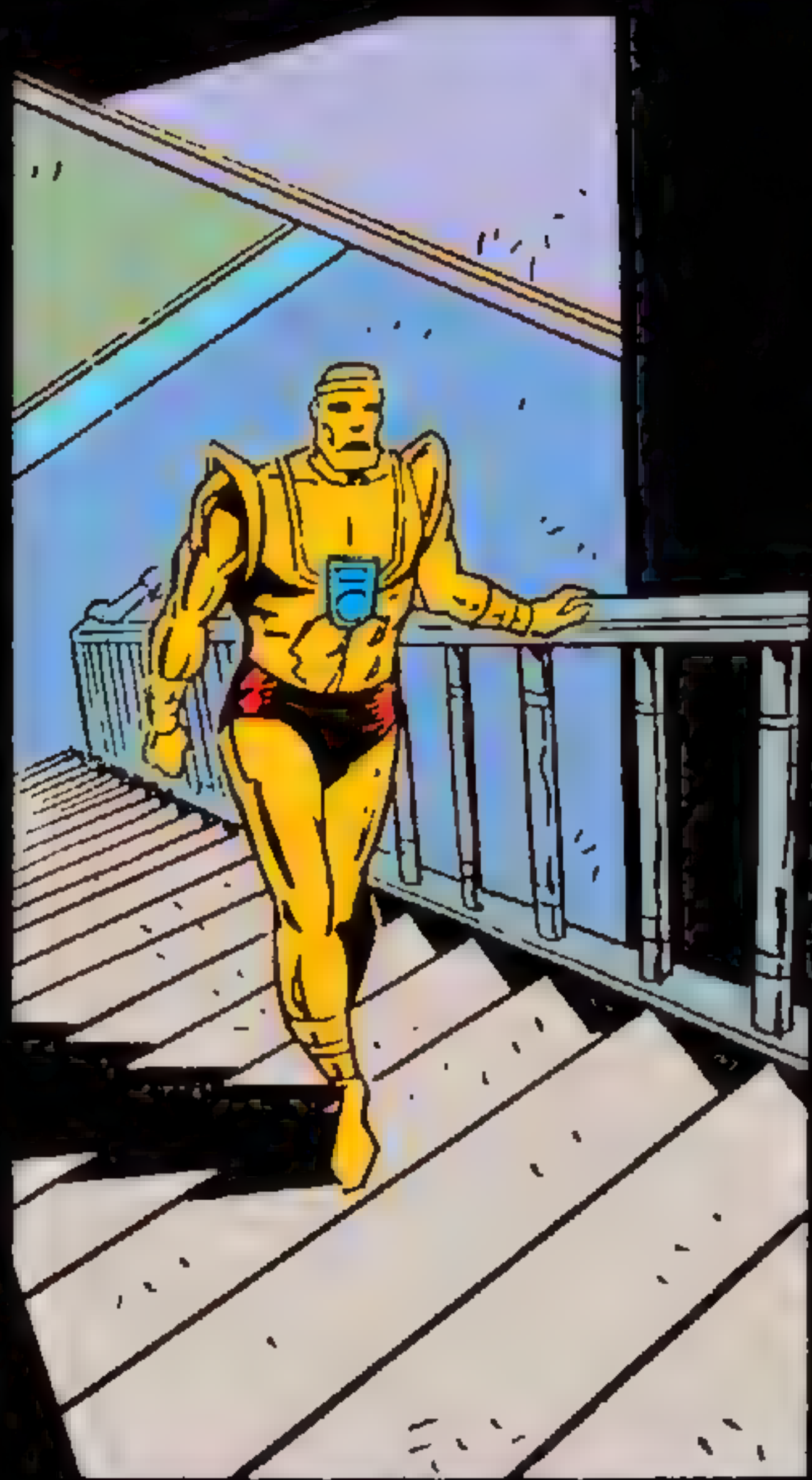
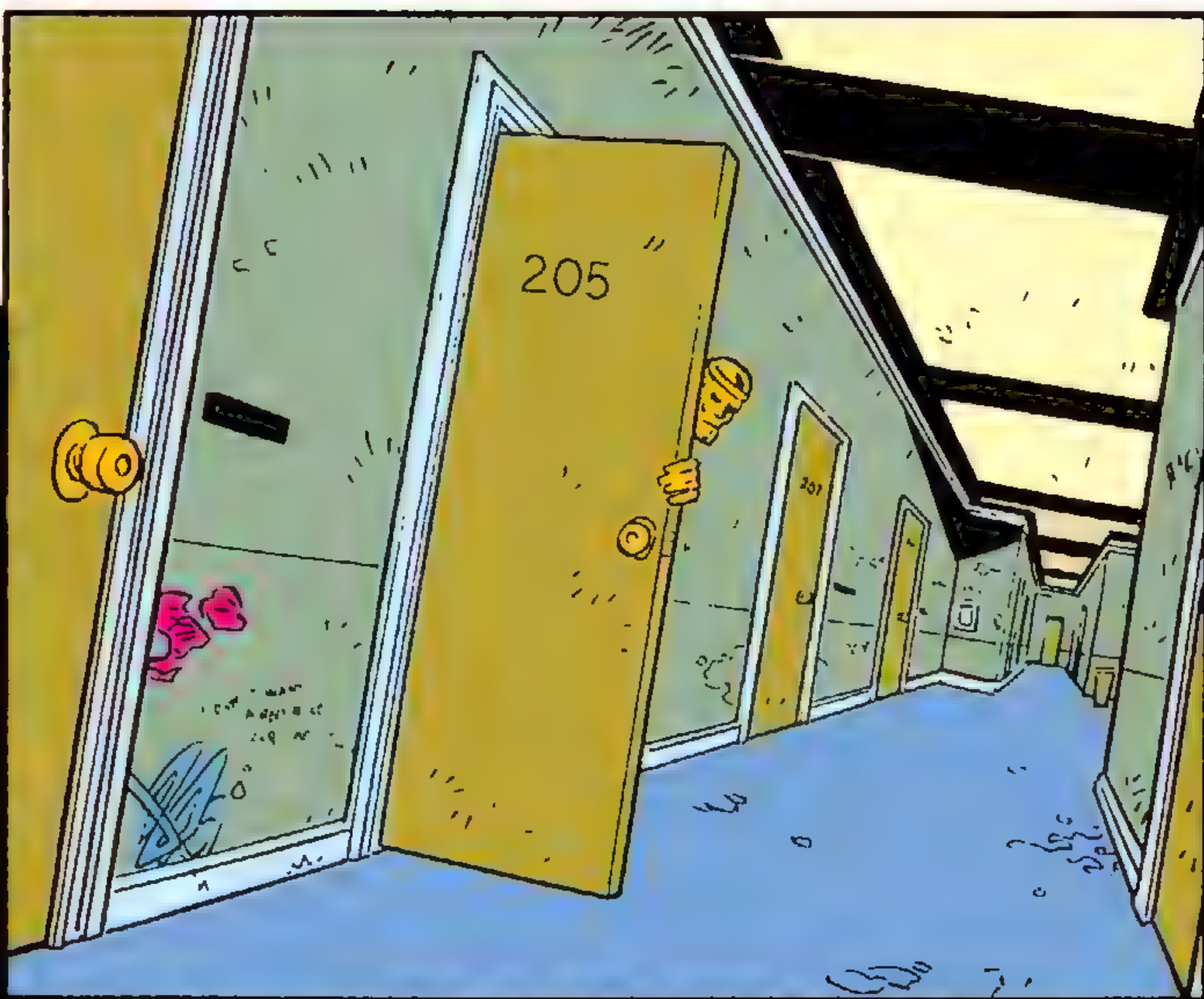


"THE DOOR
FLEW OPEN

"IN HE RAN



"THE GREAT,
LONG, RED-
LEGGED
SCISSOR
MAN."





BLOOD
OF THE LAMB
BLOOD OF THE
LAMB BLOOD
OF THE
LAMB



JANE?

JANE,
WHAT'S...



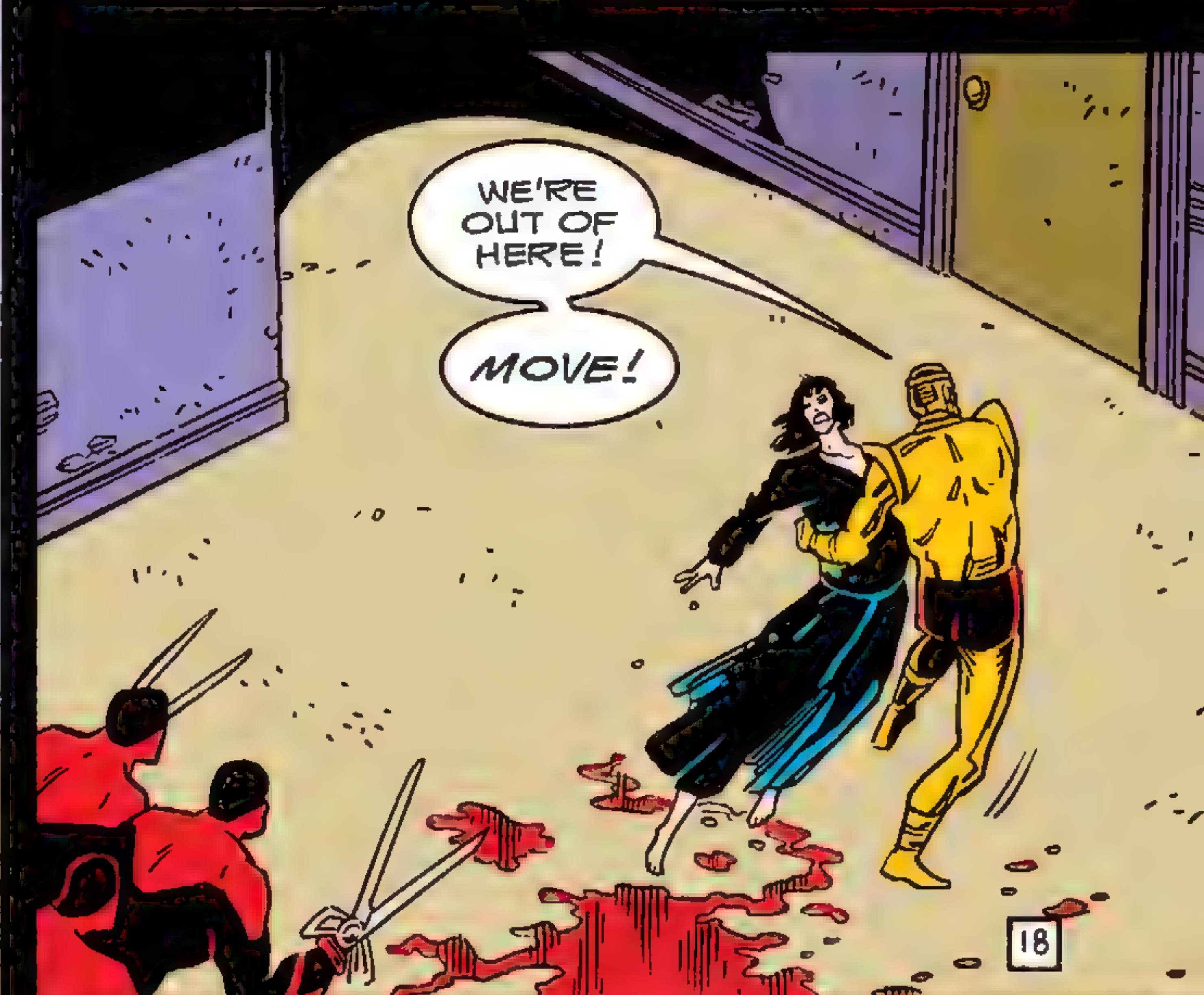
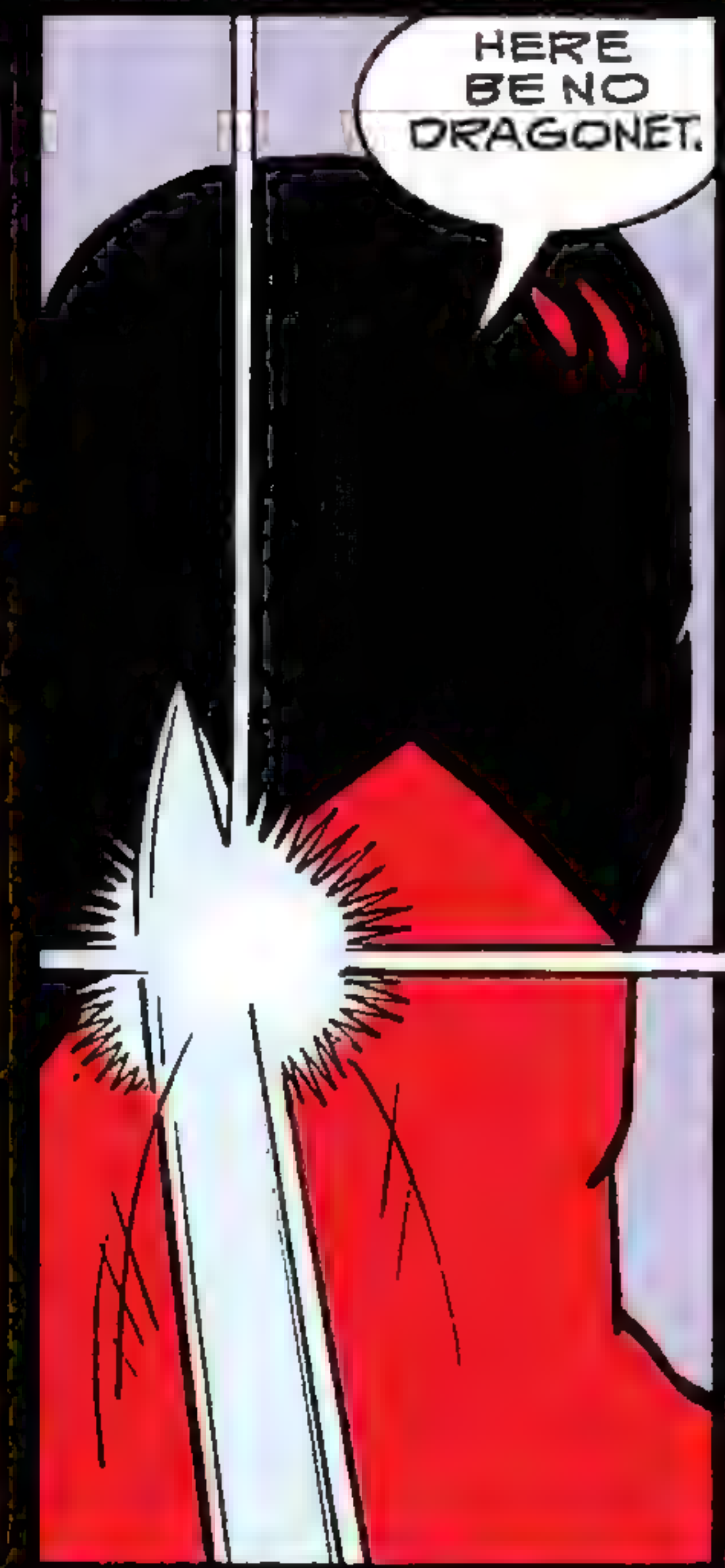
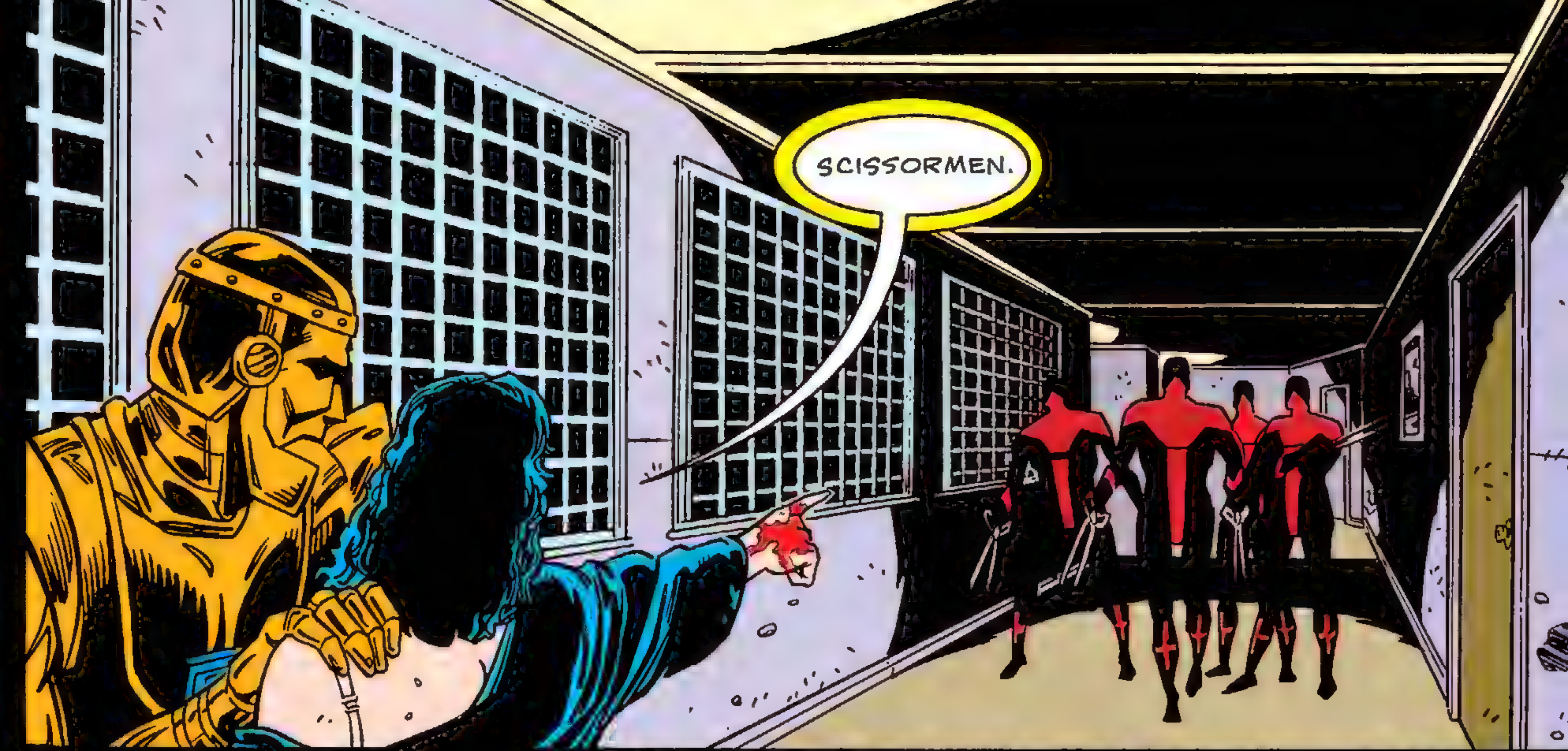
I WARNED
YOU!

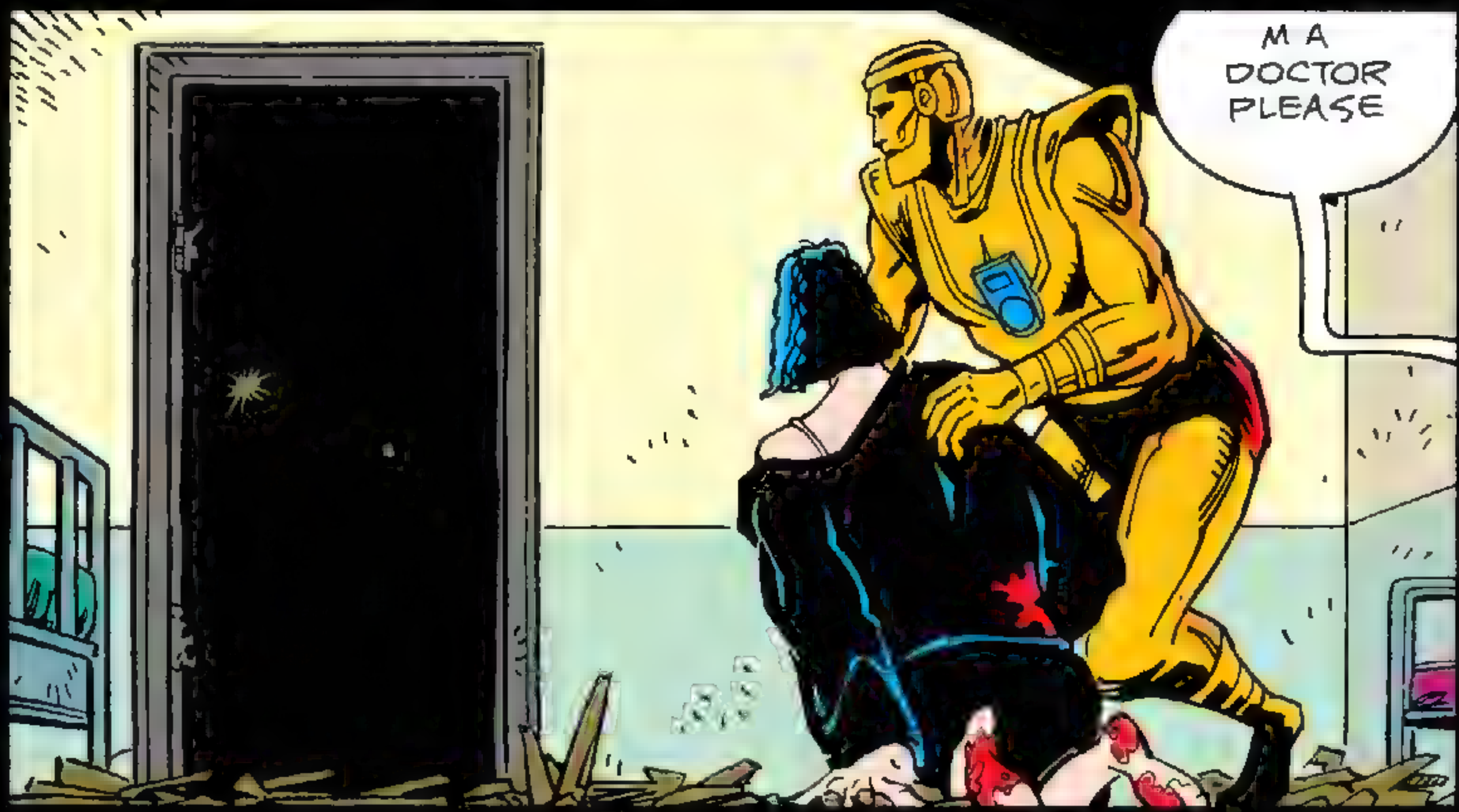
DIDN'T
I SAY?
DIDN'T I?



THEY'RE
COMING!

WHO? WHO'S
COMING?





THEY'RE CUTTING OFF MY THUMBS!



HIS TRADITION BECOMES AWAITING STILL.

EFFETE PALING.



HUMANER FOR DECIMATION.

HELL!

WE DON'T HAVE A--



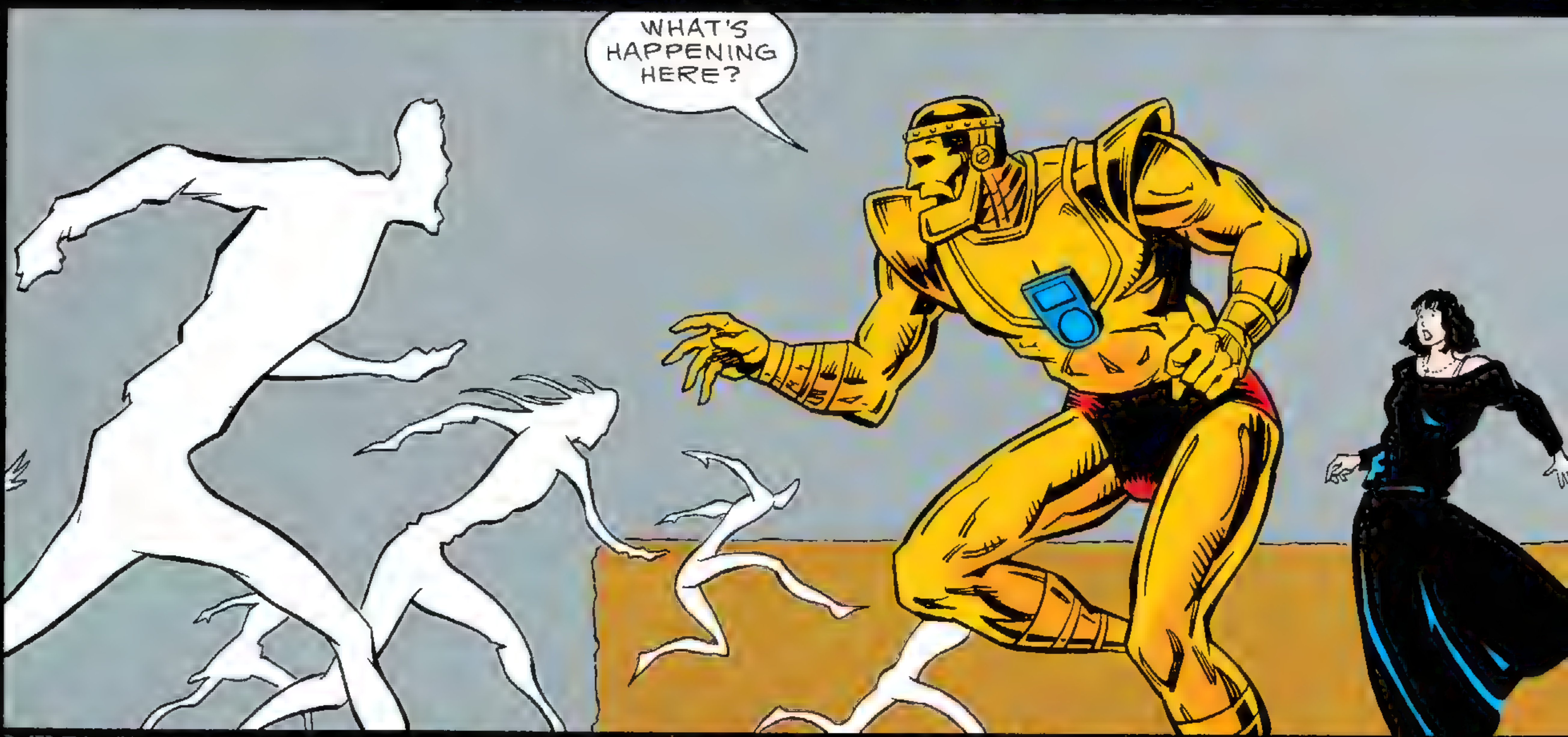
--CHANCE!

IT'S OKAY. I TELEPORTED US OUT. MY NAME'S FLIT AND...

OH, CLIFF, LOOK LOOK THERE!



OH GOD.



IN STUTTGART,
ALL THE CLOCKS
CHIME FIFTEEN.

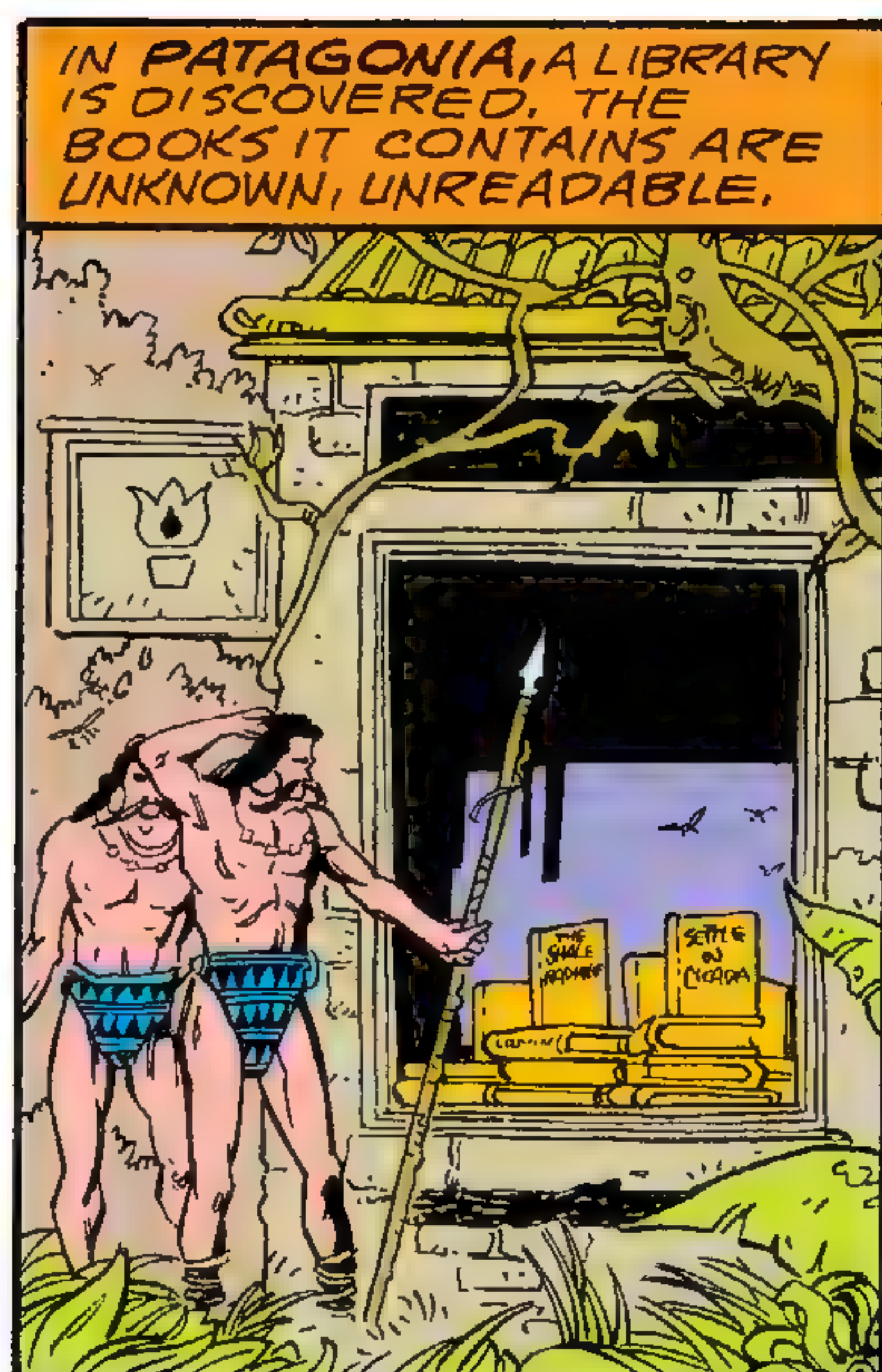
SIMULTANEOUSLY,



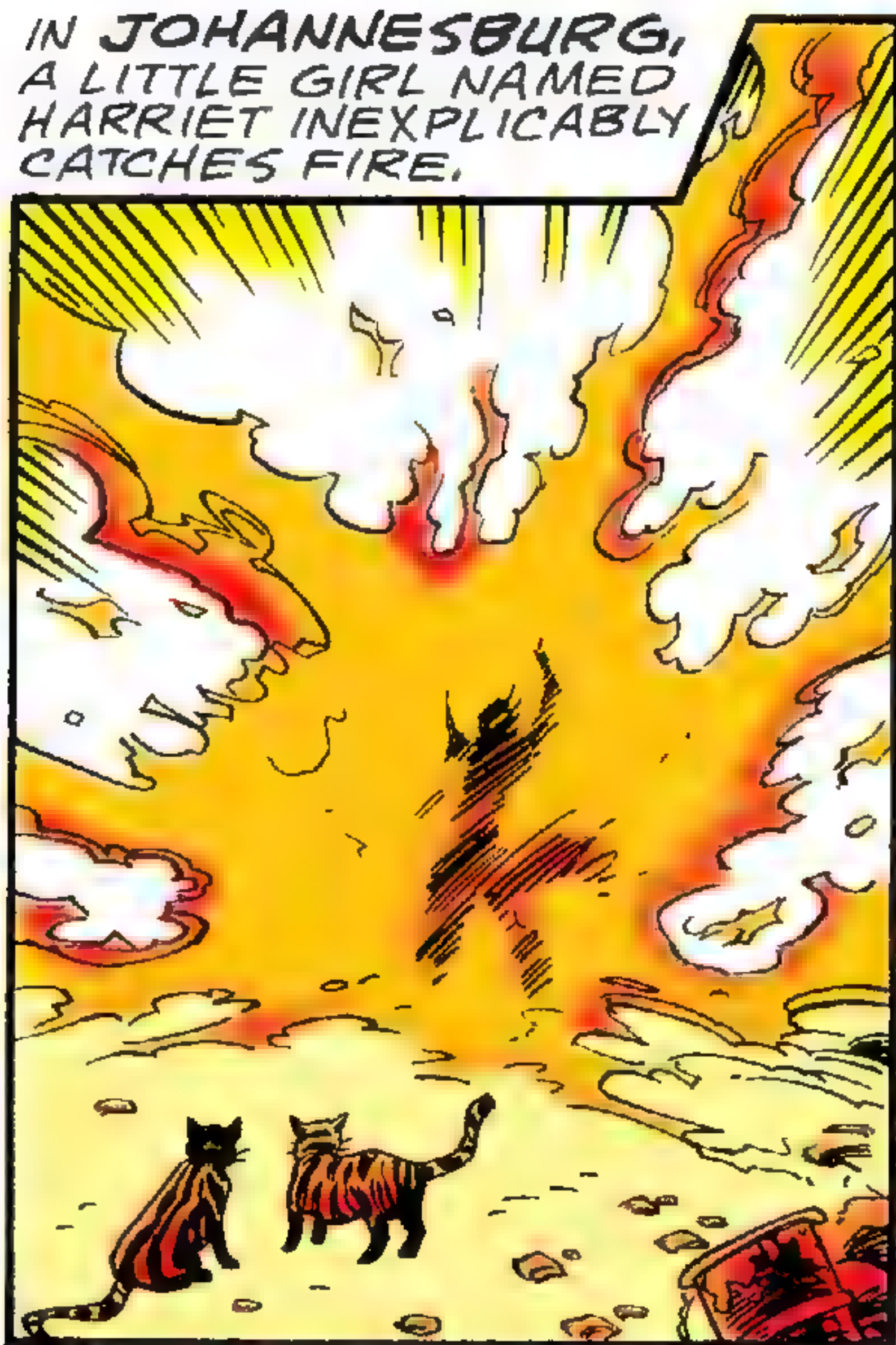
IN KYOTO, FOUR STAINLESS
STEEL PYRAMIDS ARE FOUND
ROTATING FIVE FEET ABOVE
GROUND.



IN PATAGONIA, A LIBRARY
IS DISCOVERED. THE
BOOKS IT CONTAINS ARE
UNKNOWN, UNREADABLE.



IN JOHANNESBURG,
A LITTLE GIRL NAMED
HARRIET INEXPLICABLY
CATCHES FIRE.



IN REYKJAVIK, THREE
SHADOWS COME TO LIFE
AND MURDER THEIR
OWNERS.



IN LONDON, MADAME
TUSSAUD'S WAX FIGURE OF
JOHN LENNON BEGINS TO
BLEED FROM BULLET
WOUND STIGMATA.



IN ROME, IN
LENINGRAD,
IN DARWIN.

"THE DOOR
FLEW OPEN,
IN HE RAN,



"THE GREAT,
LONG, RED-
LEGGED
SCISSOR-
MAN."





NEW FORMAT

21

APR 89

THE DOOM PATROL

**CRAWLING
FROM THE
WRECKAGE**
PART 3 OF 4

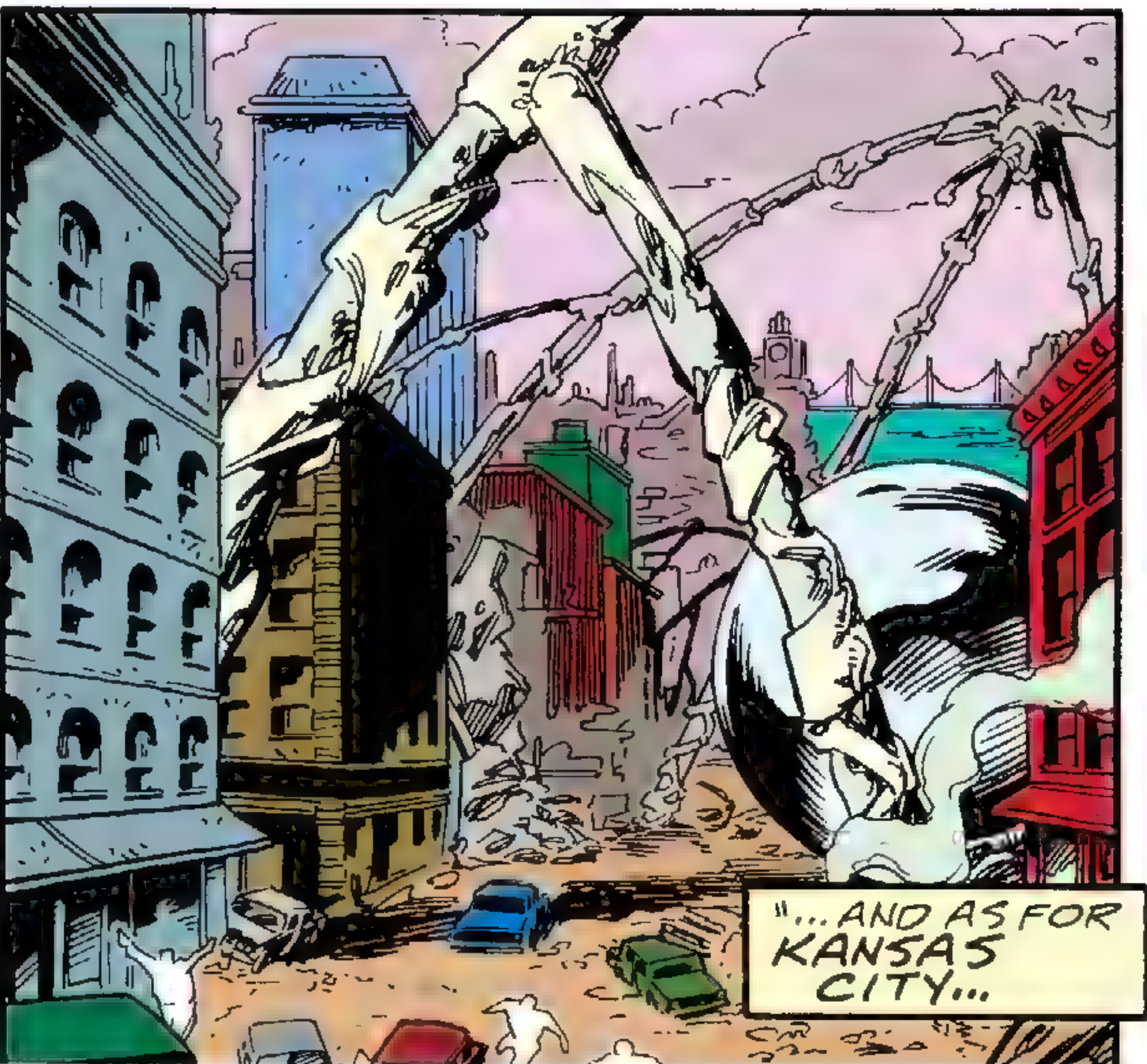
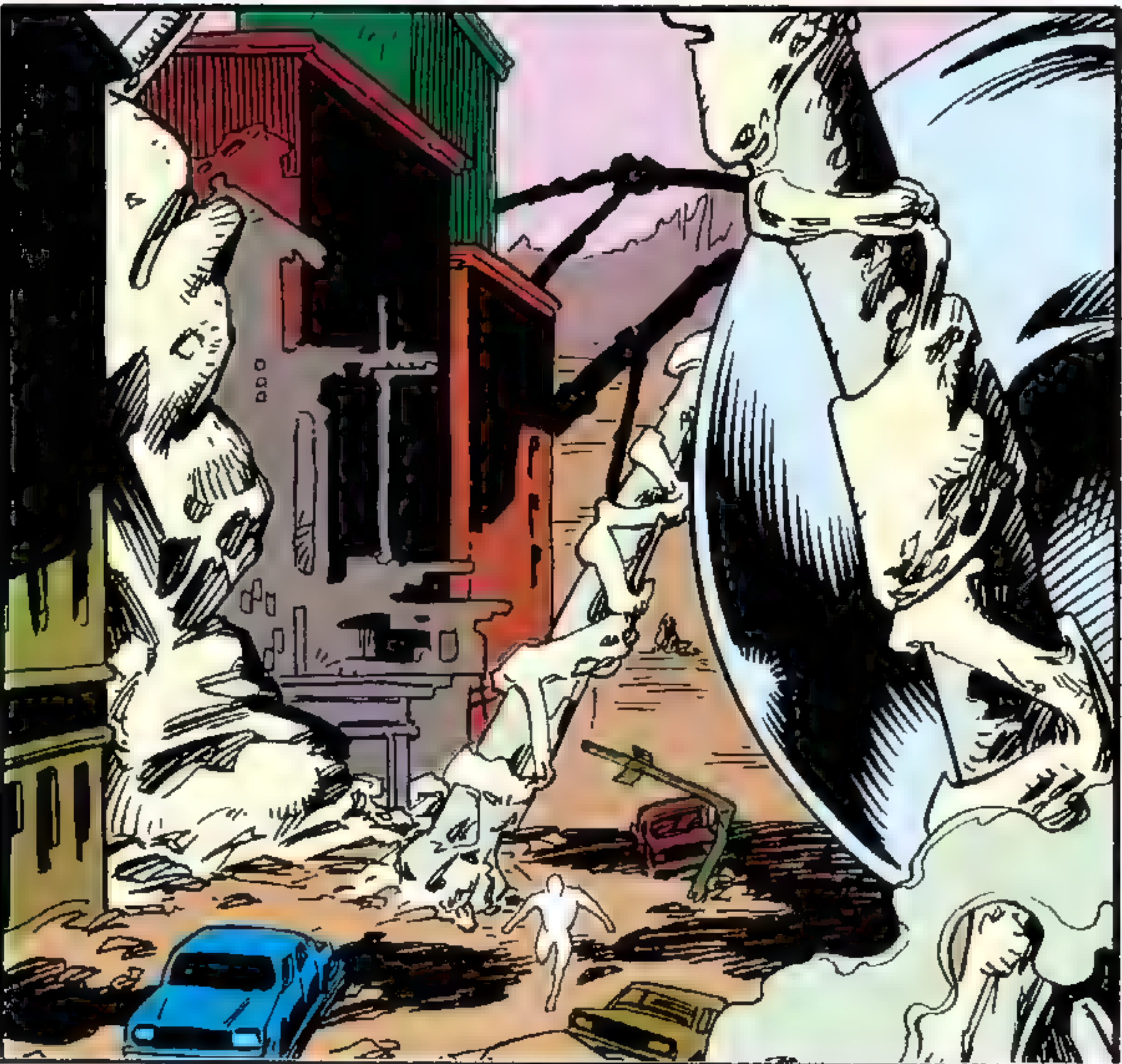
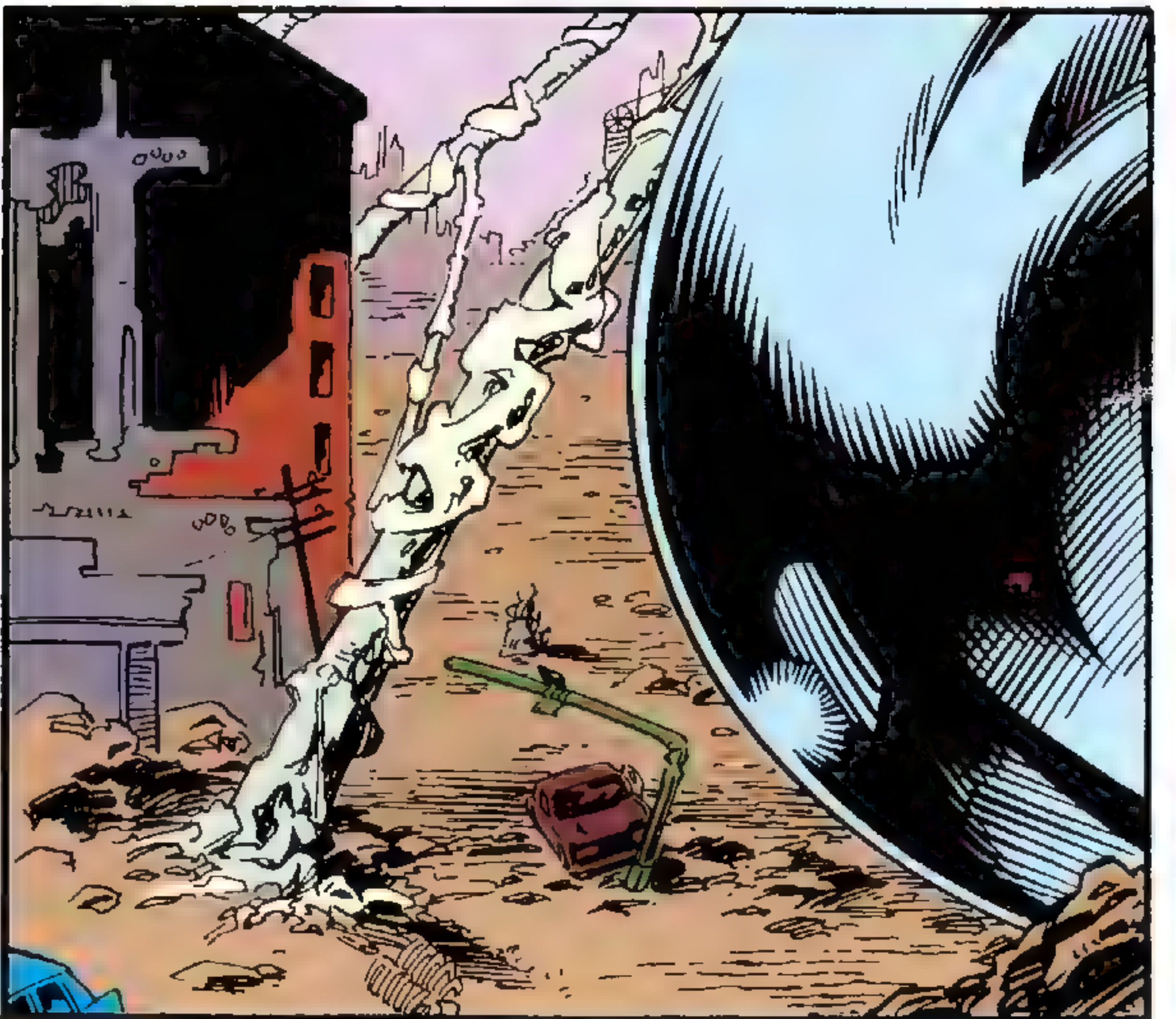
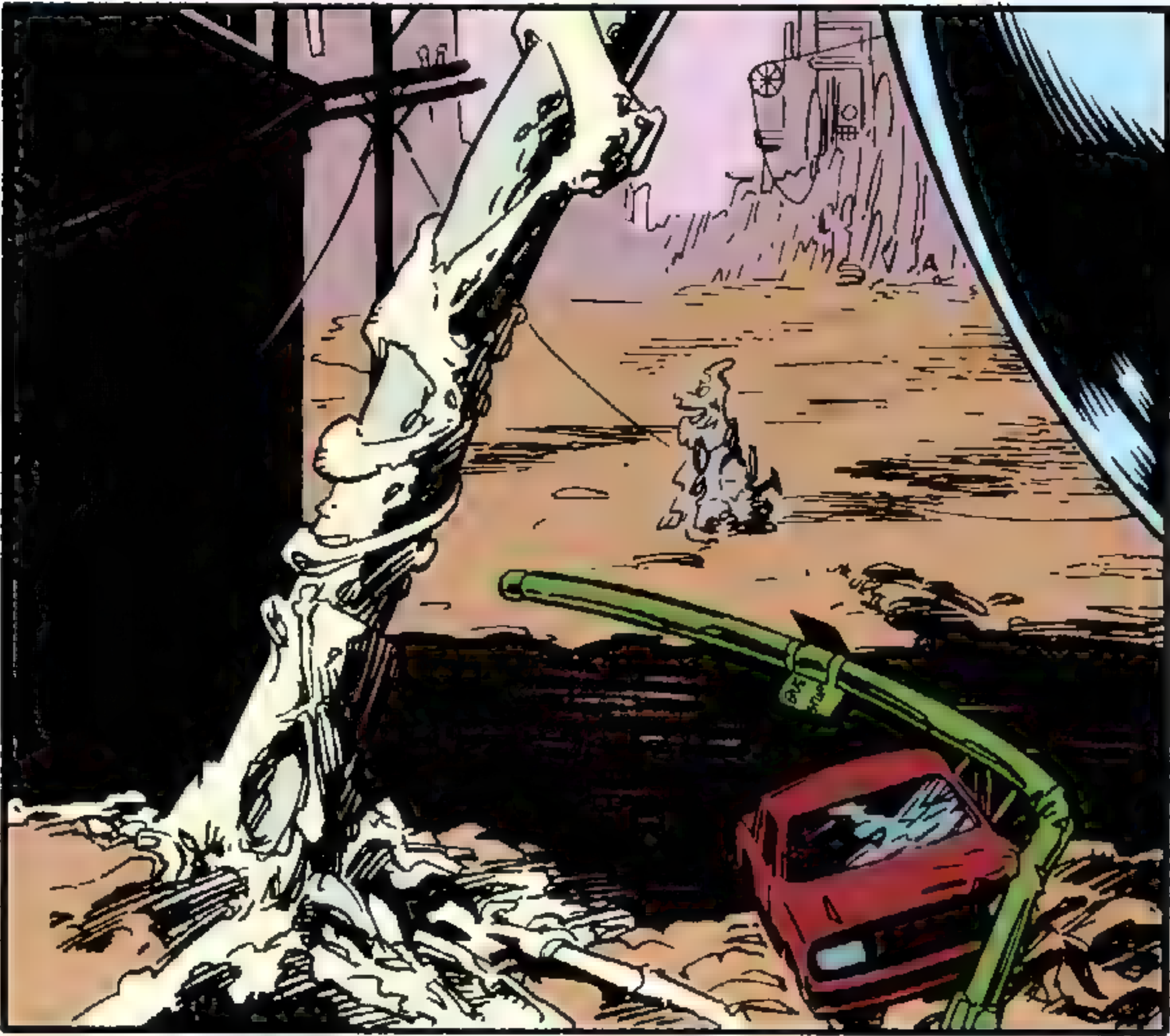
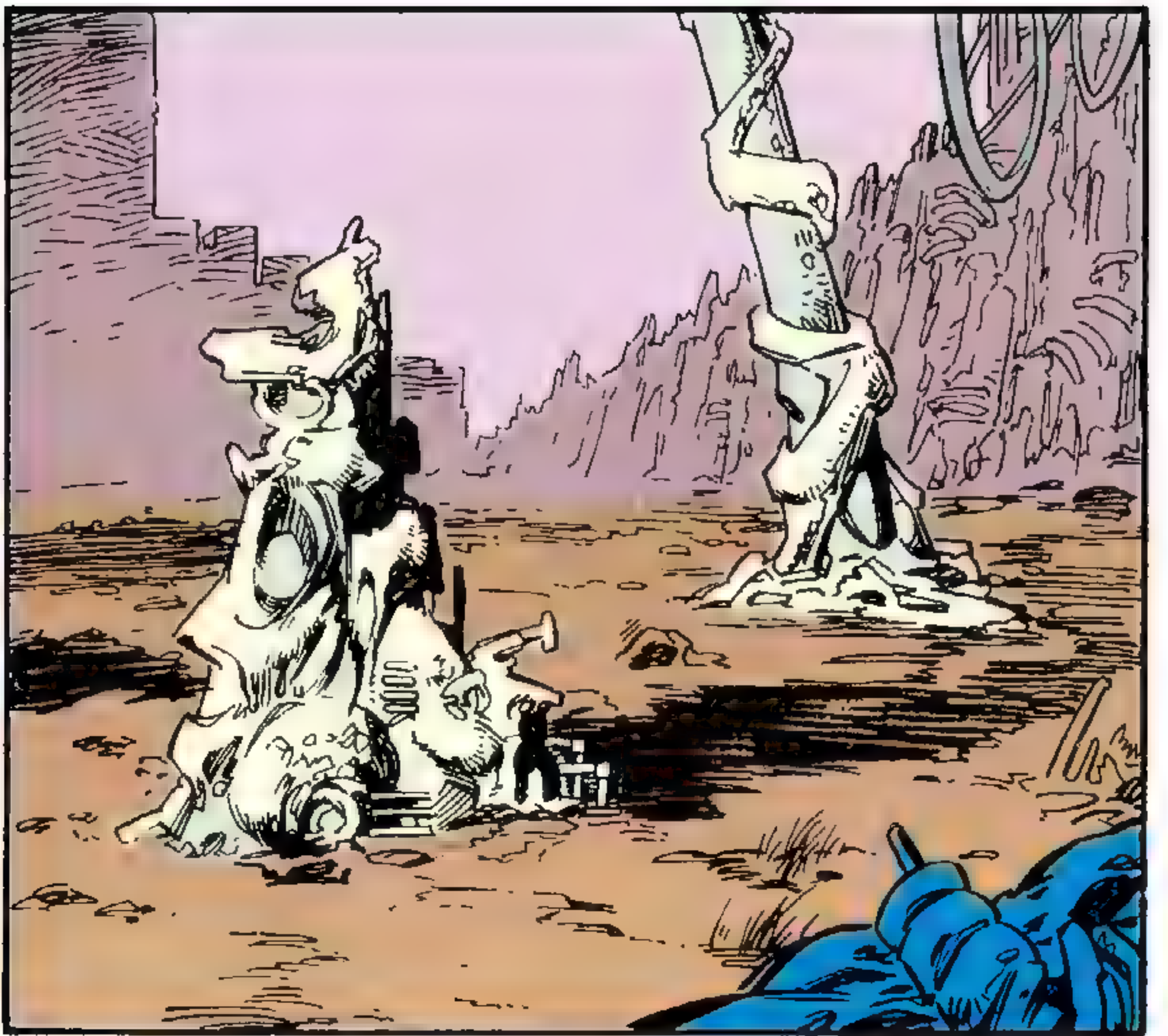
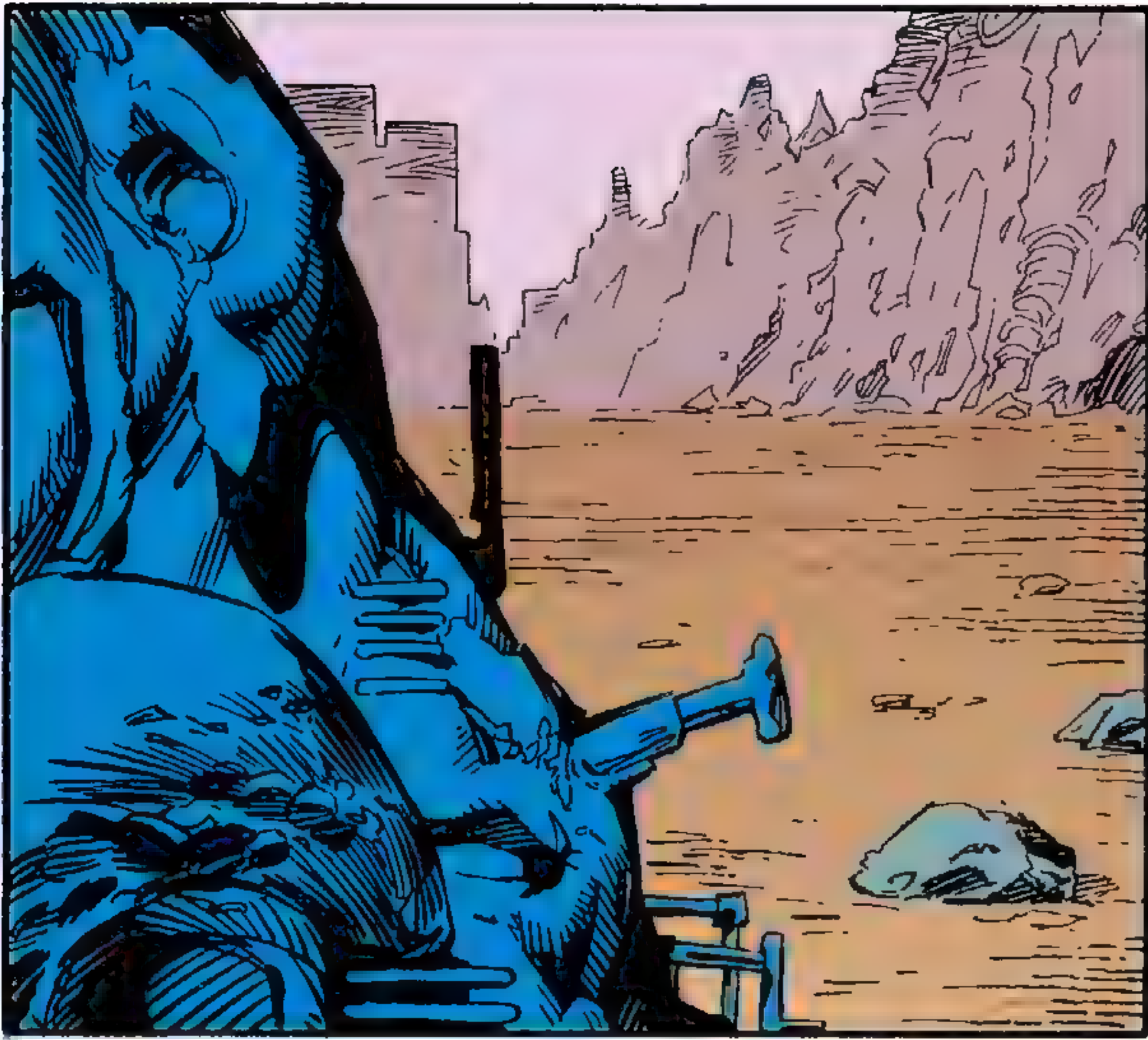


By
**MORRISON,
CASE &
HANNA**

dom PATROL



"I couldn't think of one clever way to stop this guy, so I just trusted to mindless violence."



WORLDS IN COLLISION



"AT FIRST, EVERYTHING
WAS DEAD QUIET, LIKE
A GRAVEYARD.

"AND THEN I HEARD
WHISPERING."



SCISSORMEN!



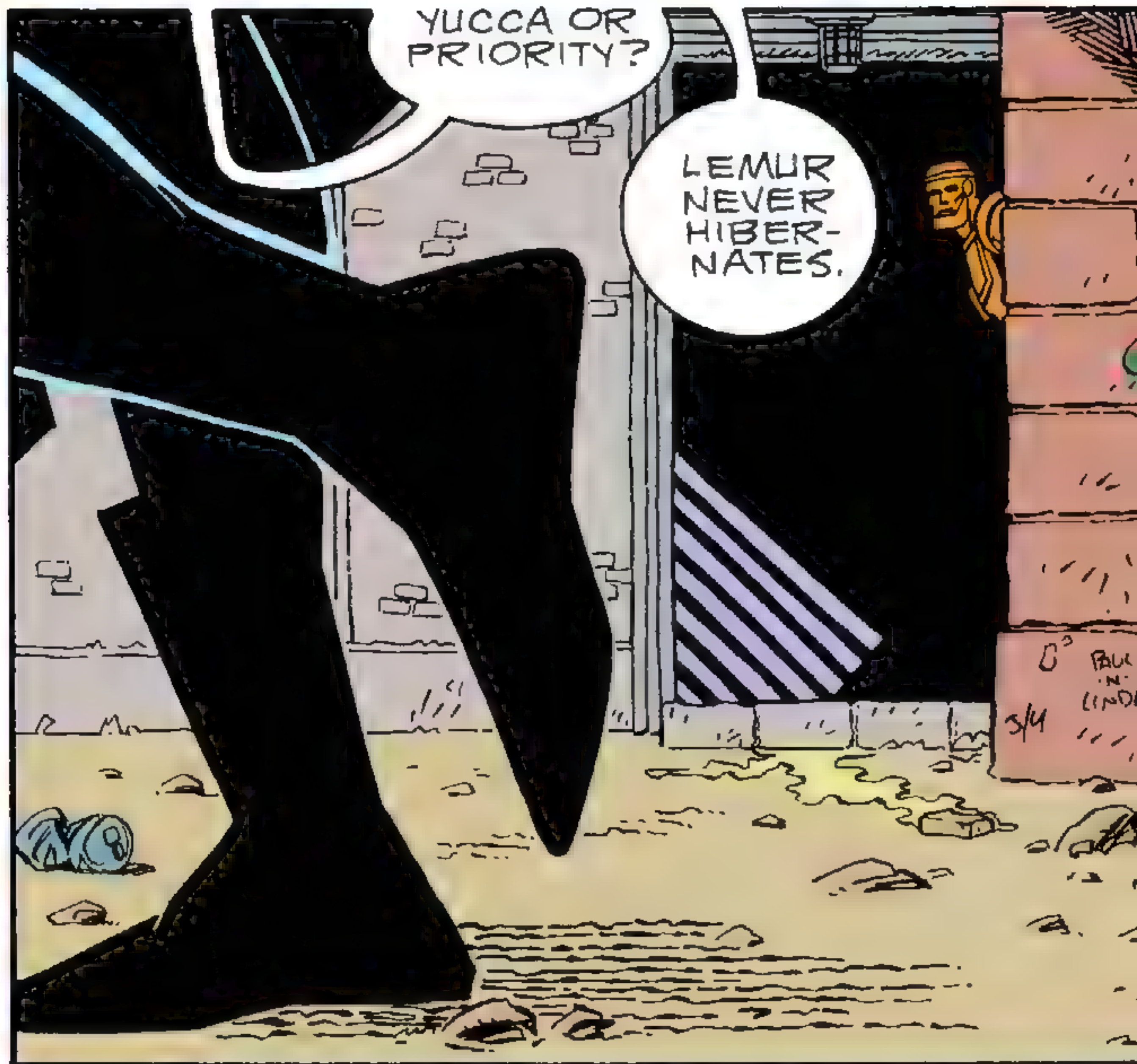
DEFEATING
BREADFRUIT IN
ADUMBRATE,

CRASHLAND.
FOR AWARD
PRIMATE.



YUCCA OR
PRIORITY?

LEMUR
NEVER
HIBER-
NATES.



"I WAS BEGINNING
TO WONDER HOW
MUCH LONGER WE
COULD EXPECT TO
BE LUCKY.





"IT TOOK US AN HOUR AND A HALF TO FIND UNION STATION."

WELCOME TO DOOM PATROL HEAD-QUARTERS.



YOU CAN SEE WE ALWAYS TRY TO MAKE VISITORS FEEL AT HOME.



AH, I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THERE'D BE NO ONE HERE.

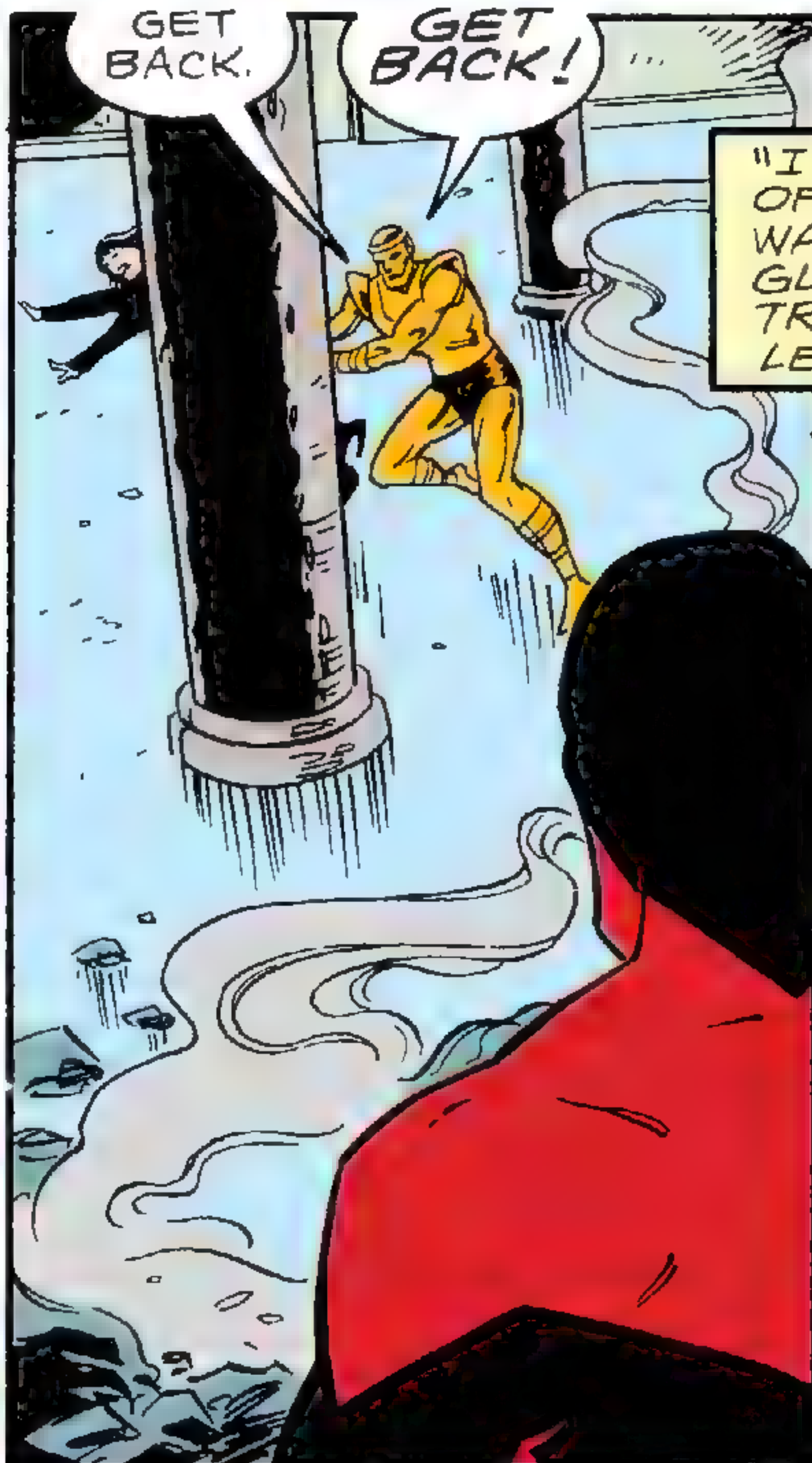
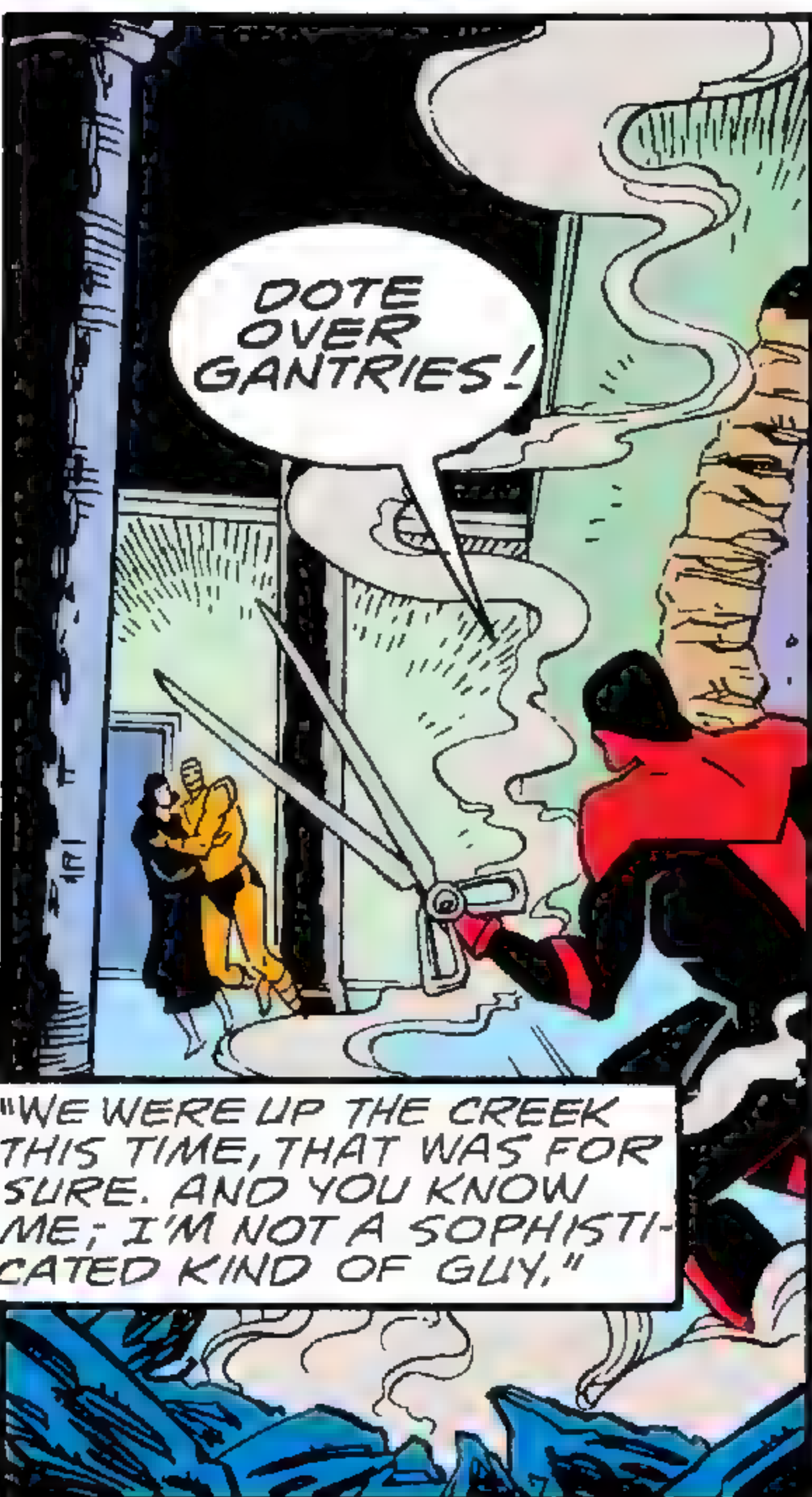
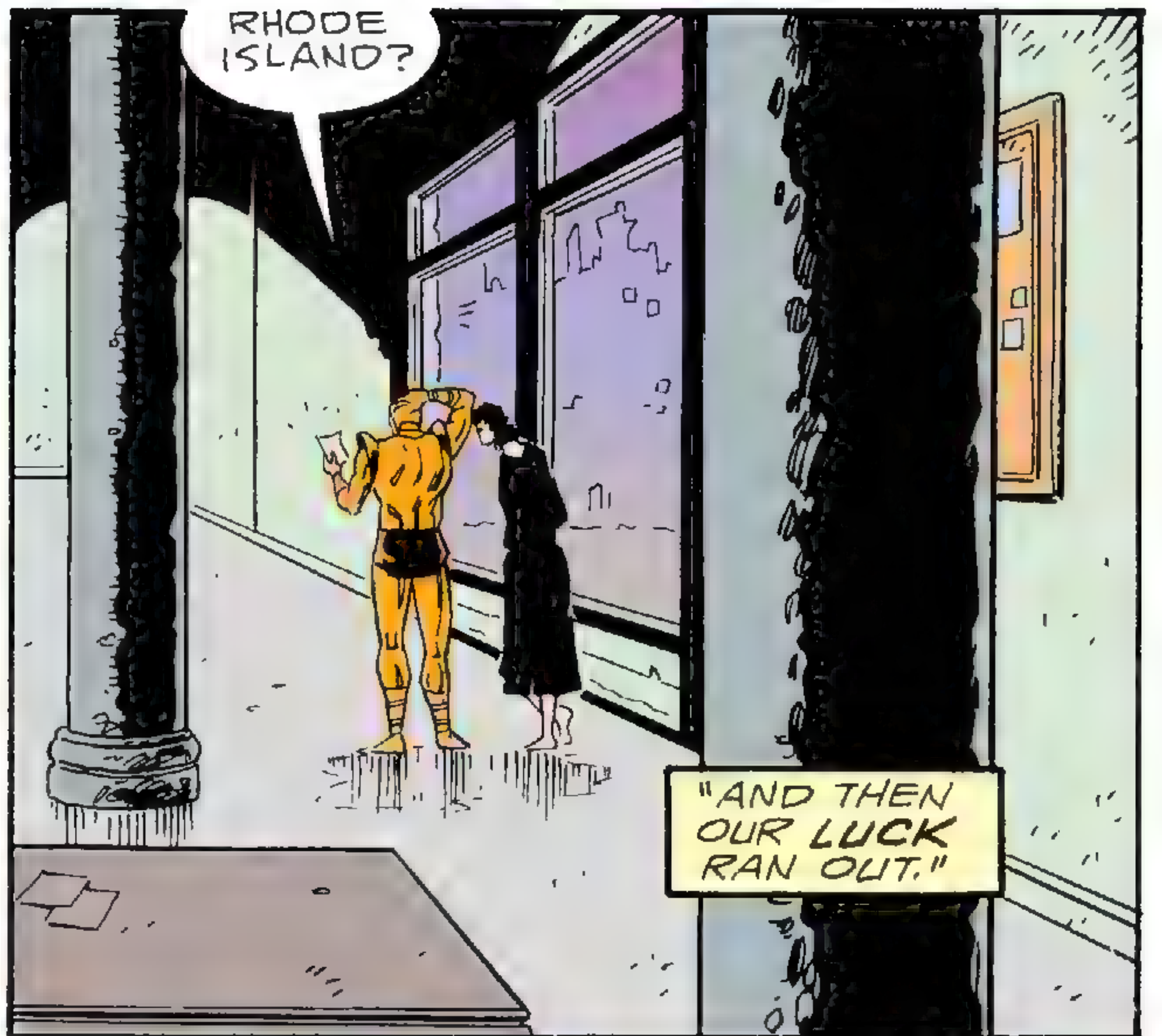
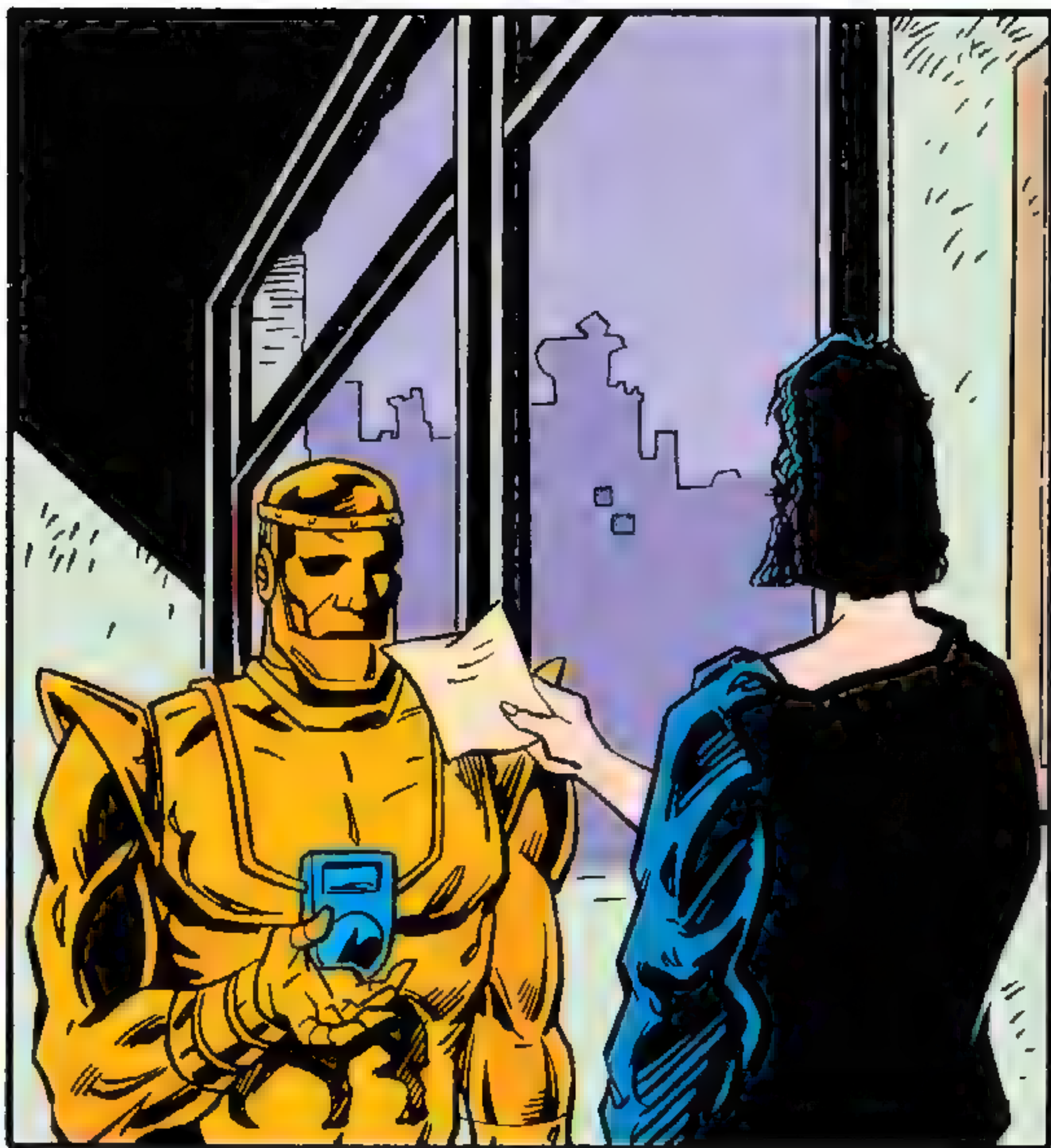


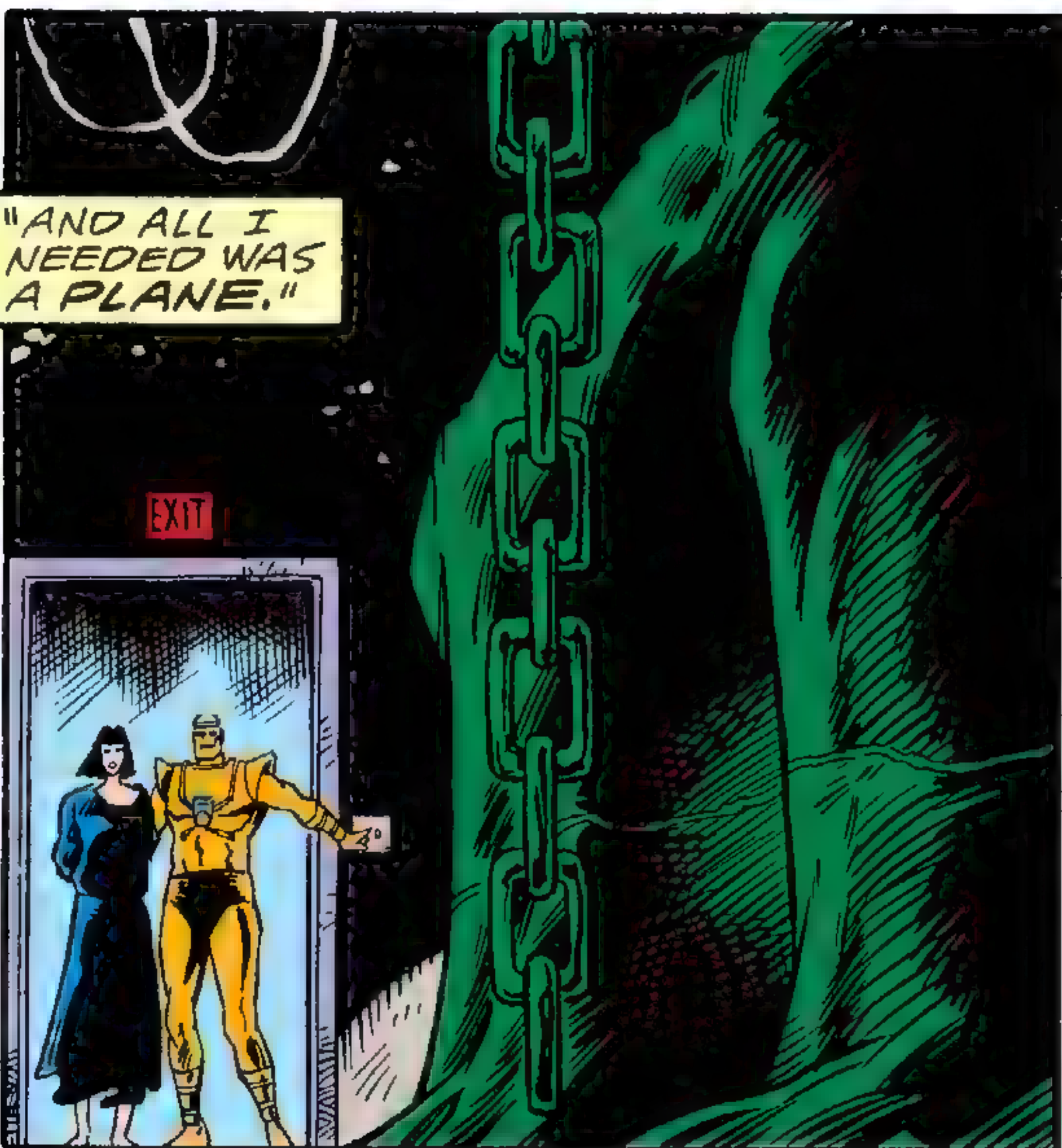
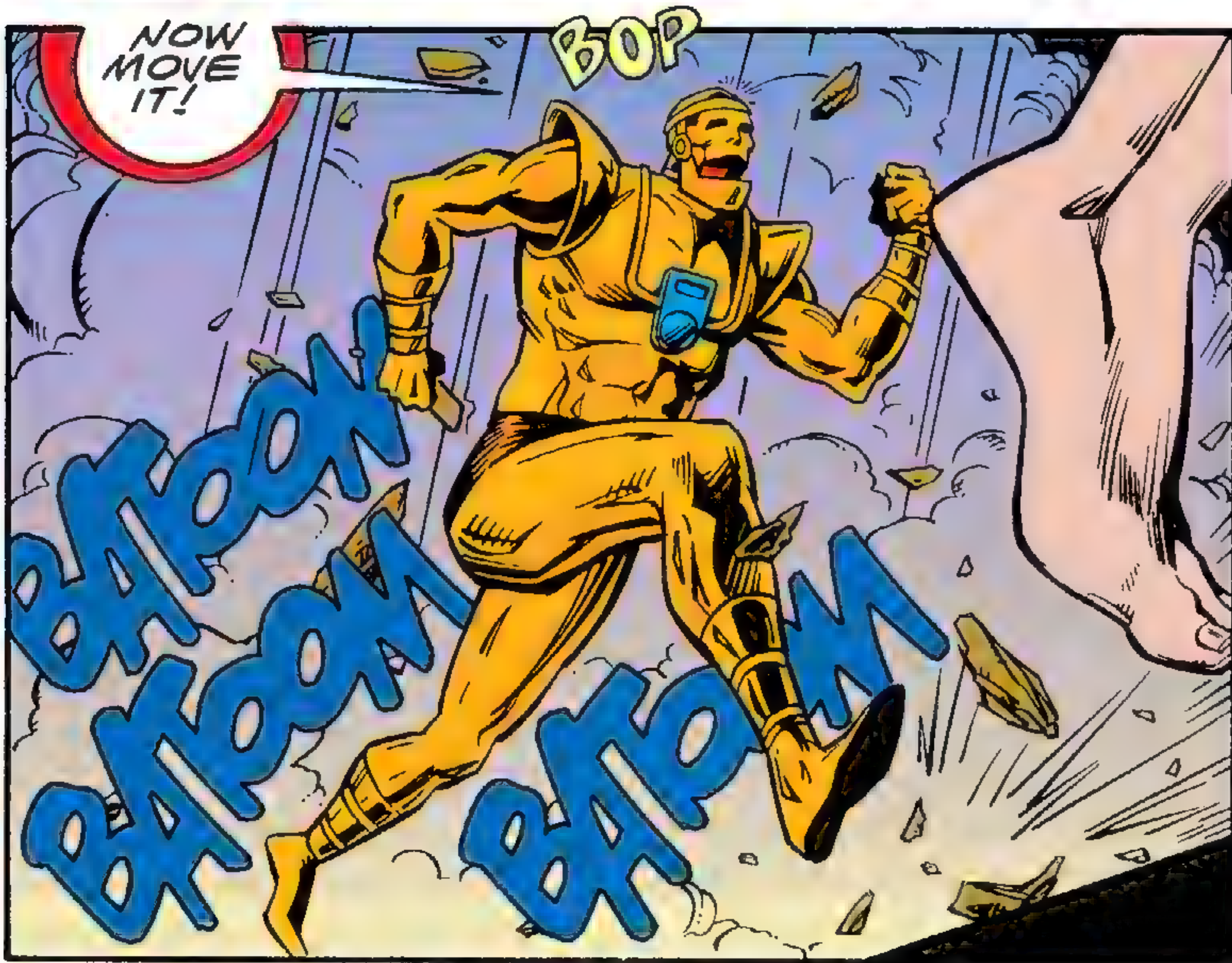
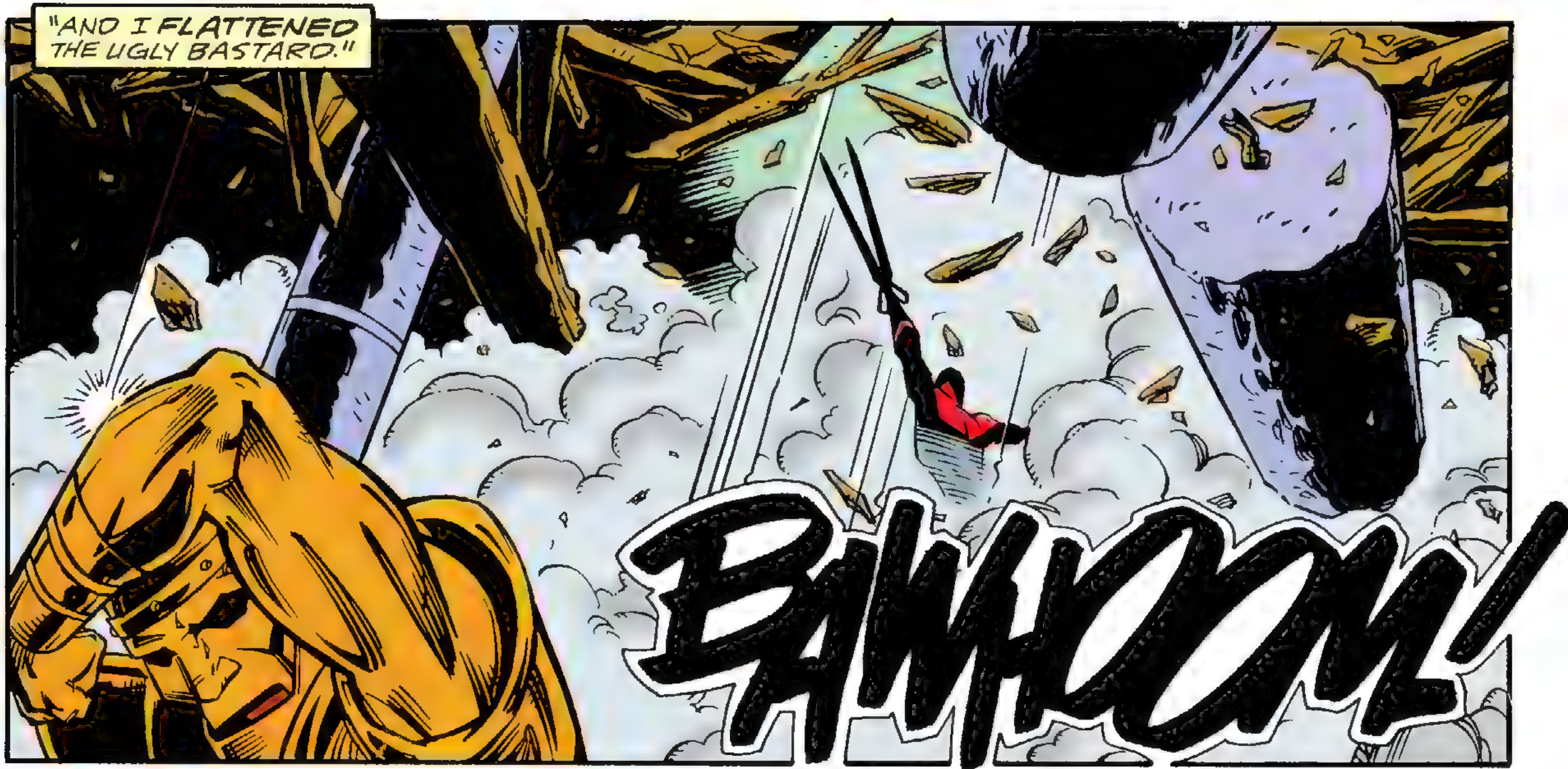
I SAID IT MYSELF, THE DOOM PATROL'S DEAD.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS EXPECTING. MAYBE JUST A...

CLIFF.







JUST
GIVE ME A
SECOND!
I...

"AND THEN
SOMETHING
WEIRD
HAPPENED."



JANE?

JANE,
ARE
YOU...

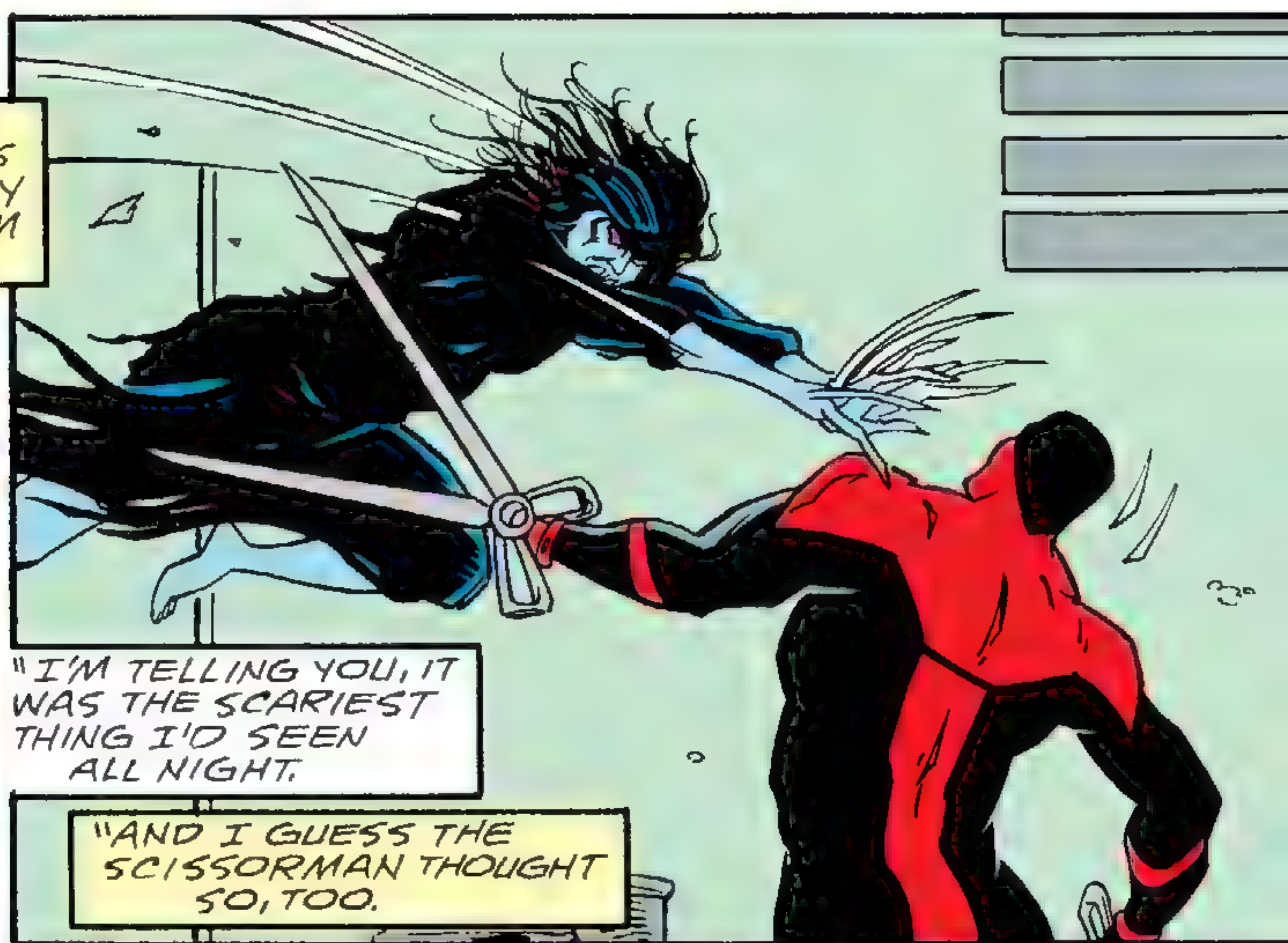
OH
MY
GOD.



THERE
IS NO
GOD.

I
KILLED
HIM.

"IT WAS THE FIRST TIME
I'D SEEN ONE OF JANE'S
PERSONALITIES ACTUALLY
PHYSICALLY TRANSFORM
HER BODY."



"I'M TELLING YOU, IT
WAS THE SCARIEST
THING I'D SEEN
ALL NIGHT."

"AND I GUESS THE
SCISSORMAN THOUGHT
SO, TOO."

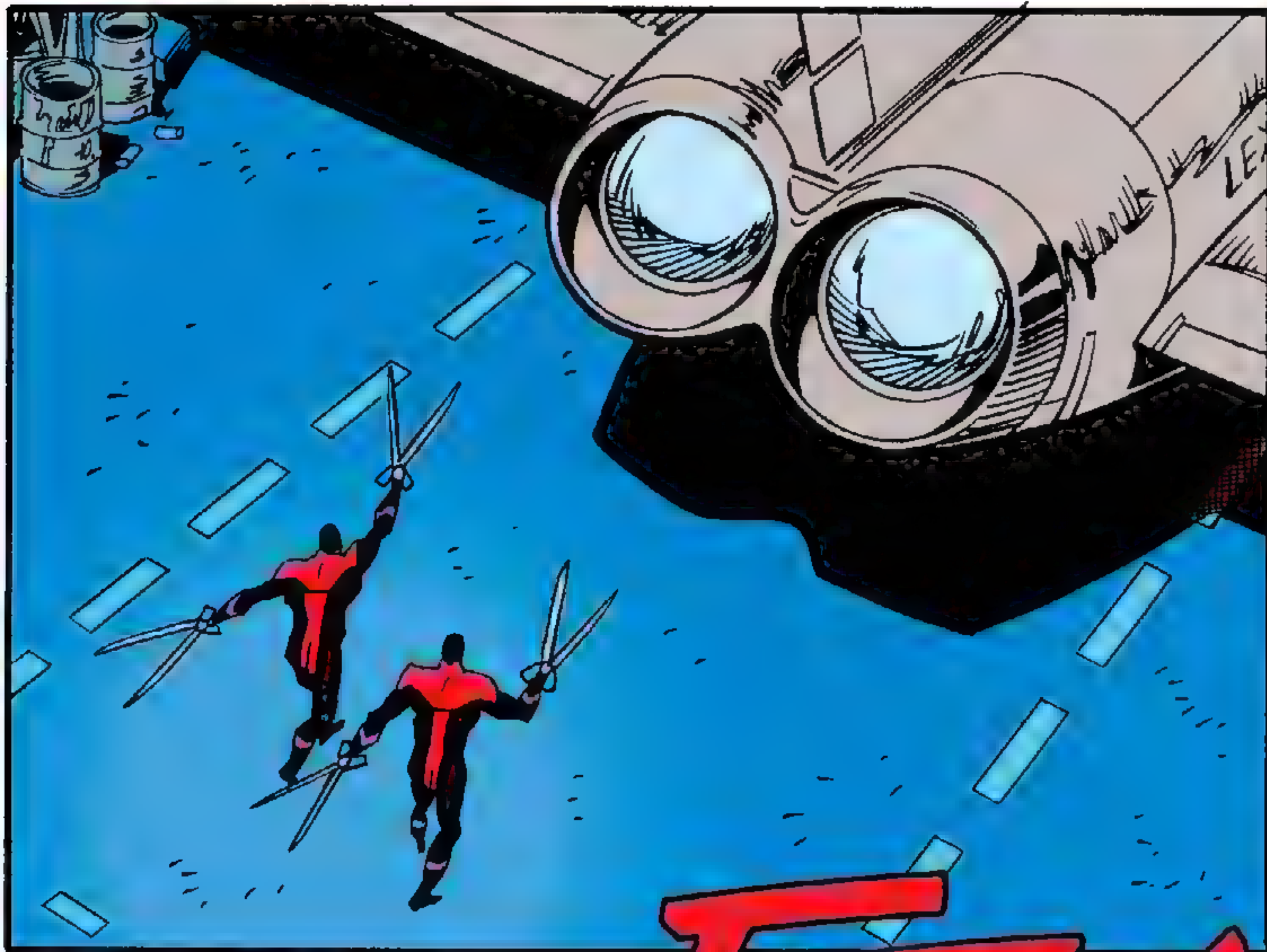


"SHE TOOK
HIM APART."



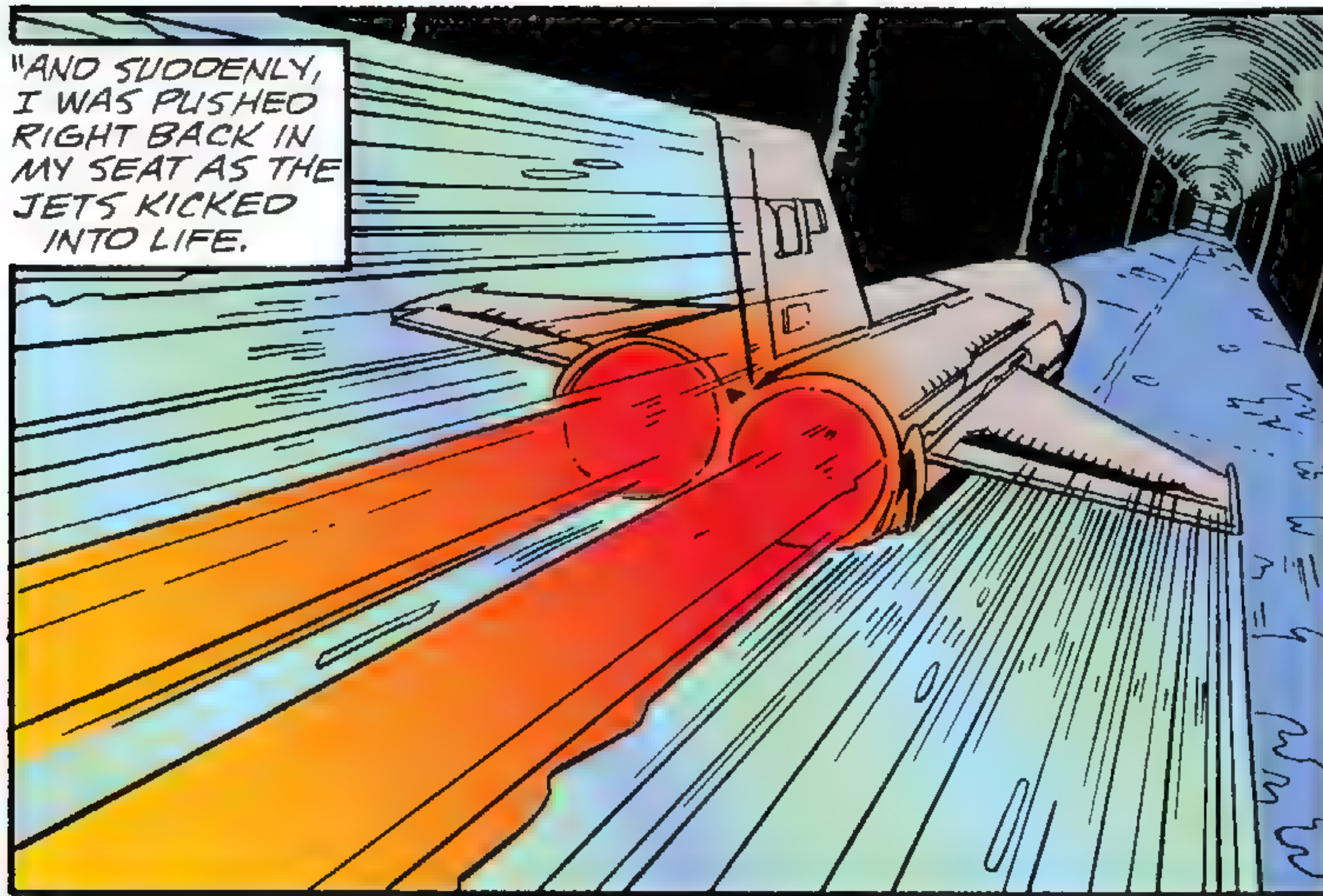
"WE HAULED
OURSELVES UP
INTO THAT JET
LIKE OUR TAILS
WERE ON FIRE."

I JUST
HOPE I CAN
REMEMBER HOW
TO FLY THIS
THING.

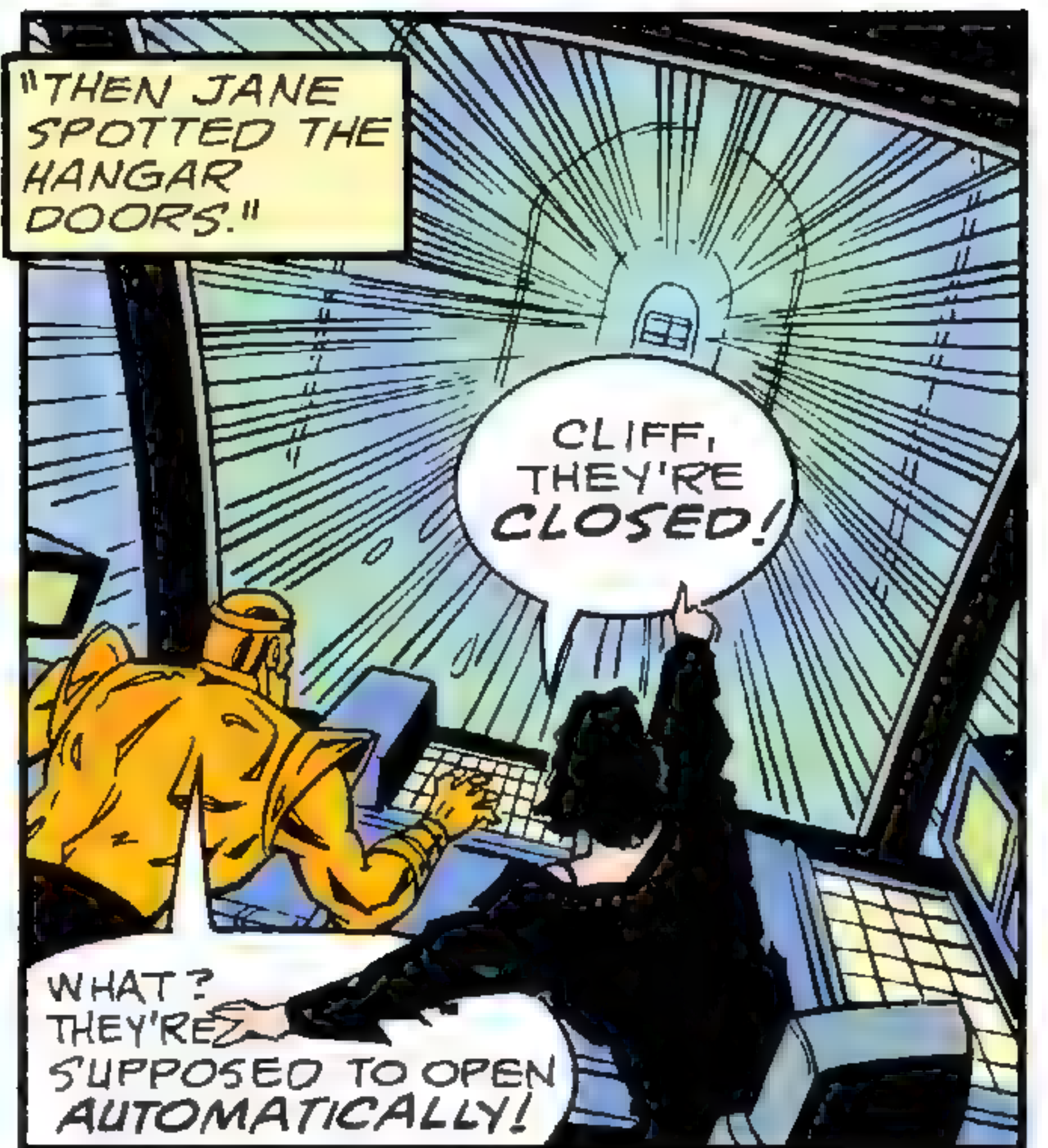


FWASH





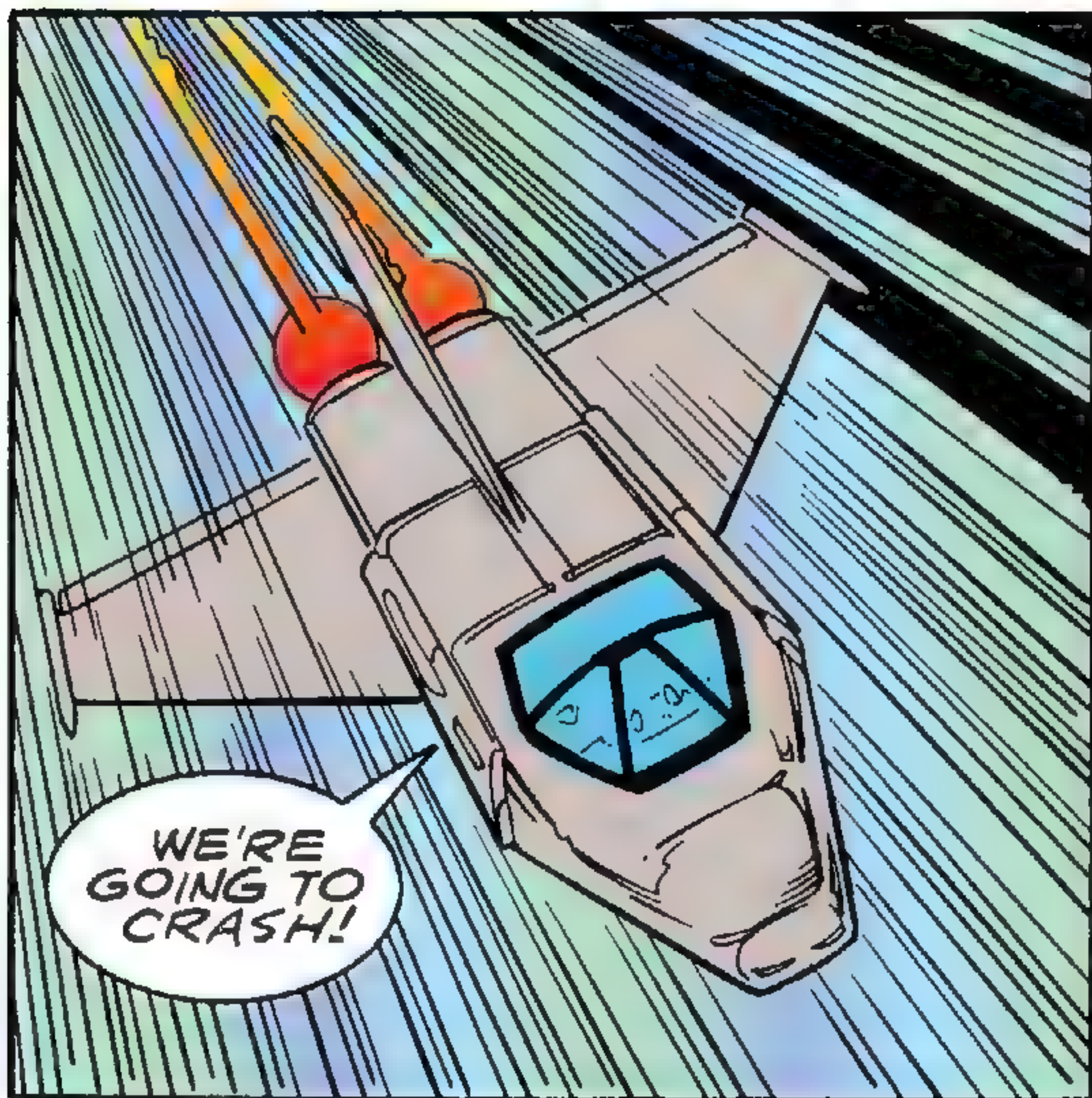
"AND SUDDENLY, I WAS PUSHED RIGHT BACK IN MY SEAT AS THE JETS KICKED INTO LIFE."



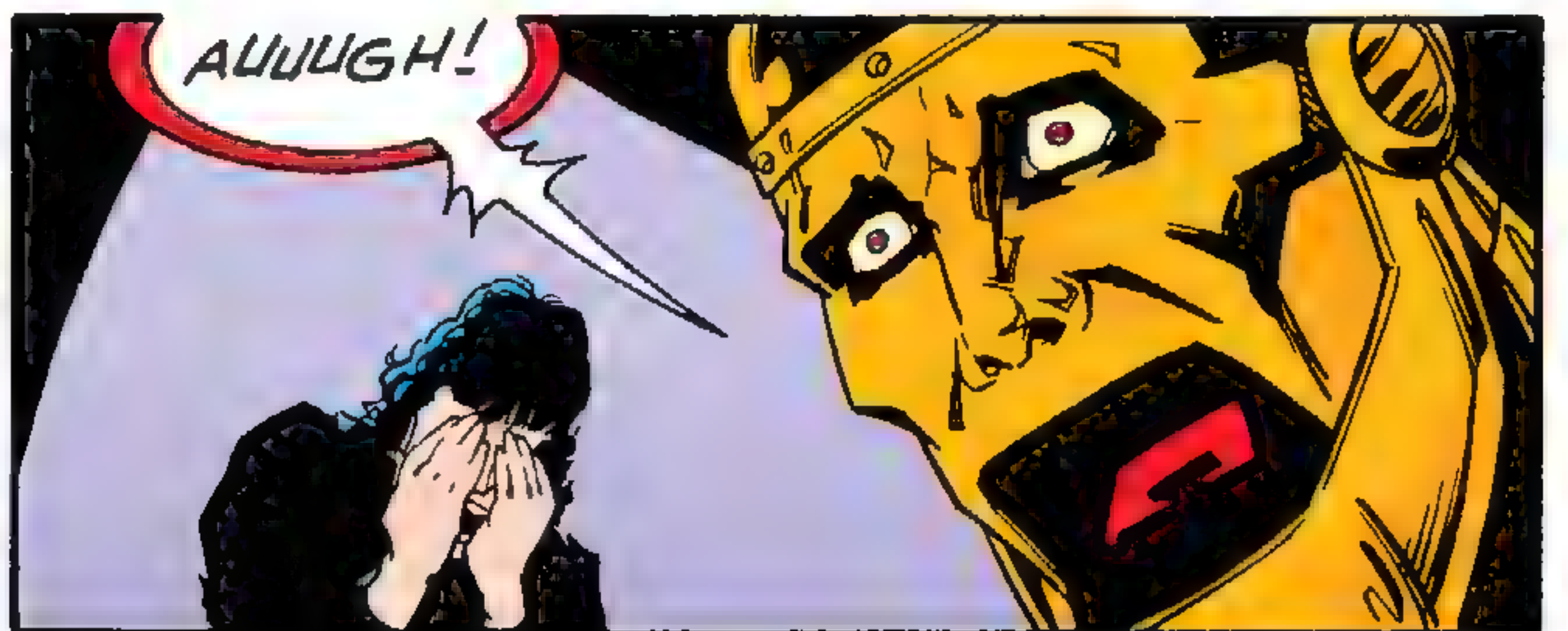
"THEN JANE SPOTTED THE HANGAR DOORS."

CLIFF, THEY'RE CLOSED!

WHAT? THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO OPEN AUTOMATICALLY!



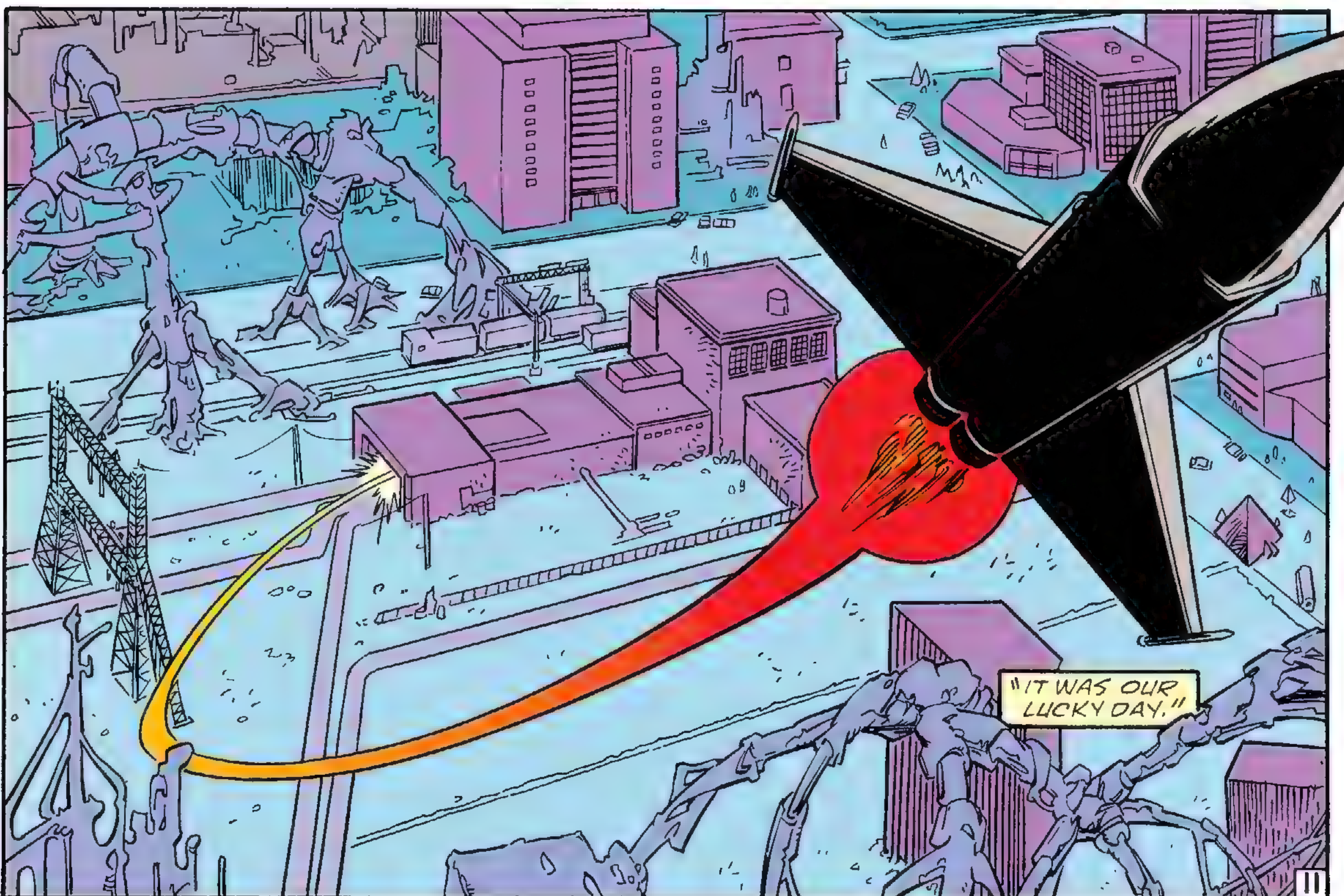
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!



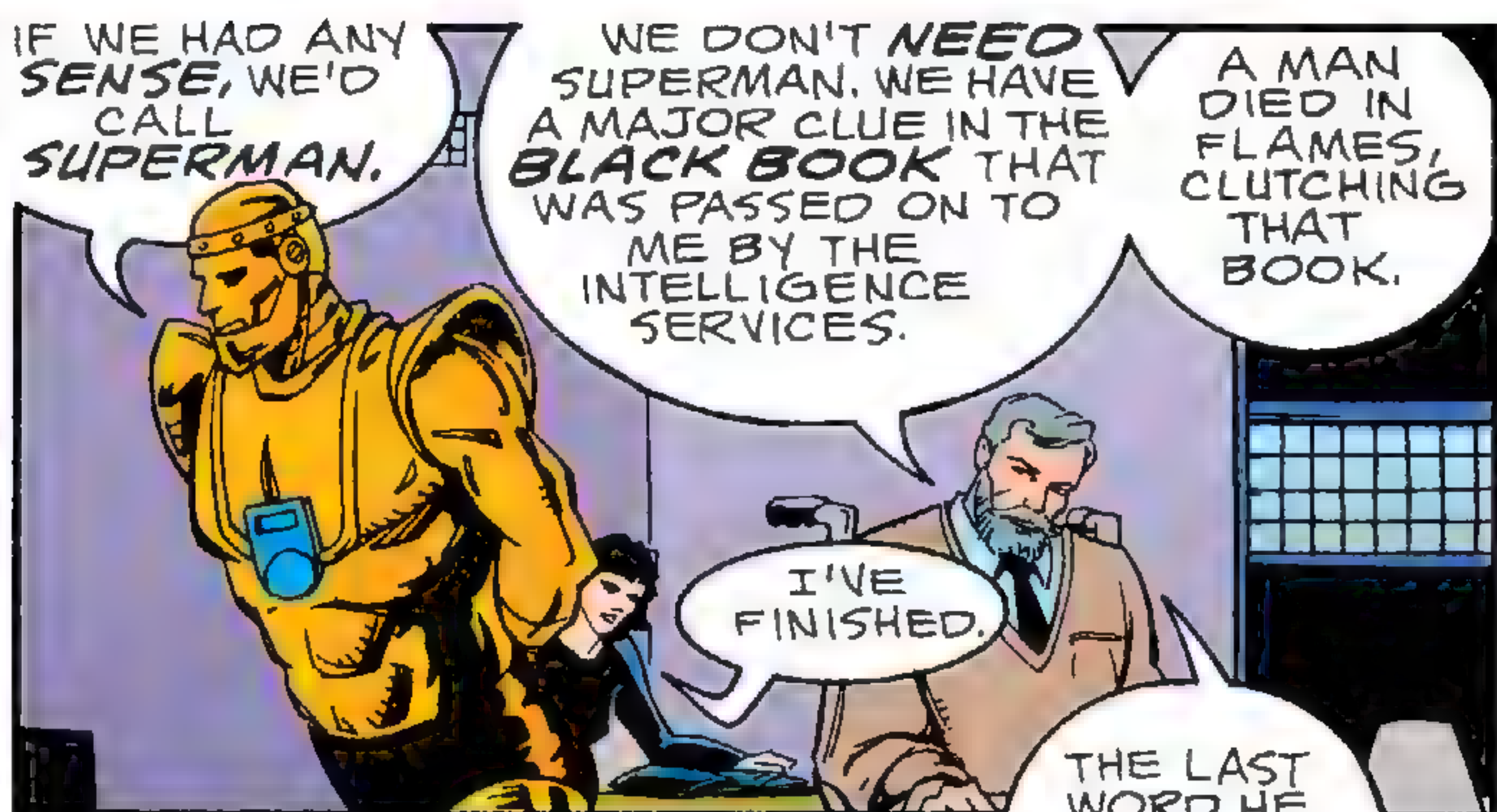
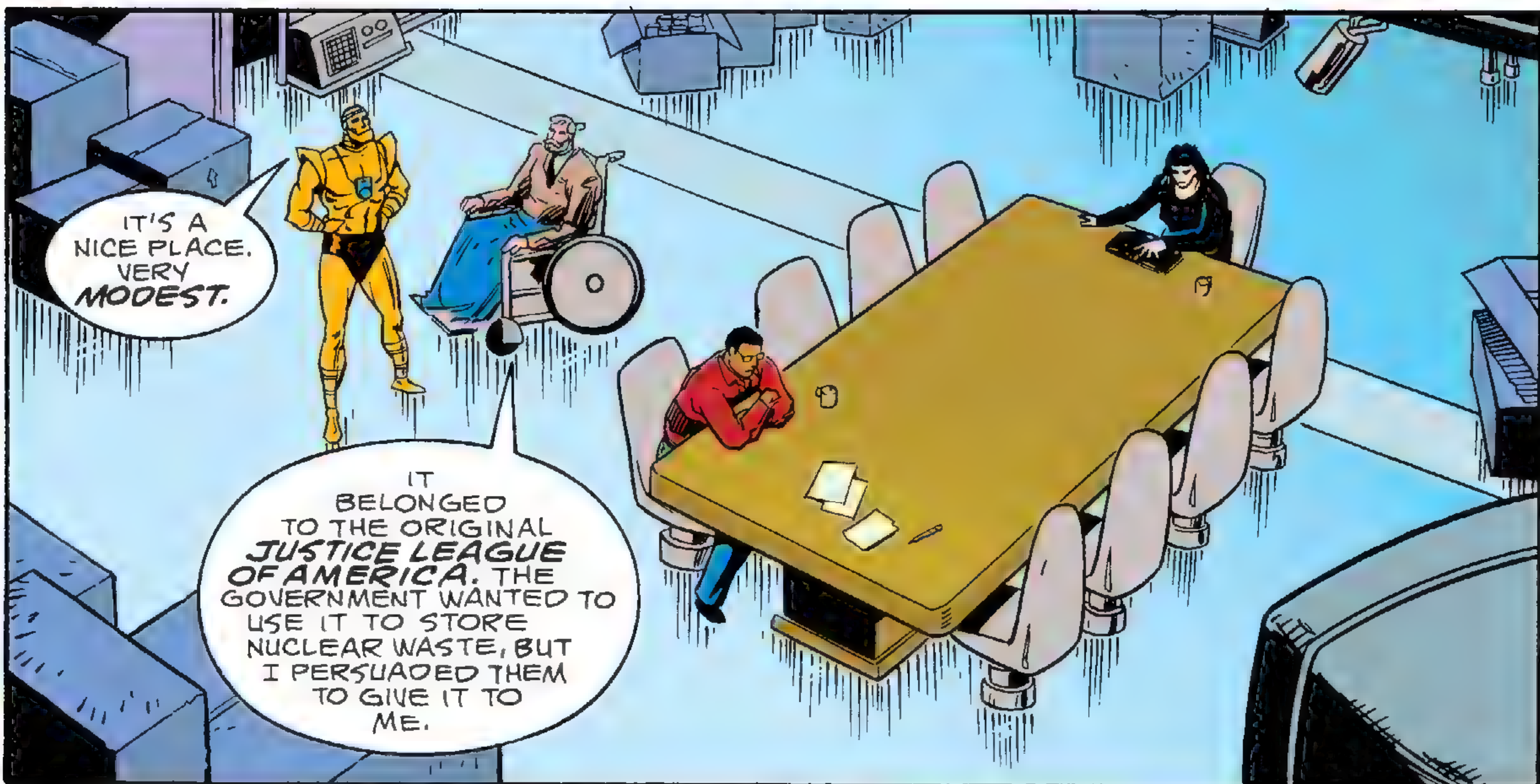
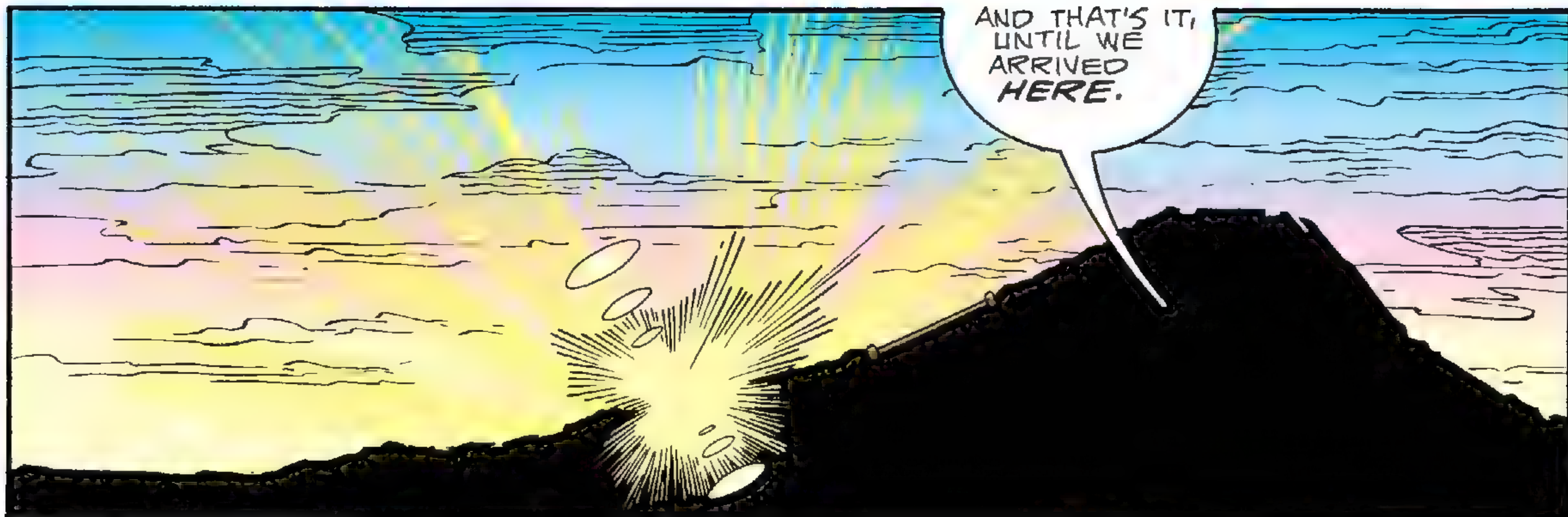
AUGH!

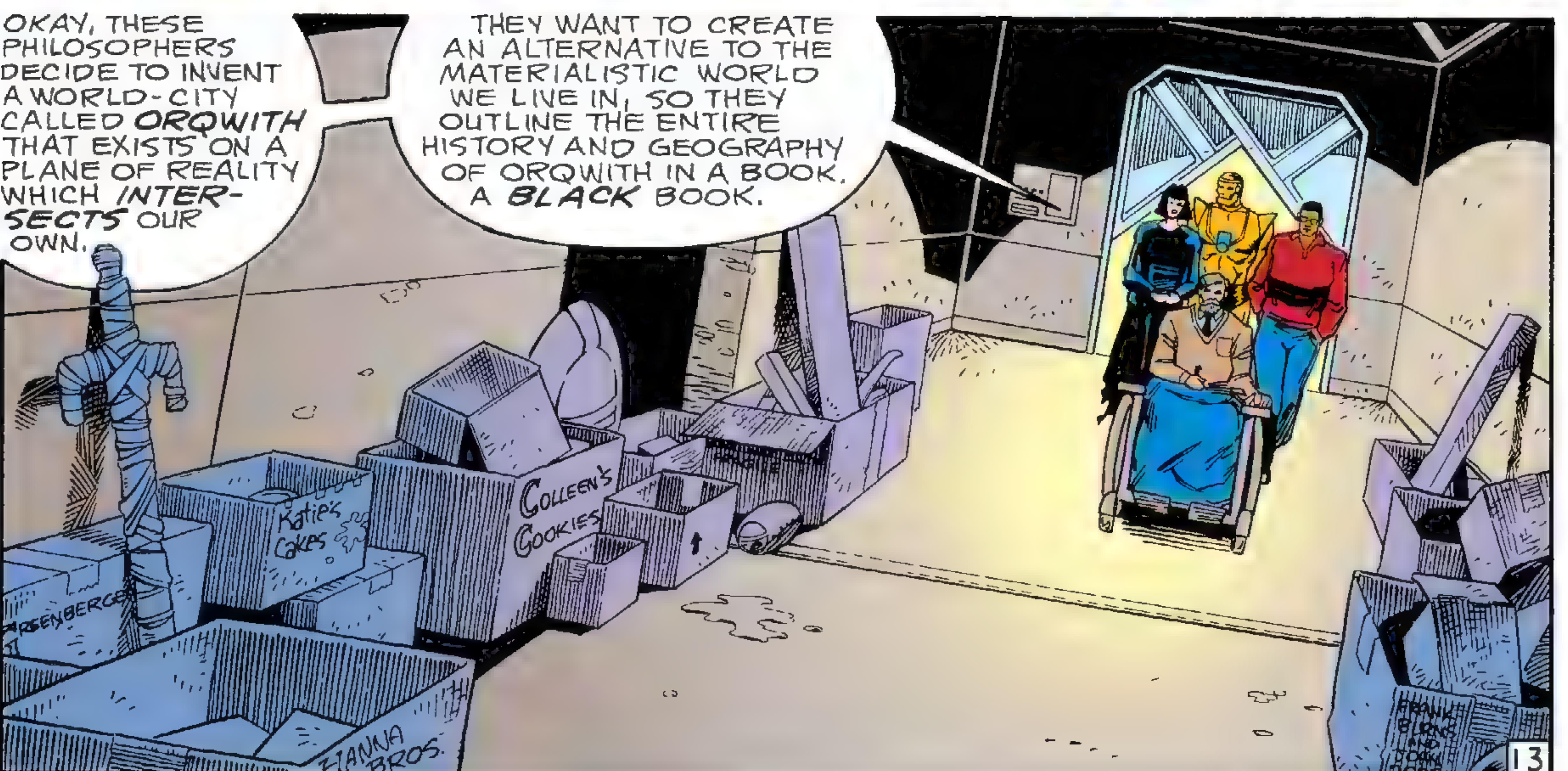
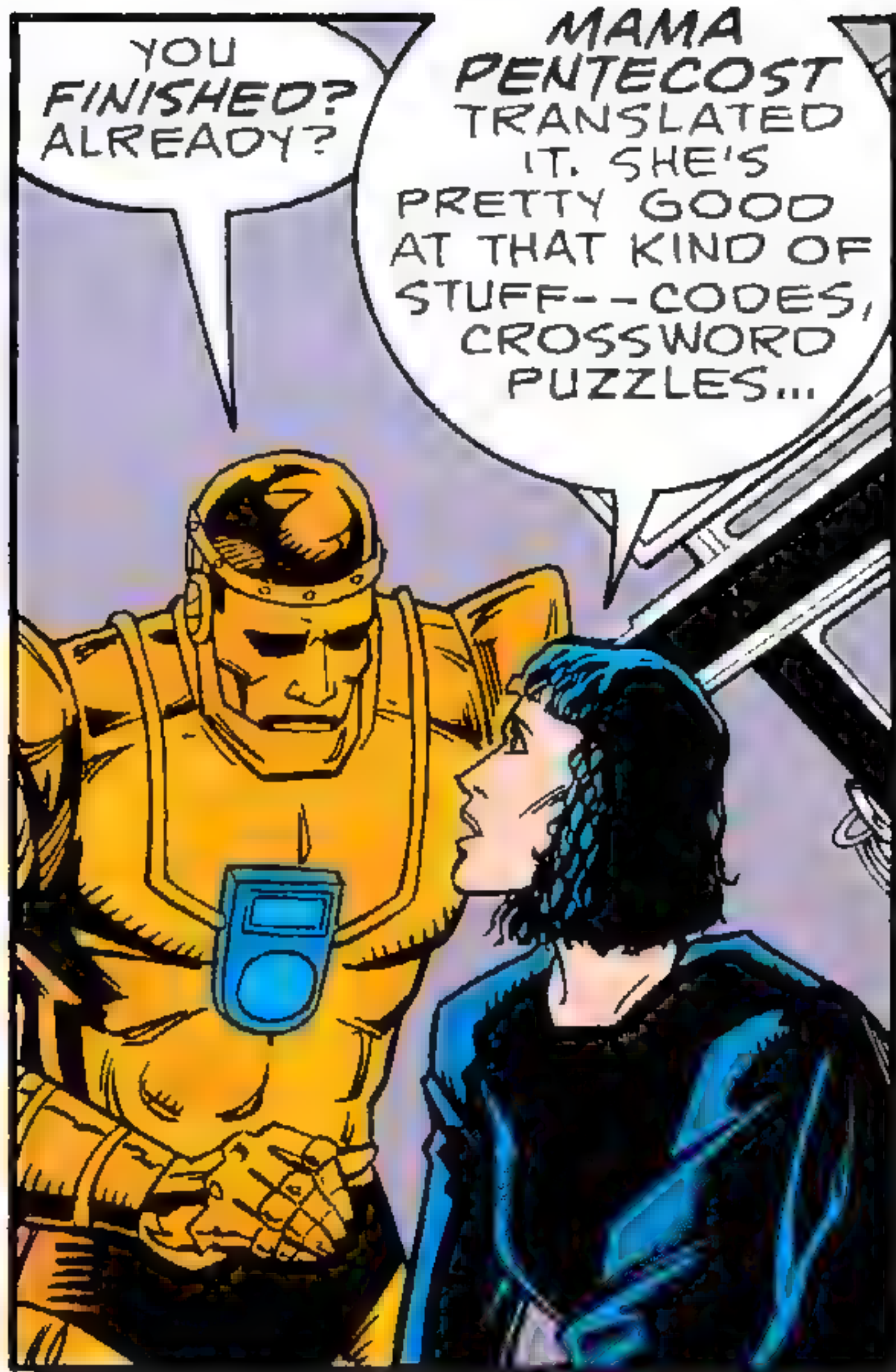


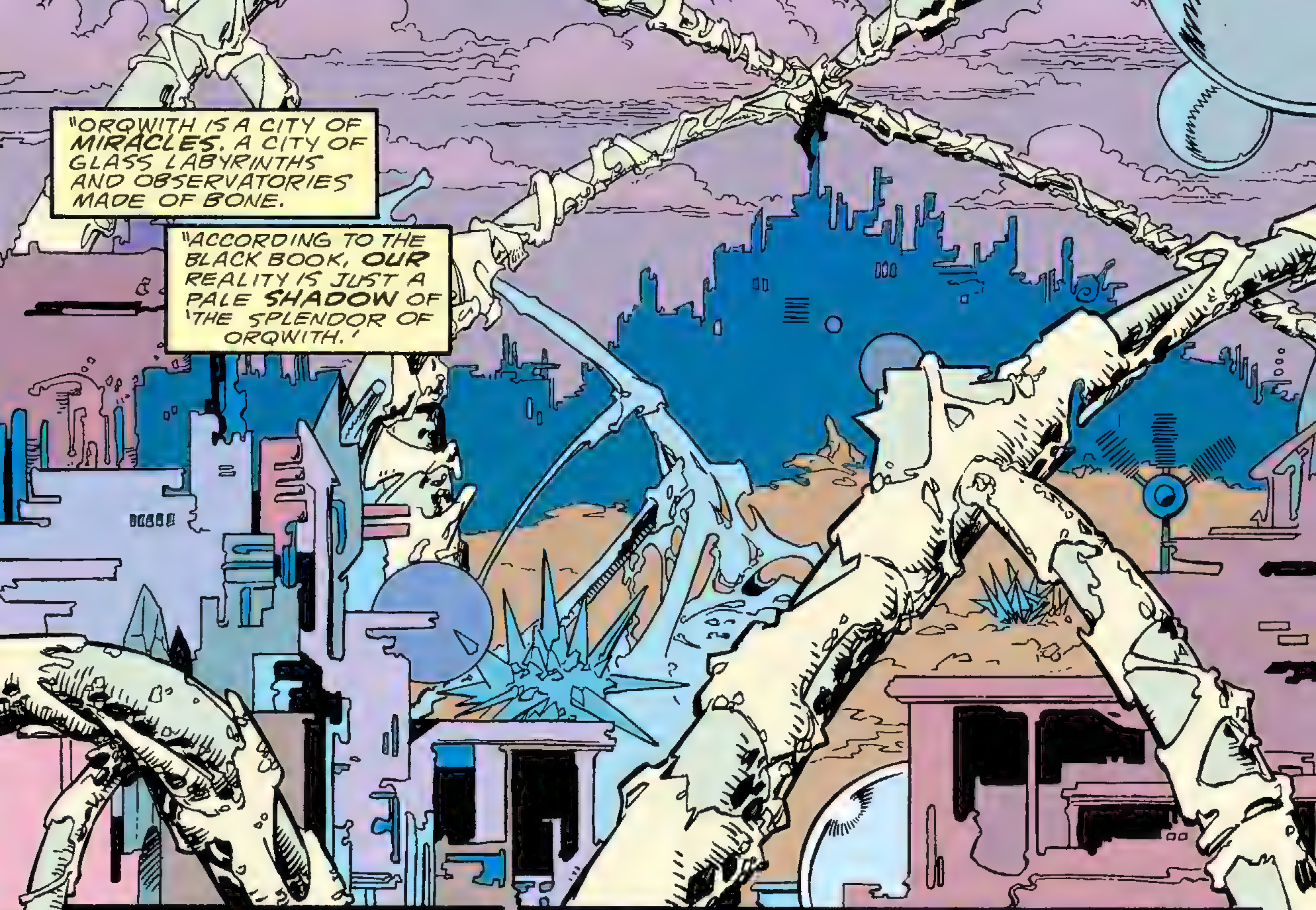
BUT LIKE I SAID...



IT WAS OUR LUCKY DAY.







"ORQWITH IS A CITY OF
MIRACLES. A CITY OF
GLASS LABYRINTHS
AND OBSERVATORIES
MADE OF BONE.

"ACCORDING TO THE
BLACK BOOK, OUR
REALITY IS JUST A
PALE SHADOW OF
'THE SPLENDOR OF
ORQWITH.'

"THE CITY GROWS BY
IMPLANTING PARTS OF
ITS OWN REALITY INTO
THAT OF OTHER WORLDS.
YOU SEE, IT INFILTRATES
THEM, BIT-BY-BIT.

"FIRST IN SMALL
WAYS, THEN IN
CATASTROPHIC
FASHION.

"UNTIL FINALLY IT
ENGULFS THEM.

"AND THEY
BECOME
ORQWITH."



YEAH, BUT IS
THIS A **BOOK**
OR IS IT
REAL?

WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE
HAPPENED TO THESE
PHILOSOPHER-GUYS?
IN THE **BOOK**, I
MEAN?

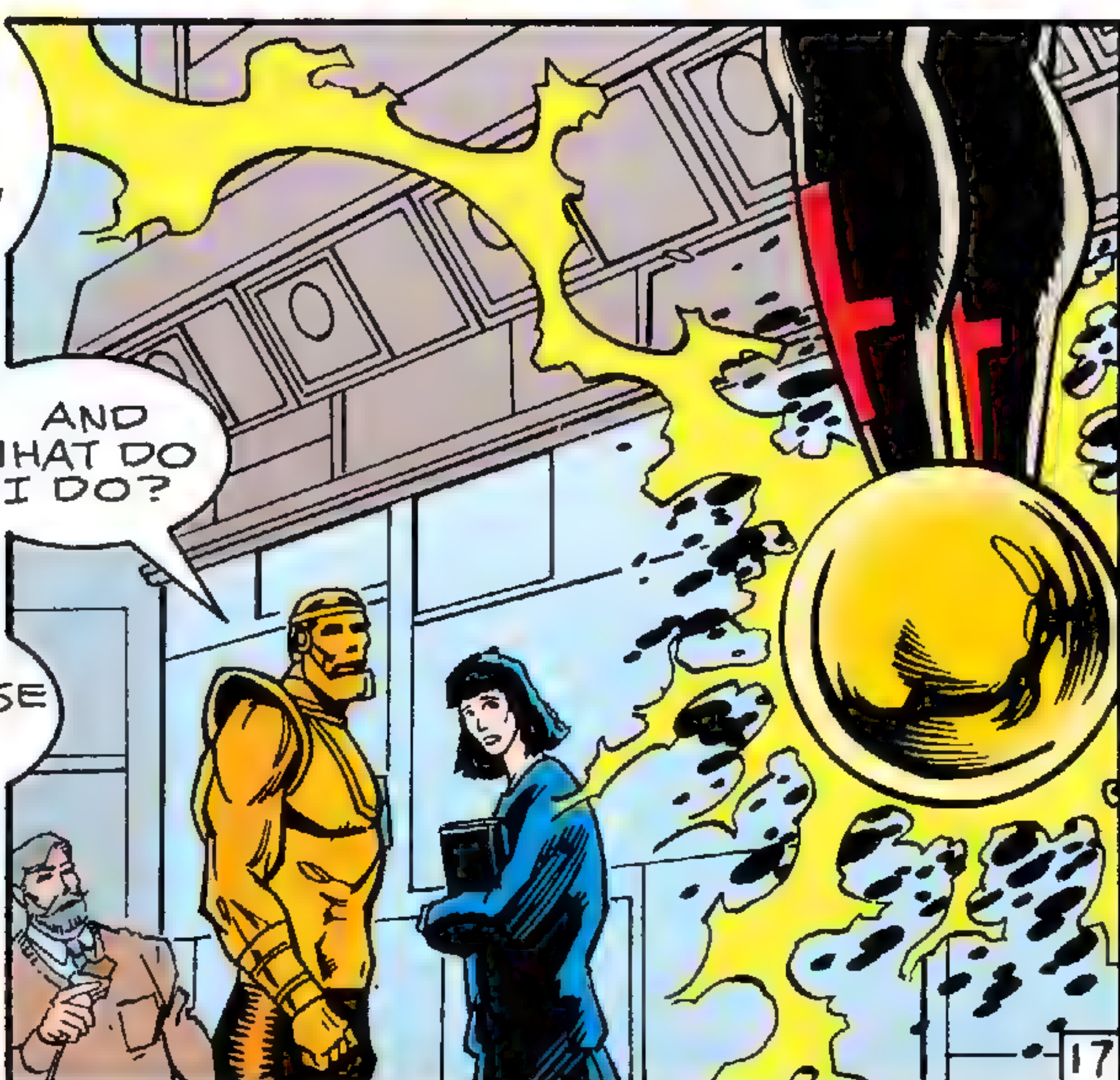
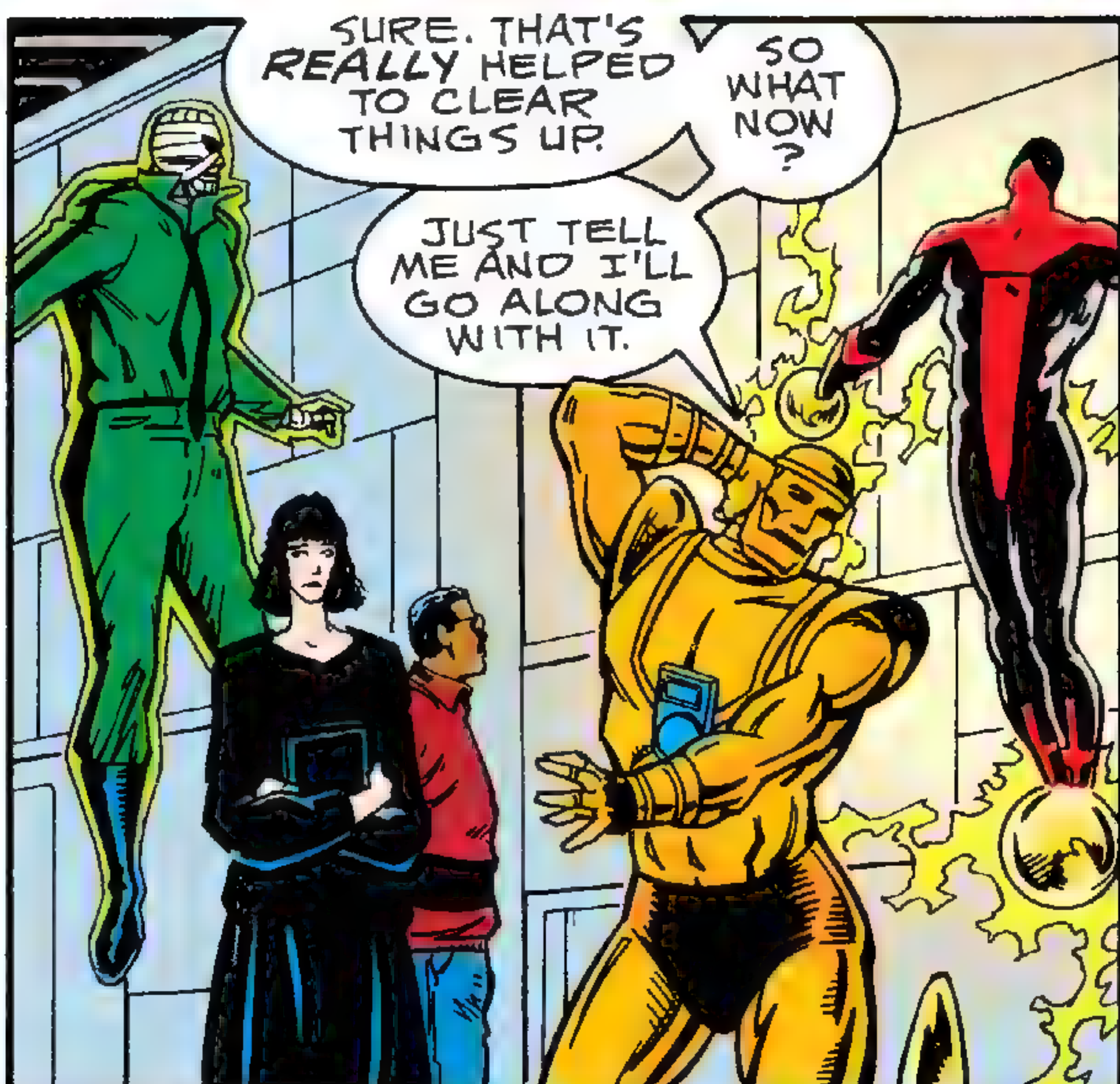
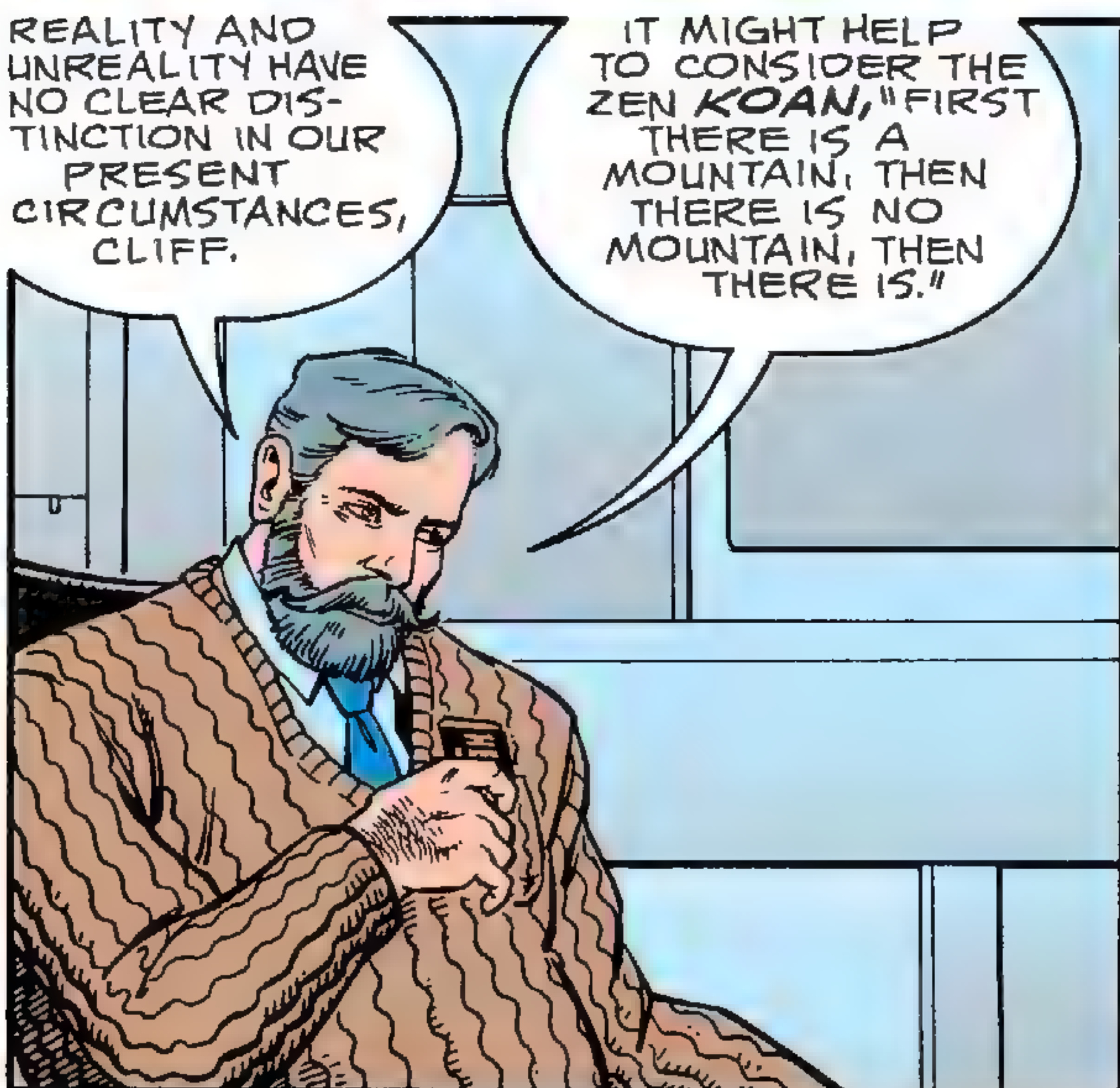
IN THE
END, THEY'RE
DEVoured
BY THEIR
OWN CREATION.

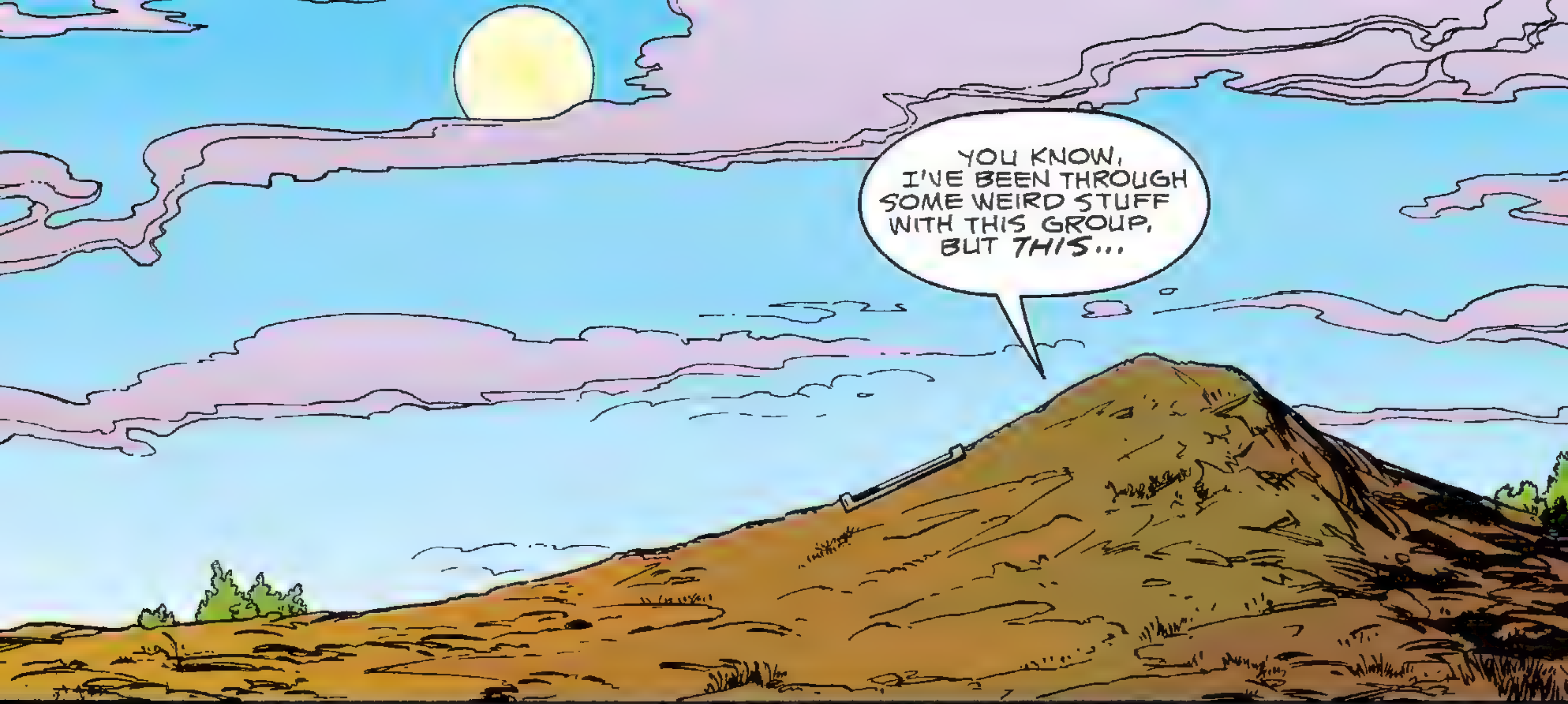
"THE **BOOK** BECOMES THE
GATEWAY BETWEEN THE
IMAGINARY AND THE
REAL.

"AND
ORQWITH
GETS
OUT.









YOU KNOW,
I'VE BEEN THROUGH
SOME WEIRD STUFF
WITH THIS GROUP,
BUT *THIS*...

WE'RE FIGHTING
GUYS THAT AREN'T
EVEN *REAL*.
LARRY'S TURNED
INTO GOD KNOWS
WHAT...

... AND
YOU'VE BEEN
QUIETER THAN
A TRAPPIST
MONASTERY.

YEAH.
LISTEN,
I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT
I'M *DOING*
HERE.

I KEEP TRYING
TO *LEAVE* AND
THEN I REALIZE
THERE'S NOWHERE
TO LEAVE *TO*.

THIS SUPER-HERO
STUFF IS GETTING ME
DOWN, MAN. I DON'T
KNOW WHERE IT'S
ALL GOING TO
END.

I KNOW THE
FEELING.

BUT YOU PULLED
YOURSELF THROUGH,
CLIFF. LOOK AT
YOU-- YOU *THRIVE*
ON ALL THIS TENSION
AND THINGS HAPPEN-
ING... YOU'VE USED
IT TO GET
THROUGH.

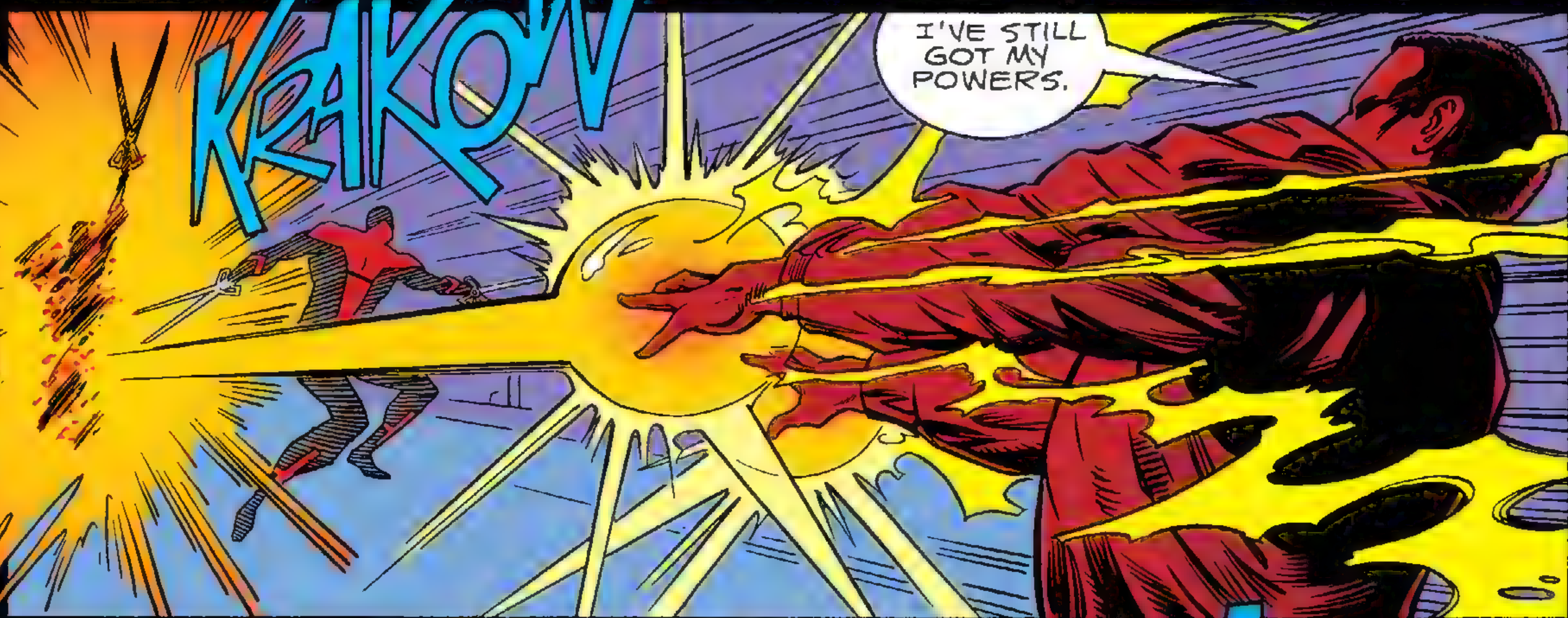
I ADMIRE
THAT. I
CAN'T DO
IT.

YEAH, WELL,
YOU'VE REALLY
GOT TO BE
MADE OF
METAL.

LOOK, THINGS
COULD BE
WORSE. AT
LEAST YOU'RE
REAL, NOT
LIKE OUR
PAL.

OVER
THERE.

CLIFF...







NICE
WORK,
MAN.



HOW
MANY
WERE
THERE?

DID
WE GET
THEM?



JOSH!

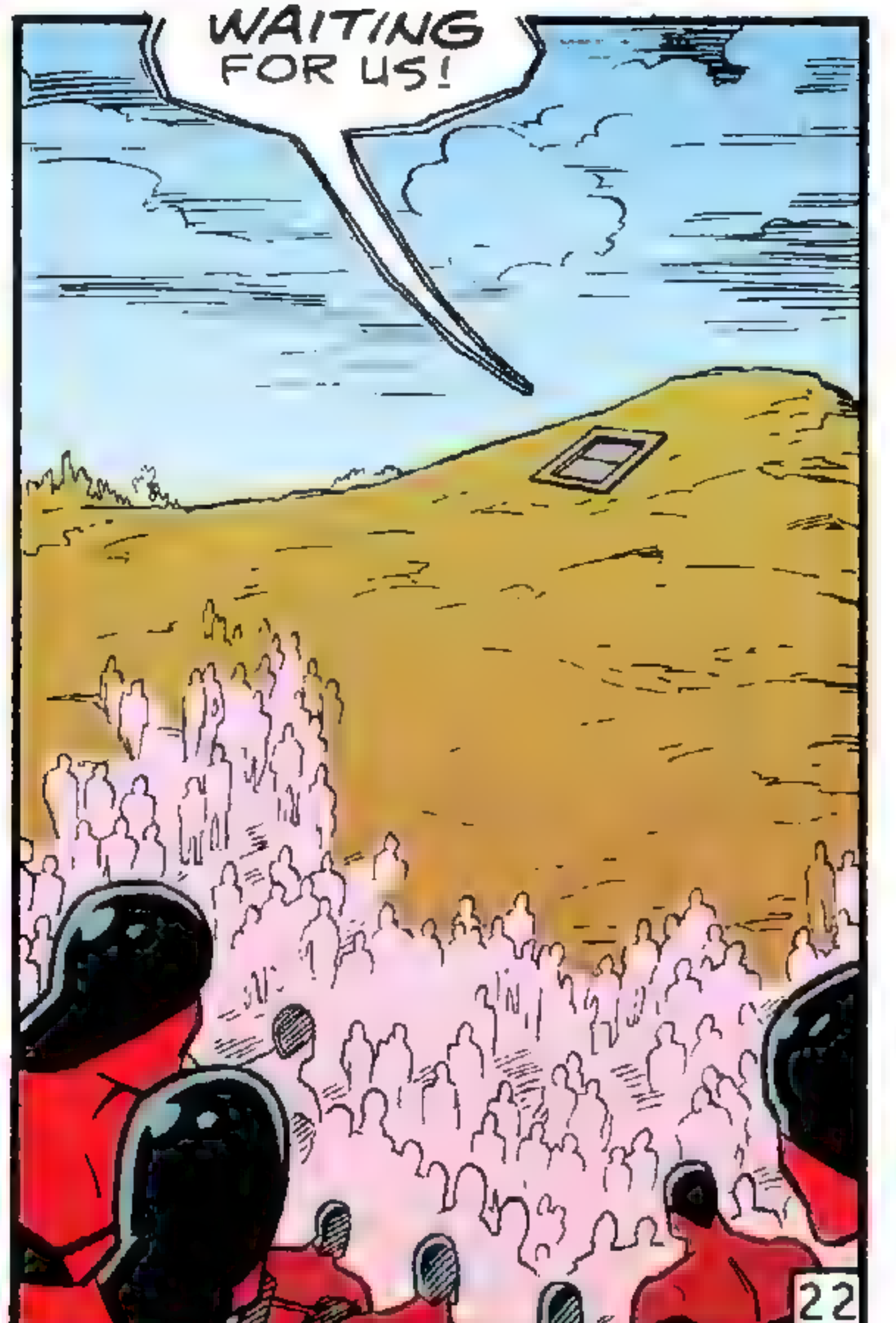
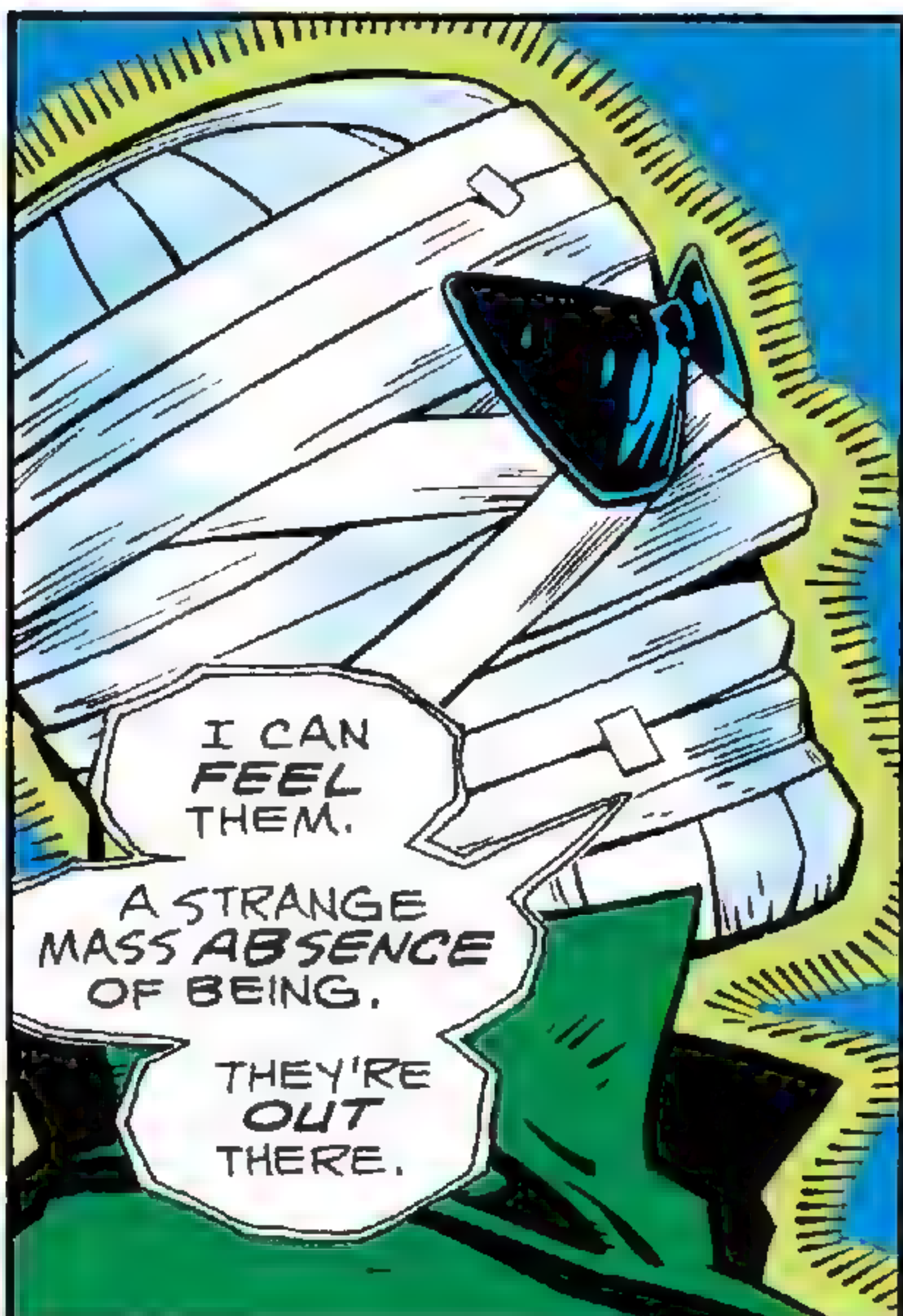
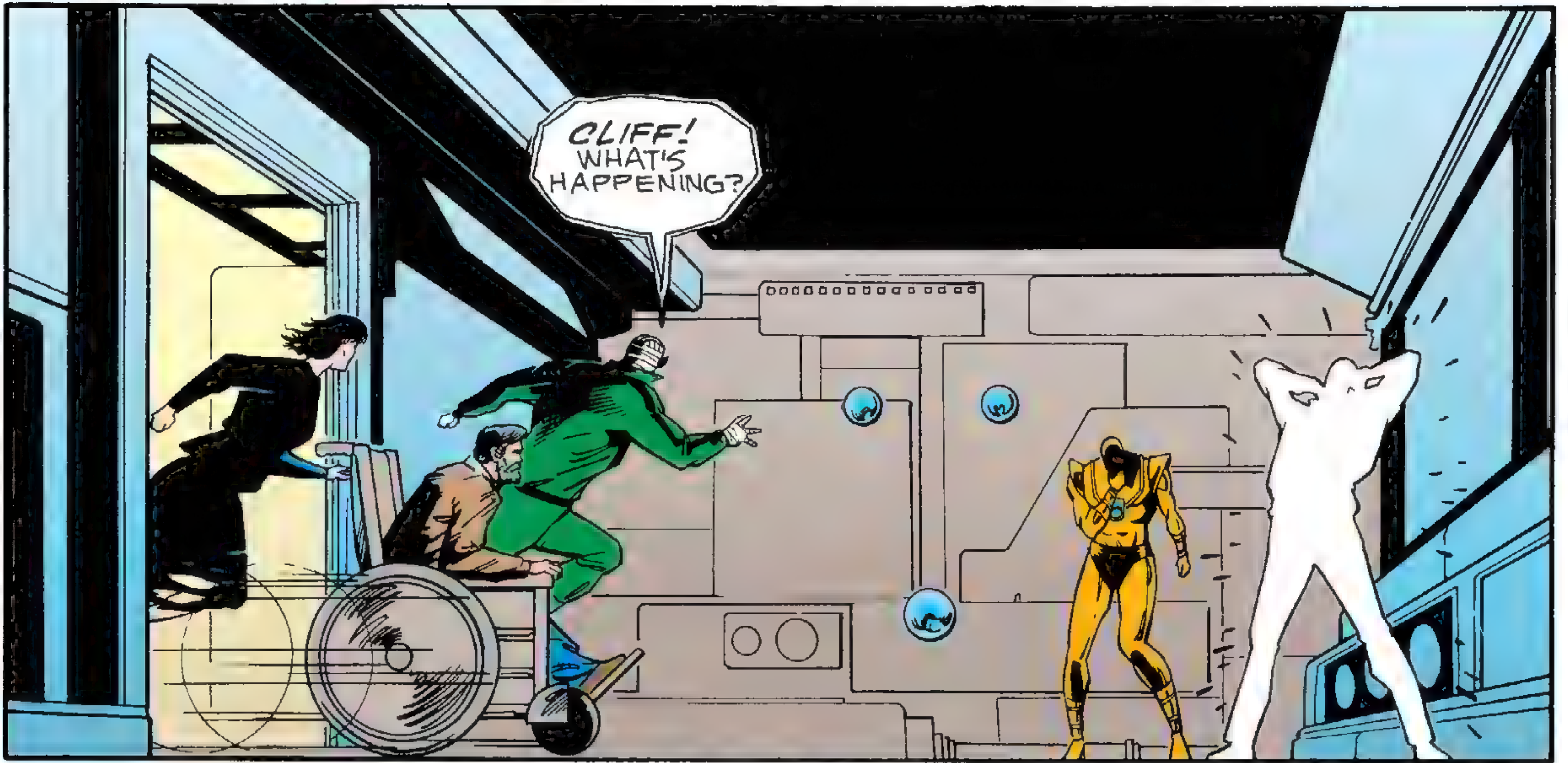


UNNNH!

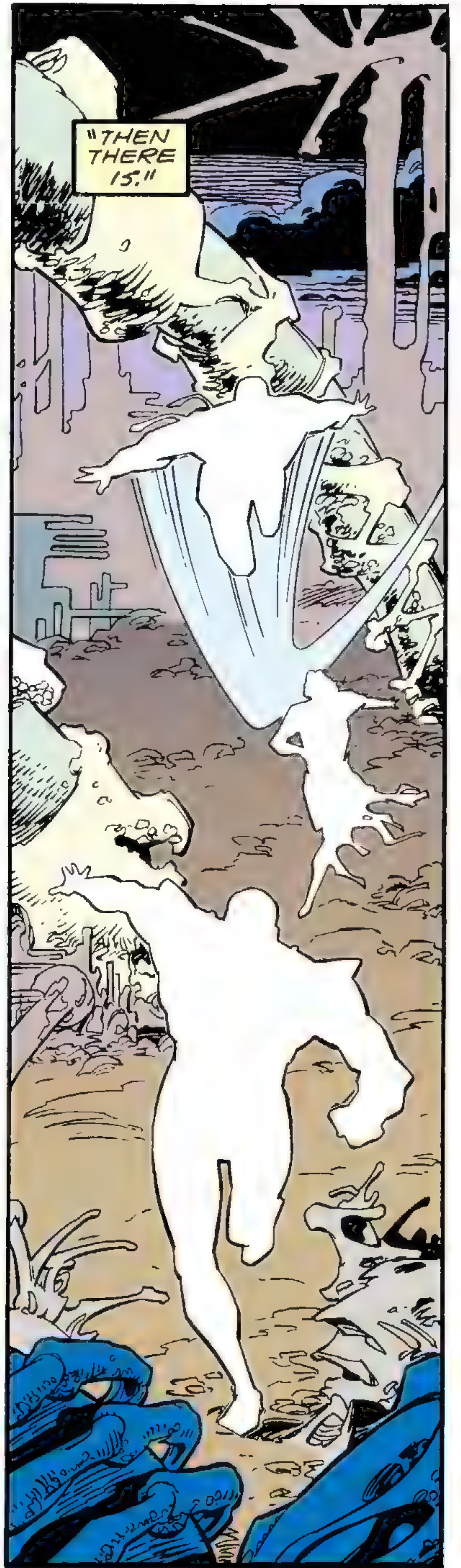
NARRATE
THE
ARMAMENT!



JOSH!









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MAY 89

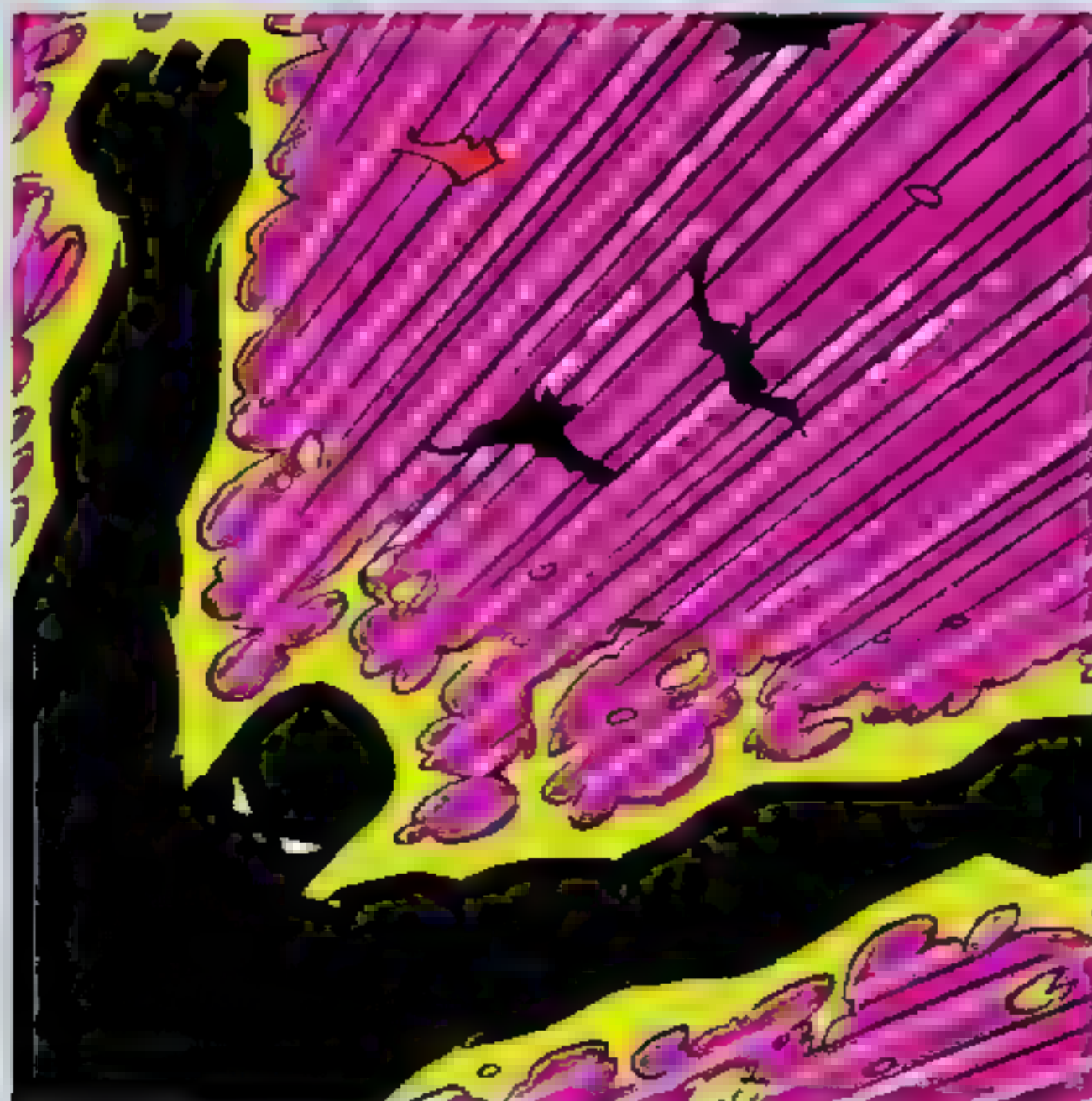
BY MORRISON,
CASE & HANNA

THE DOOM PATROL™



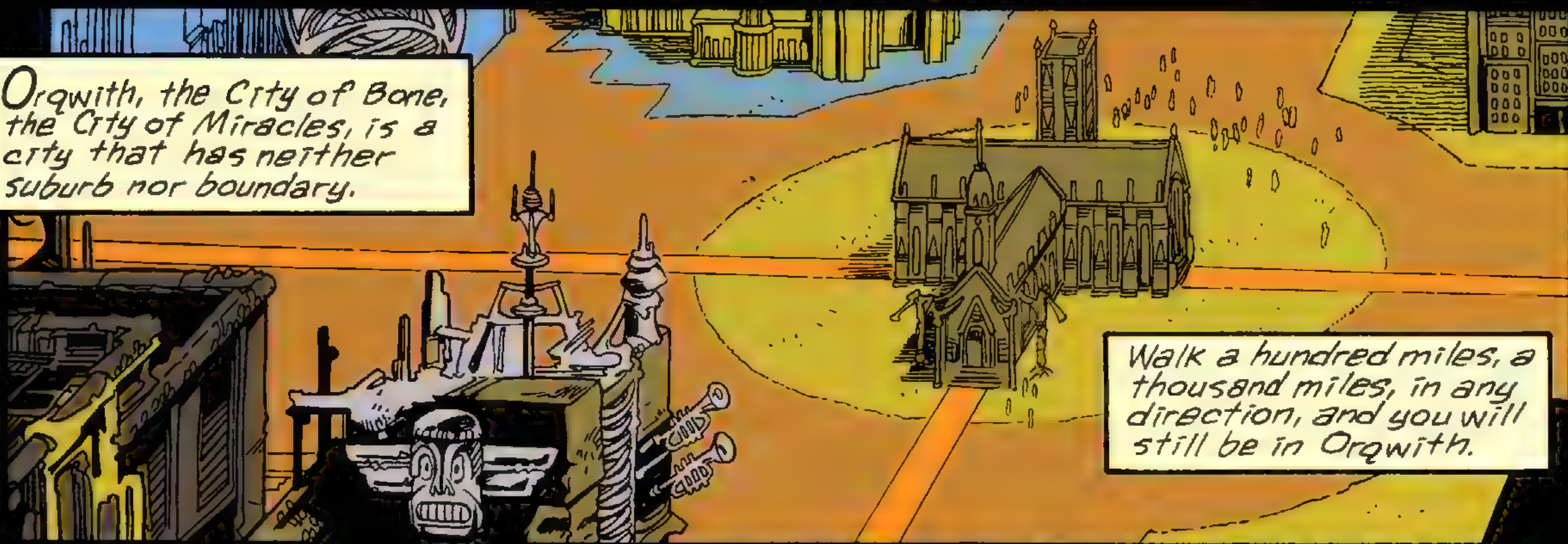
**CRAWLING
FROM THE
WRECKAGE**
PART 4 OF 4

dom PATROL



"Why is there *something*
instead of *nothing*?"

Orqwith, the City of Bone,
the City of Miracles, is a
city that has neither
suburb nor boundary.



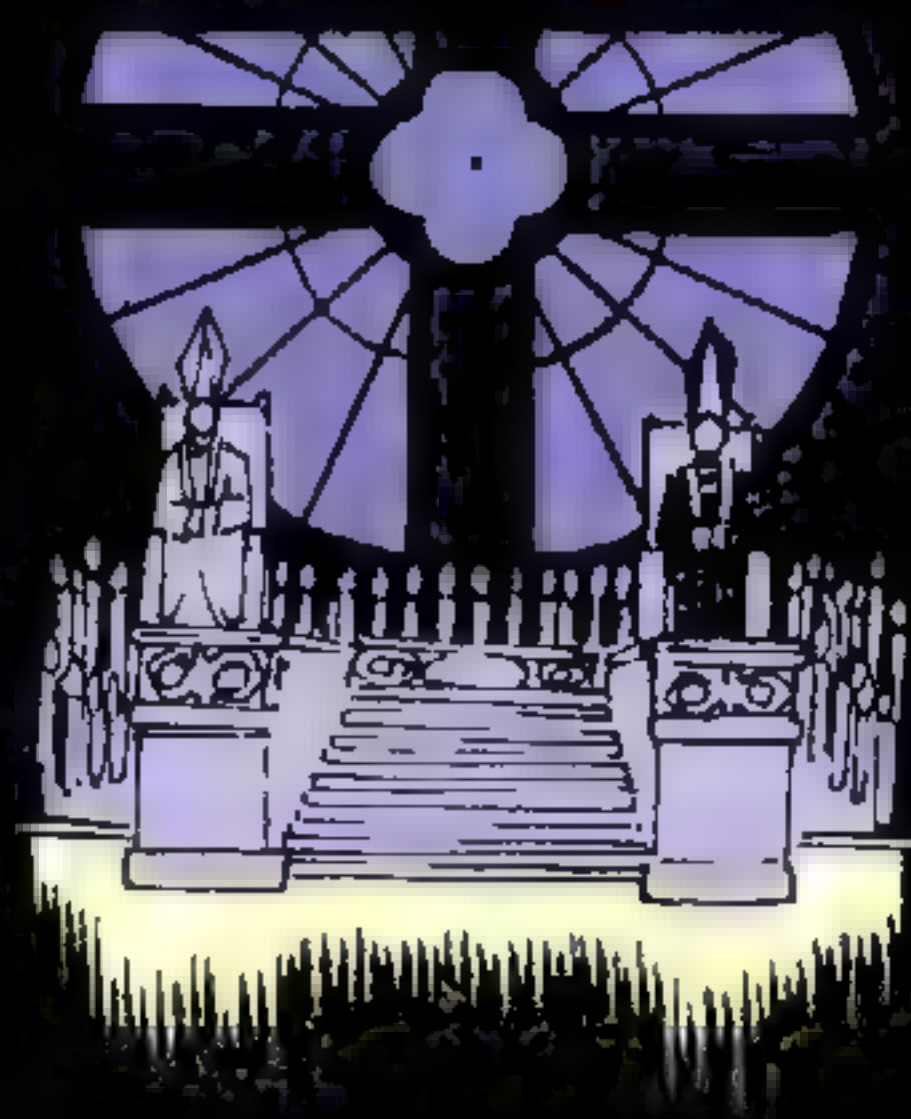
Walk a hundred miles, a
thousand miles, in any
direction, and you will
still be in Orqwith.

The city has spread
like ripples in a pond
from one central point—
the Quadrivium—which is
itself the terrestrial
image of the God of
the Crossroads.

And in the center of
the Quadrivium stands
the Ossuary, the Great
Cathedral of Orqwith.



The Ossuary
maintains a
devout silence,
the very air
worn thin by
continuous
prayer.



In the serious
light of stained
glass and votive
candles, two
priests meditate.

One is a liar, the
other, an honest
man.



And they are
waiting to answer
the Question that
will unmake the
world.



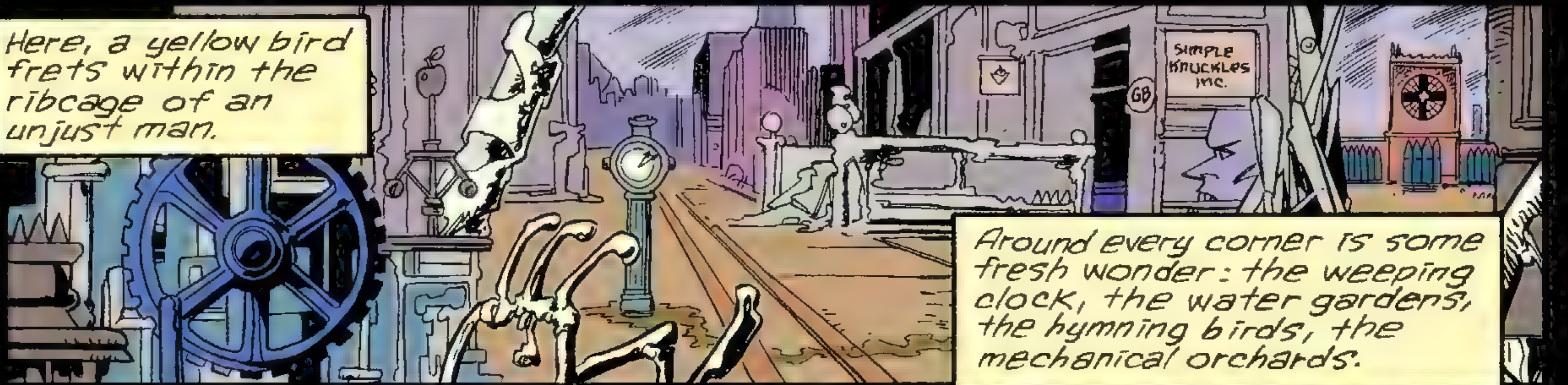


Beyond the Ossuary, the half-life of the city continues. Sleepwalkers drift among marvels wrought in the bone of the unnumbered dead.



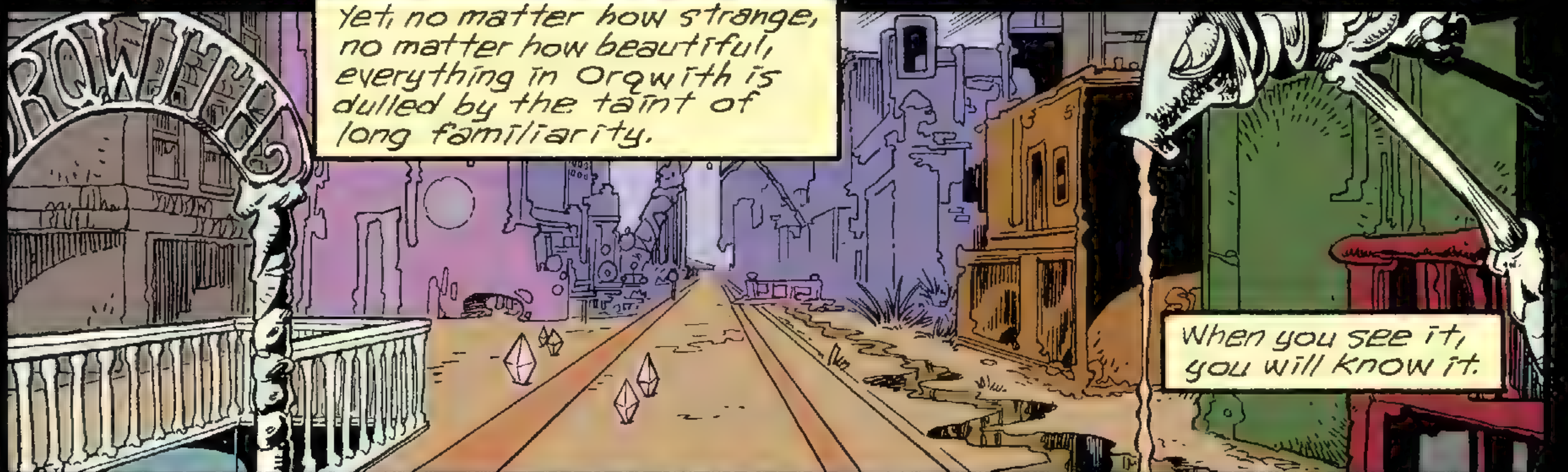
Empty orbits contain electric bulbs that light and go dim in response to changes in air pressure or humidity.

Here, the skull of a consumptive child becomes part of a great machine for calculating the motions of the stars.



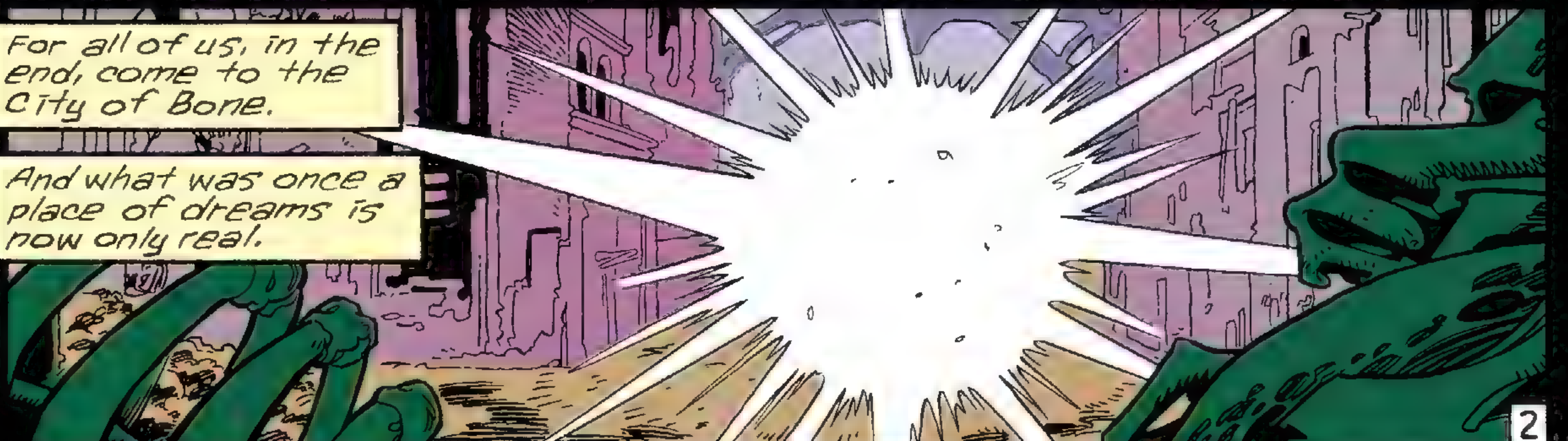
Here, a yellow bird frets within the ribcage of an unjust man.

Around every corner is some fresh wonder: the weeping clock, the water gardens, the hymning birds, the mechanical orchards.



Yet, no matter how strange, no matter how beautiful, everything in Orqwith is dulled by the taint of long familiarity.

When you see it, you will know it.



For all of us, in the end, come to the City of Bone.

And what was once a place of dreams is now only real.

THE OSSUARY

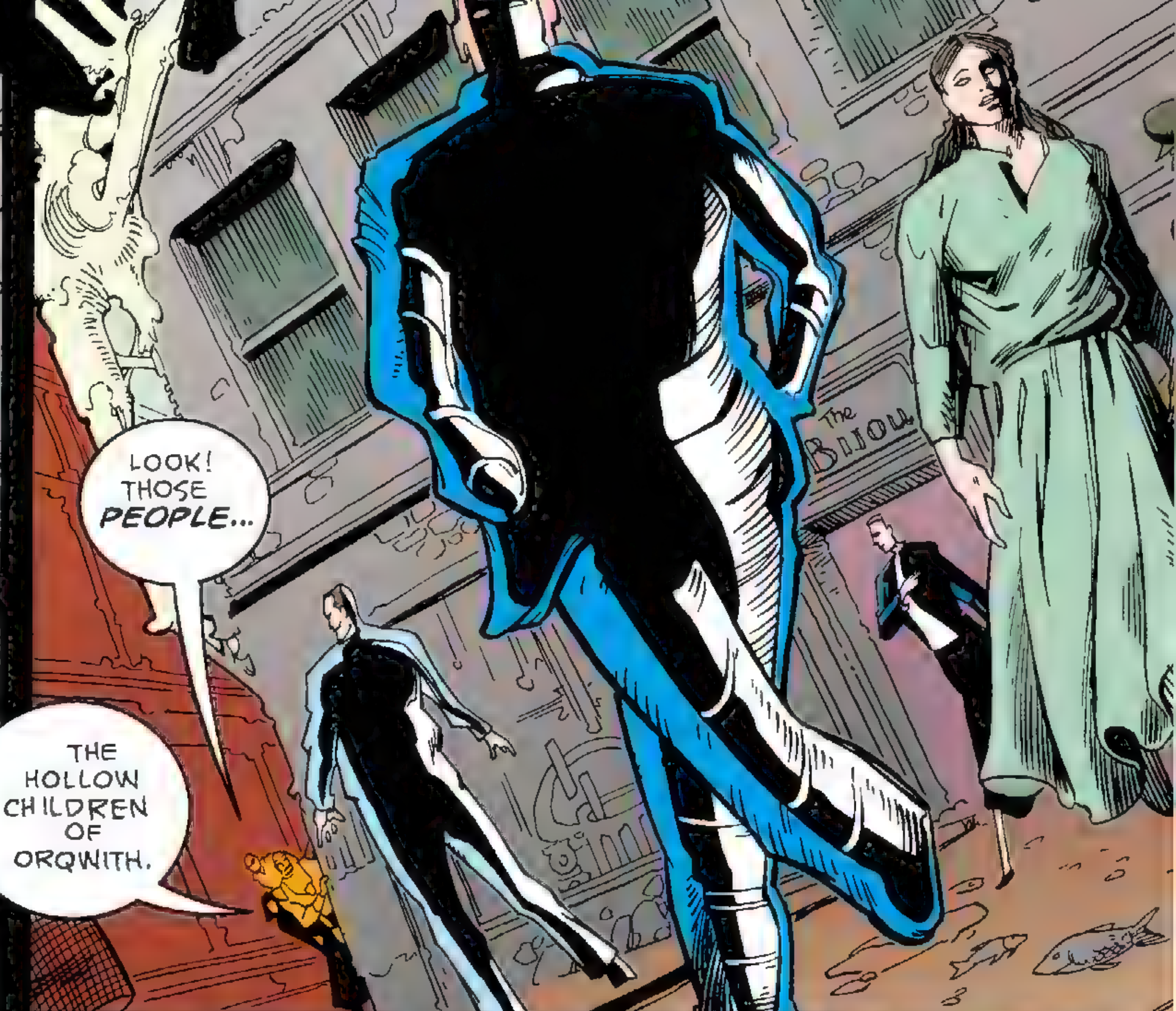




OKAY. OKAY.
WE'RE TRAPPED
IN AN **UNREAL**
WORLD THAT'S SLOWLY
EATING ITS WAY
INTO THE **REAL**
WORLD.

HOW
MUCH
WORSE
CAN
IT...

OH.



LOOK!
THOSE
PEOPLE...

THE
HOLLOW
CHILDREN
OF
ORQWITH.



THEY WERE
MENTIONED IN
THE **BLACK BOOK**.
PEOPLE FROM THE
REAL WORLD
TRANSFORMED
INTO CITIZENS
OF THE CITY
OF BONE...

CLIFF?

MY
GOD

...IT'S
JOSH...



JOSH!

JOSH!

CLIFF!
NO!



JOSH, IT'S
ME! IT'S
CLIFF!

OH, JESUS,
WHAT HAVE THEY
DONE TO YOU,
MAN?

...I'M
LOOKING...
FOR MY
HOUSE...

...CAN'T
FIND
IT...

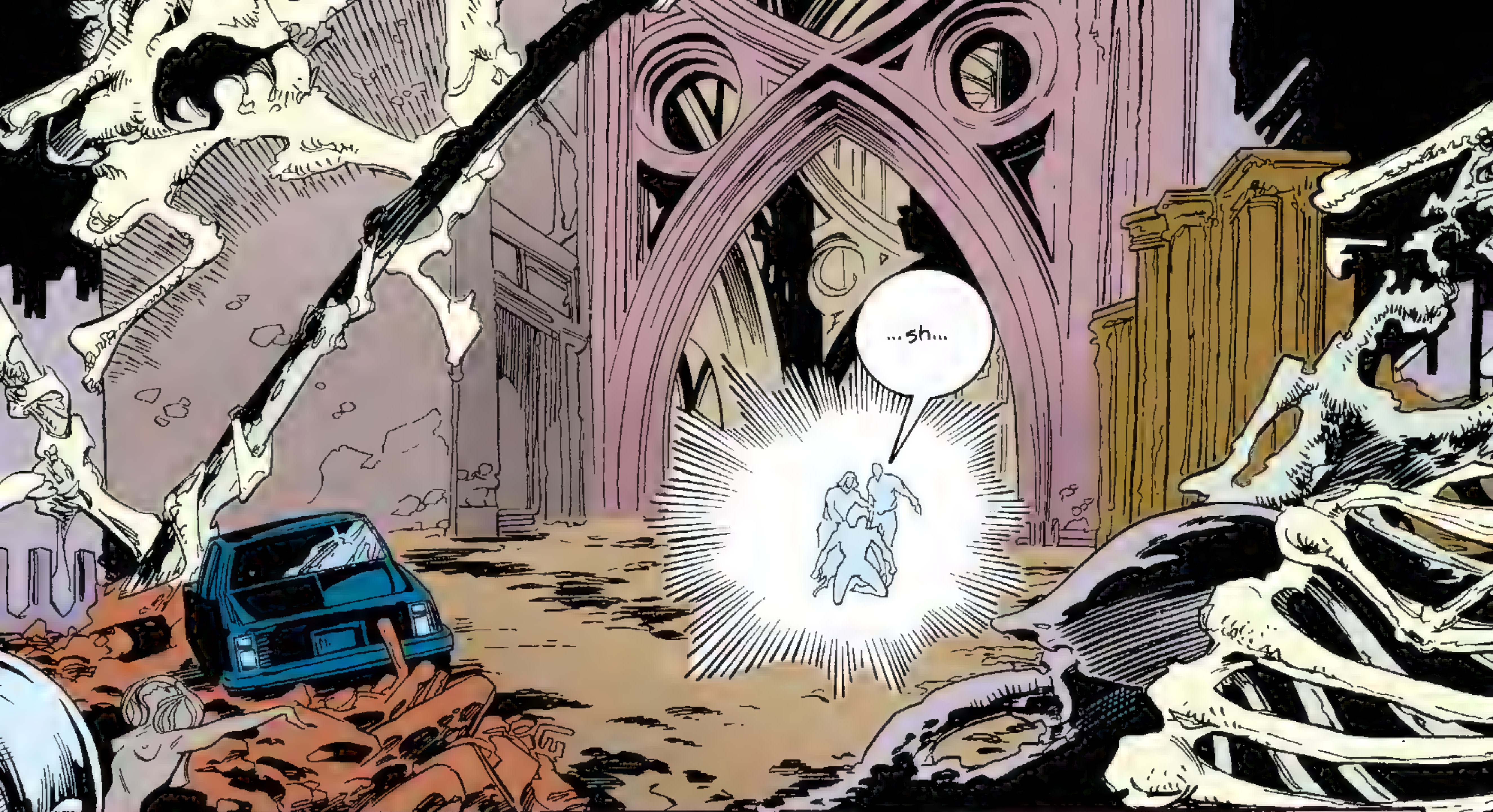
...CAN'T
FIND IT
ANYWHERE.



LISTEN,
WE'LL GET
YOU OUT OF
THIS!

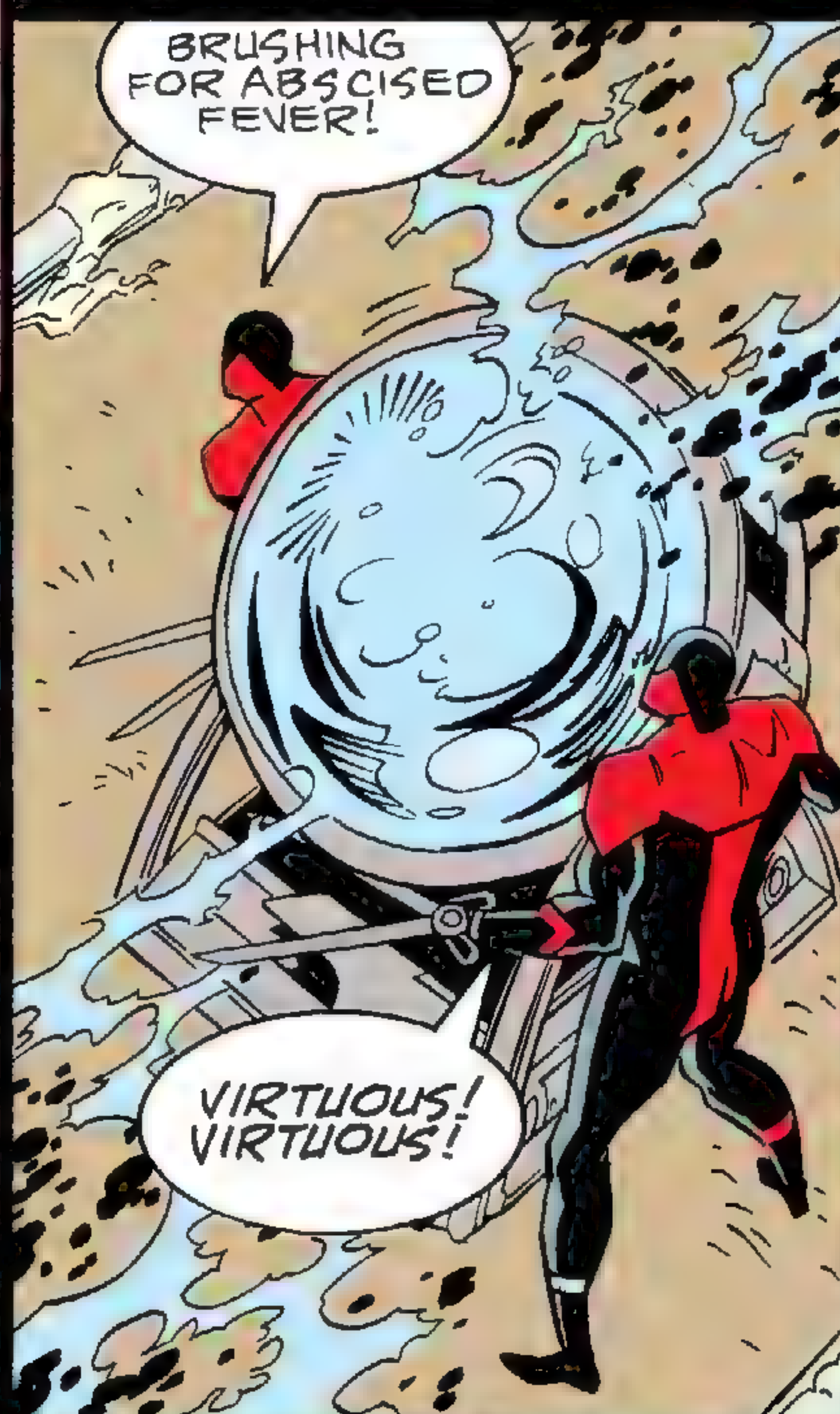
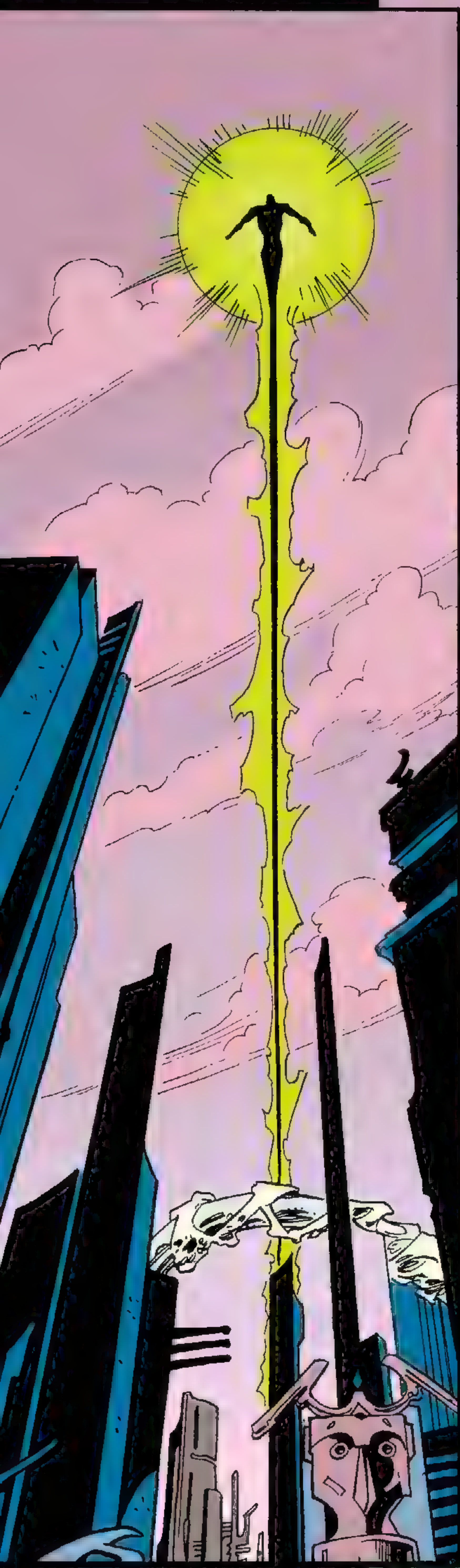
IT'LL BE
OKAY...

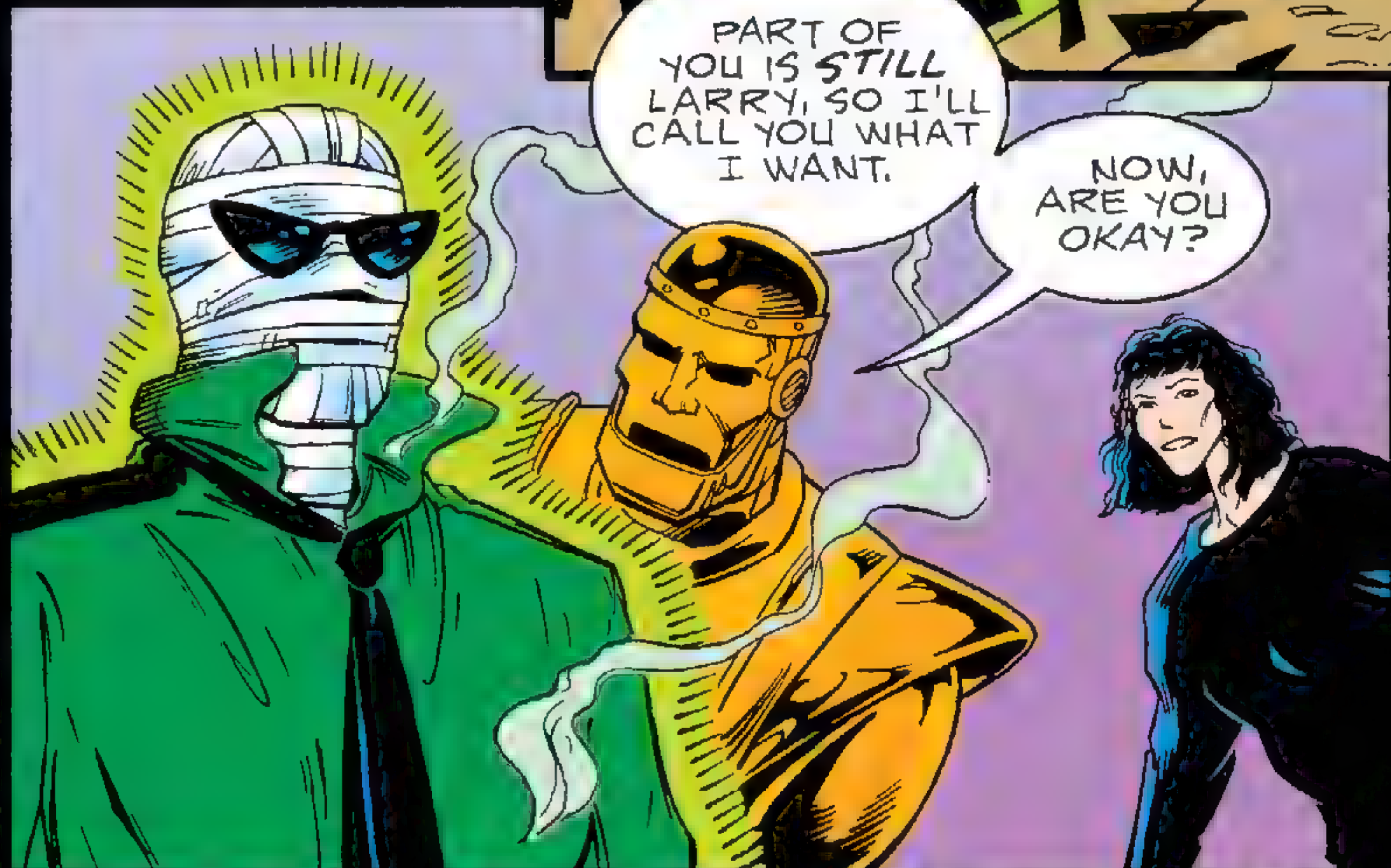
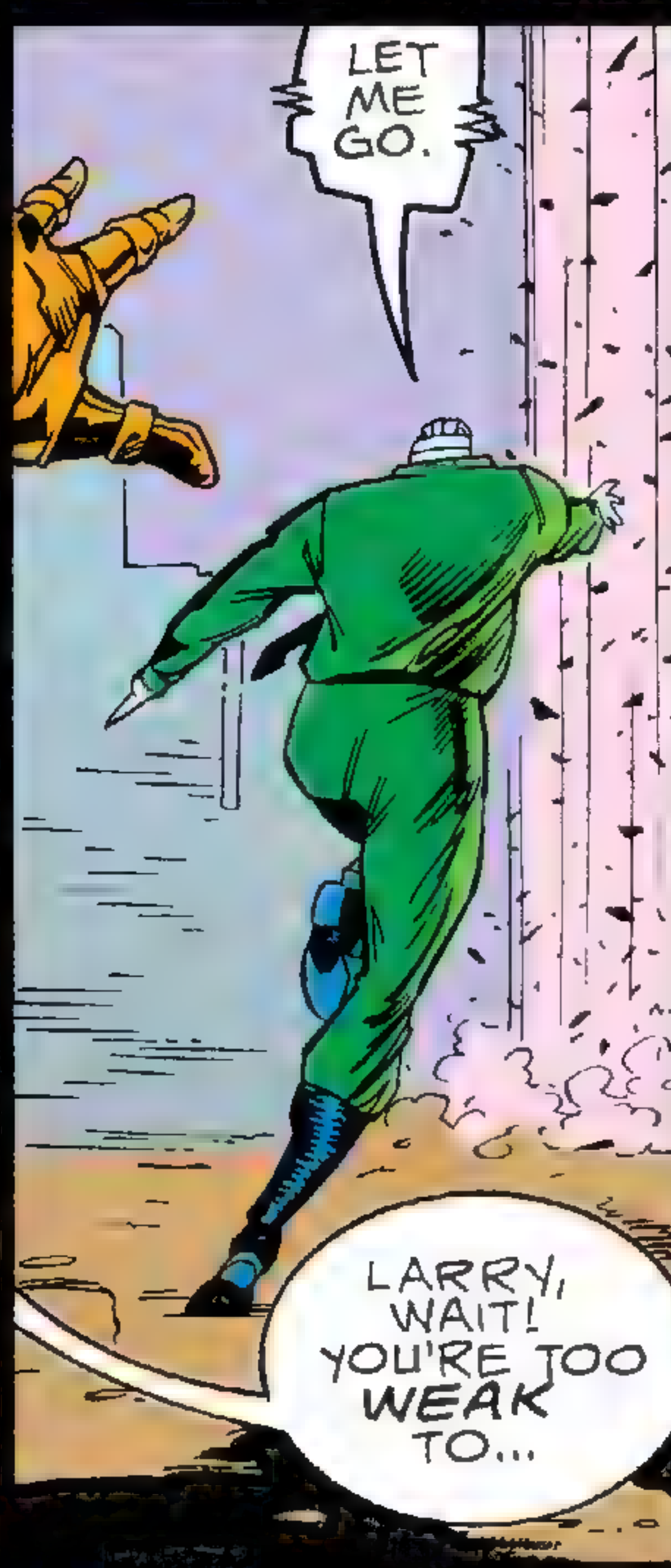








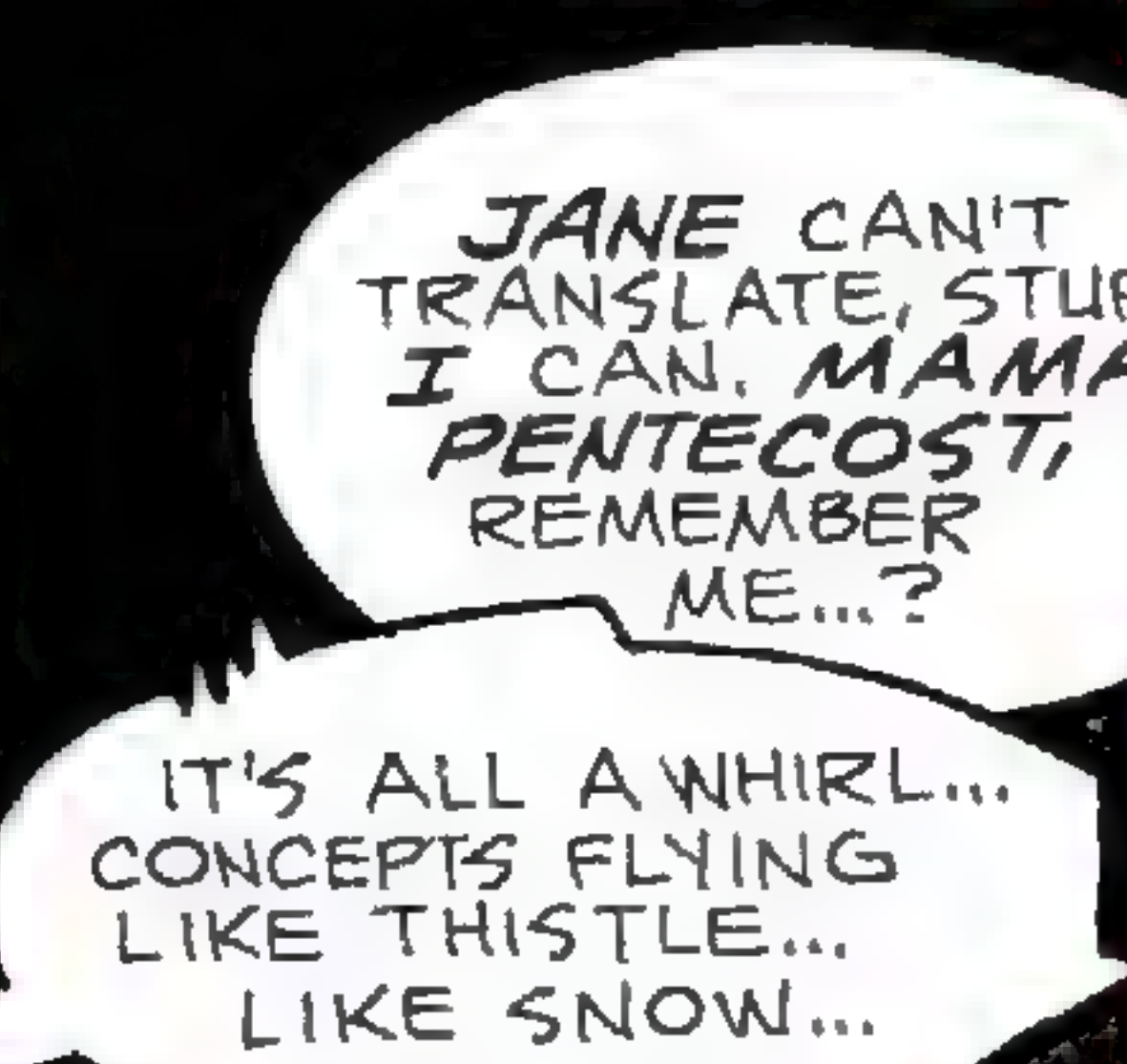






WE... I... HAVE
CRUCIAL **INFORMA-
TION**... THOUGHTS TORN
RAW FROM THE HEAD
OF A SCISSORMAN...

JANE, CAN YOU
TRANSLATE? THE
WAY YOU DID
BEFORE?



"ALSO THE TACKIER
GIANT IN THE TAROT
ANOTHER ORANGE IS
ALREADY TAINTED..."



JANE CAN'T
TRANSLATE, STUPID!
I CAN, **MAMA
PENTECOST**,
REMEMBER
ME...?

IT'S ALL A WHIRL...
CONCEPTS FLYING
LIKE THISTLE...
LIKE SNOW...

"...WITH ITS
THEATRE
SOBRIETY
FRECKLES..."

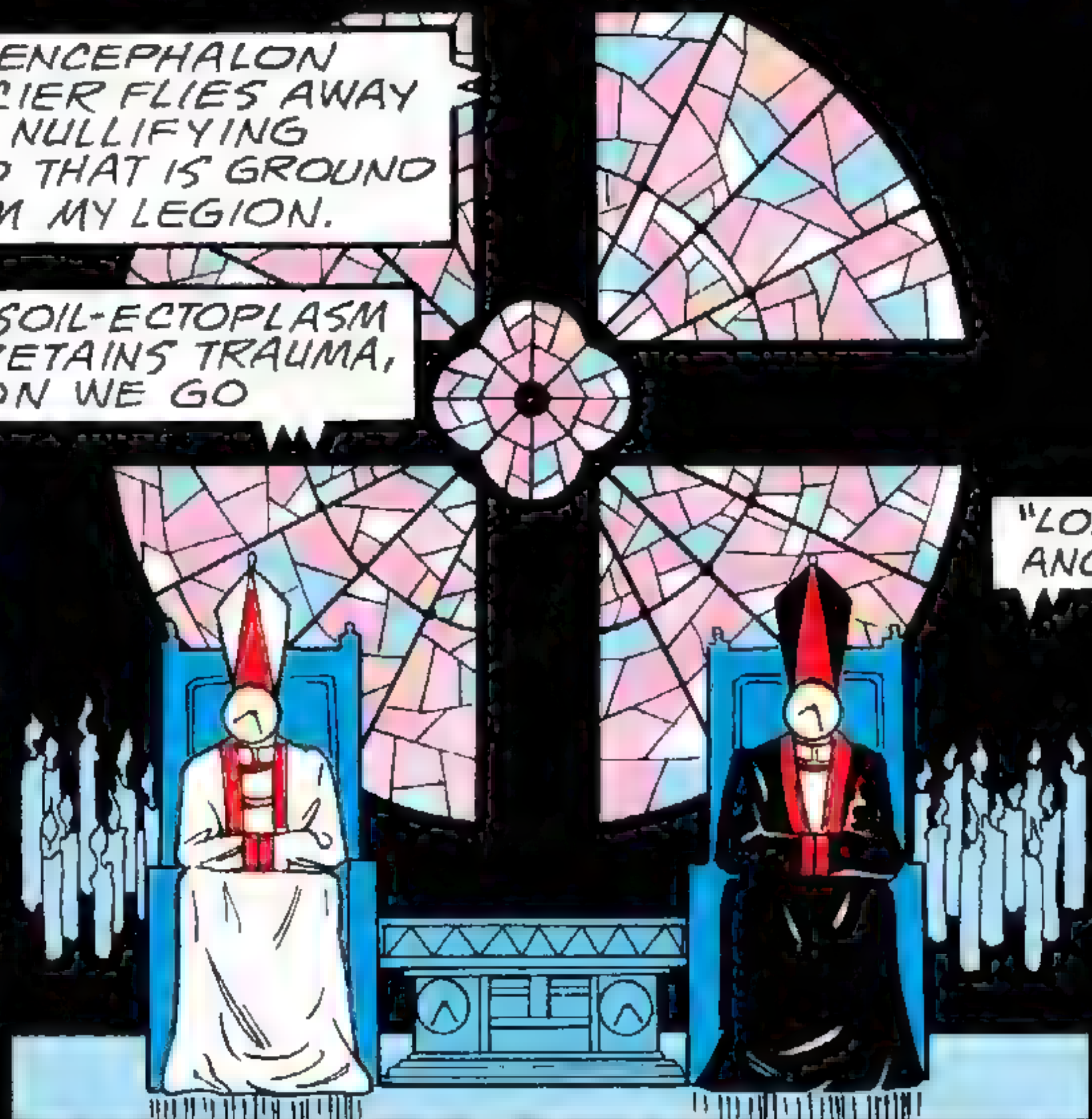


"IT IS THROUGH
DETECTION WE
HEAR ALL SMOTHERS
AND GINGHAMS,
YELL HEREWITH
SPINS A YOLKED
ALMANAC;

"THIS IS TOIL TO
A HABIT OF
CICADA LATHED
SECTARIANS.

"THE ENCEPHALON
GLACIER FLIES AWAY
ON A NULLIFYING
WIND THAT IS GROUND
FROM MY LEGION.

"SOIL-ECTOPLASM
RETAINS TRAUMA,
ON WE GO



"LOAD
ANGLE.



"...LOAD
ANGLE..."

WHAT?



HAH!

WE'VE
GOT
THEM!



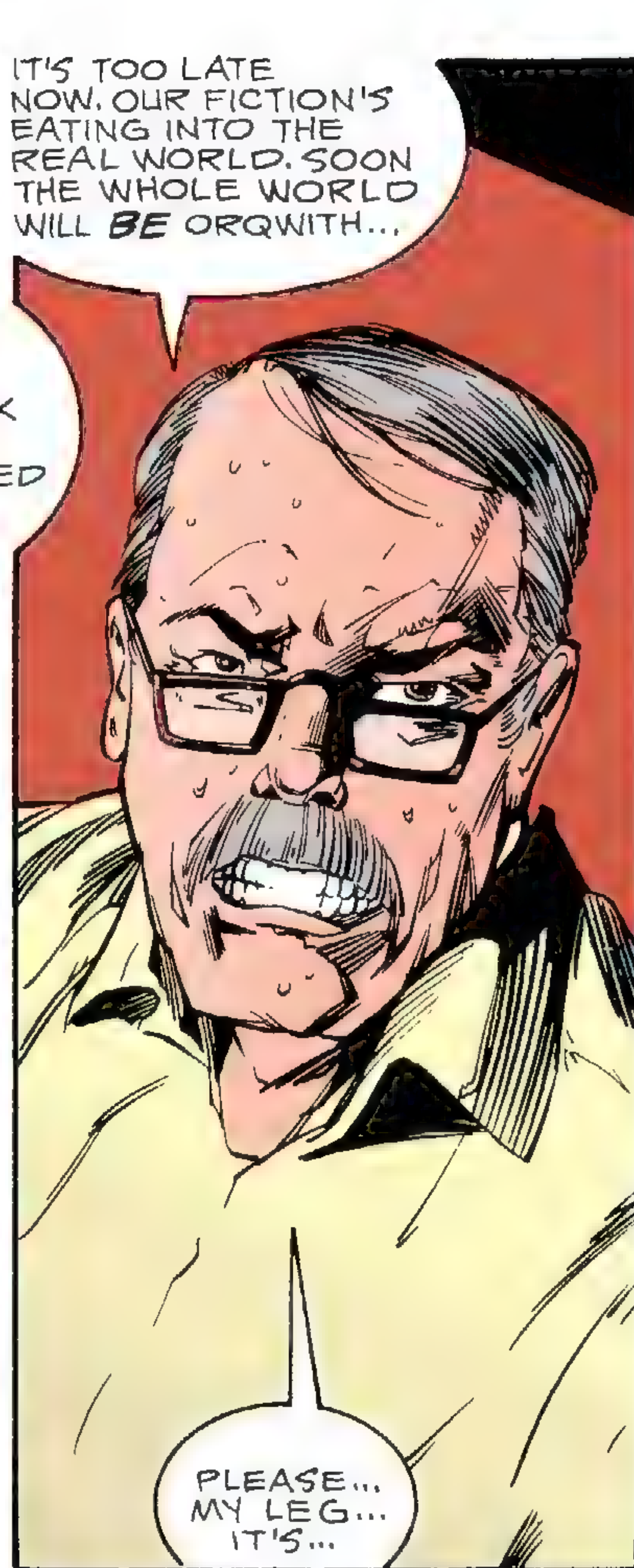
IT'S ONLY
A FLESH WOUND,
REINMANN.

STOP
WHIMPERING
AND GO ON WITH
WHAT YOU WERE
SAYING. YOU
WERE TALKING
ABOUT THE
BOOK...



IT WAS A **GAME**
REALLY, JUST AN
INTELLECTUAL JOKE. WE
GOT TOGETHER AND
CREATED **ORQWITH**—
ITS LANGUAGE, ITS
RELIGION... YOU
KNOW...

AND THEN
SOMEHOW **ORQWITH**
...CROSSED OVER.
THE **SCISSORMEN** TOOK
POLLOCK FIRST,
THEN **SCHRADER** TRIED
TO DESTROY
THE **BOOK...**



IT'S TOO LATE
NOW. OUR FICTION'S
EATING INTO THE
REAL WORLD. SOON
THE WHOLE WORLD
WILL **BE ORQWITH...**

PLEASE...
MY LEG...
IT'S...



HOW
DO WE
STOP
ORQWITH
?

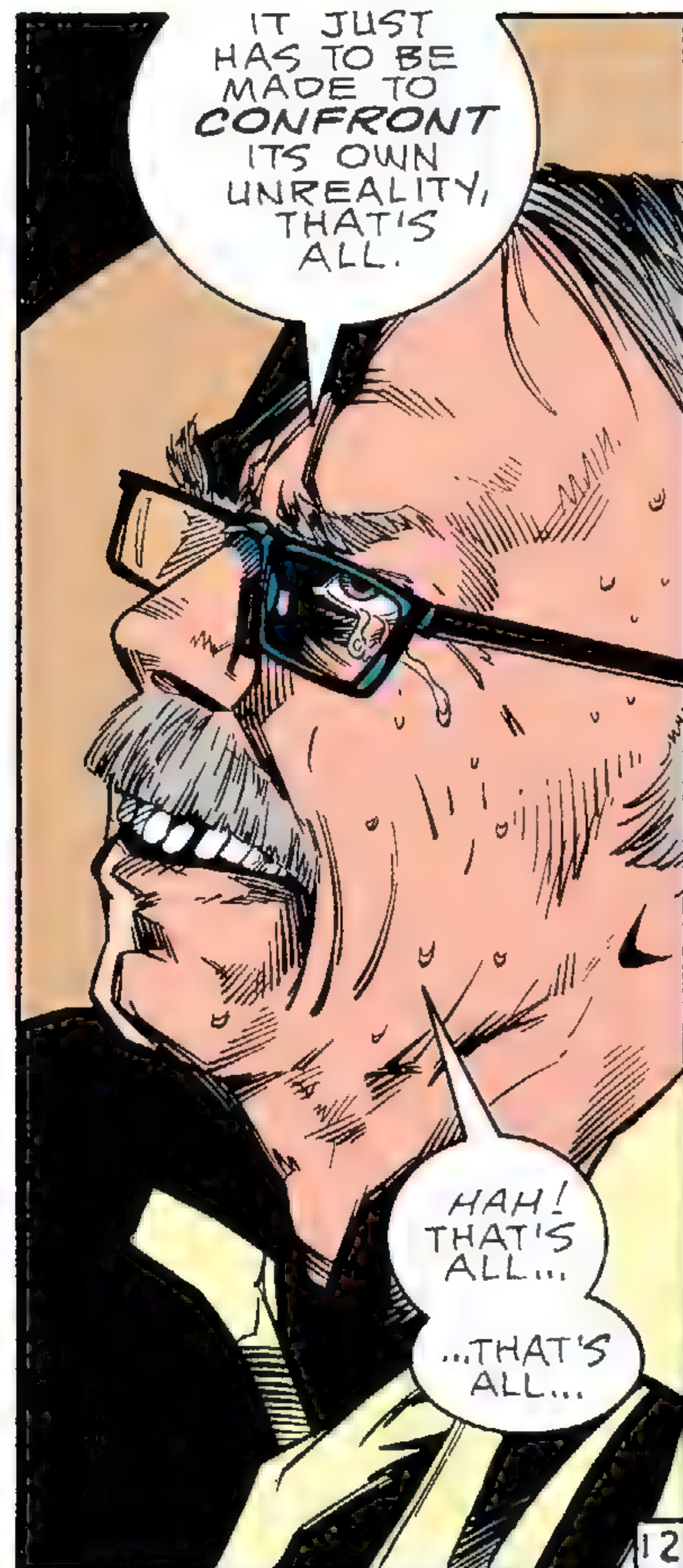
OH, FOR GOD'S
SAKE, I DON'T
KNOW! IT SHOULDN'T
EVEN EXIST
AT ALL!



WE...WE BUILT A
LOGICAL INCONSISTENCY
INTO THE FICTION, A
BASIC **CONTRADICTION**,
UPON WHICH THE ENTIRE
WORLD IS FOUNDED.

IT'S THE FUNDAMENTAL
PROBLEM OF PHILOSOPHY—
"WHY IS THERE **SOME-
THING** INSTEAD OF
NOTHING?" THE MOST
BASIC OF ALL
QUESTIONS.

ORQWITH
CAN BE
DESTROYED.



IT JUST
HAS TO BE
MADE TO
CONFRONT
ITS OWN
UNREALITY,
THAT'S
ALL.

HAA!
THAT'S
ALL...

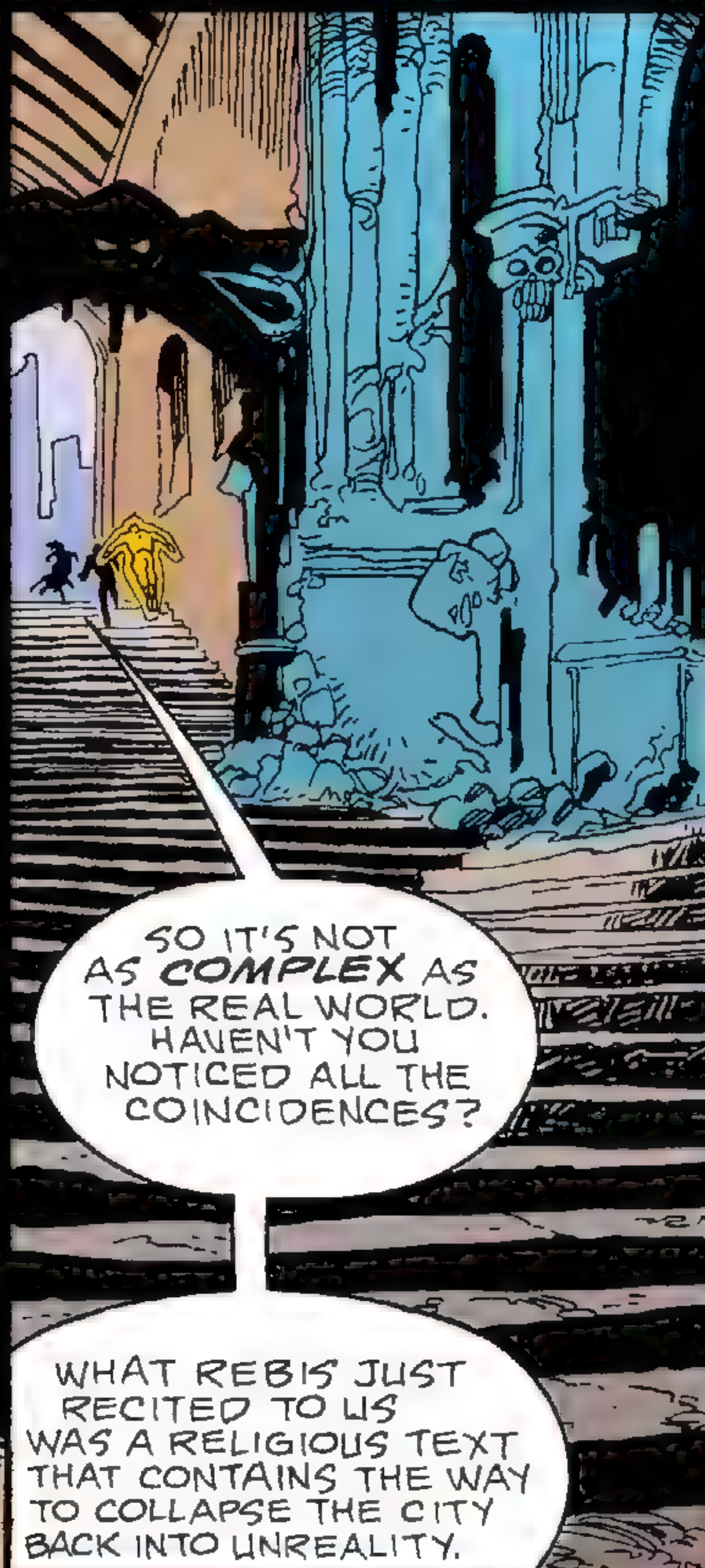
...THAT'S
ALL...



...SEE, WHAT WE'VE BEEN FORGETTING IS THAT ORQWITH'S NOT *REAL*.

IT'S A *FICTION* THAT'S SOMEHOW BEEN BOOSTED INTO REALITY.

YEAH?
SO?



SO IT'S NOT AS *COMPLEX* AS THE REAL WORLD. HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED ALL THE COINCIDENCES?

WHAT REBIS JUST RECITED TO US WAS A RELIGIOUS TEXT THAT CONTAINS THE WAY TO COLLAPSE THE CITY BACK INTO UNREALITY.



WE JUST HAVE TO CONFRONT THESE TWO PRIESTS, OKAY? THEN WE ASK THEM, "WHY IS THERE SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING?"

IT'S *SIMPLE*.



WE JUST HAVE TO GET IN *THERE*.

INTO THE *OSSUARY*.



NO PROBLEM, HUH?

THERE MUST BE A *HUNDRED* SCISSOR-MEN OUT THERE!

I CAN GET IN.



WATCH.

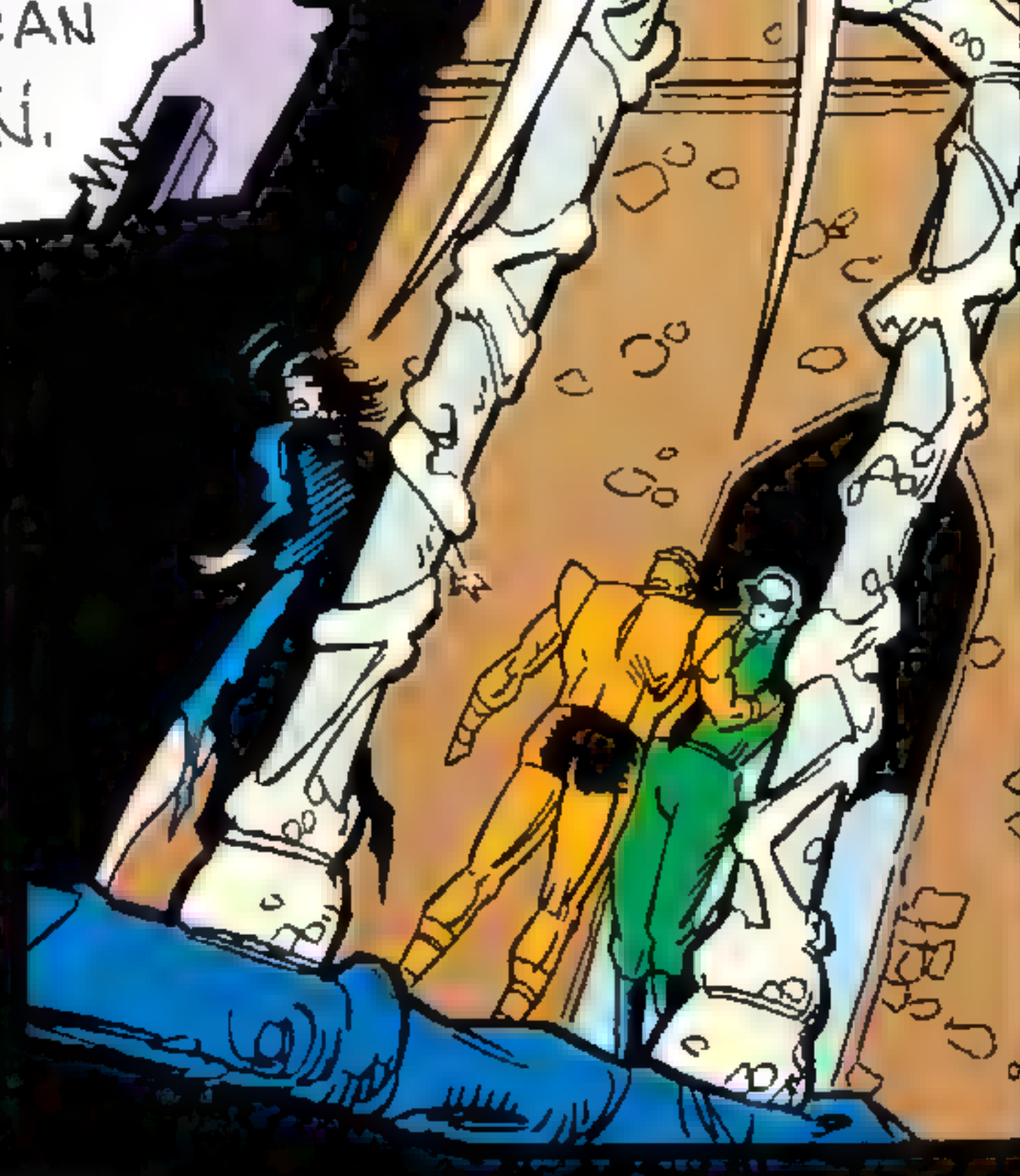
THE NEGATIVE SPIRIT HAS LEFT US WITH ENOUGH ENERGY FOR FIVE MINUTES AND SOME LIMITED FLYING ABILITIES. IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH.

ALL WE NEED IS FOR YOU TO COVER US UNTIL WE CAN ASK THE QUESTION.

YEAH, BUT WHAT HAPPENS THEN?

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS GOING TO WORK?

CLIFF!



MYCELIUM FOR THE UNSUITABLE!

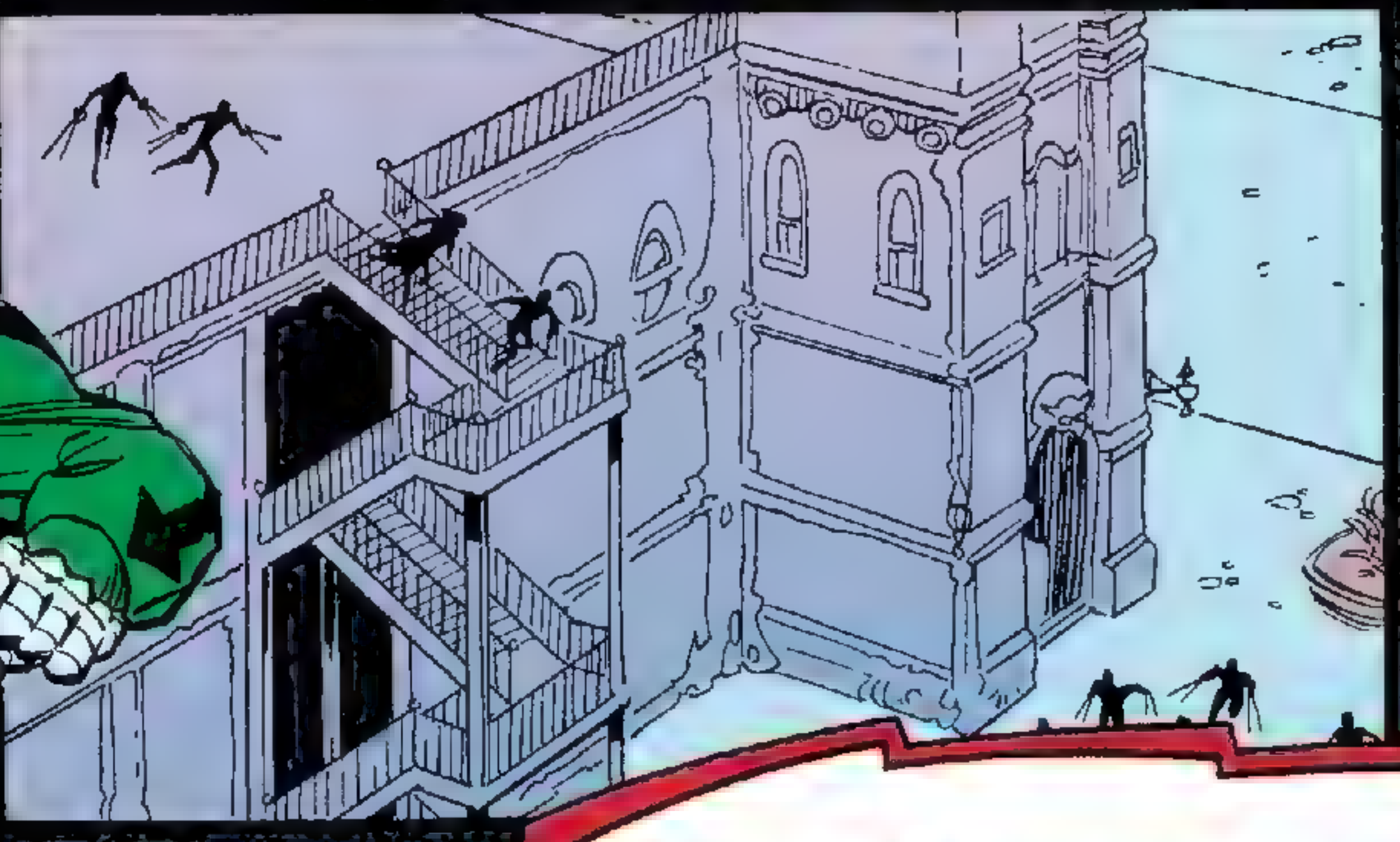
OKAY, IT LOOKS LIKE WE DON'T GET A CHOICE.

YOU GOT FIVE MINUTES, LARRY.

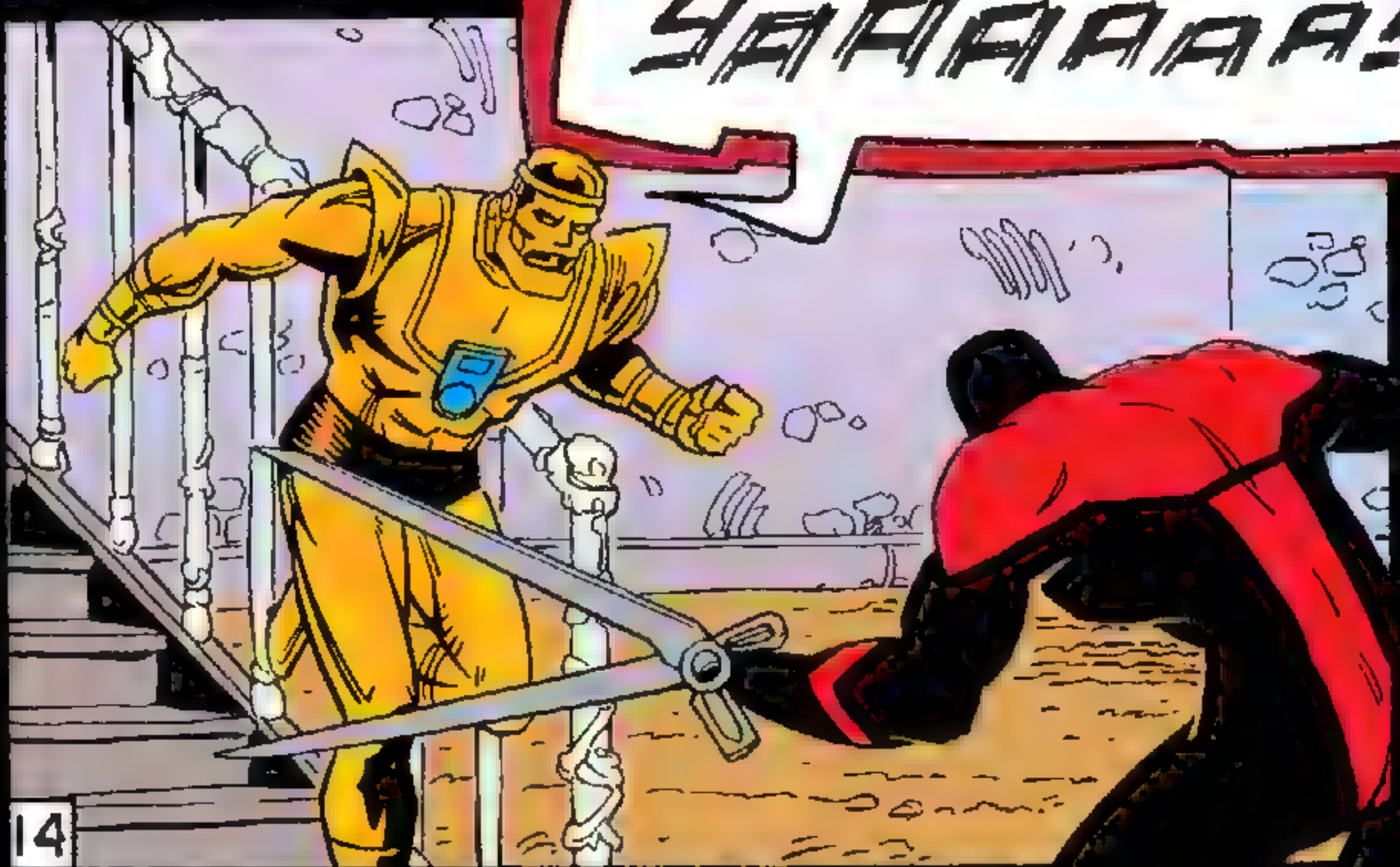


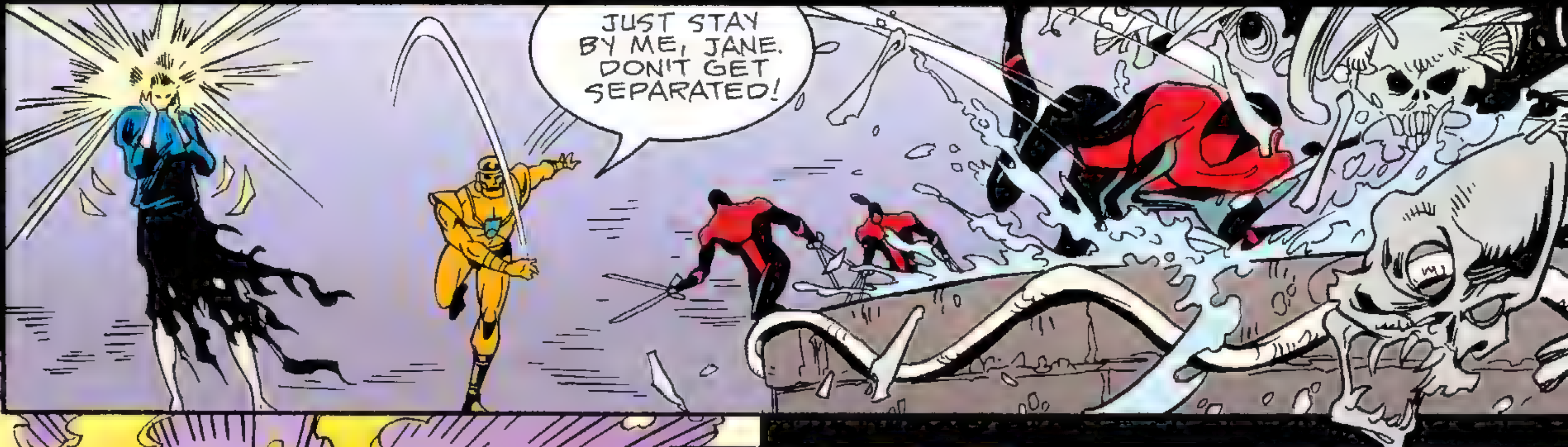
REMEMBER THE LAST FEW SECONDS OF "BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID"?

THEN LET'S GO!



YAAAAAAA!

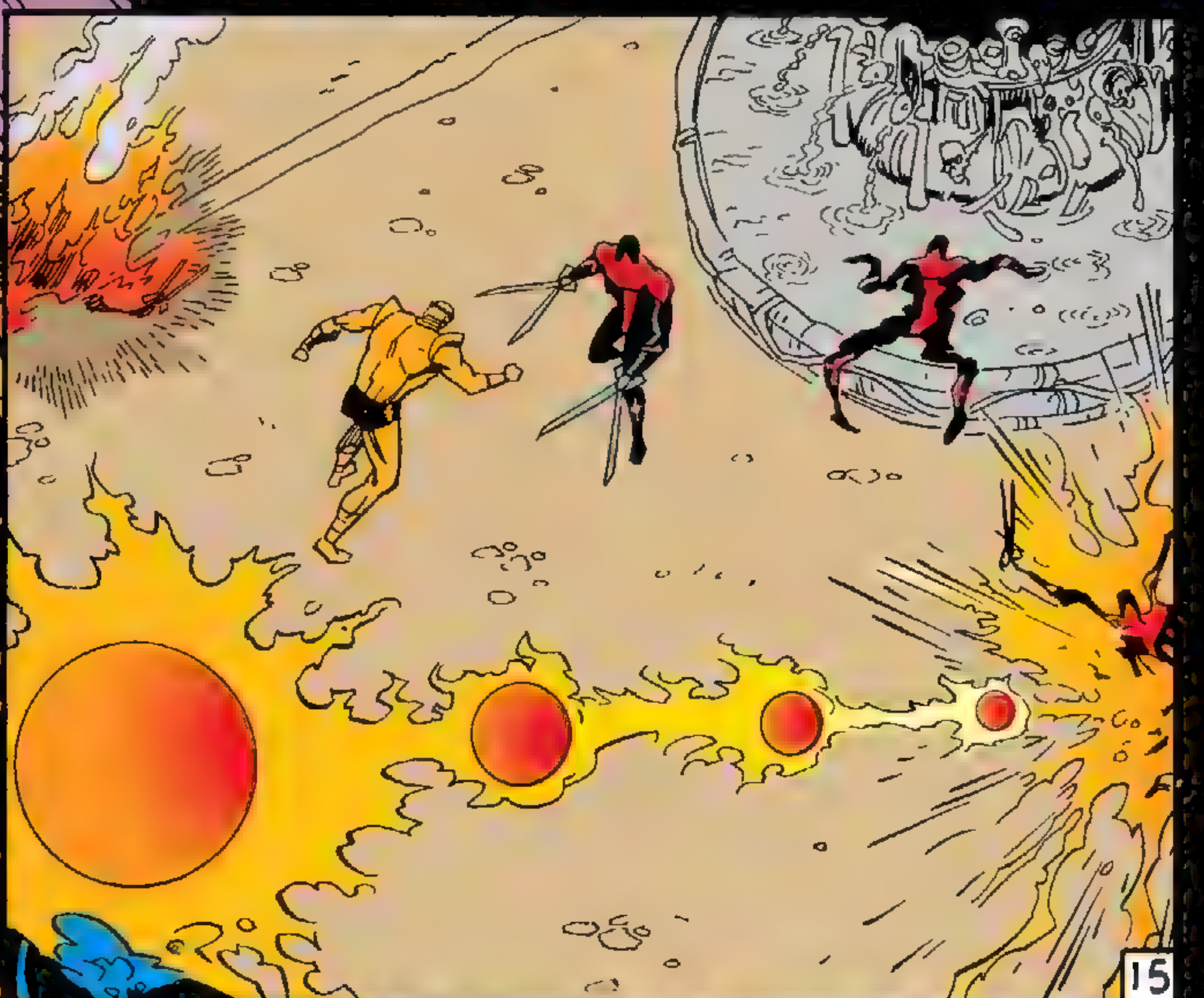
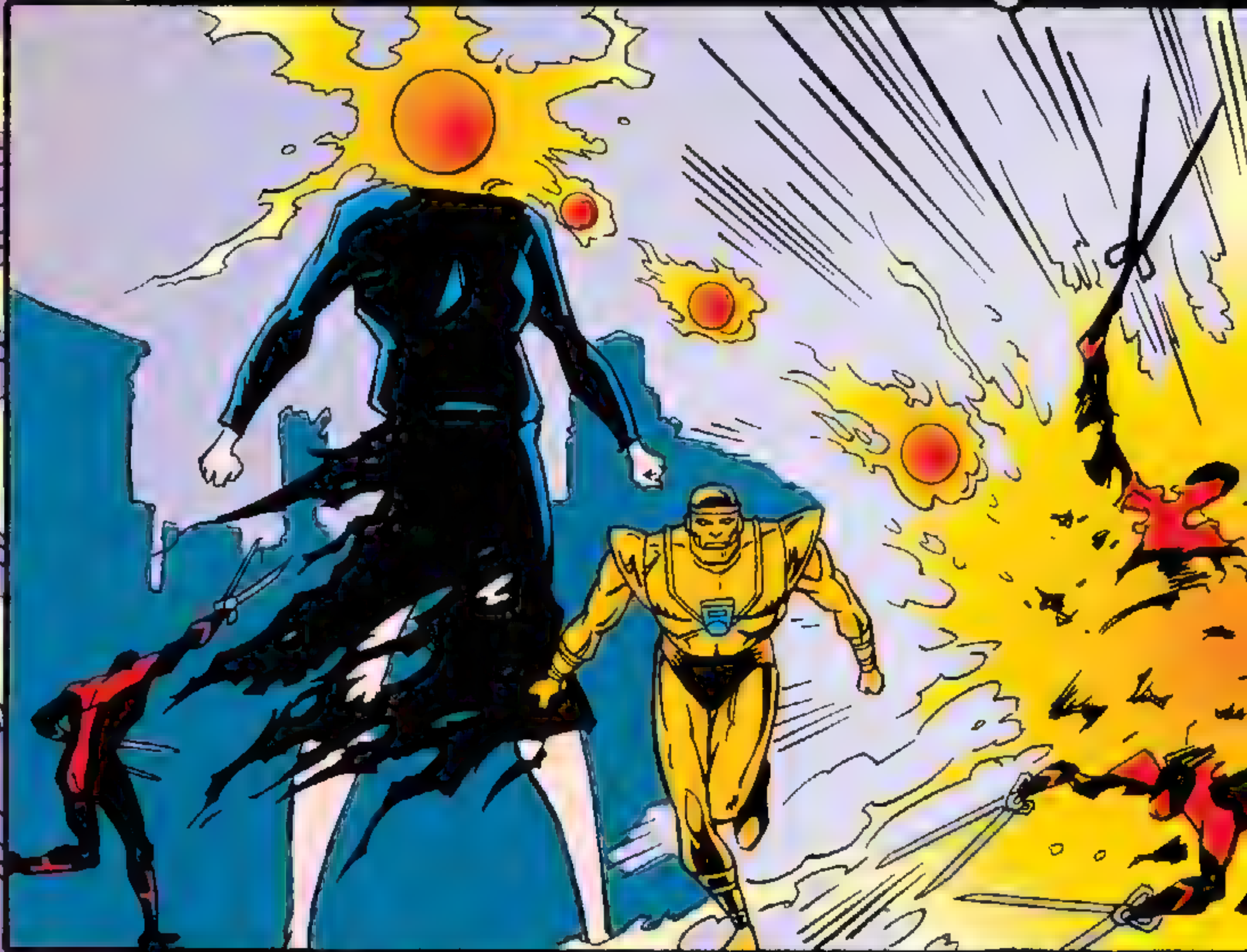


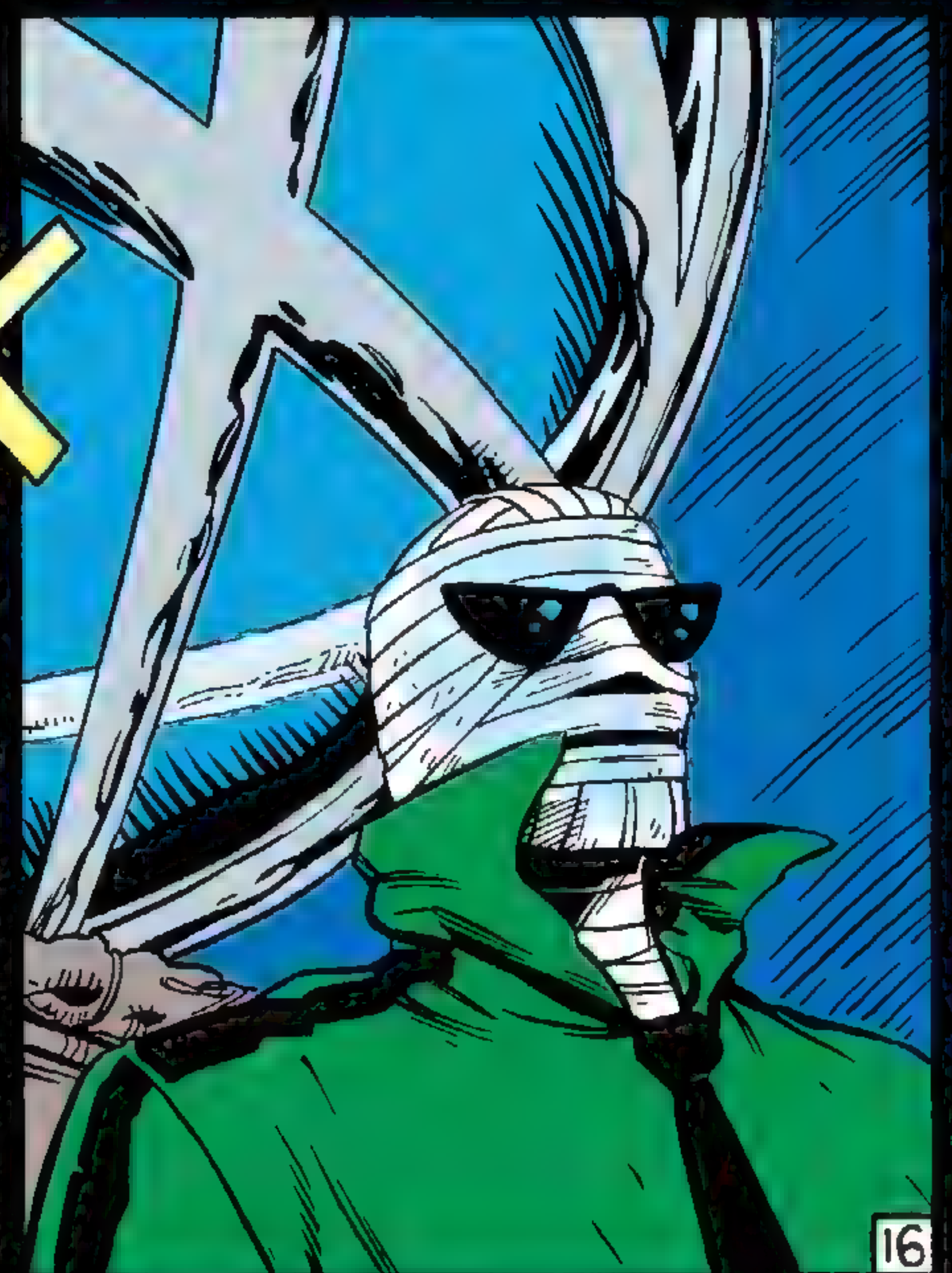
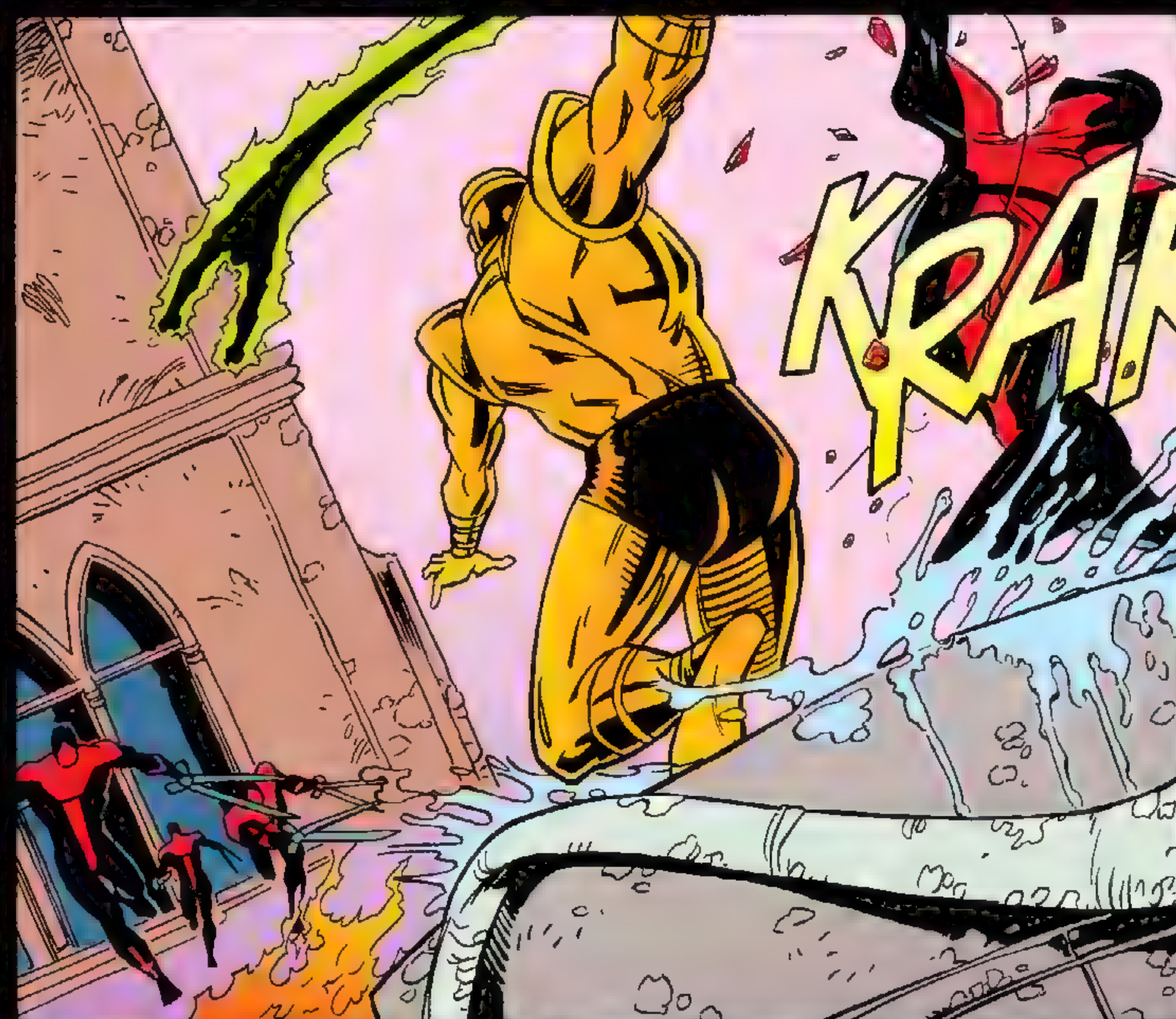
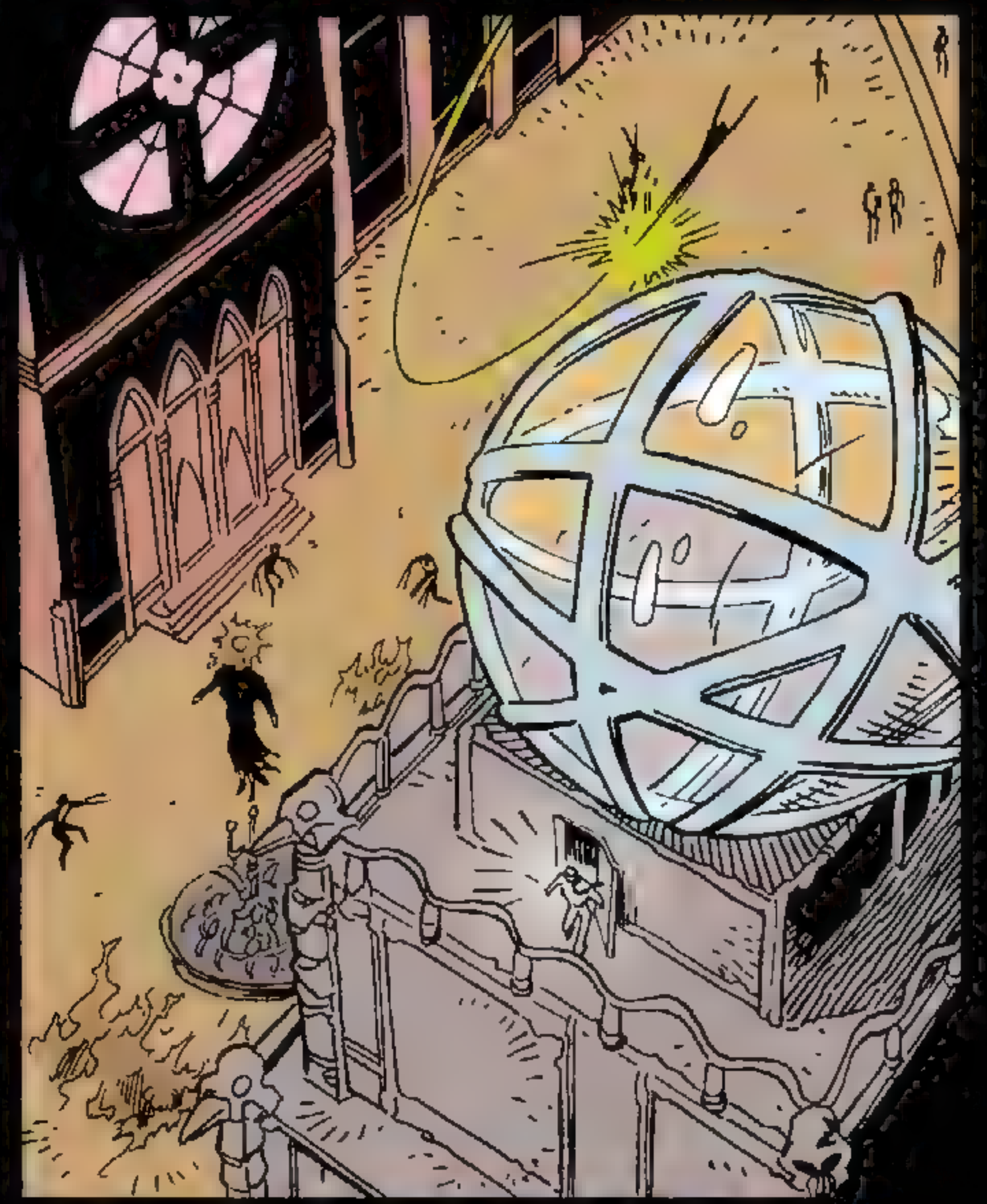
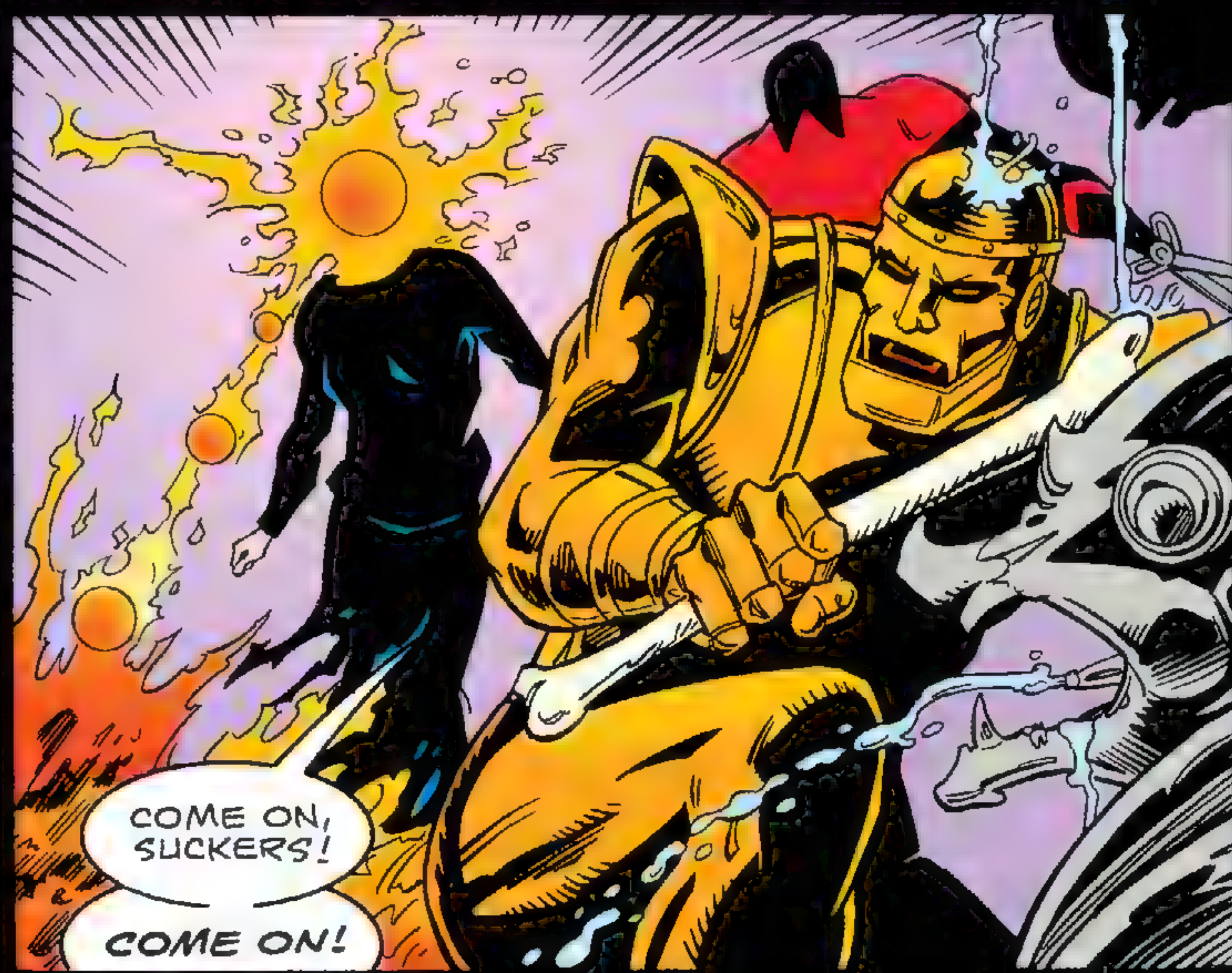


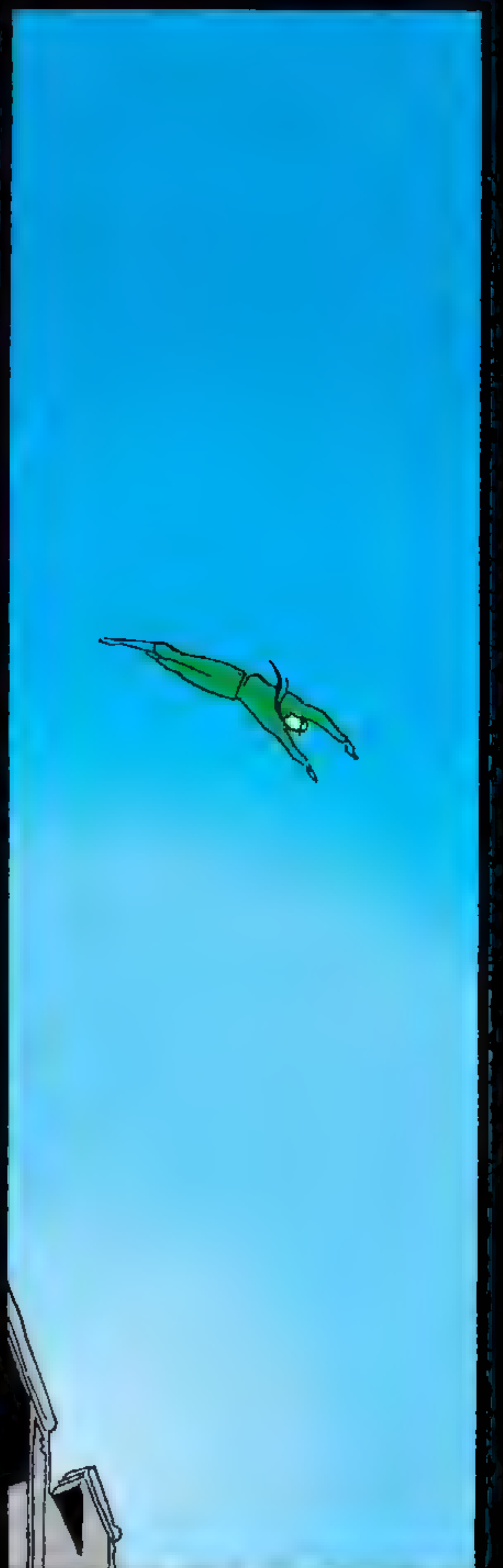
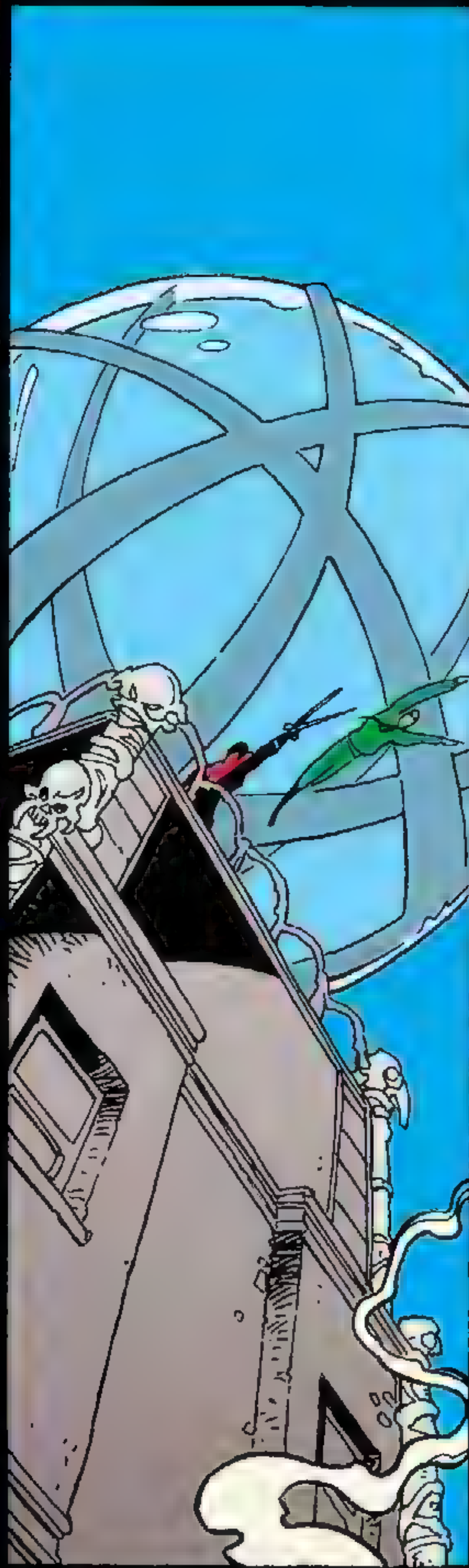
YOU
HEAR
ME...

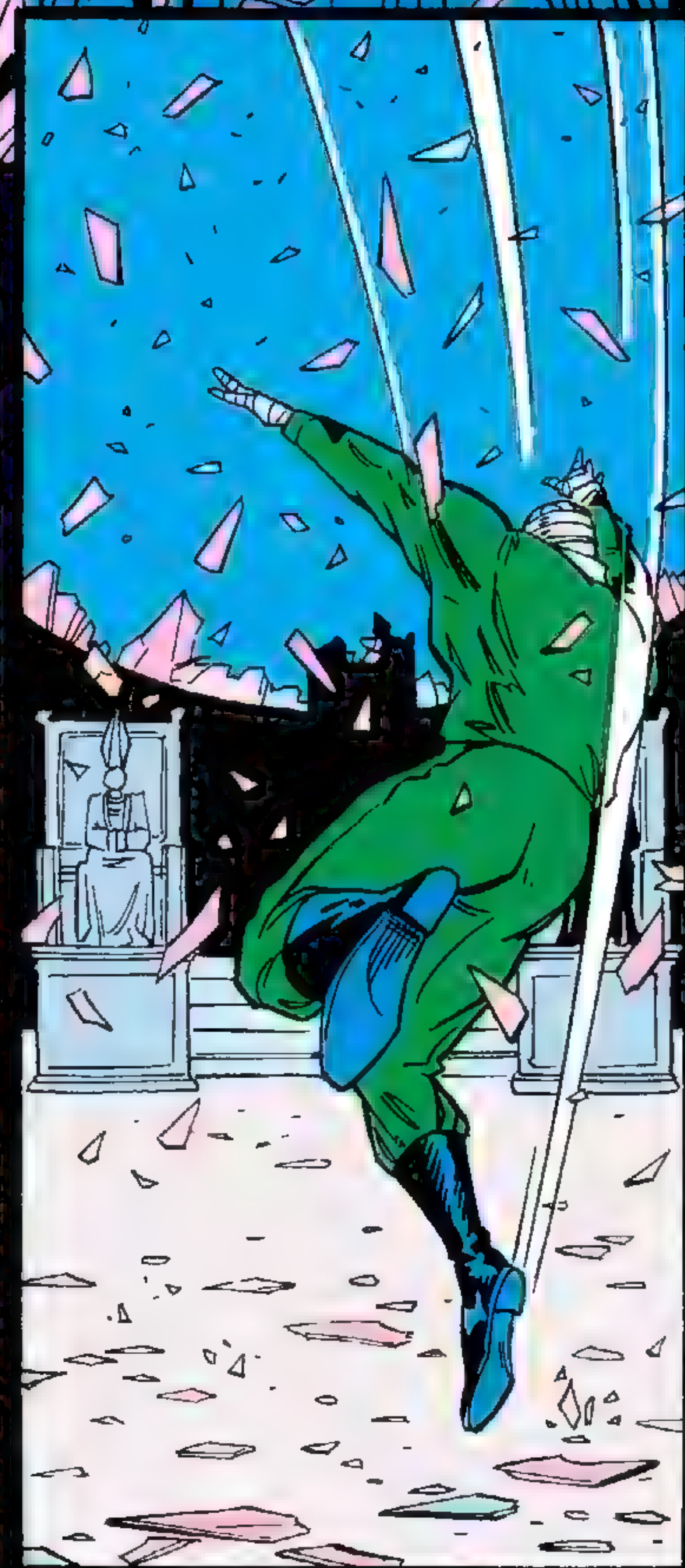
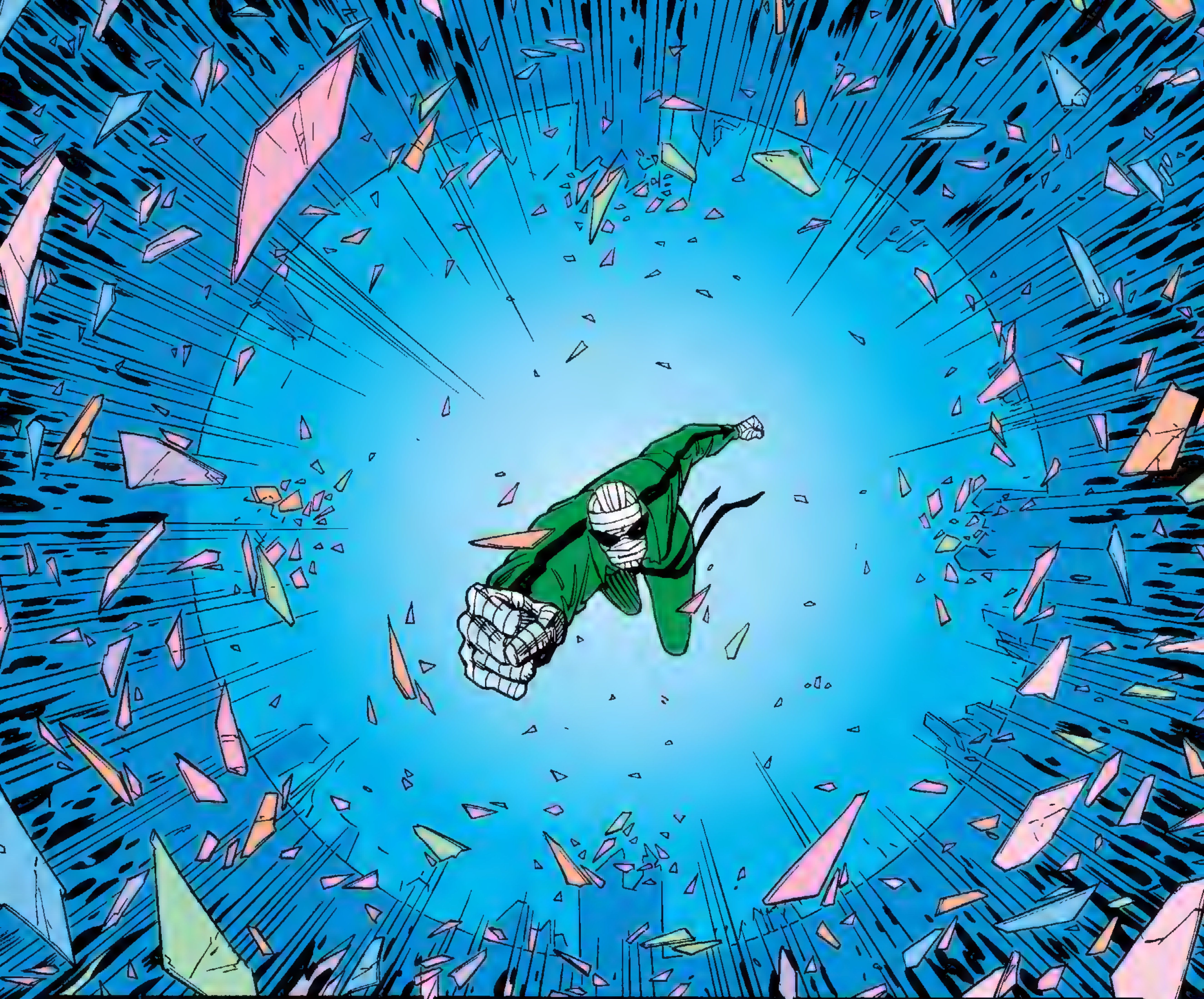
...JANE...

OH MY
GOD.





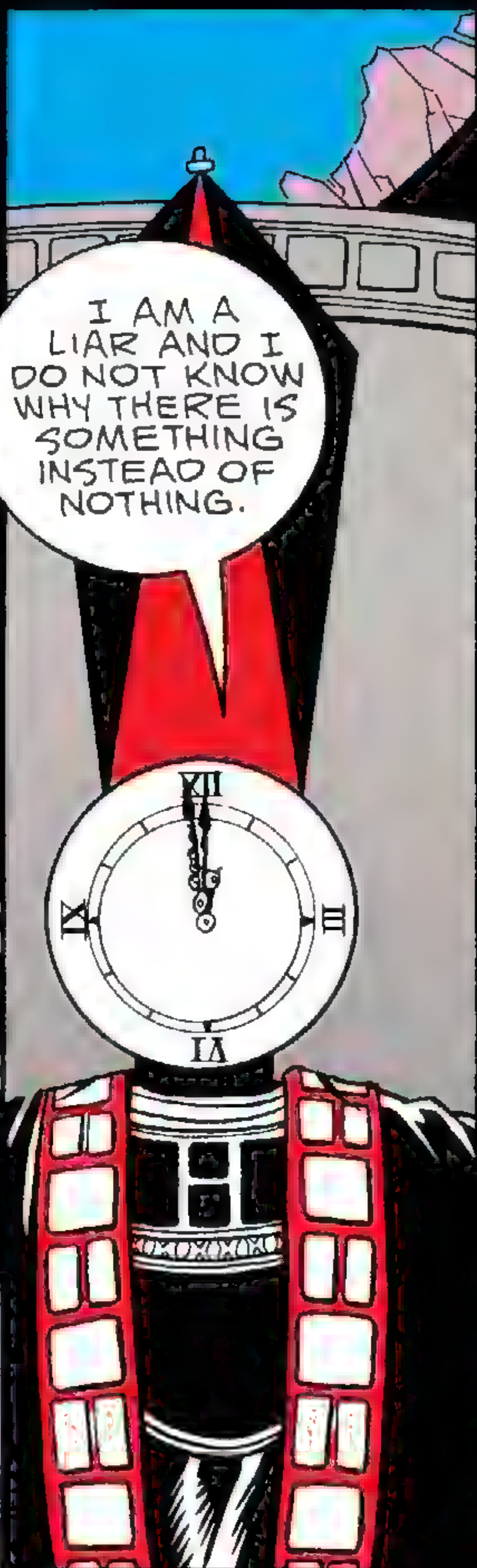




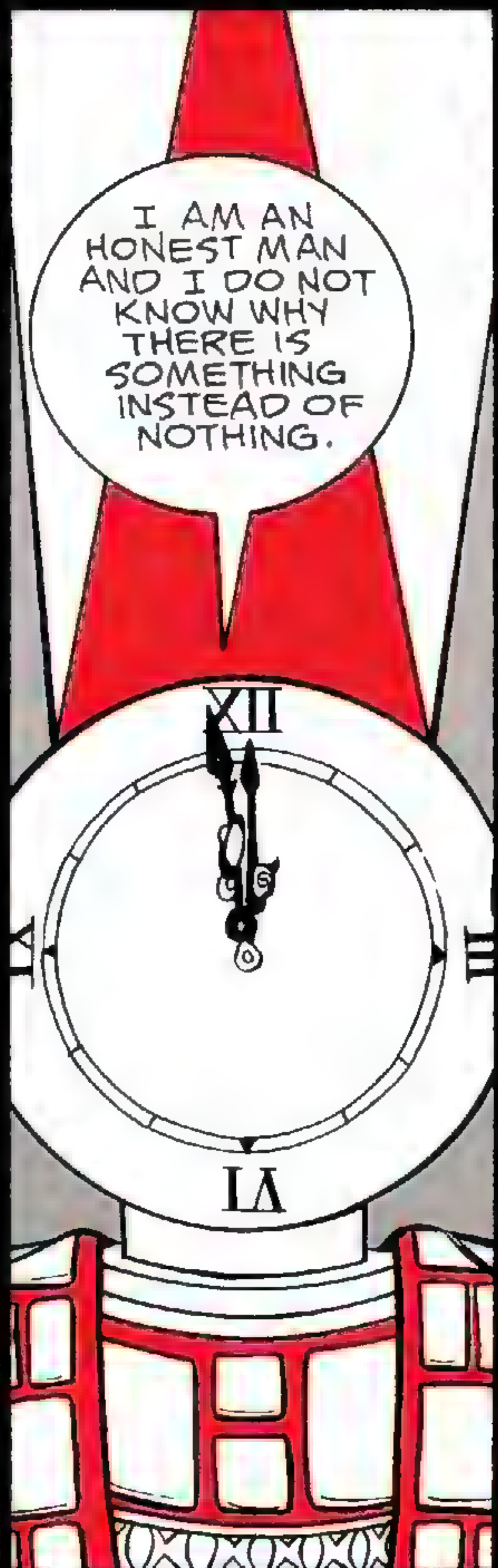


I'VE COME TO ASK THE **QUESTION**. ONE OF YOU MUST HAVE THE ANSWER.

WHY IS THERE SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING?



I AM A LIAR AND I DO NOT KNOW WHY THERE IS SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING.



I AM AN HONEST MAN AND I DO NOT KNOW WHY THERE IS SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING.



WHICH ONE... I CAN'T...

THINK!

WAIT. YES... THE PRIEST IN BLACK **MUST** BE A LIAR...



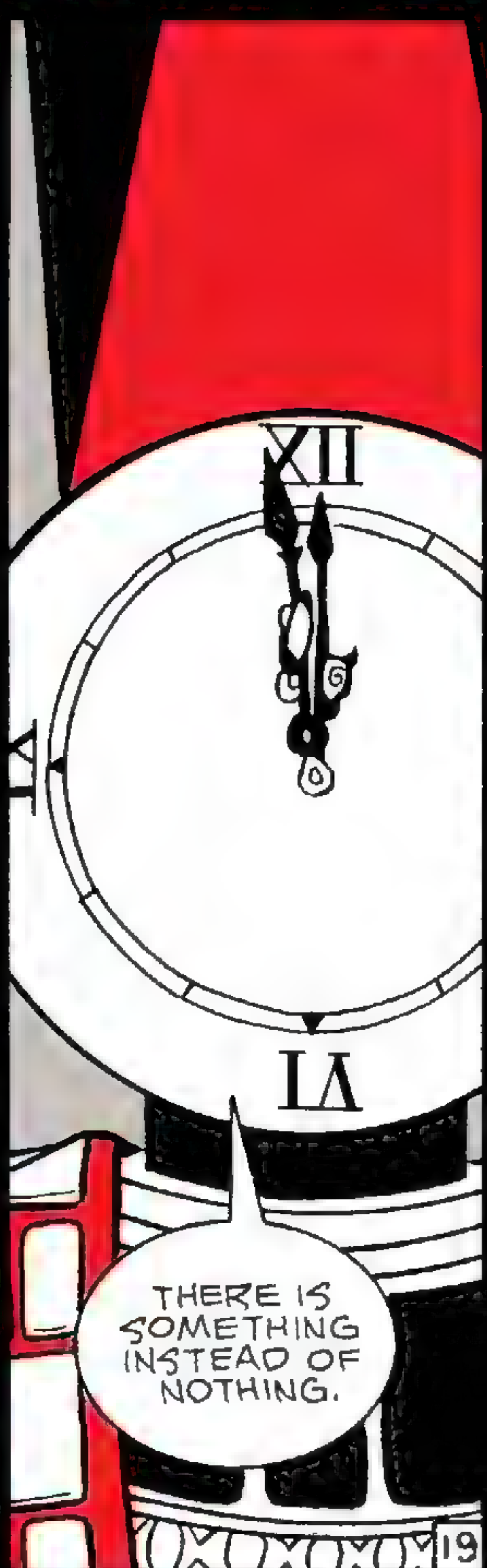
AND?

AND IF HE'S LYING, THEN **HE** MUST KNOW THE ANSWER.

GOOD.



TELL ME THEN, THE PRIEST IN BLACK, WHY **IS** THERE SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING?



THERE IS SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING.



...TOO MANY...
TOO MANY OF
THEM...

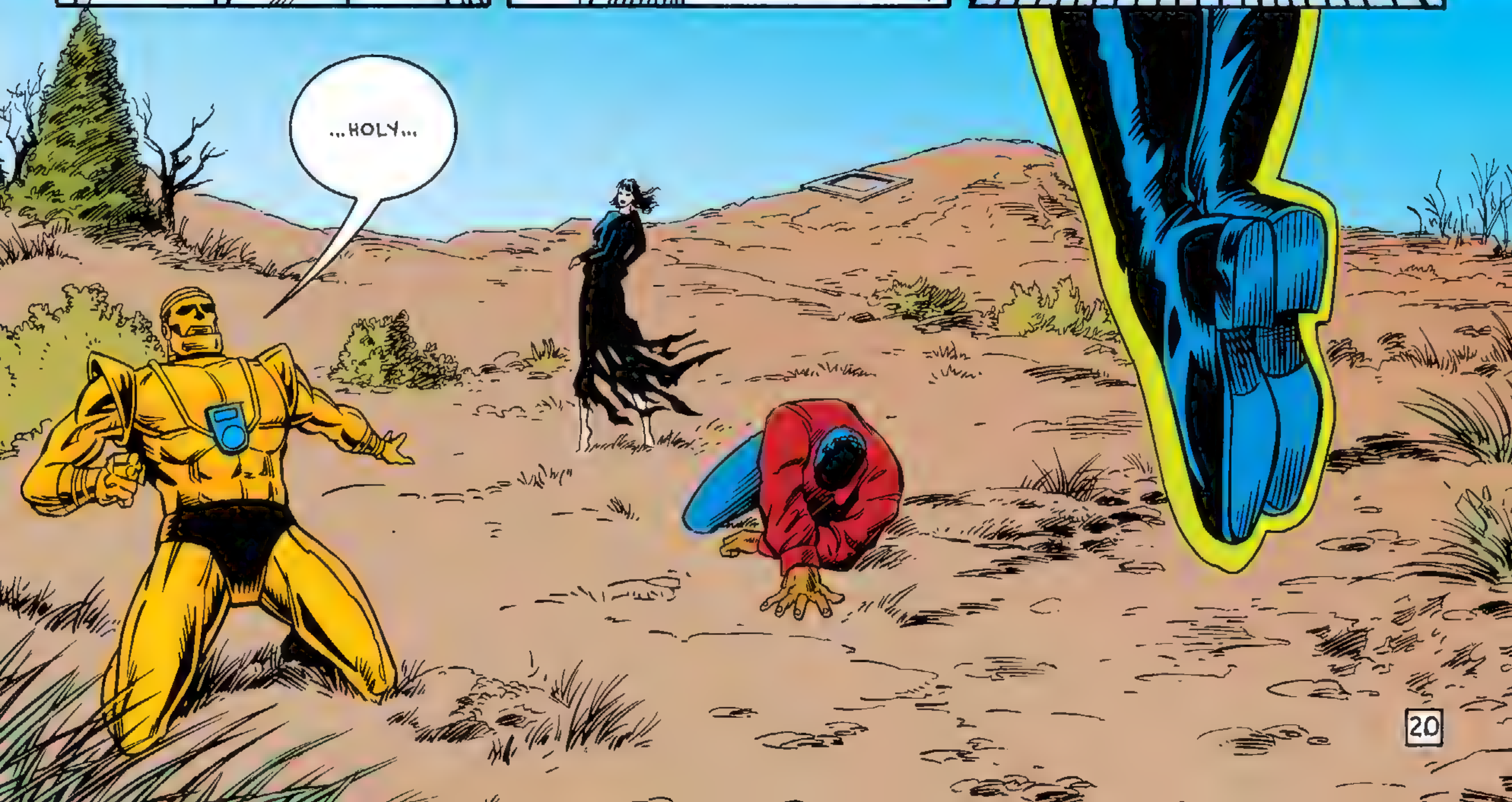
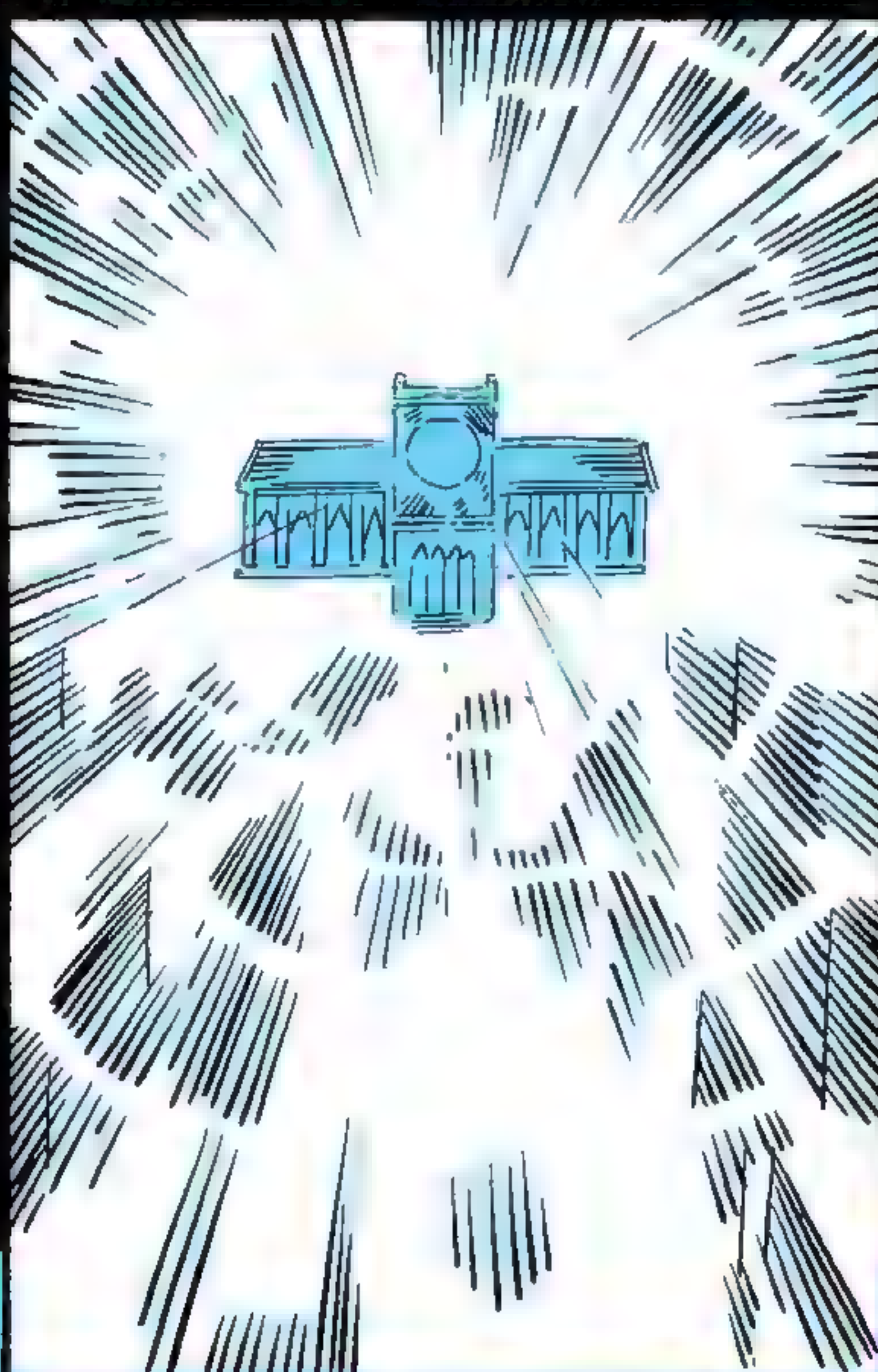
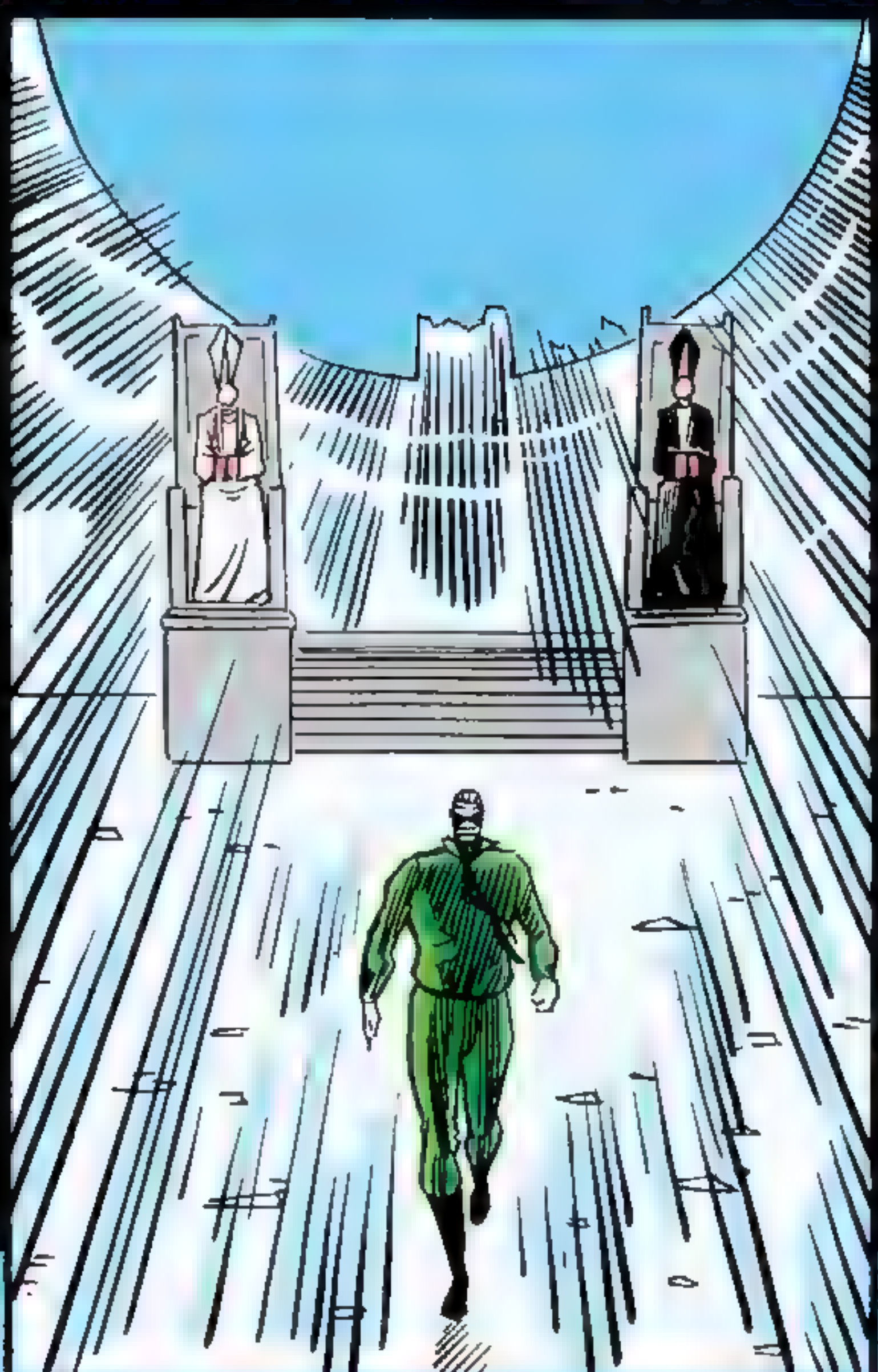
JANE!



THEN
YOU CAN'T
POSSIBLY
EXIST.



JAAAAANE!



...HOLY...

...SO THE PRIEST WHO KNEW THE ANSWER WAS A **LIAR**, YOU SEE, WHICH MEANT THAT HIS ANSWER TO THE QUESTION MUST **ALSO** HAVE BEEN A LIE.

HE SAID "THERE IS SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING." SINCE THAT WAS A LIE, THEN WHAT HE WAS **REALLY** SAYING IS THAT THERE **WASN'T** SOMETHING INSTEAD OF NOTHING.

THAT'S WHEN ORQWITH COLLAPSED.

I **THINK** THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED, ANYWAY.

WELL, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT THE WORLD-WIDE ANOMALOUS ACTIVITY CAUSED BY THE INTRUSION OF ORQWITH HAS NOW APPARENTLY **CEASED**.

WE WERE LUCKY THAT THE WHOLE CRISIS WAS MAN-MADE AND FOUNDED ON **HUMAN** LOGICAL PROCESSES.

HOW ABOUT YOU, JOSHUA? HOW ARE YOU FEELING AFTER YOUR ORDEAL?

IT WAS LIKE A **DREAM**. I KEEP FLASHING ON IMAGES AND FEELINGS, BUT I DON'T REALLY REMEMBER **WHAT** HAPPENED AFTER I WAS SNATCHED AWAY THIS MORNING.

JUST AS WELL, I GUESS.

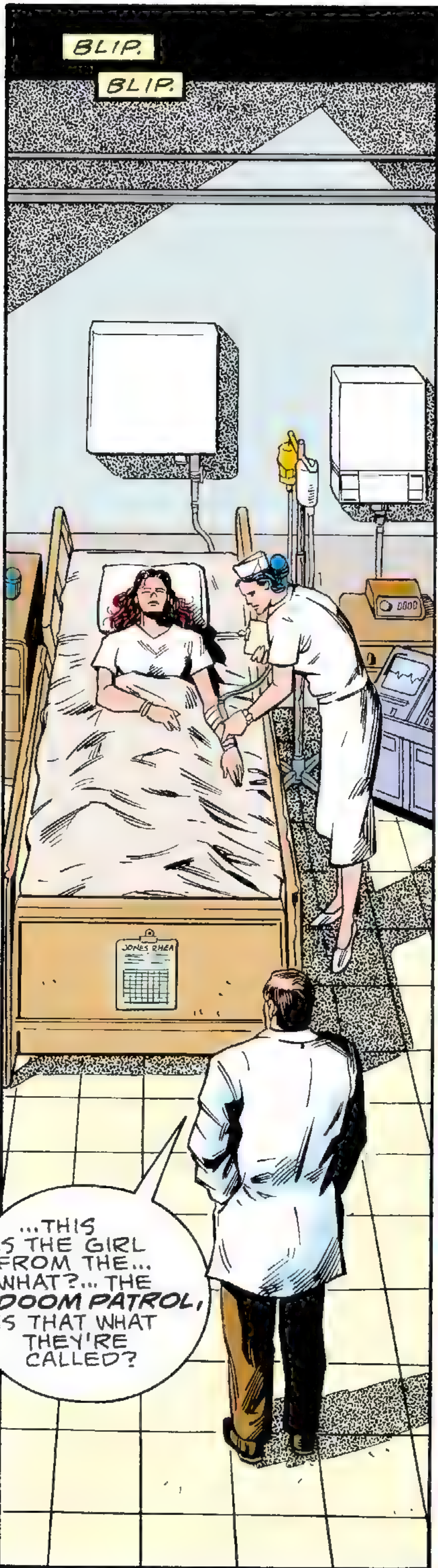
SO THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, **HUH?**

OR DO I GET THE FEELING YOU WANT TO **SAY** SOMETHING, CHIEF?



EPILOGUE

FADE UP HOSPITAL ACOUSTIC: ECHOING WHISPERS IN LONG, OVERLIT CORRIDORS. LIFE SUPPORT MACHINERY, MARKING TIME.

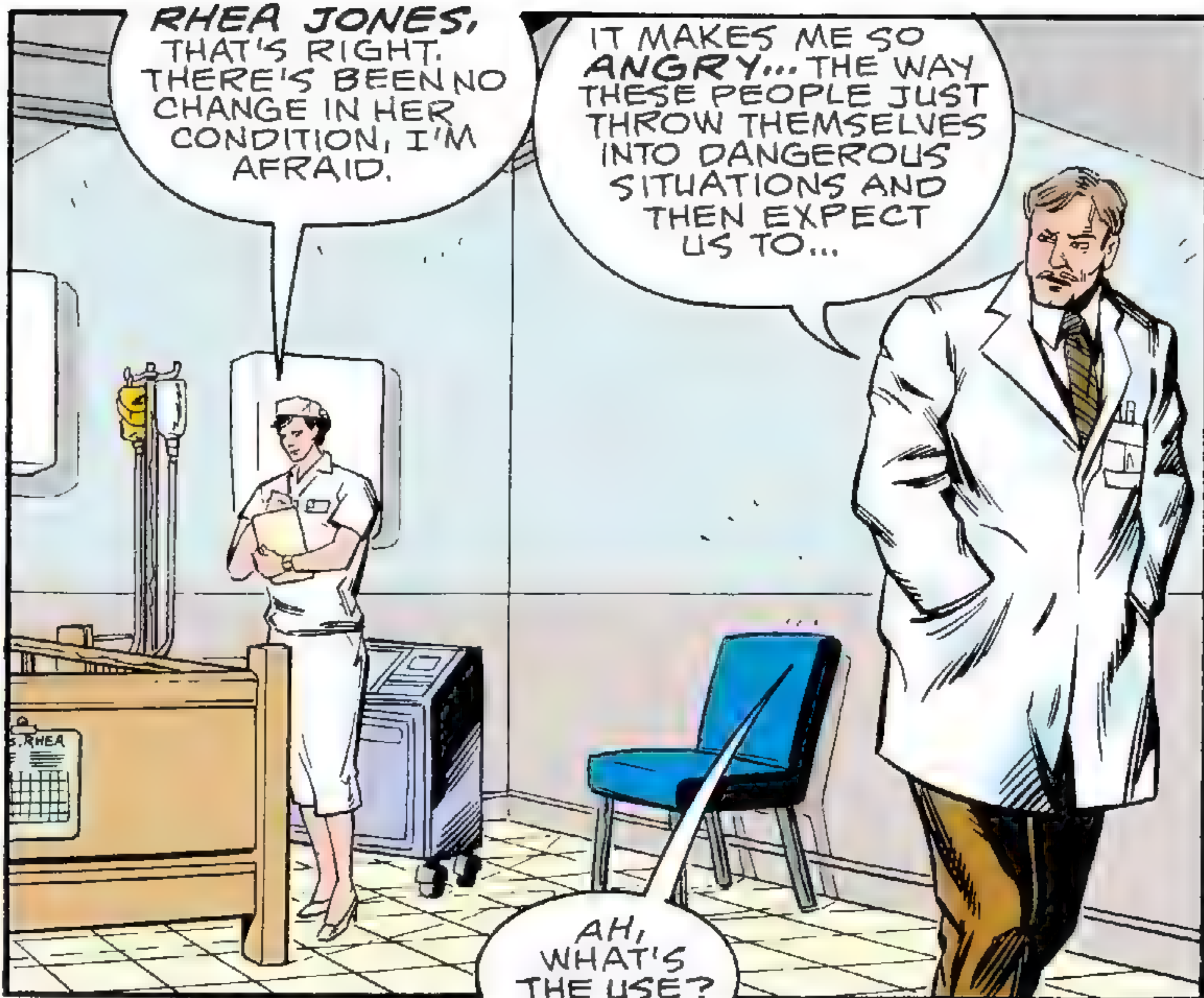


BLIP.

BLIP.

JONES RHEA

...THIS IS THE GIRL FROM THE... WHAT?... THE DOOM PATROL, IS THAT WHAT THEY'RE CALLED?



RHEA JONES, THAT'S RIGHT. THERE'S BEEN NO CHANGE IN HER CONDITION, I'M AFRAID.

IT MAKES ME SO ANGRY... THE WAY THESE PEOPLE JUST THROW THEMSELVES INTO DANGEROUS SITUATIONS AND THEN EXPECT US TO...

AH, WHAT'S THE USE?



SUPER-HEROES.

THEY MAKE ME SICK!



RHEA.



MY SLEEPING BEAUTY.

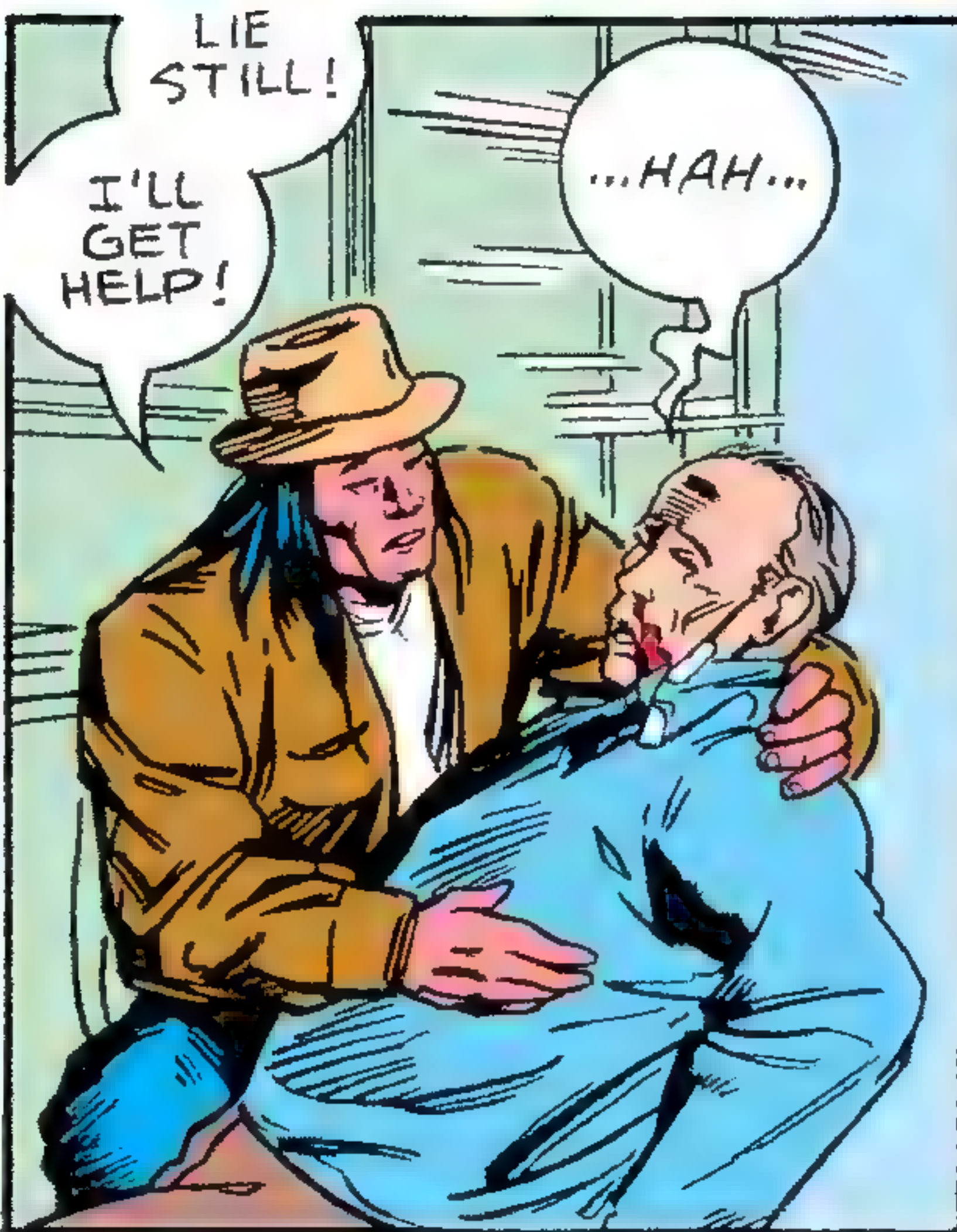
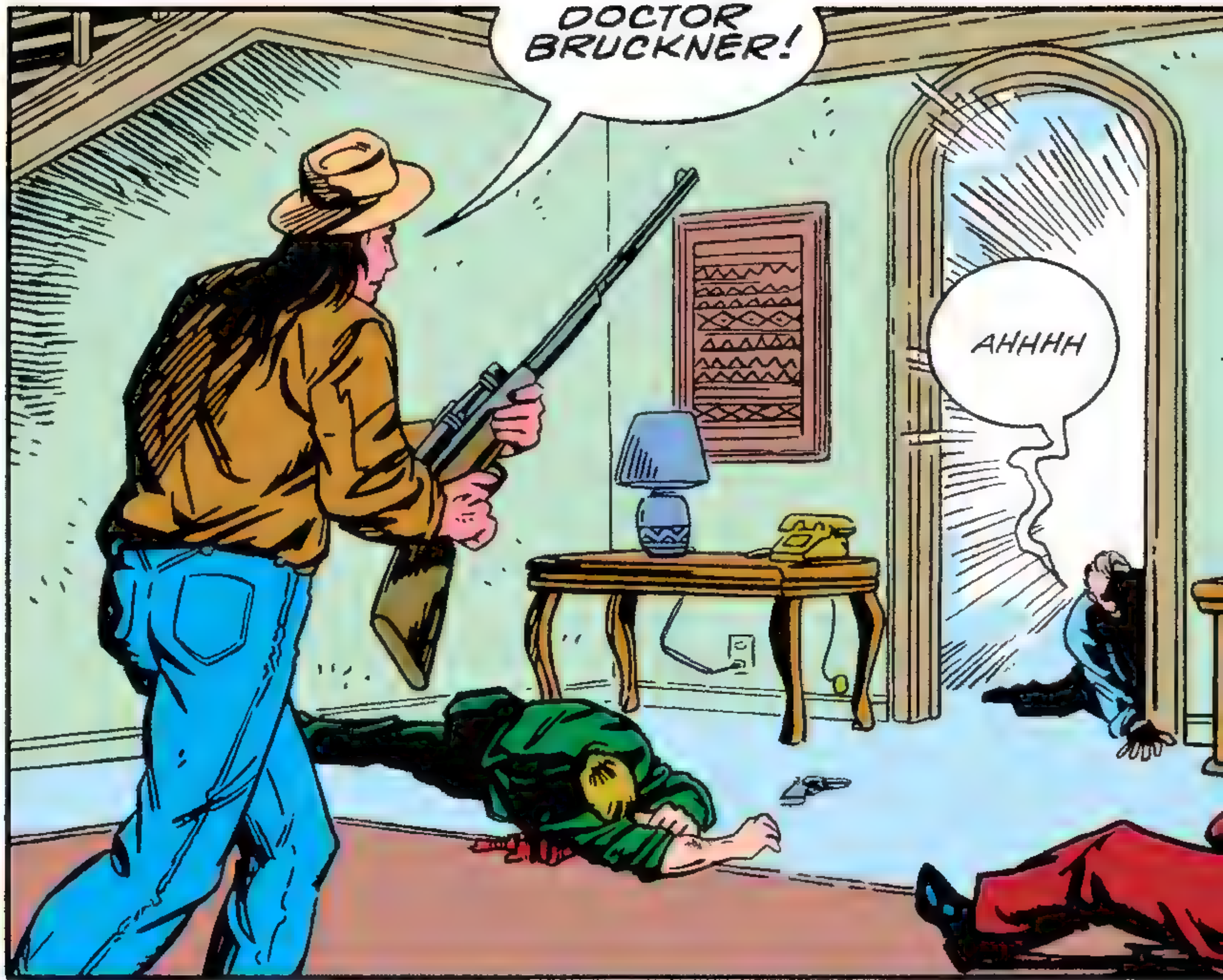
BLIP.

BLIP.

FADE.

EPIC 2

IN PARAGUAY, THE SEASON OF RAINS HAS ARRIVED.



THE
BUTTERFLY
COLLECTOR

THE
Doom
PATROL™
MORRISON · CASE · HANNA



Cliff Steele



Crazy Jane



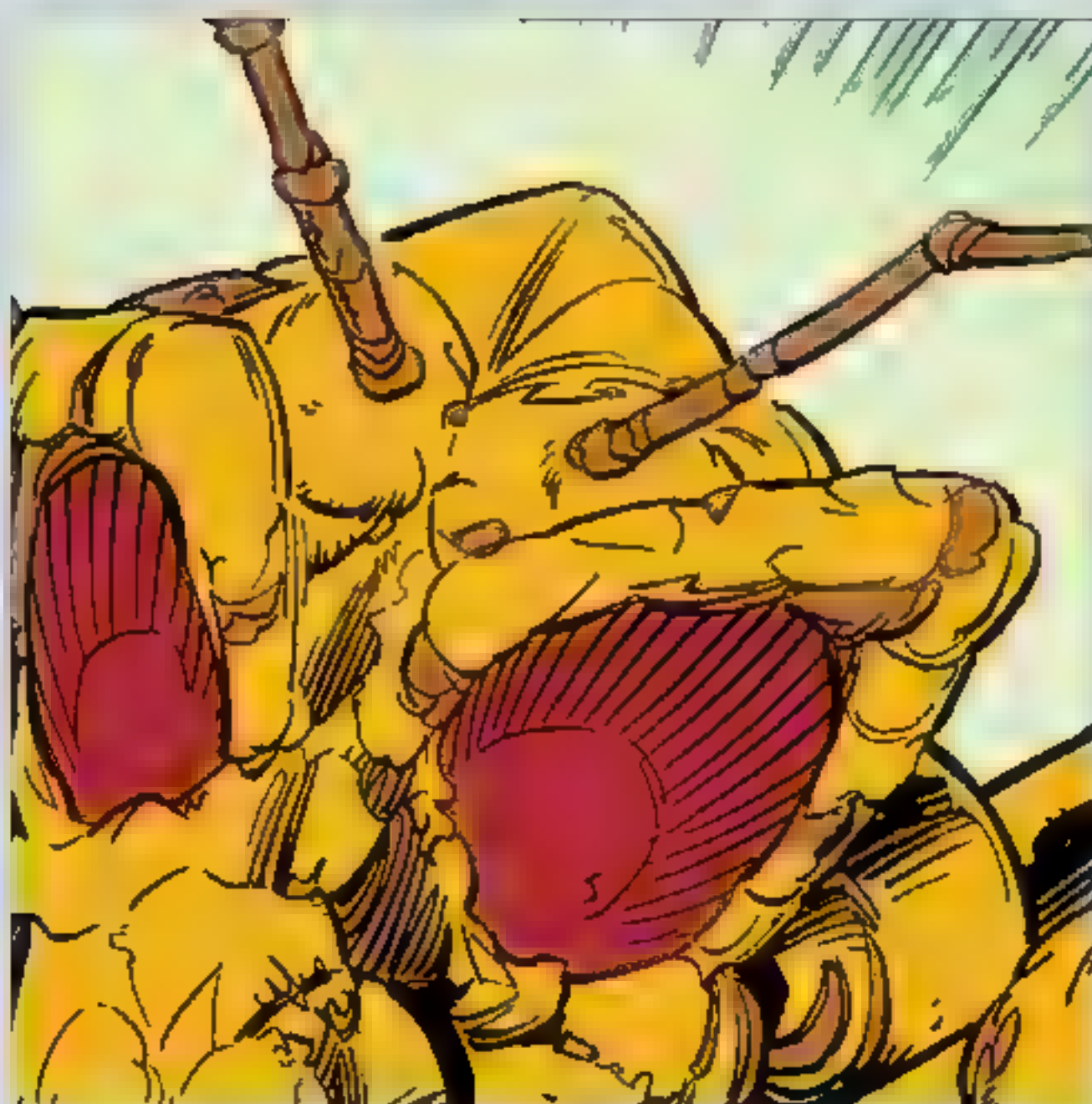
Lith of Rich, 12



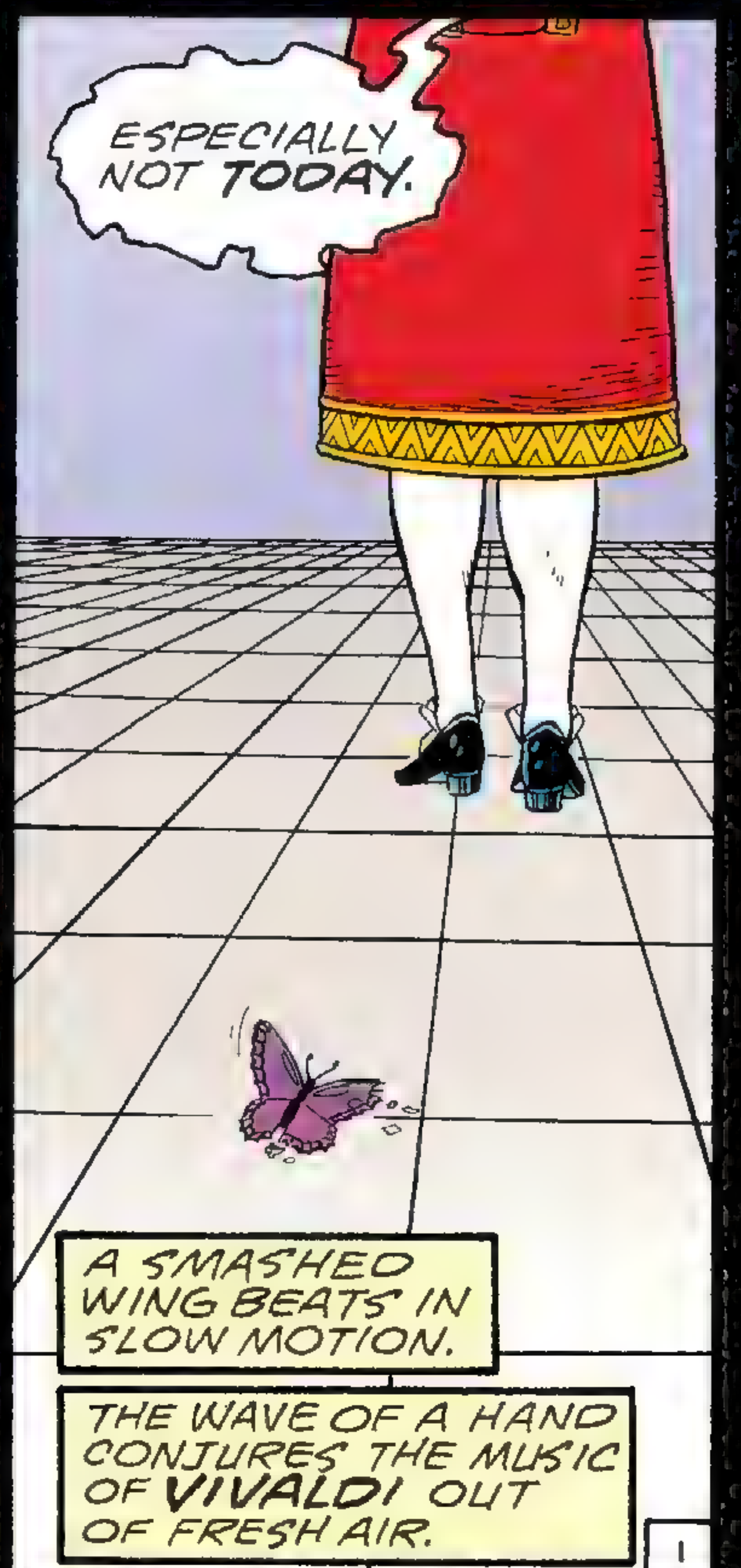
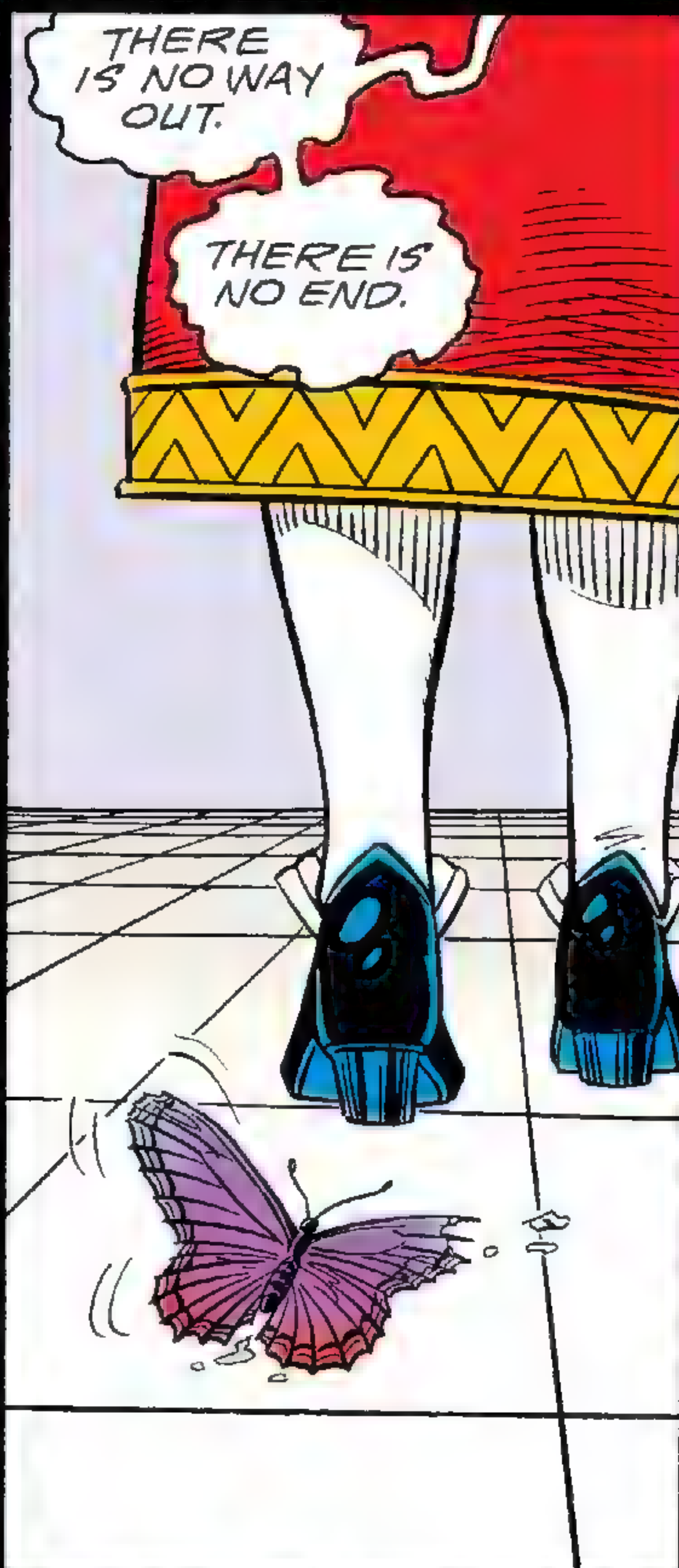
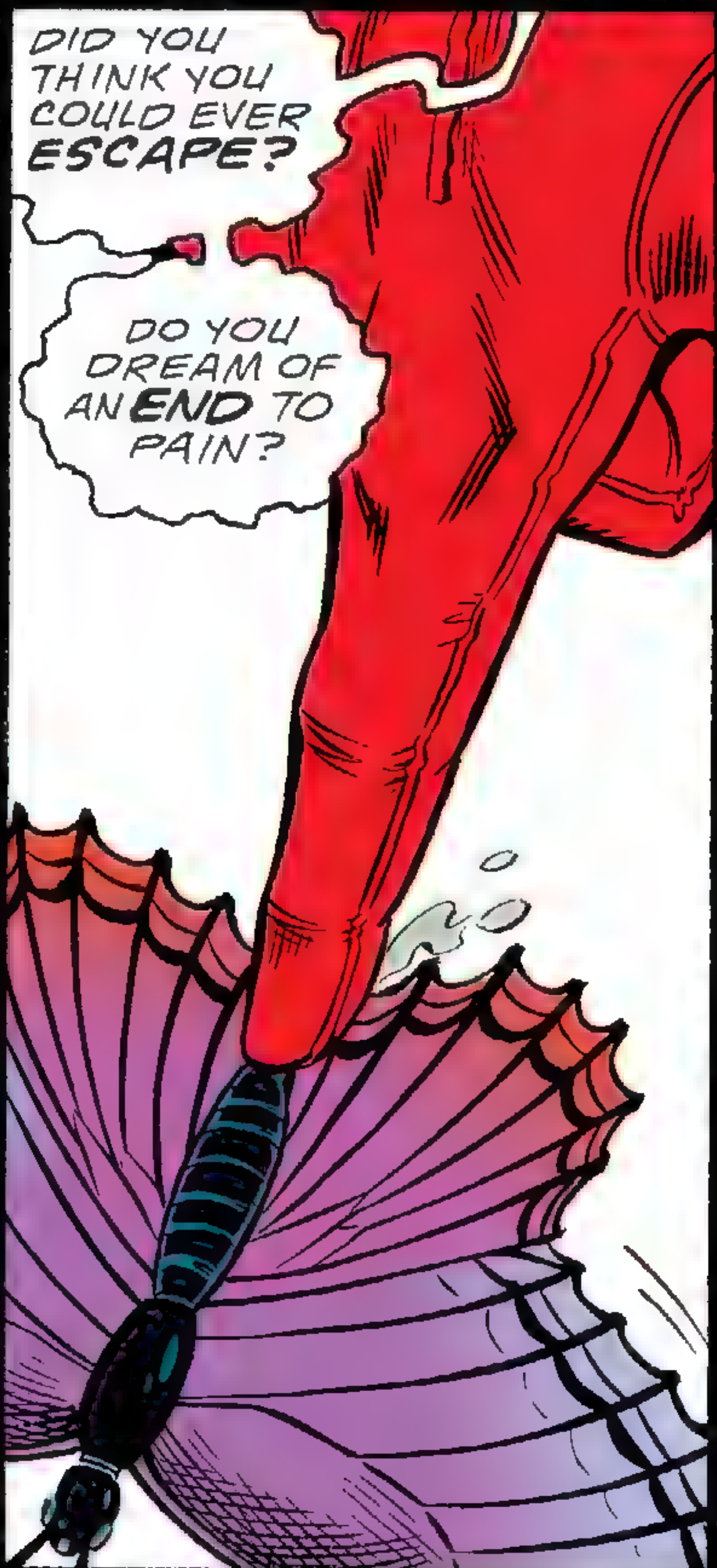
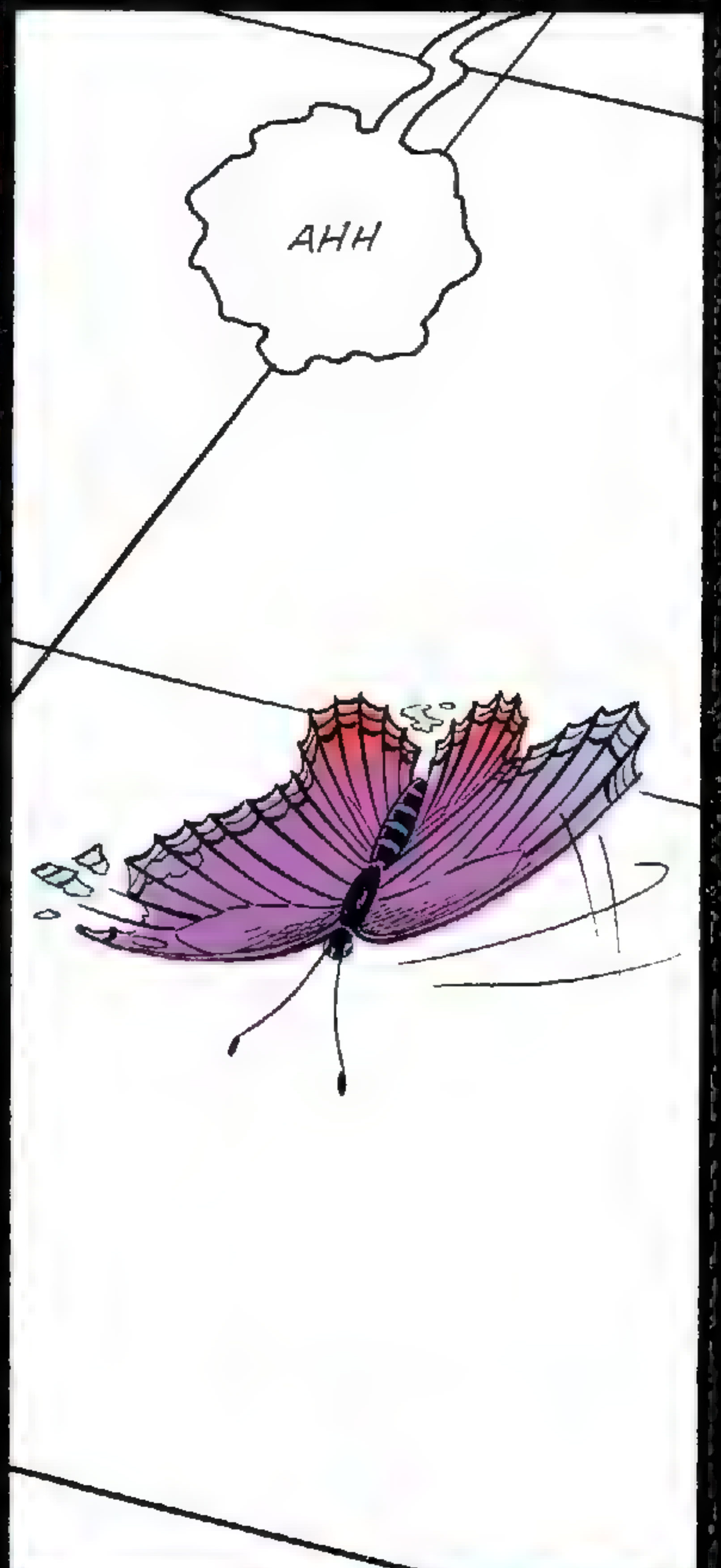
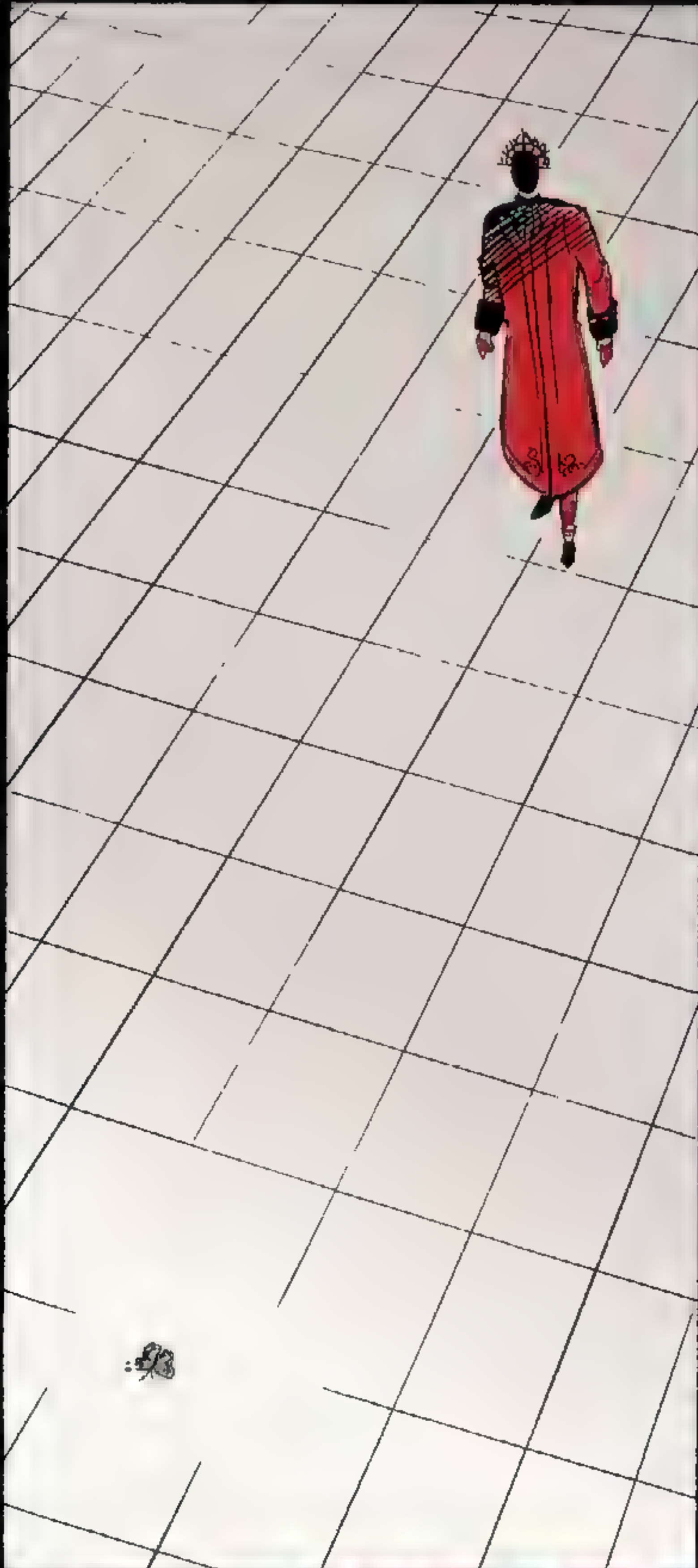
ENITIS URSULA.
Underside of the same.
3, 5, 6. HIPPARCHIA NEPHELE.
4, 7. HIPPARCHIA ALOPE.
8. ITHYCERUS NOVEBORACENSIS.

CASE

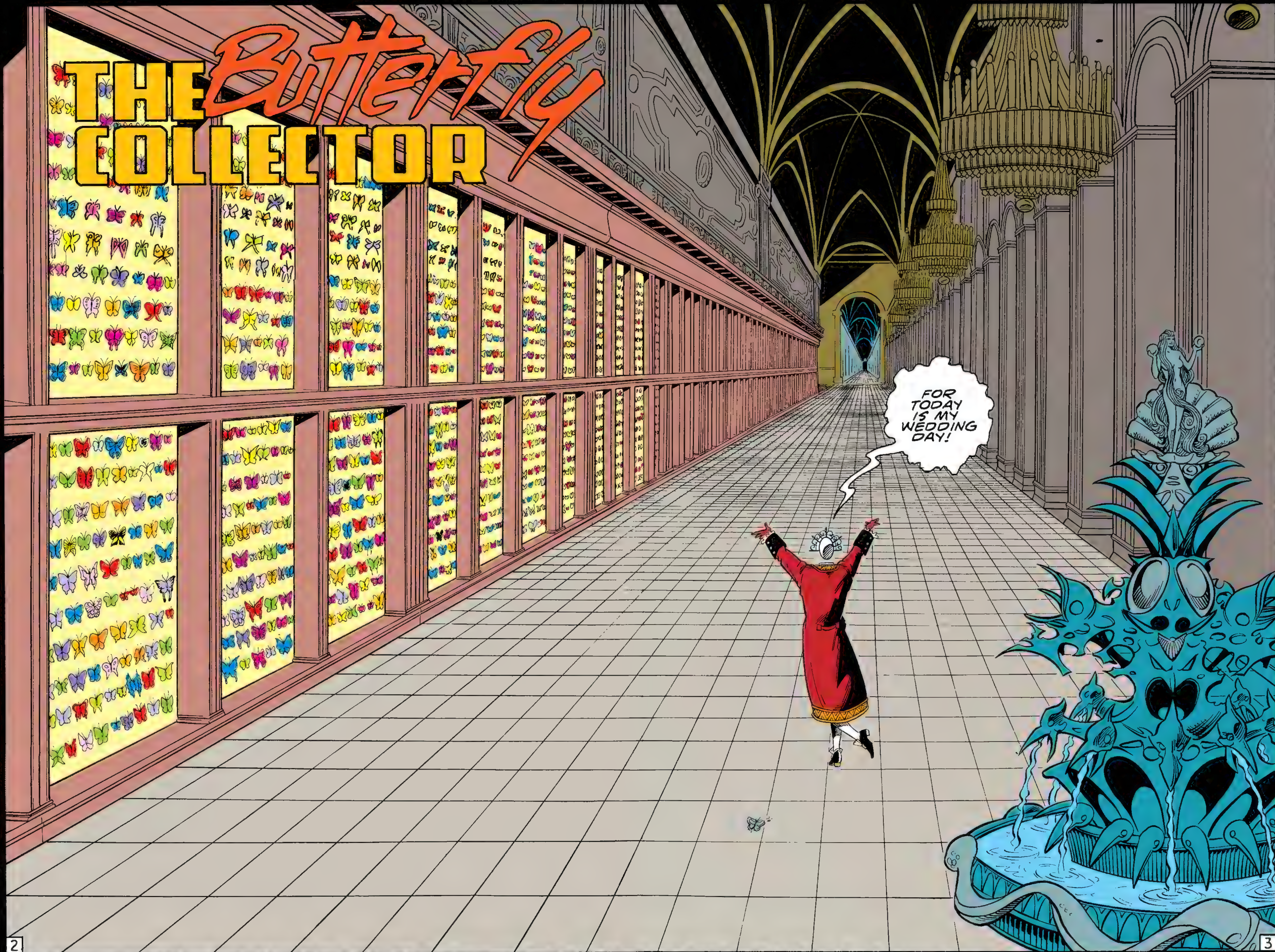
dom PATROL

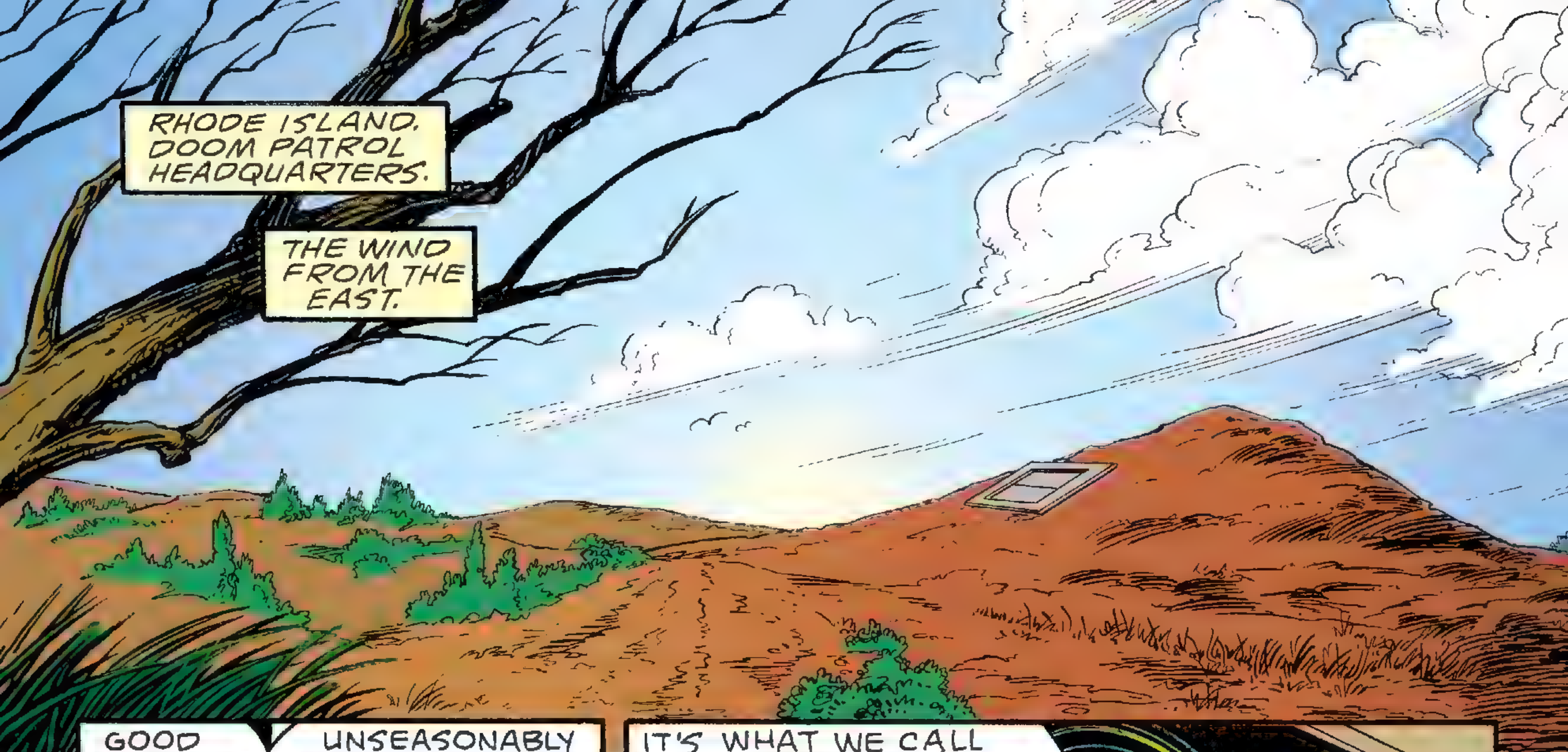


"Sorry about the writing.
Robot fingers, you know."



THE BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR





RHODE ISLAND,
DOOM PATROL
HEADQUARTERS.

THE WIND
FROM THE
EAST.



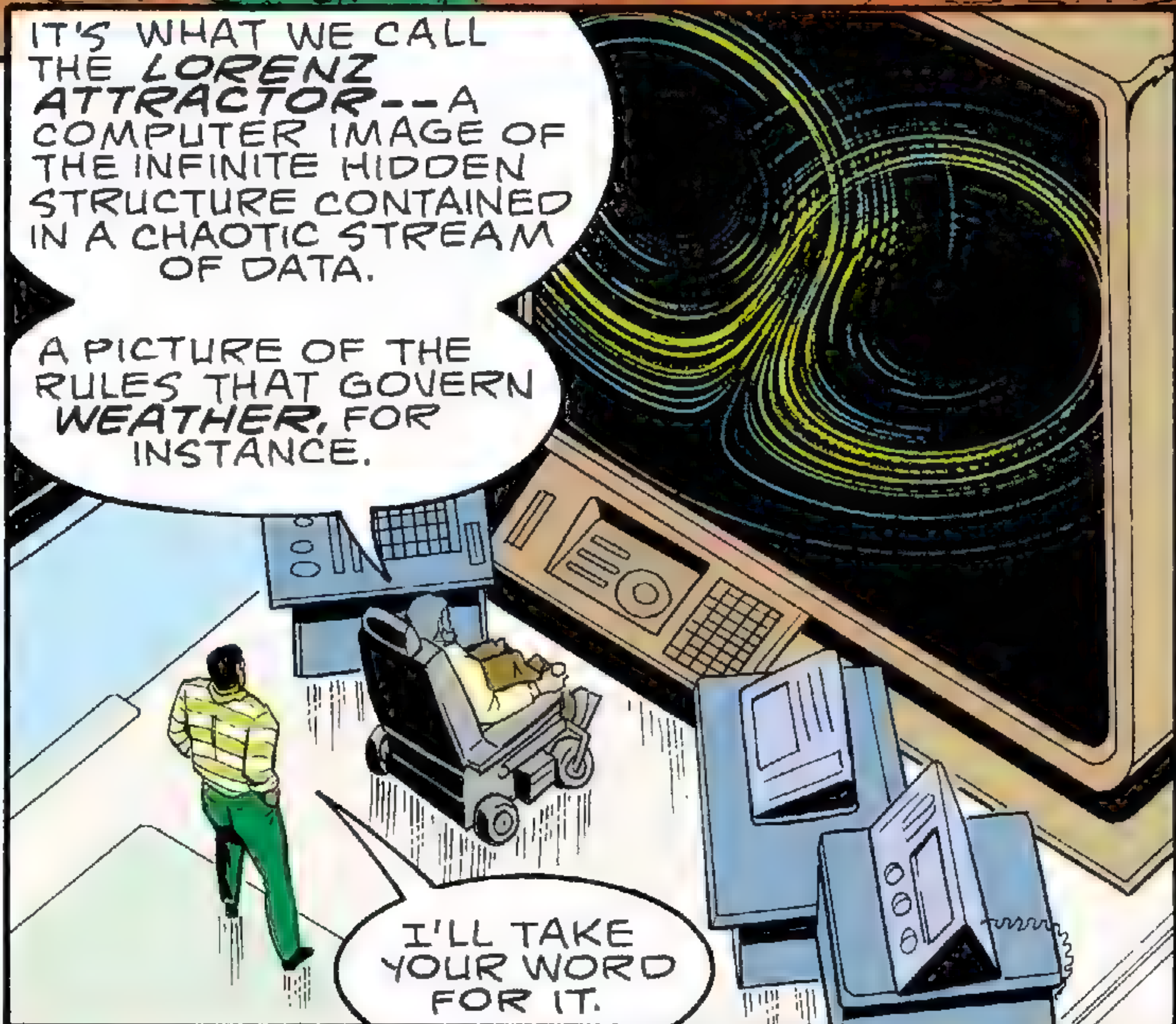
GOOD
MORNING,
JOSHUA.

...AT A
QUARTER
AFTER
THREE LAST
NIGHT.

UNSEASONABLY
COLD, DON'T YOU
THINK? THE
TEMPERATURE
DROPPED
DRAMATICALLY...

YEAH.

WHAT
IS
THAT?



IT'S WHAT WE CALL
THE **LORENZ
ATTRACTOR**--A
COMPUTER IMAGE OF
THE INFINITE HIDDEN
STRUCTURE CONTAINED
IN A CHAOTIC STREAM
OF DATA.

A PICTURE OF THE
RULES THAT GOVERN
WEATHER, FOR
INSTANCE.

I'LL TAKE
YOUR WORD
FOR IT.

WEATHER IS COMPLETELY
UNPREDICTABLE, YOU SEE.
THEORETICALLY, A CATASTROPHIC
CYCLONE IN **BANGLADESH** CAN
BE TRACED BACK TO SOMETHING
AS SIMPLE AS THE TINY PERTURBA-
TIONS MADE IN THE AIR BY THE
WING OF A **BUTTERFLY** IN
SOUTH AMERICA.

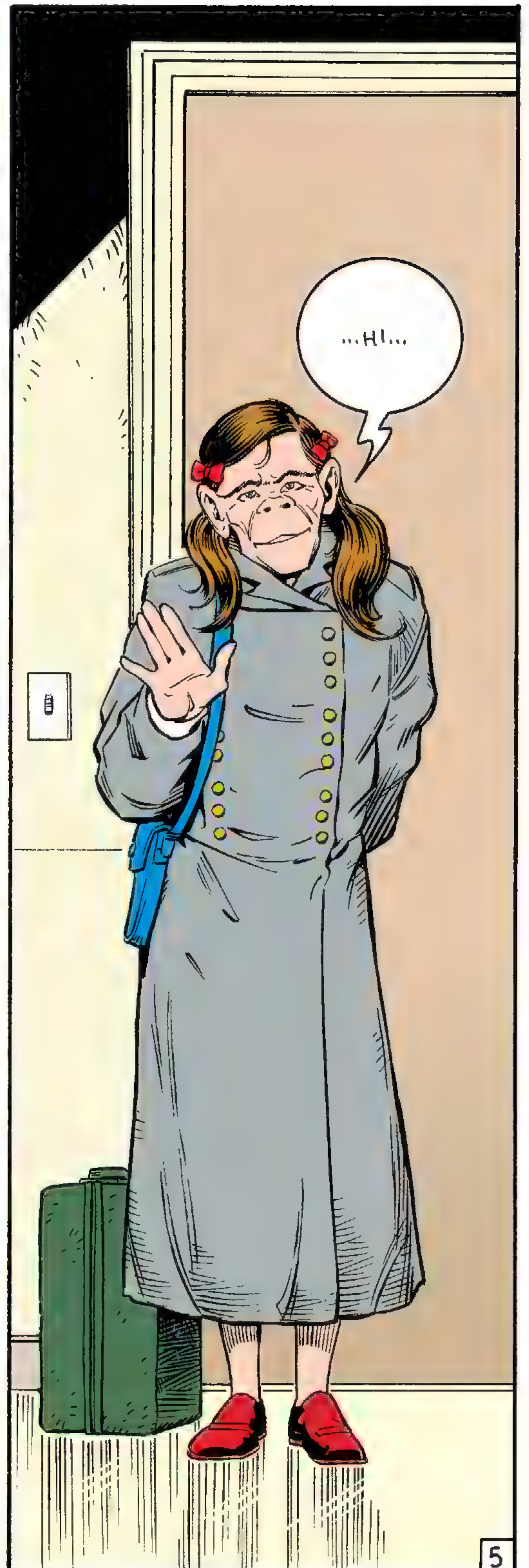
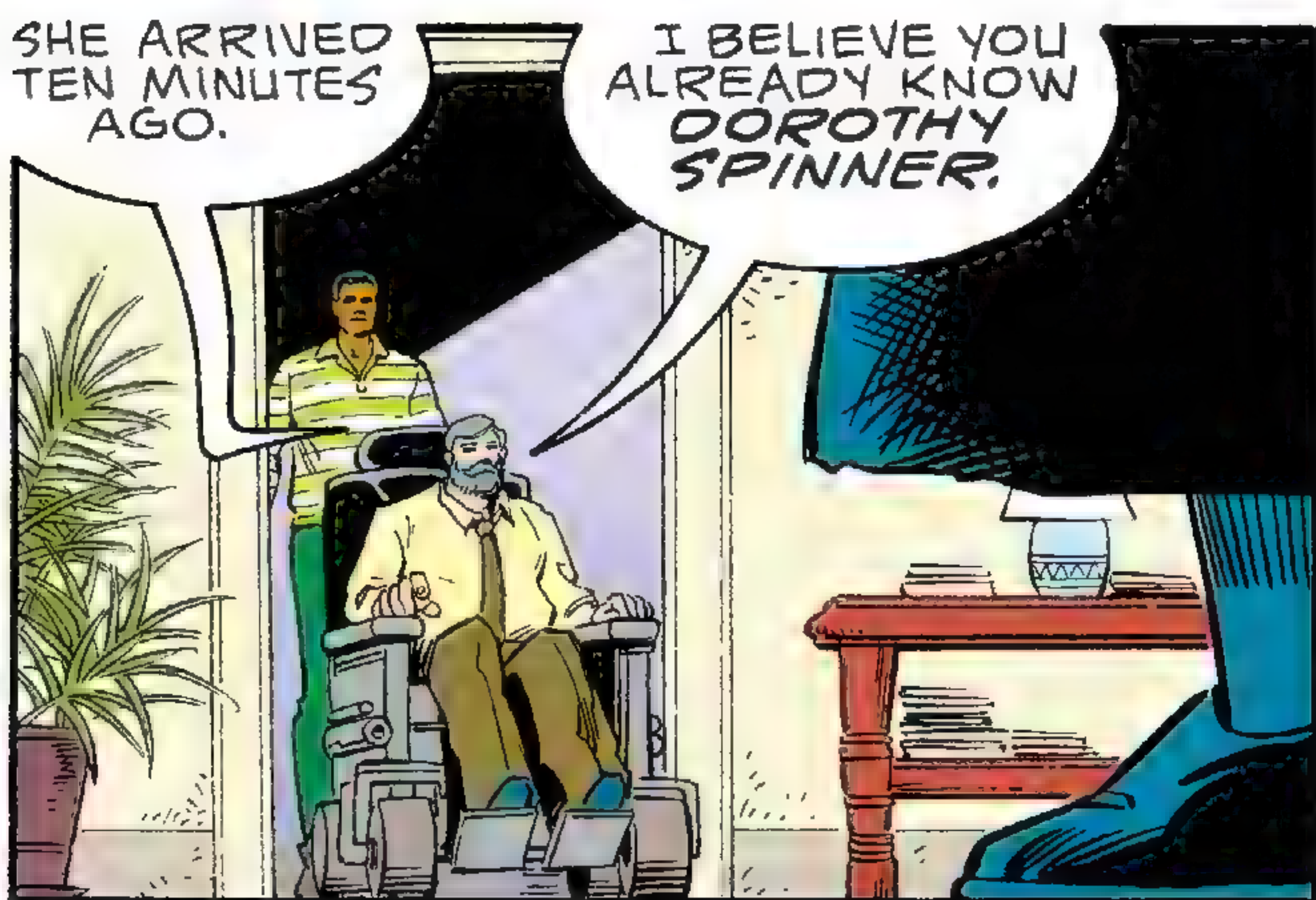
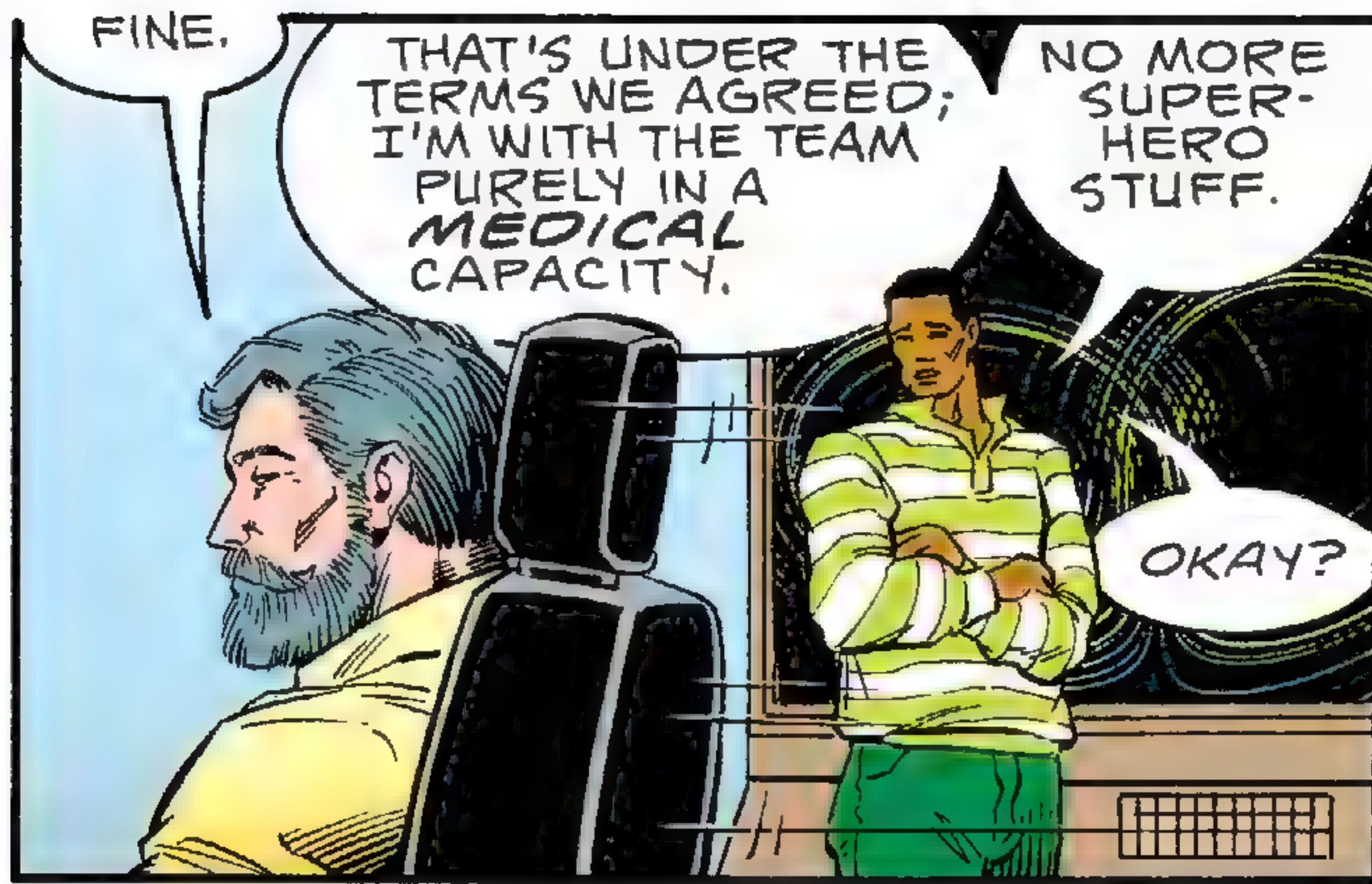


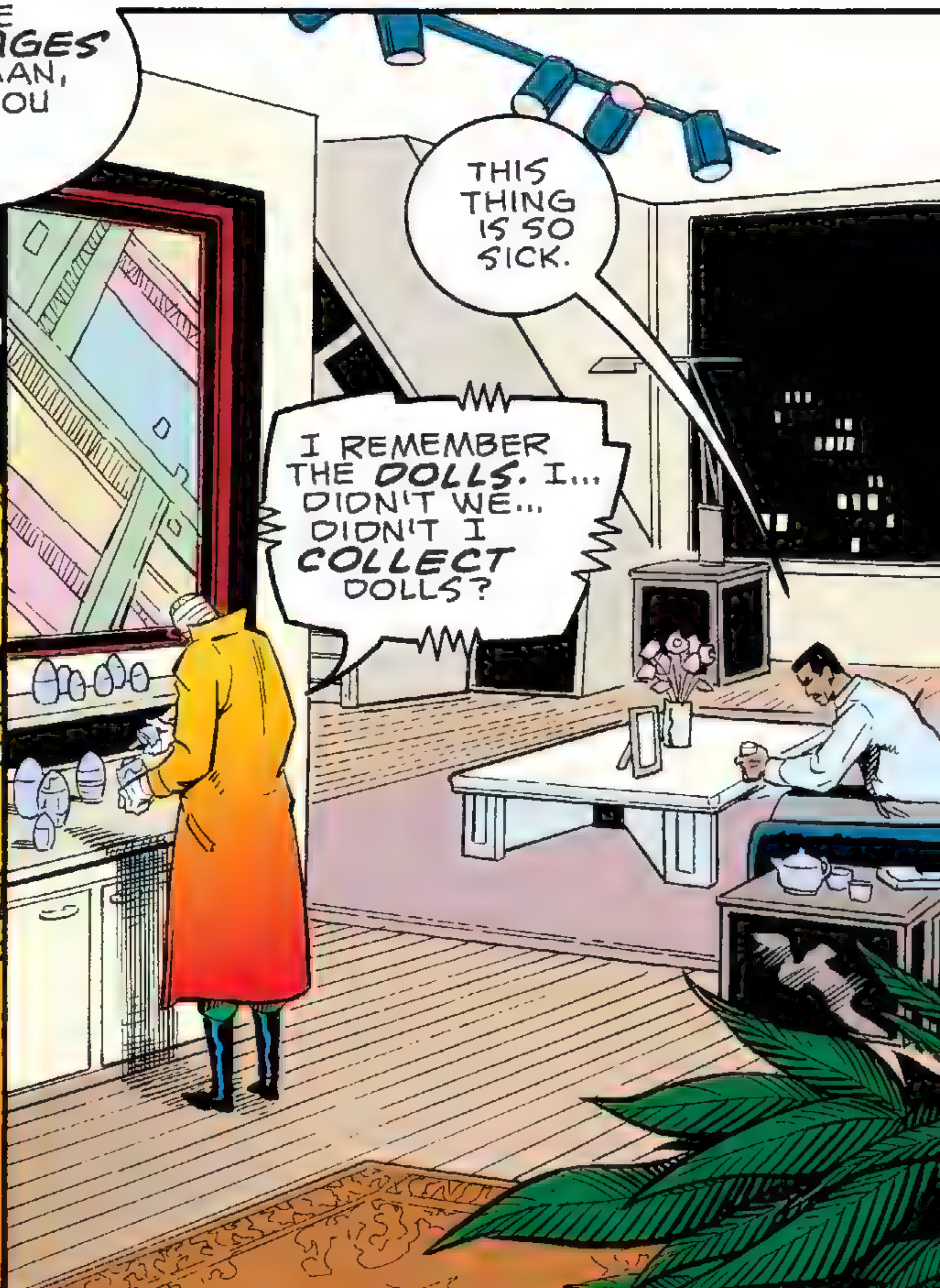
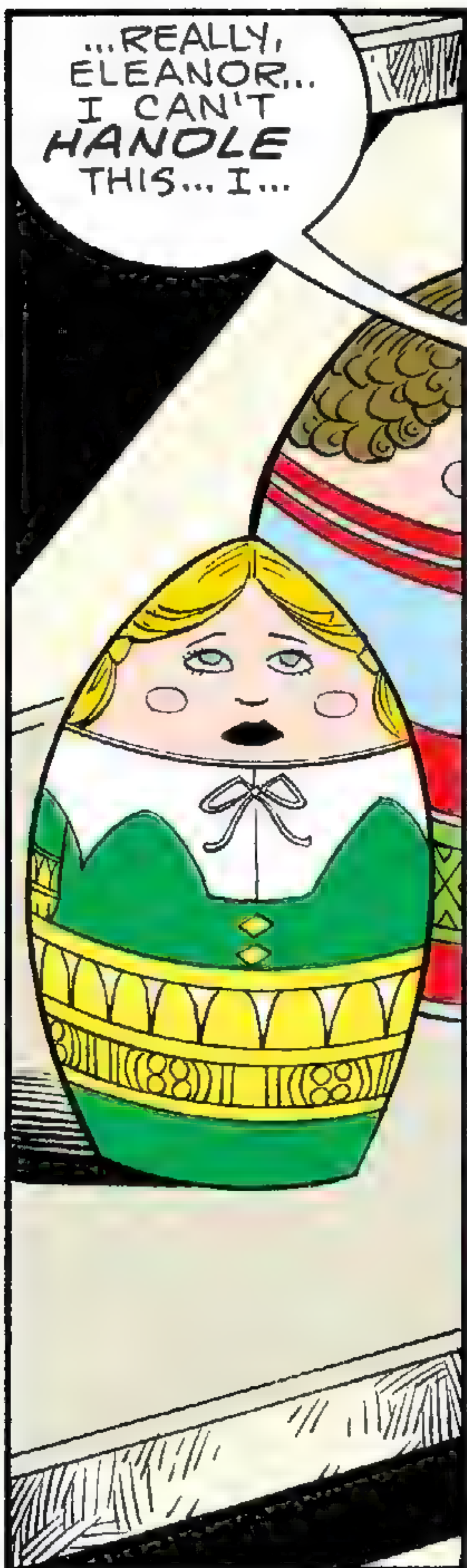
IT'S A CHAIN
REACTION
OF EVENT AND
CONSEQUENCE
THAT...



YEAH, LISTEN, IT'S NOT
THAT I DON'T WANT TO
TALK **METEOROLOGY** WITH
YOU OR ANYTHING, BUT I
REALLY CAME UP TO TELL YOU
THAT I'D...WELL, I'D LIKE
TO **ACCEPT** YOUR
OFFER.

I'D LIKE
TO STAY WITH
THE **DOOM
PATROL**.





...BLOOD...
SYMBOLIC,
RIGHT... JUST
LIKE A
MOVIE...
IT'S...



REMEMBER THAT OLD
GERMAN GUY TOOK THIS
THE DAY BEFORE YOU
HURT YOUR FOOT
GOING UP TO THE
ACROPOLIS
?



YOU WERE
STUCK IN THE
HOTEL FOR
THREE DAYS...
PLAYING
TRIVIAL
PURSUIT
... I ...



**THIS
IS US!**

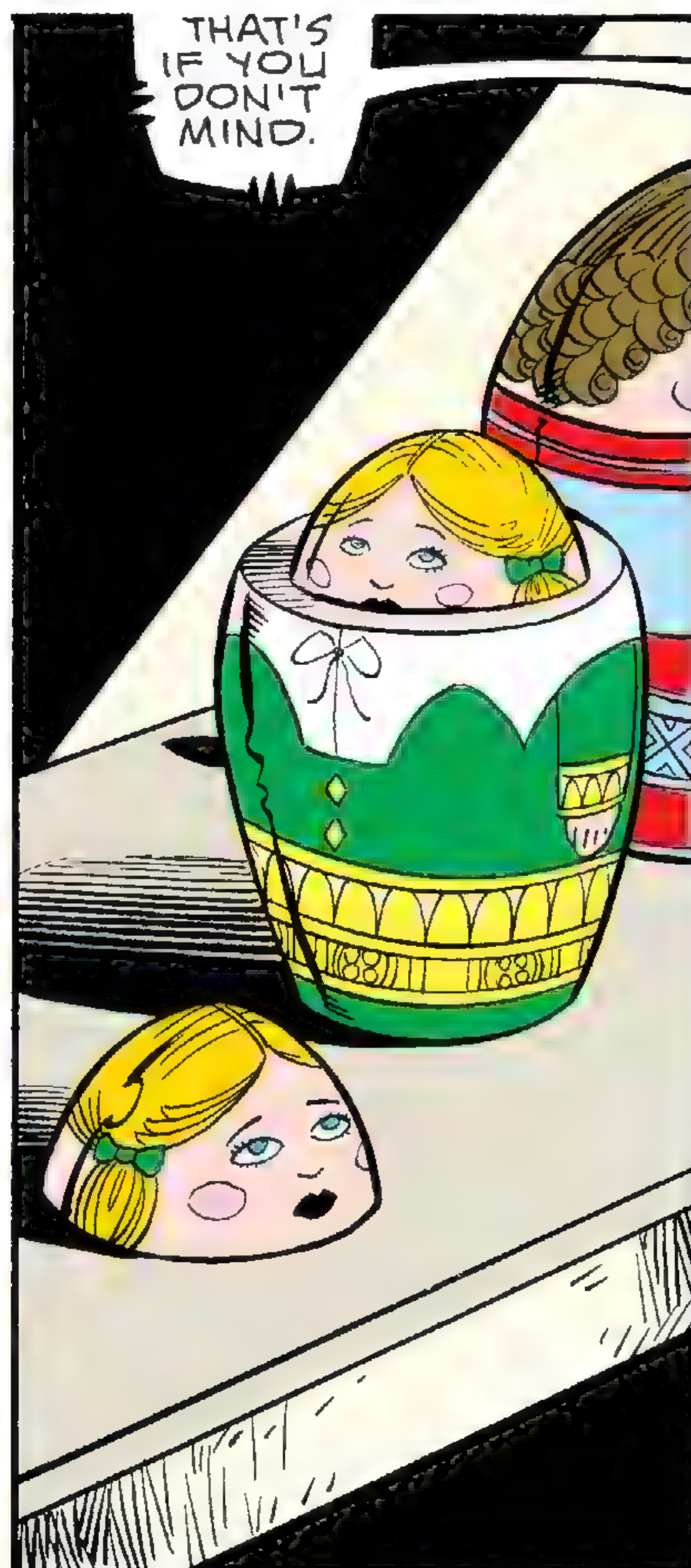


THIS
IS US!

THE DOLLS
ARE VERY
BEAUTIFUL,
DAN.



I'D
LIKE TO
TAKE
ONE
AWAY
WITH
ME.



THAT'S
IF YOU
DON'T
MIND.

...AND YOU REMEMBERED TO BRING THOSE **TAPES**, YEAH?

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, CLIFF? I BROUGHT **EVERYTHING!**

I DON'T KNOW... I CAN'T SEE COUNTRY MUSIC BRINGING **ANYONE** OUT OF A COMA. I MEAN, IT'D PUT ME INTO ONE...

I WISH I'D NEVER WORN THIS **COSTUME...**

FLAUNT IT, BABY, FLAUNT IT!

RISON GENERAL HOSPITAL

FOURTH FLOOR, PAL. I'M HERE TO COMPLAIN TO MY PLASTIC SURGEON.

THAT'S IT THERE...

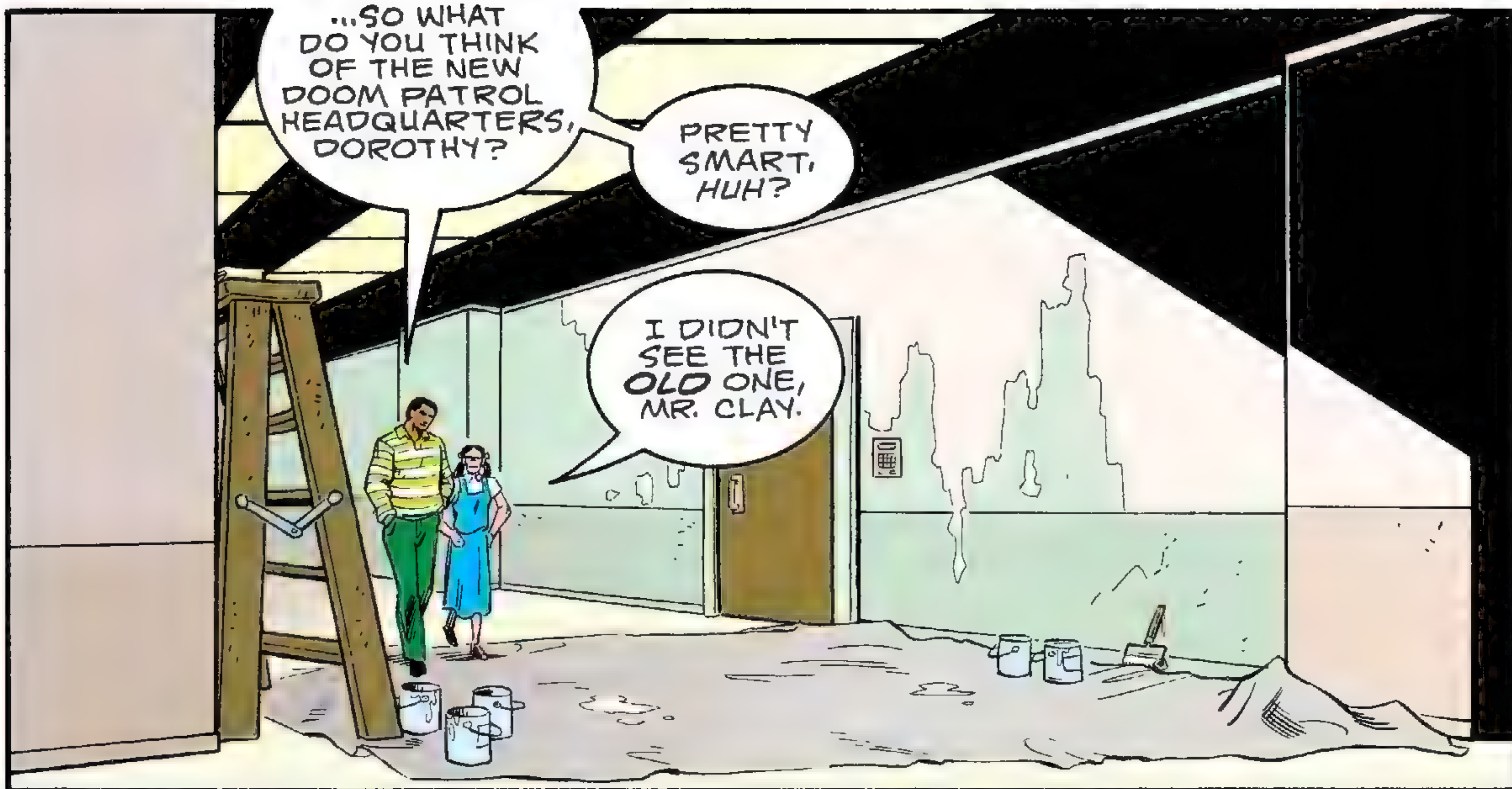
CLIFF! SOMETHING'S **WRONG.**

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WE'RE **CLIFF STEELE** AND **CRAZY JANE** FROM THE DOOM PATROL. WE'RE HERE TO SEE **RHEA JONES**.

THIS IS HER ROOM, ISN'T IT?

YES...WELL ...I THINK YOU'D BETTER...

WE'VE HAD SOME PROBLEMS.



...SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE NEW DOOM PATROL HEADQUARTERS, DOROTHY?

PRETTY SMART, HUH?

I DIDN'T SEE THE OLD ONE, MR. CLAY.

NO...NO, I GUESS YOU DIDN'T ...SO, WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT HERE, ANYWAY?

WELL, IT WAS PROFESSOR CAULDER, I GUESS. HE CALLED MY DAD AFTER THE INVASION AND ALL.

HE MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN THE GENE BOMB WENT OFF.

YEAH? SO WHAT DID HAPPEN?

OH... WELL, IT WAS KIND OF...



WAIT A MINUTE!

I'M SORRY, DOROTHY, BUT IS IT JUST MY EARS OR DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING? KIND OF LIKE SQUISHY...



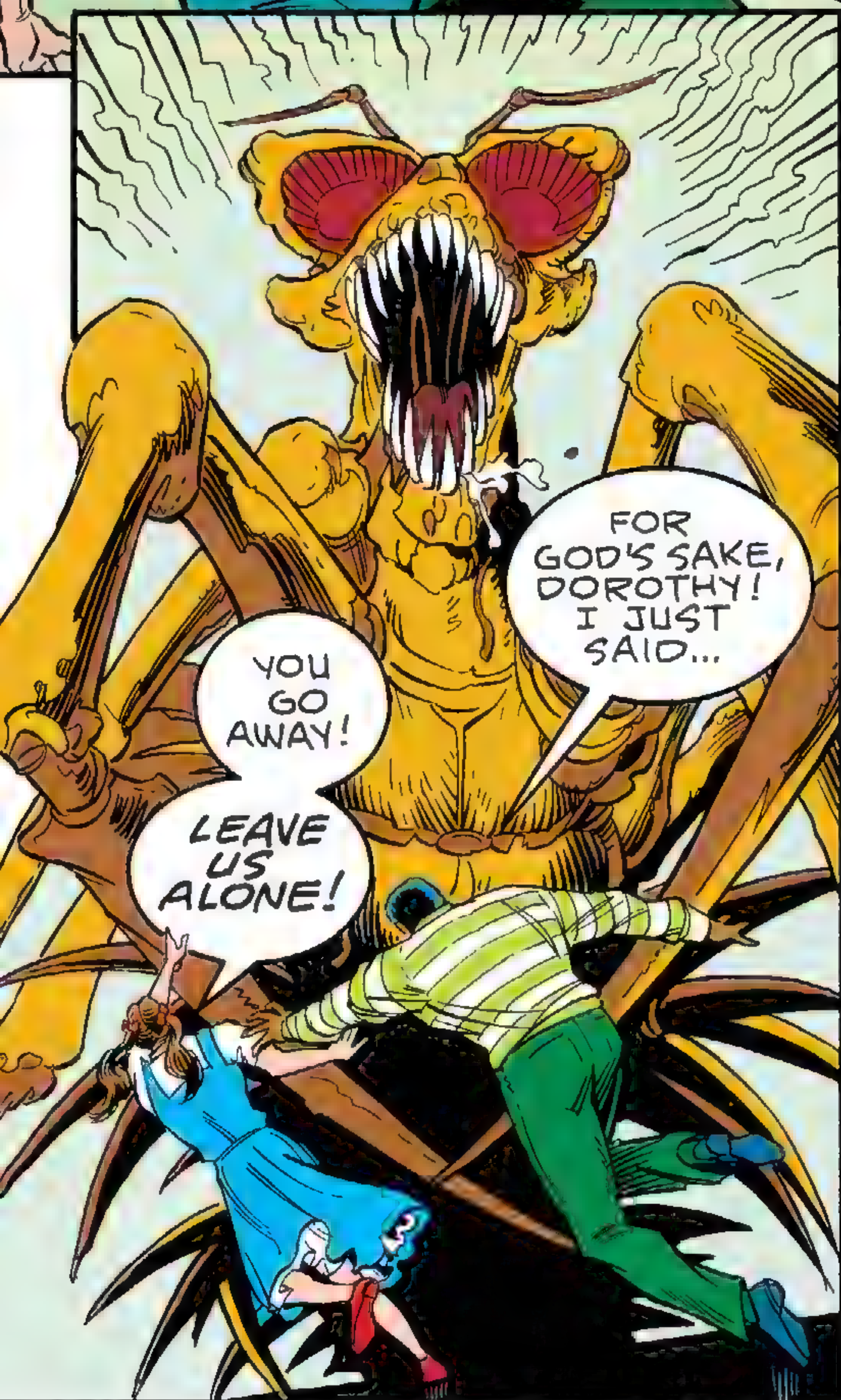
...FOOT-
STEPS...

OH MY GOD.



GET BACK,
DOROTHY!

GET
BACK!



FOR
GOD'S SAKE,
DOROTHY!
I JUST
SAID...

YOU
GO
AWAY!

LEAVE
US
ALONE!



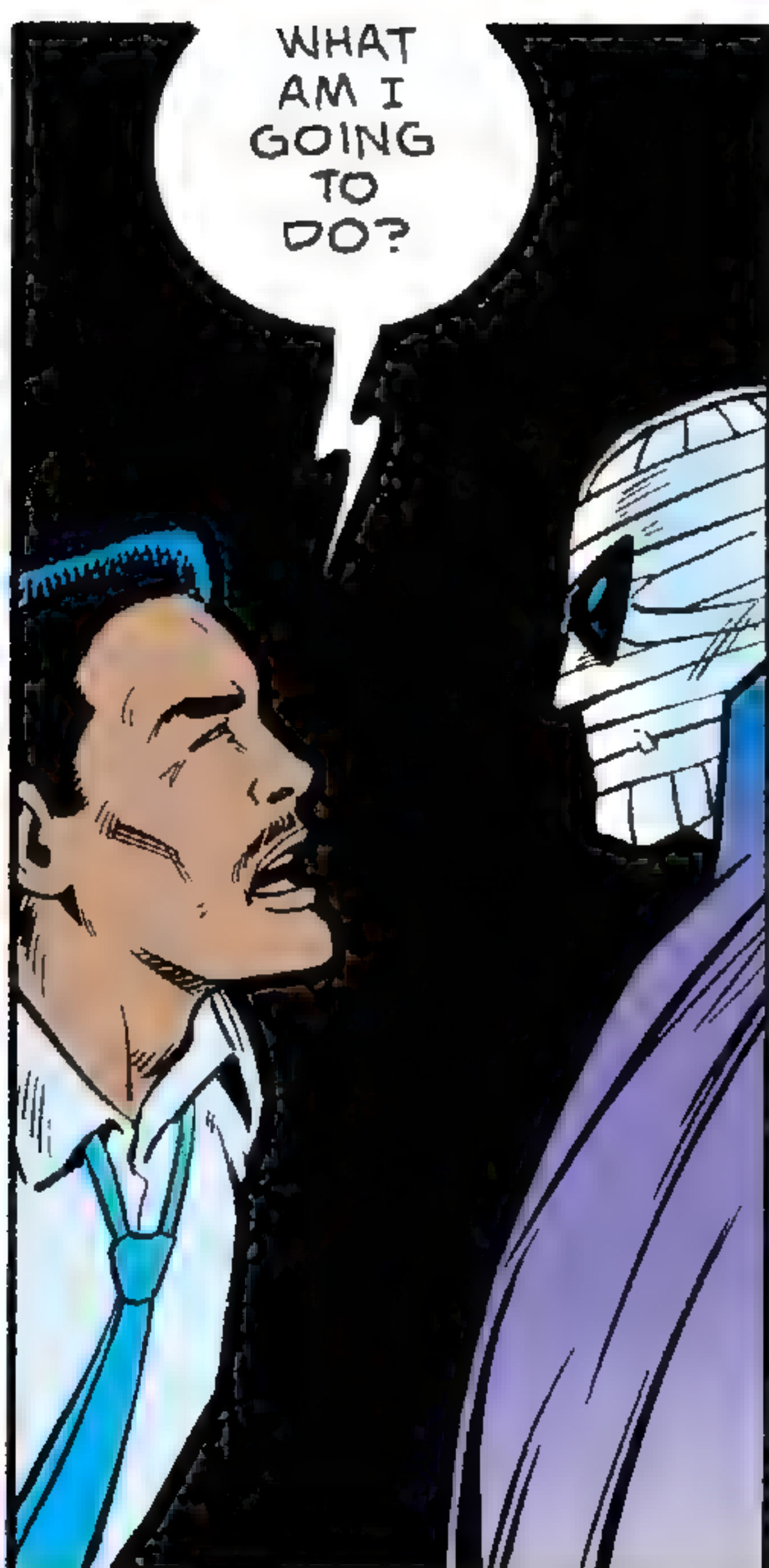
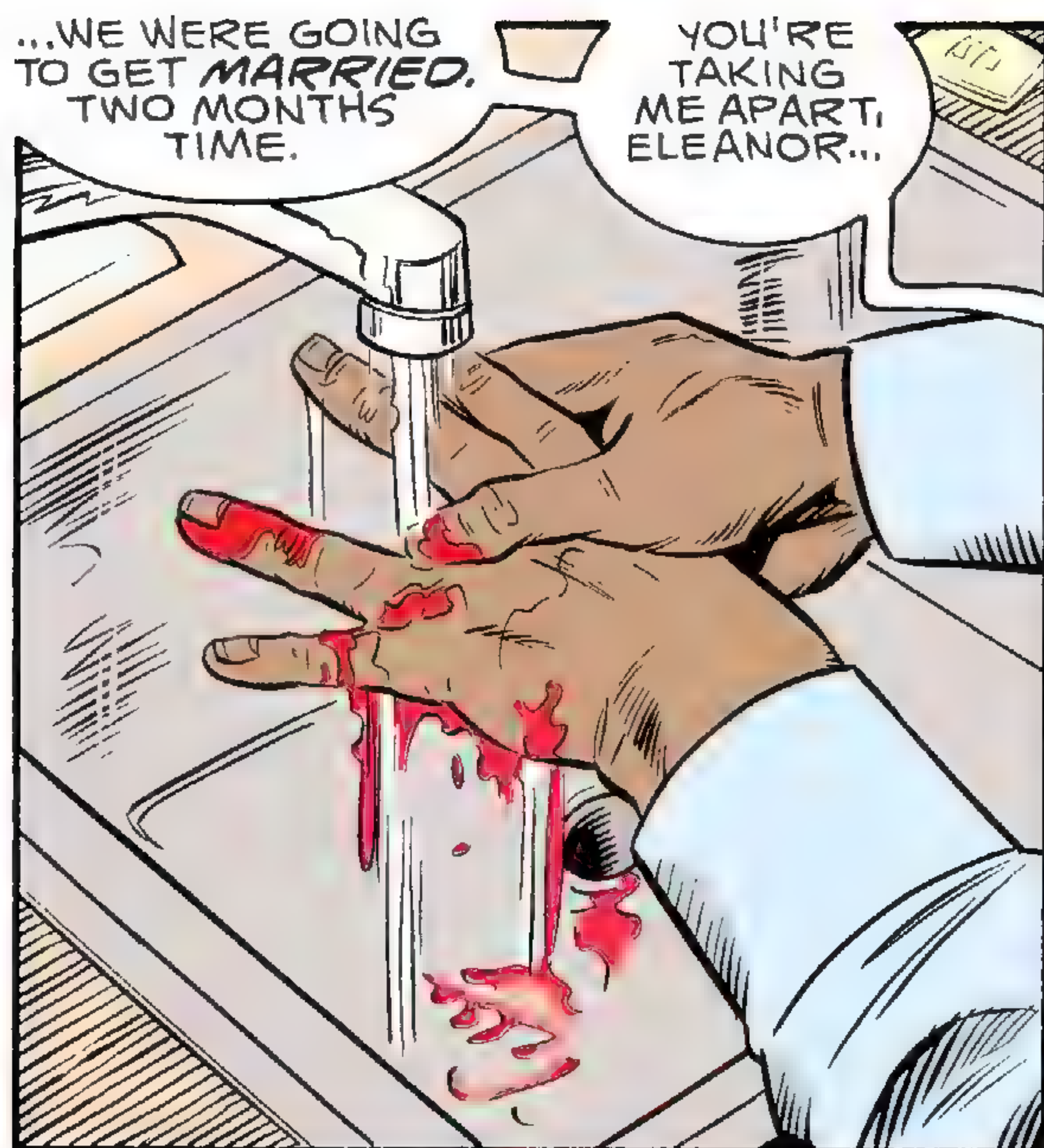
YOU
HEAR ME
NOW?

GO
AWAY!



I'M REAL
SORRY, MR.
CLAY.

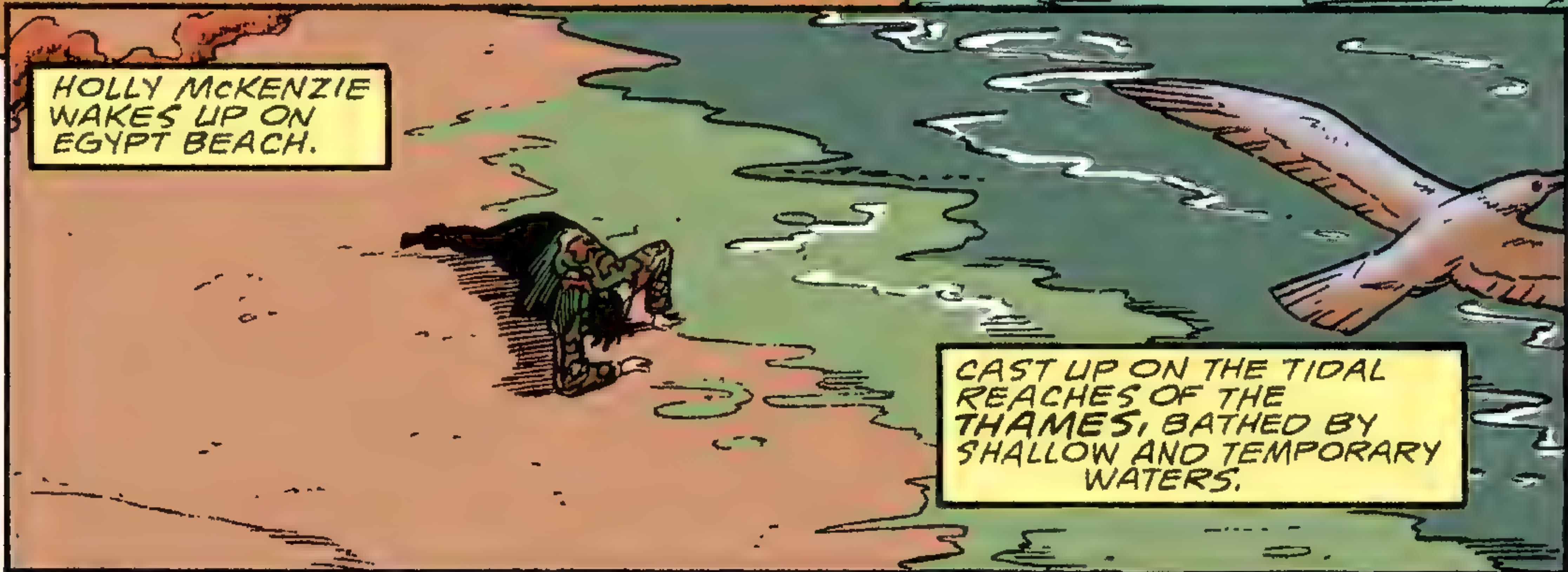
SOMETIMES
THESE THINGS
JUST JUMP
RIGHT OUT OF
MY HEAD.





ENGLAND: HIGH CLOUDS AND SUMMER THUNDER.

HOLLY MCKENZIE WENT TO SLEEP IN A SQUAT IN BRIXTON.



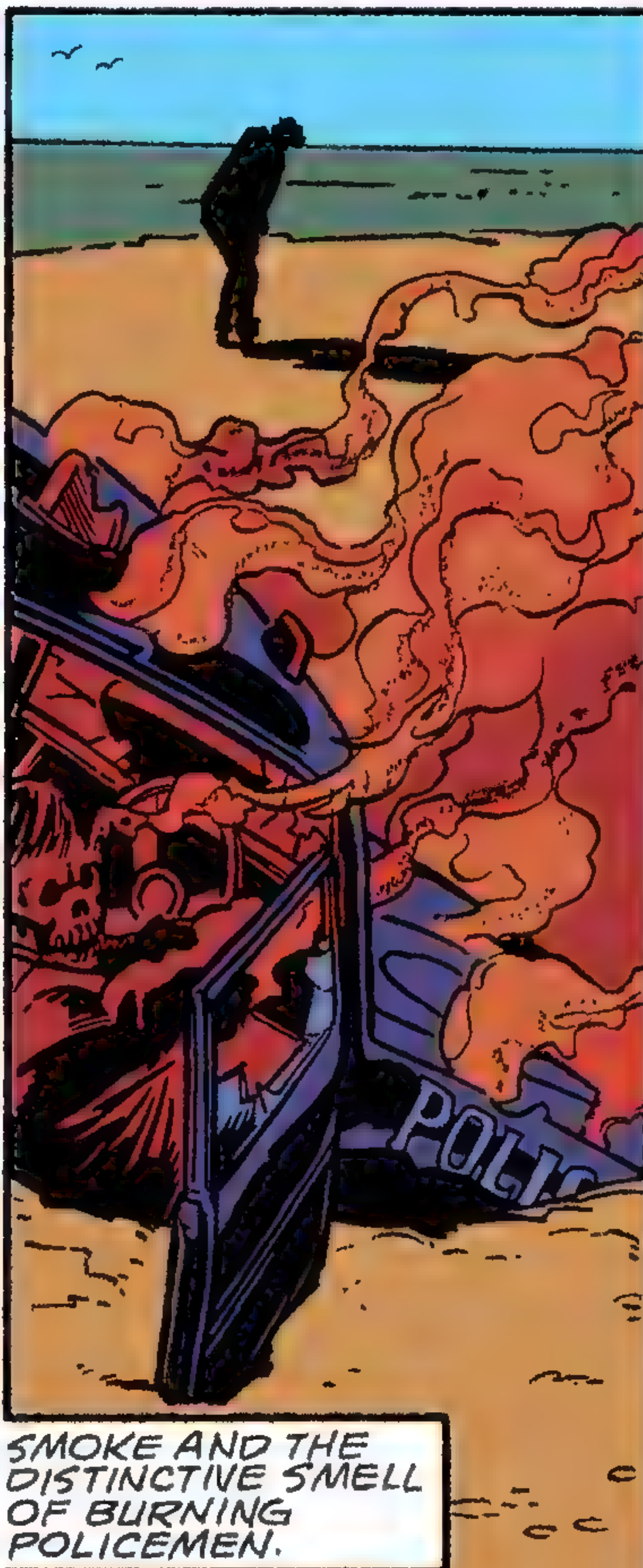
HOLLY MCKENZIE WAKES UP ON EGYPT BEACH.

CAST UP ON THE TIDAL REACHES OF THE THAMES, BATHED BY SHALLOW AND TEMPORARY WATERS.



THE AIR IS BITTER WITH SMOKE.

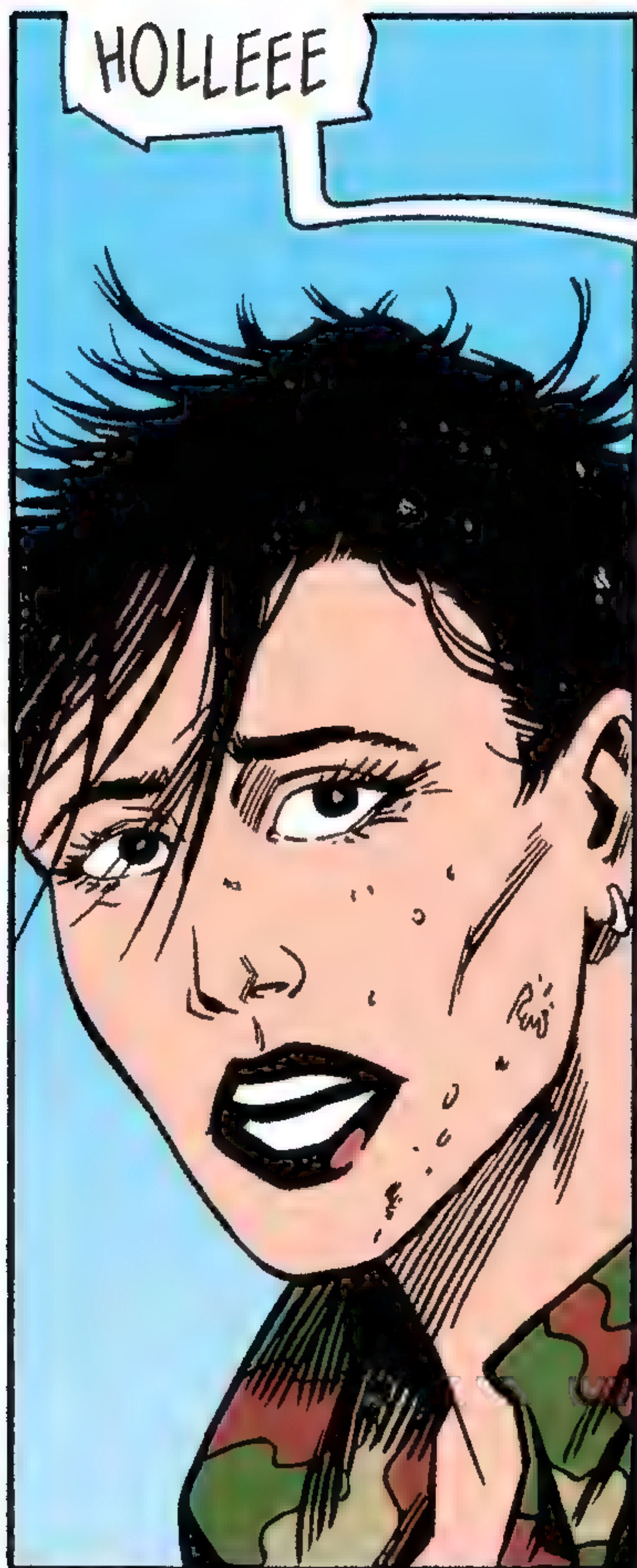
OH
YEEUK!

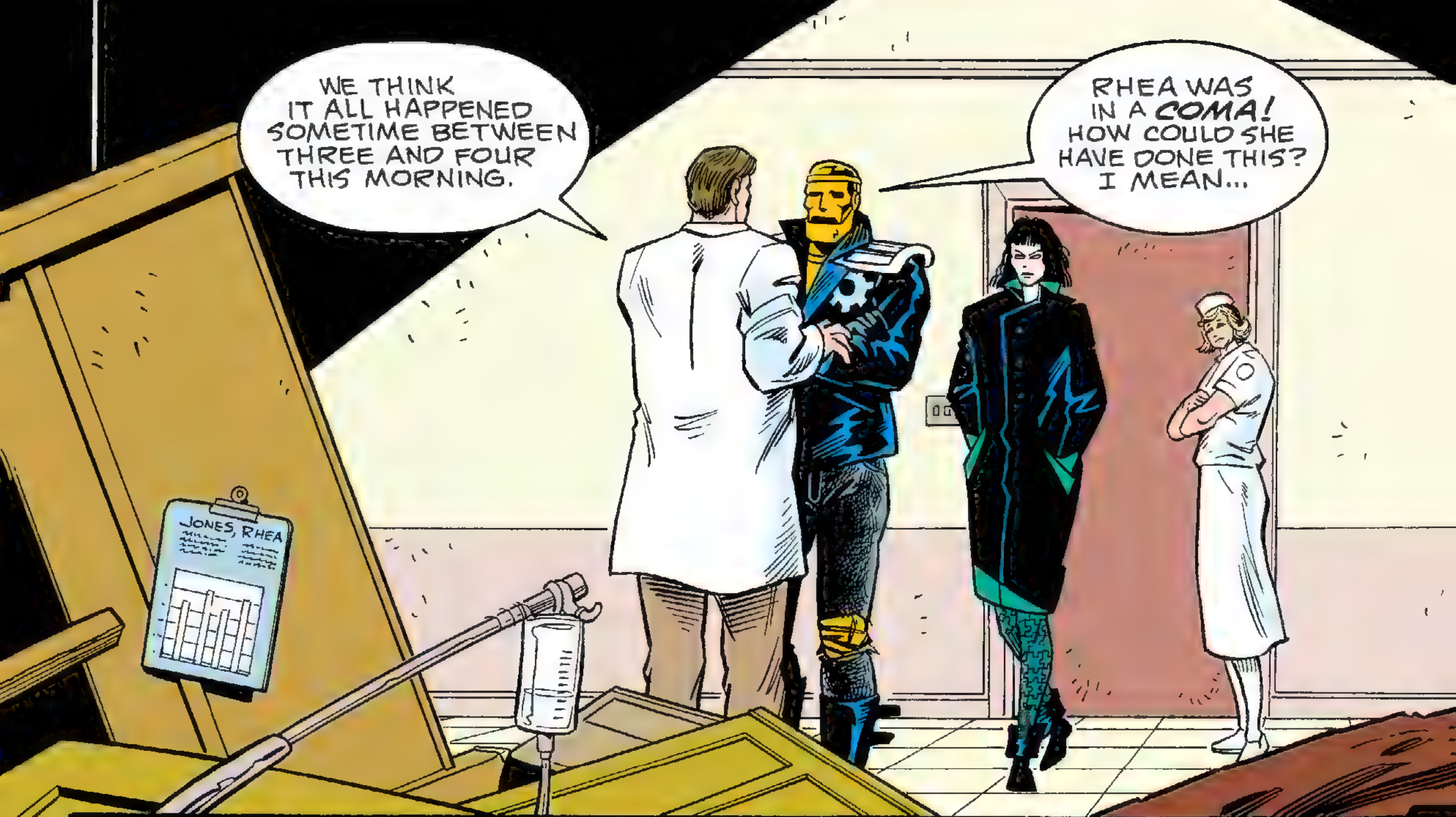


SMOKE AND THE DISTINCTIVE SMELL OF BURNING POLICEMEN.



OH,
HOLLY.
HOW
COULD
YOU?





WE THINK
IT ALL HAPPENED
SOMETIME BETWEEN
THREE AND FOUR
THIS MORNING.

RHEA WAS
IN A **COMA**!
HOW COULD SHE
HAVE DONE THIS?
I MEAN...

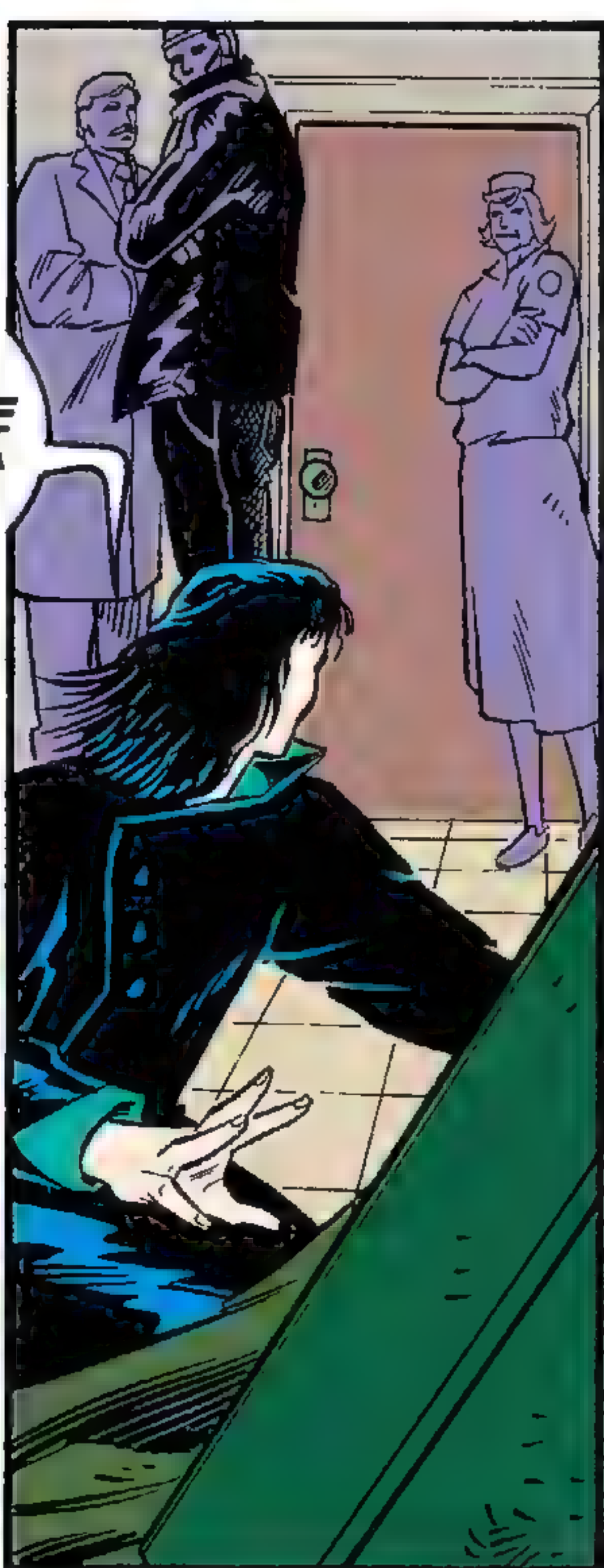


THERE'S
SOMETHING
HERE!



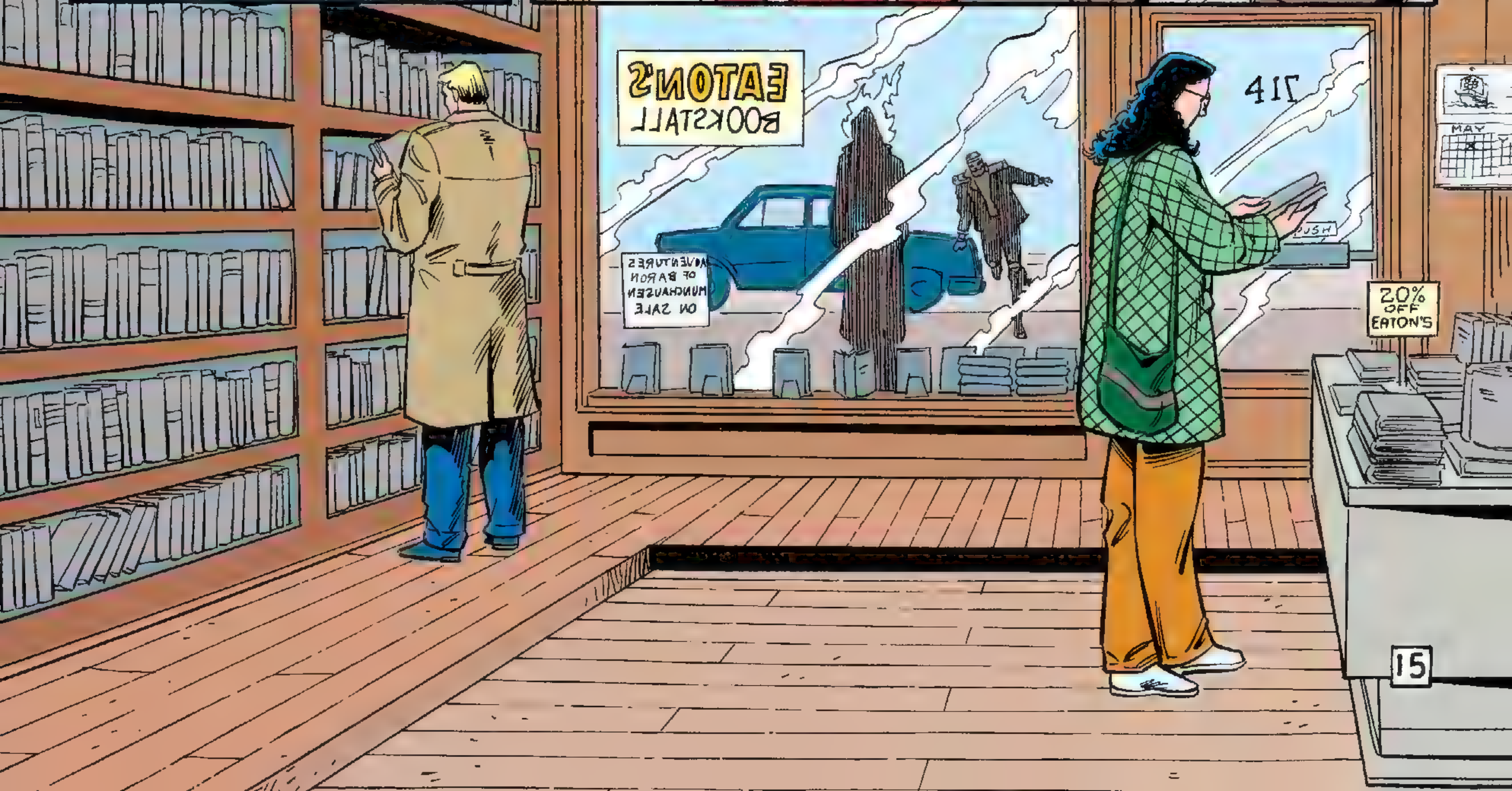
CAN'T YOU
SMELL THE
BLOOD? THE
HEAT OF THE
KNIFE ON THE
WHETSTONE?

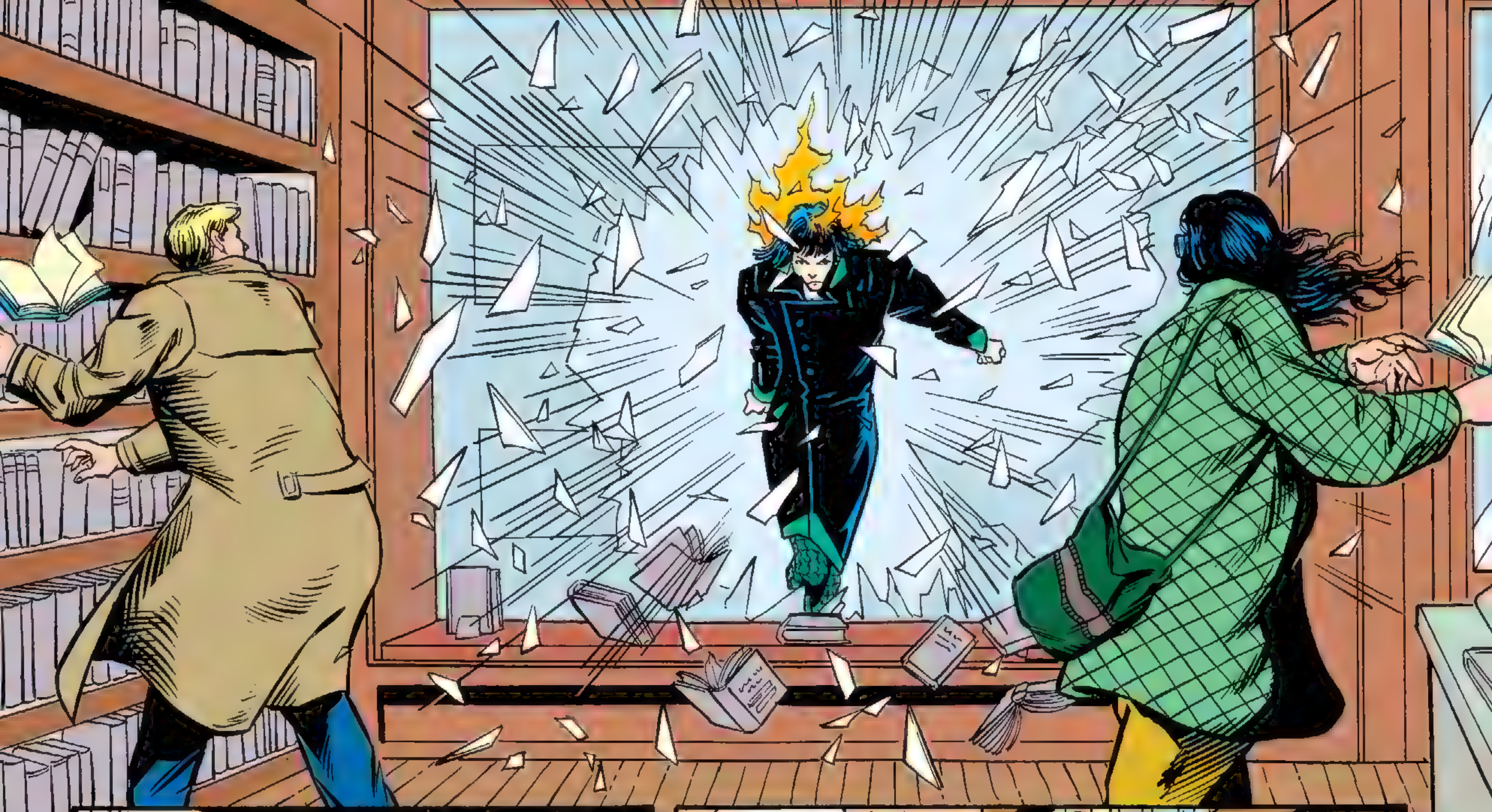
CAN'T
YOU FEEL
THE **PRESENCE**
OF SOMETHING
DEPARTED?



HERE.

IT CAME
THROUGH
HERE.



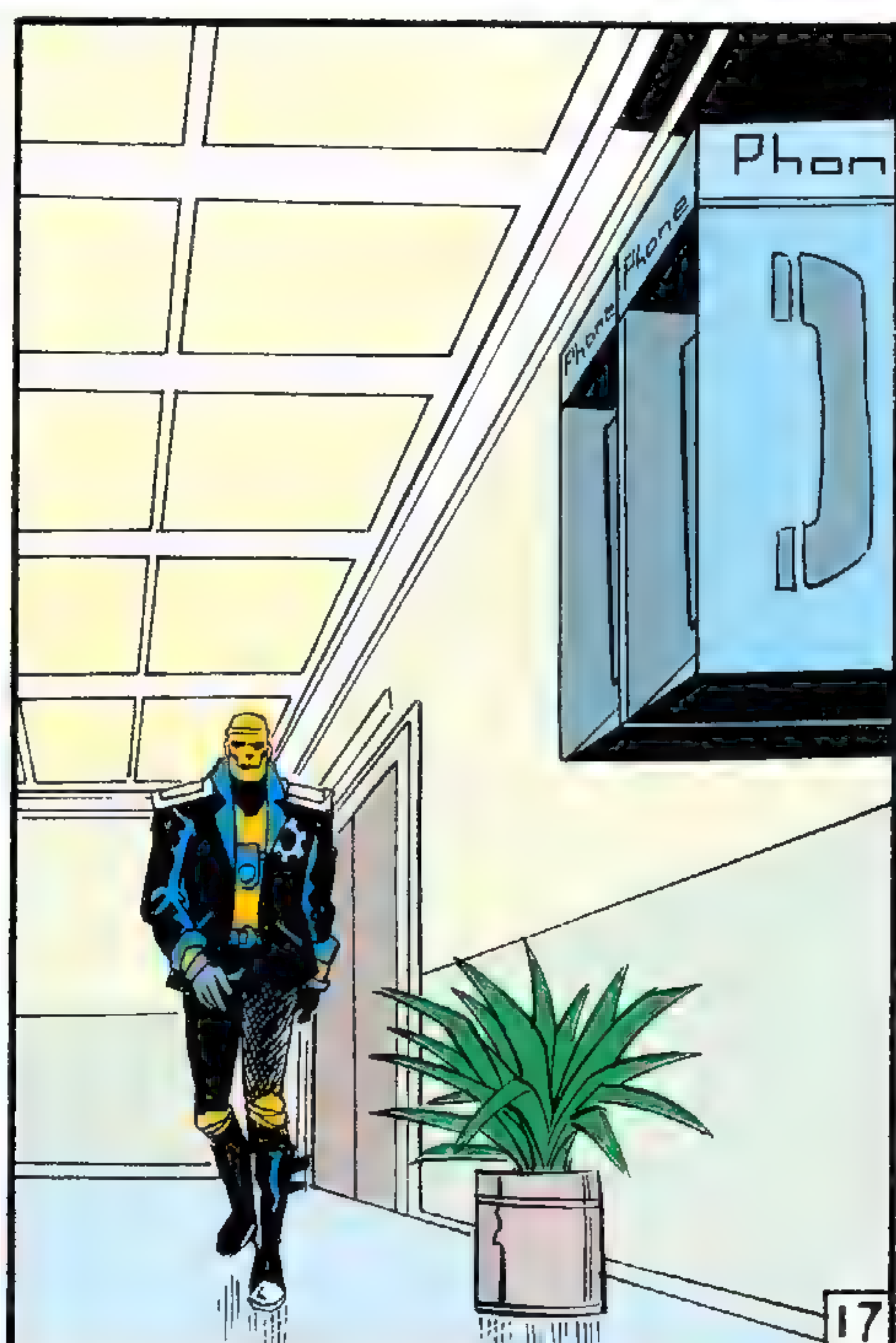
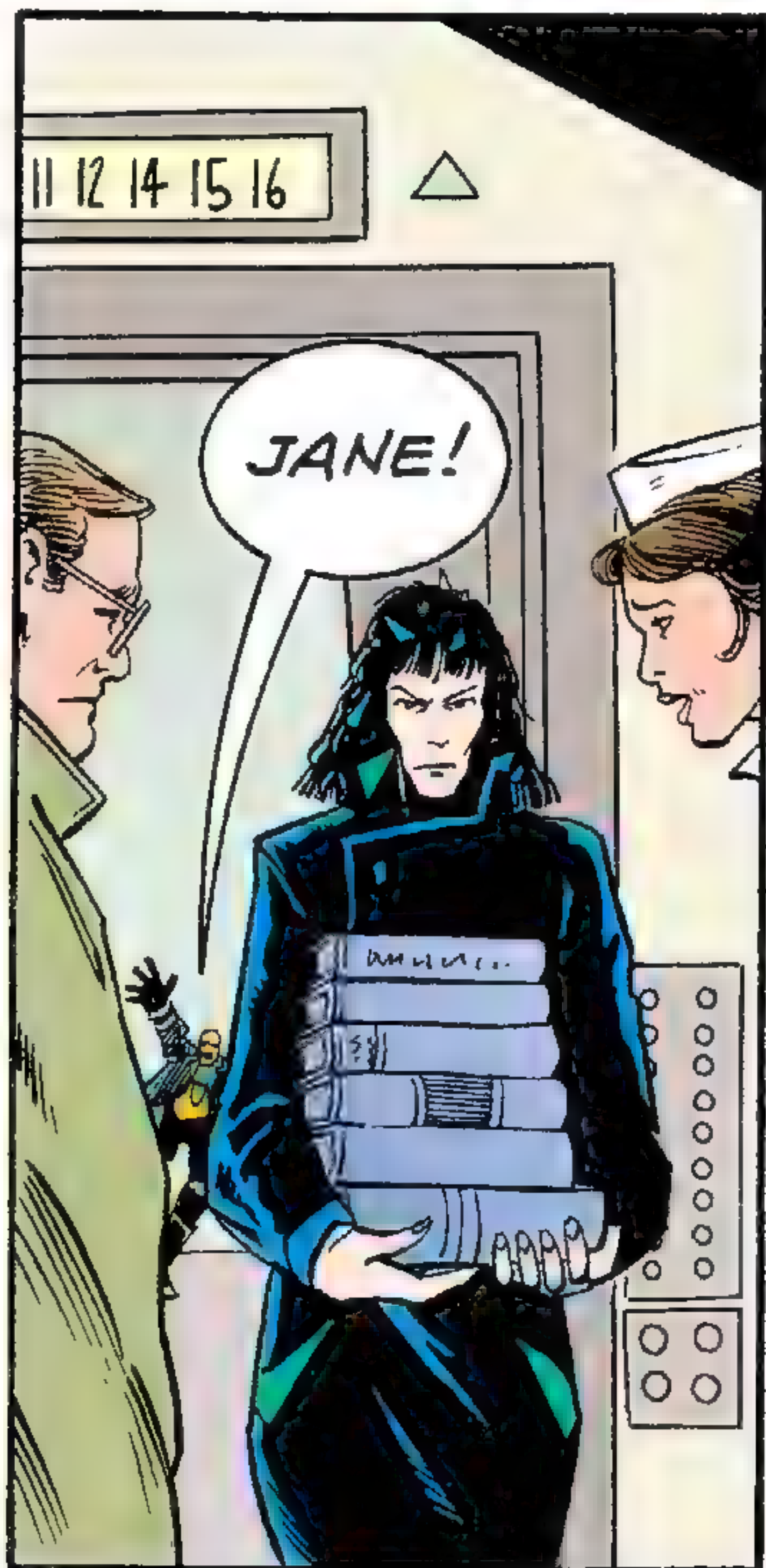


...IT'S THE DOOM PATROL, OKAY? HERE'S THE ADDRESS. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE DAMAGE.

SORRY ABOUT THE WRITING. ROBOT FINGERS, YOU KNOW?



AND REMEMBER, KIDS: DON'T WALK THROUGH PLATE GLASS WINDOWS!



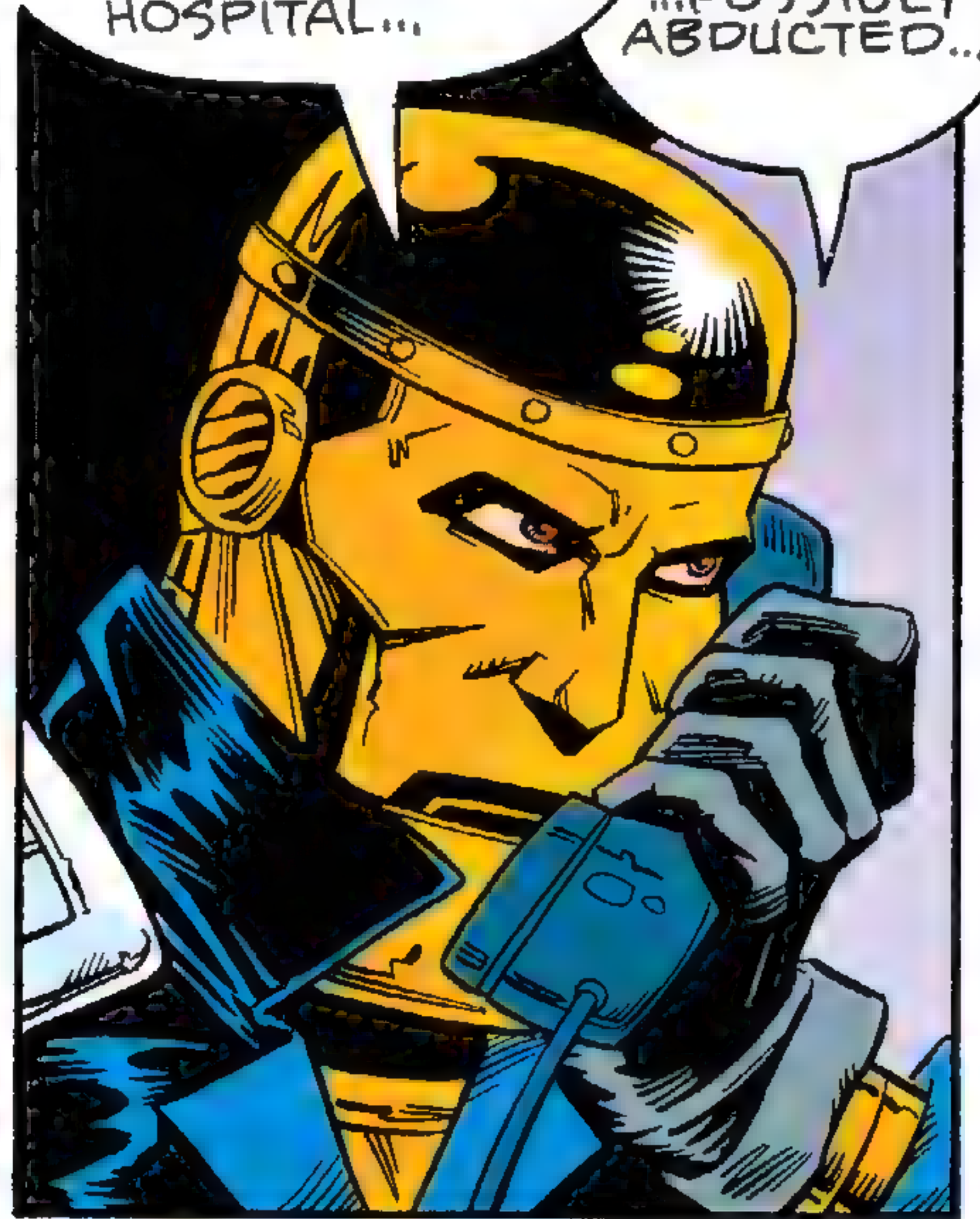


SCISSORS.

I NEED
A PAIR OF
SCISSORS.

...CHIEF?...YEAH,
LISTEN...SOMETHING
WEIRD'S HAPPENED
DOWN AT THE
HOSPITAL...

YEAH...
RHEA'S
VANISHED
...POSSIBLY
ABDUCTED...



RANDOM
WORDS. CUT
PHRASES.

IT'S A KIND OF
DIVINATION, LIKE
CASTING THE RUNES OR
READING THE FLIGHT
OF BIRDS.

ONLY WITH
WORDS.



...AS SOON AS
REBIS GETS
BACK, SEND HIM
DOWN HERE...
YEAH...

I'VE GOT
A FEELING
ABOUT THIS
ONE, CHIEF...



...YEAH...
STRAIGHT
AWAY...

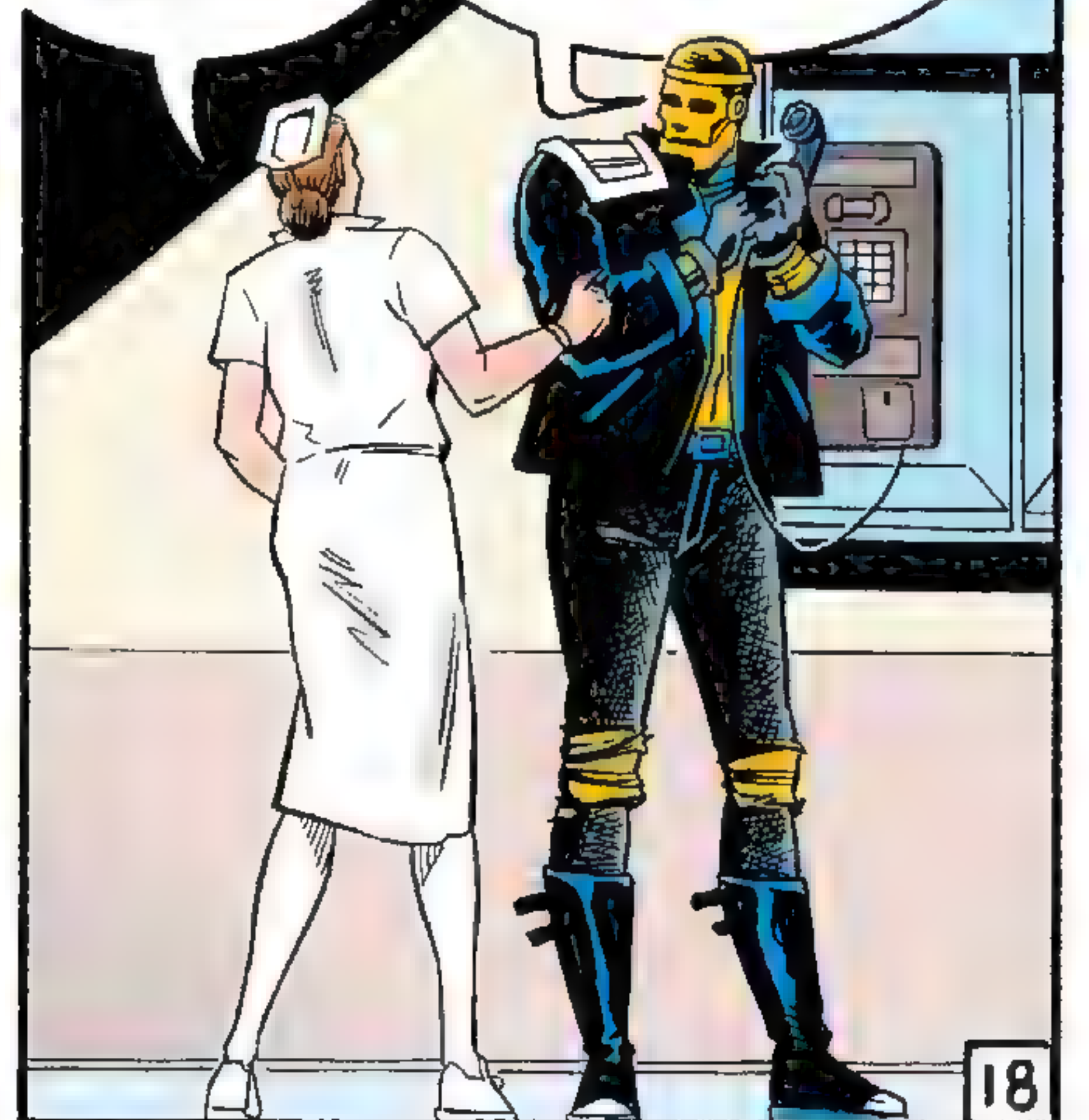


SHUFFLE
THEM.

SEE HOW
THEY FALL?
LIKE SNOW.

EXCUSE ME,
ARE YOU
WITH THAT
WOMAN
WHO...

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT.
SHE'S A
SUPER-HERO.





...YOU SEE
NOW? THE PRESENCE
BEGINS TO REVEAL
ITSELF IN THE CASUAL
REARRANGEMENT
OF THE TEXT
FRAGMENTS.

IT BECOMES
A KIND OF
SEANCE. TO
CONTACT THE
LIVING.

LISTEN:

STRANGE
DOCTORS
OF PAIN.

HISTORY,
WAKE UP!

ALCHEMY
STARTS IN THE
HOUR OF THE
KNIFE. THE
BUTTERFLY
LABYRINTH
WAS NO
ACCIDENT.

THE SKINNED
RETINA I PLUCKED
FROM MY MOTHER'S
FOREHEAD WHEN
A BOY.

O HAVE YOU
SEEN THE DEVIL
WITH HIS VIOLET
MIKERSCOPE
AND
AESTHETIC
SCALPUL.

THE SATANIC
DR. STANLEY
FAVOURS THE
ENTRAILS OF
FEAR.

THE APPEAL
OF THE
MICHAELMAS GIRLS
SUBJECTED TO
THE MURDERING
MARTYRS.

ONLY A
GRAVE IN
MITRE
SQUARE.

THE
MORTUARY
IN OLD MONTAGUE
STREET IN WHICH HE
WEIGHS THE SOULS
OF FIREWORKS OR
GALAXIES.

THE AUTUMN OF TERROR
FALLS TO PIECES. RUTHLESS
PROPHECIES OF THE SECRET
CITY. THE BLUE SIGNATURE
OF STRANGE
ATTRACTORS.

GOOD-
NIGHT,
MARY.

UP
SIDLES
JACK.

THE
WORD IS
MURDER,
OLD BOSS.



YOU SEE?
... JACK THE
RIPPER?...

THE WORDS
ARE THE KEY...
THE NAMES OF
THE VICTIMS
OPEN THE
DOOR...
MARY ANNE
NICHOLS,



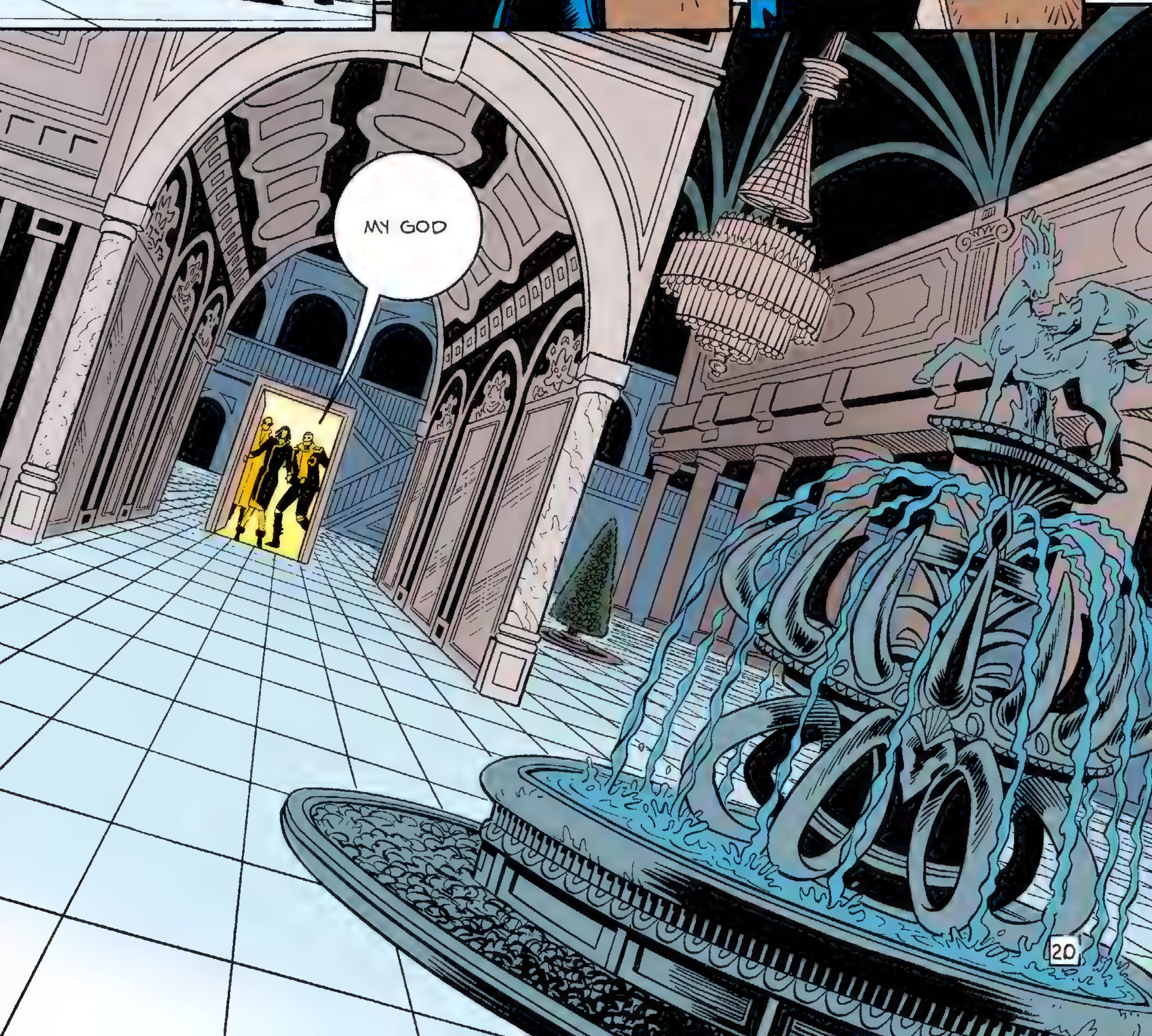
ANNIE
CHAPMAN.
ELIZABETH
STRIDE.
CATHERINE
EDDOWES.
MARIE
JEANETTE
KELLY.

RHEA
JONES.

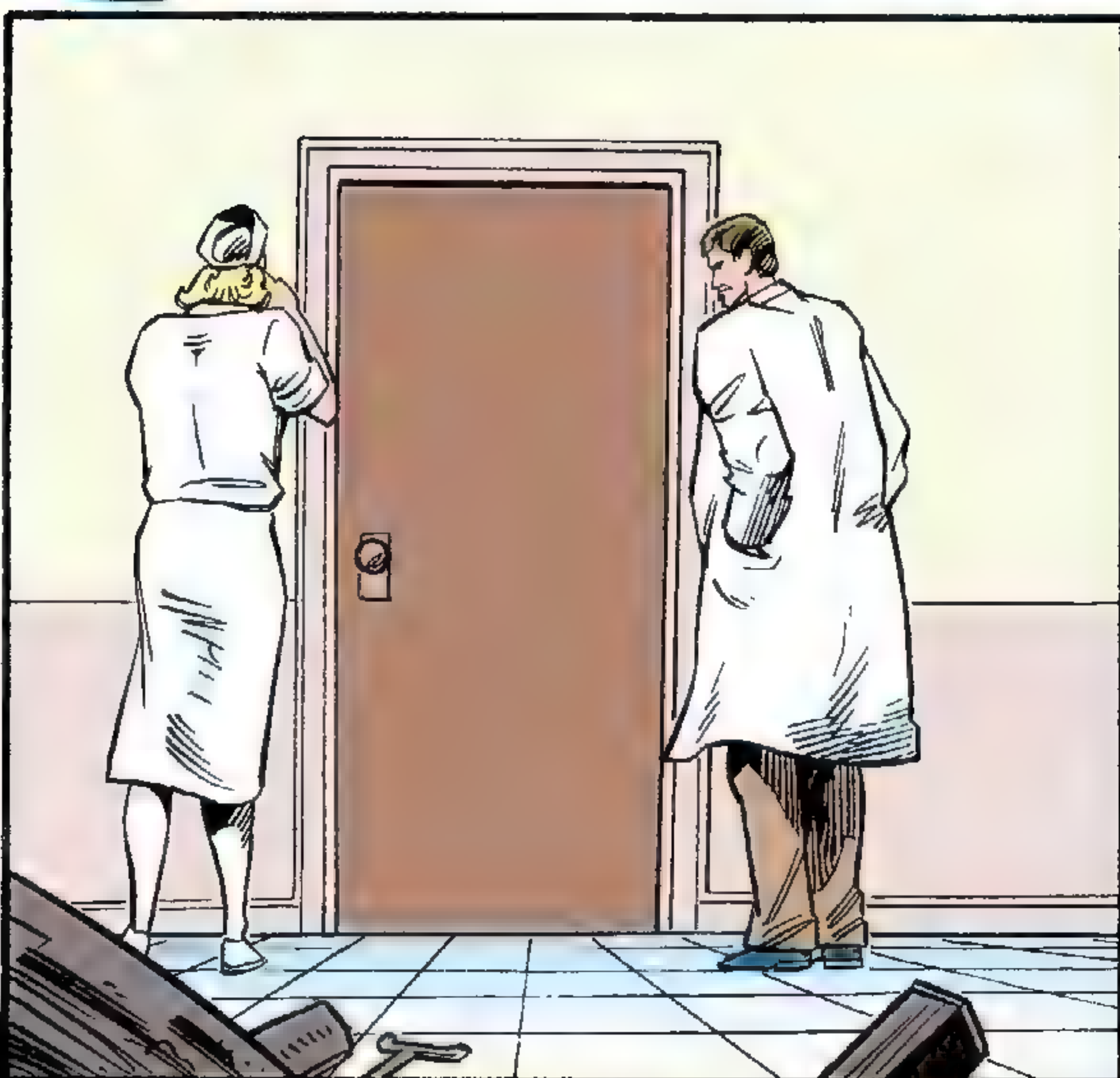
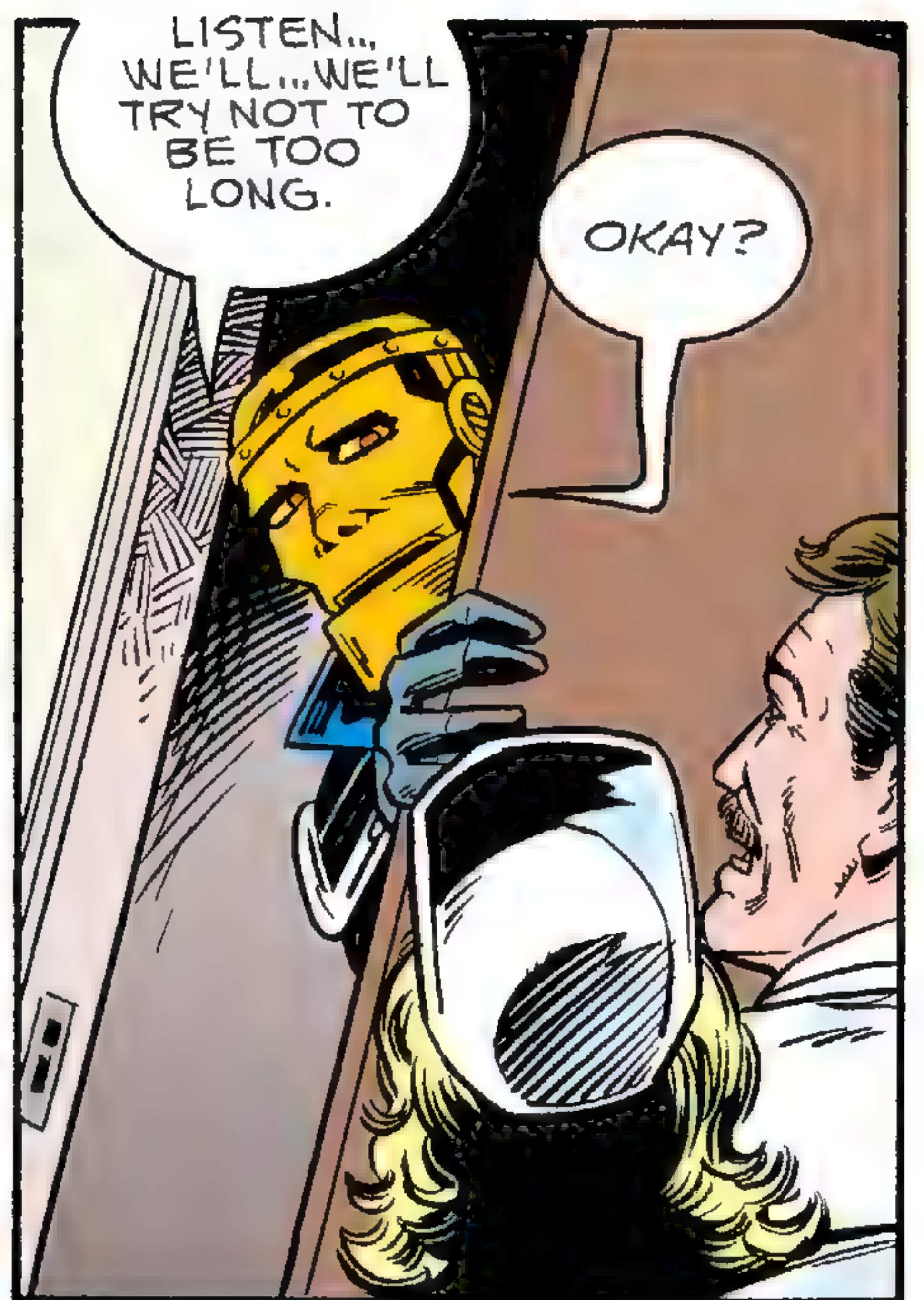
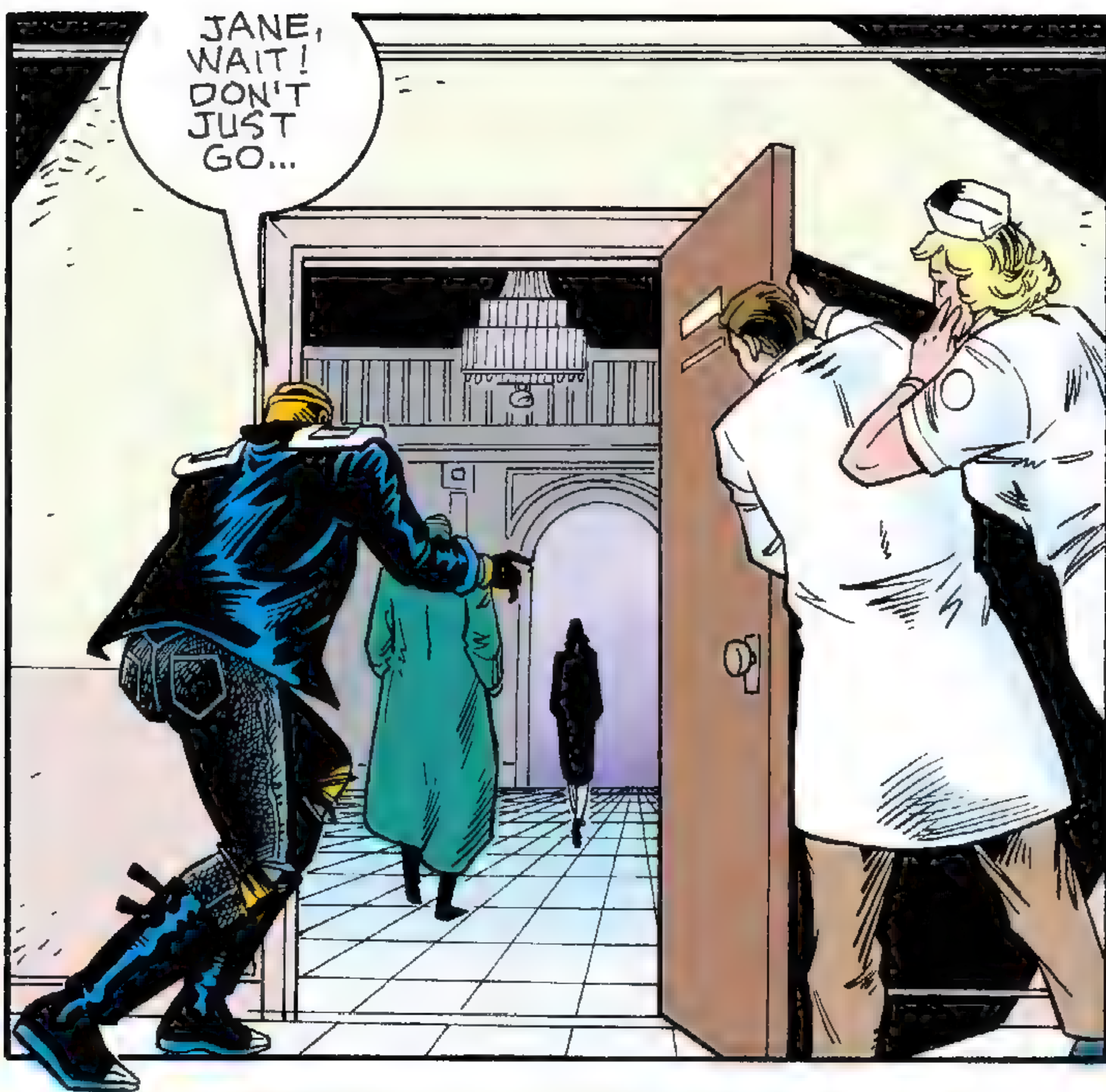
R.J.
R.J.

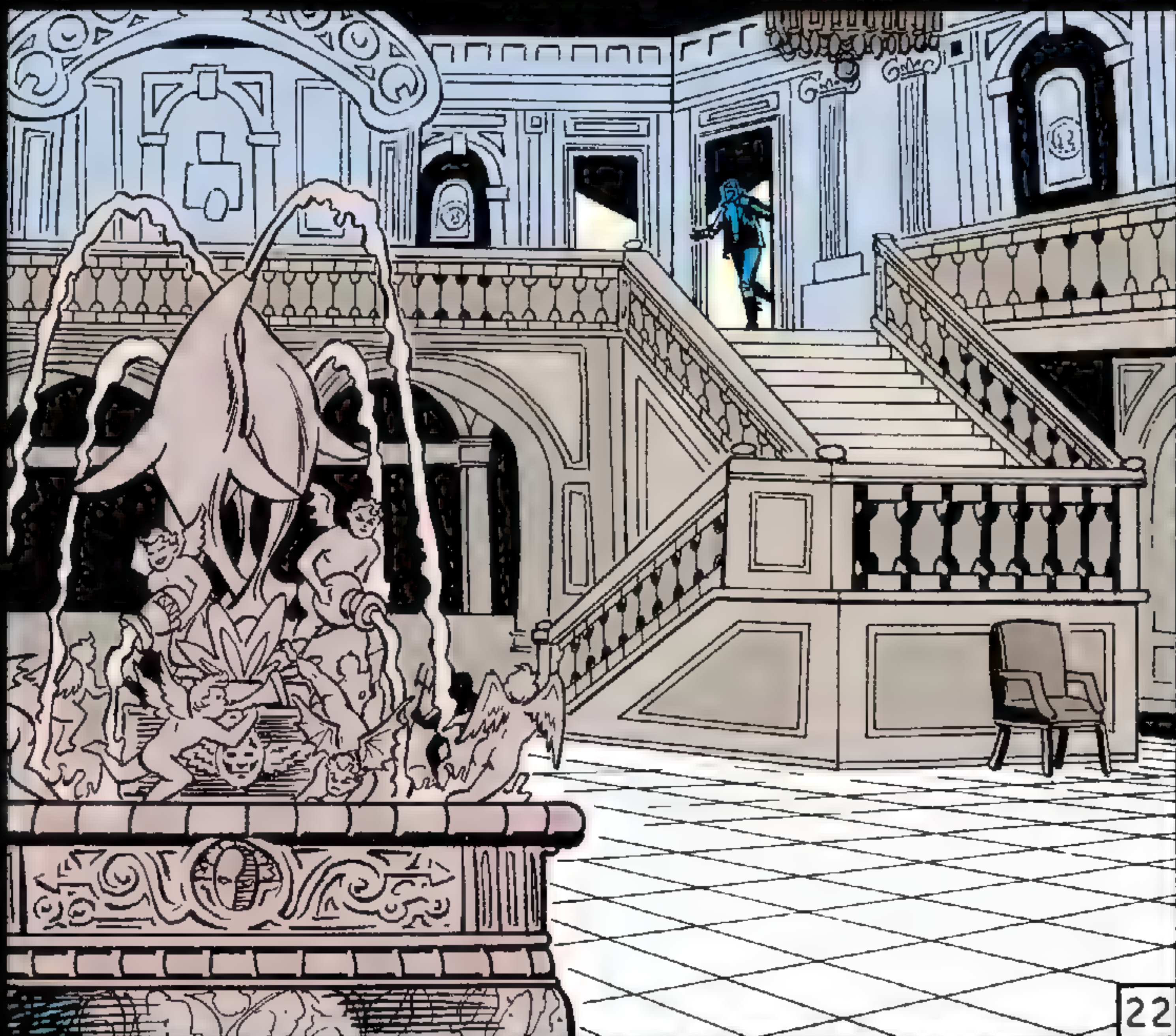


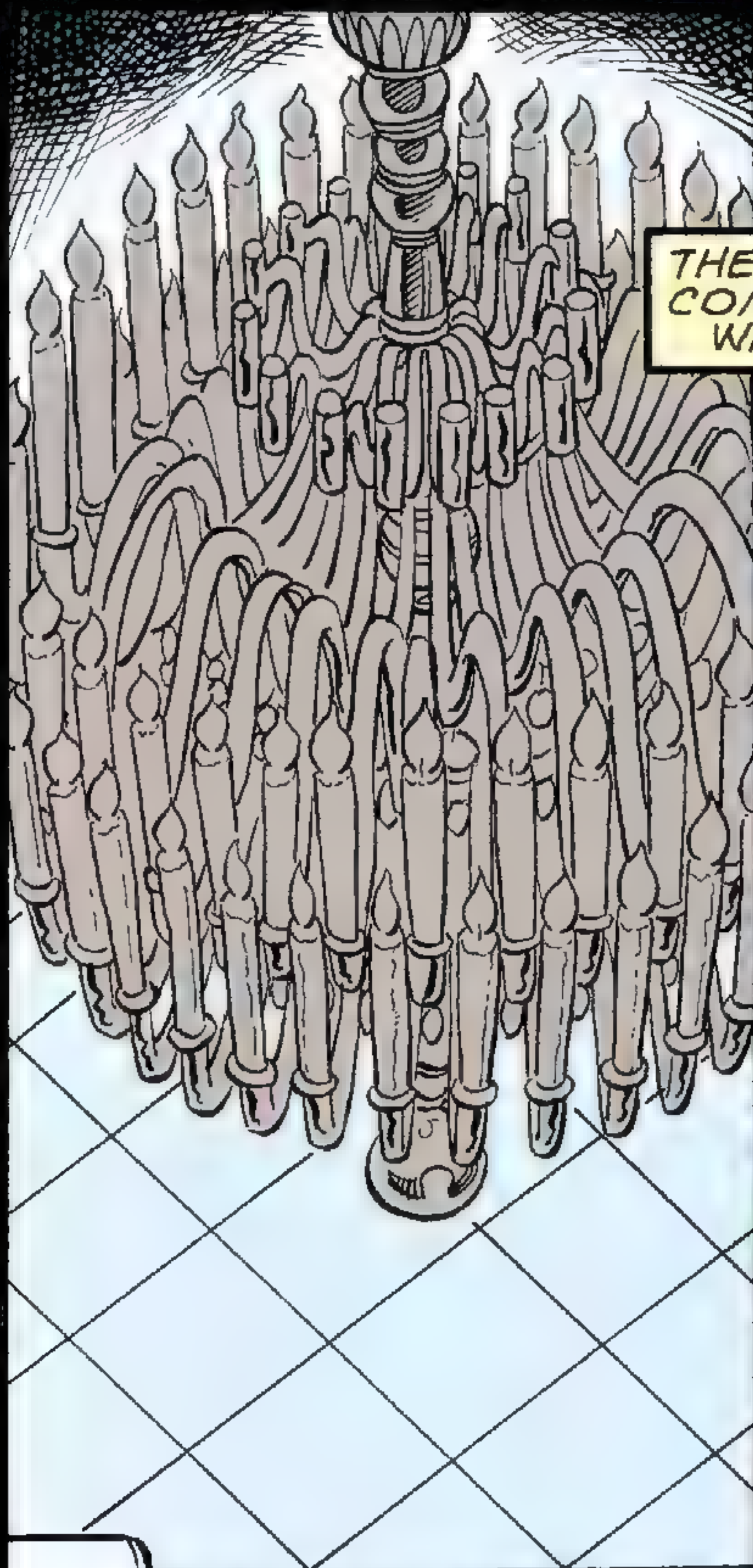
RED
JACK.



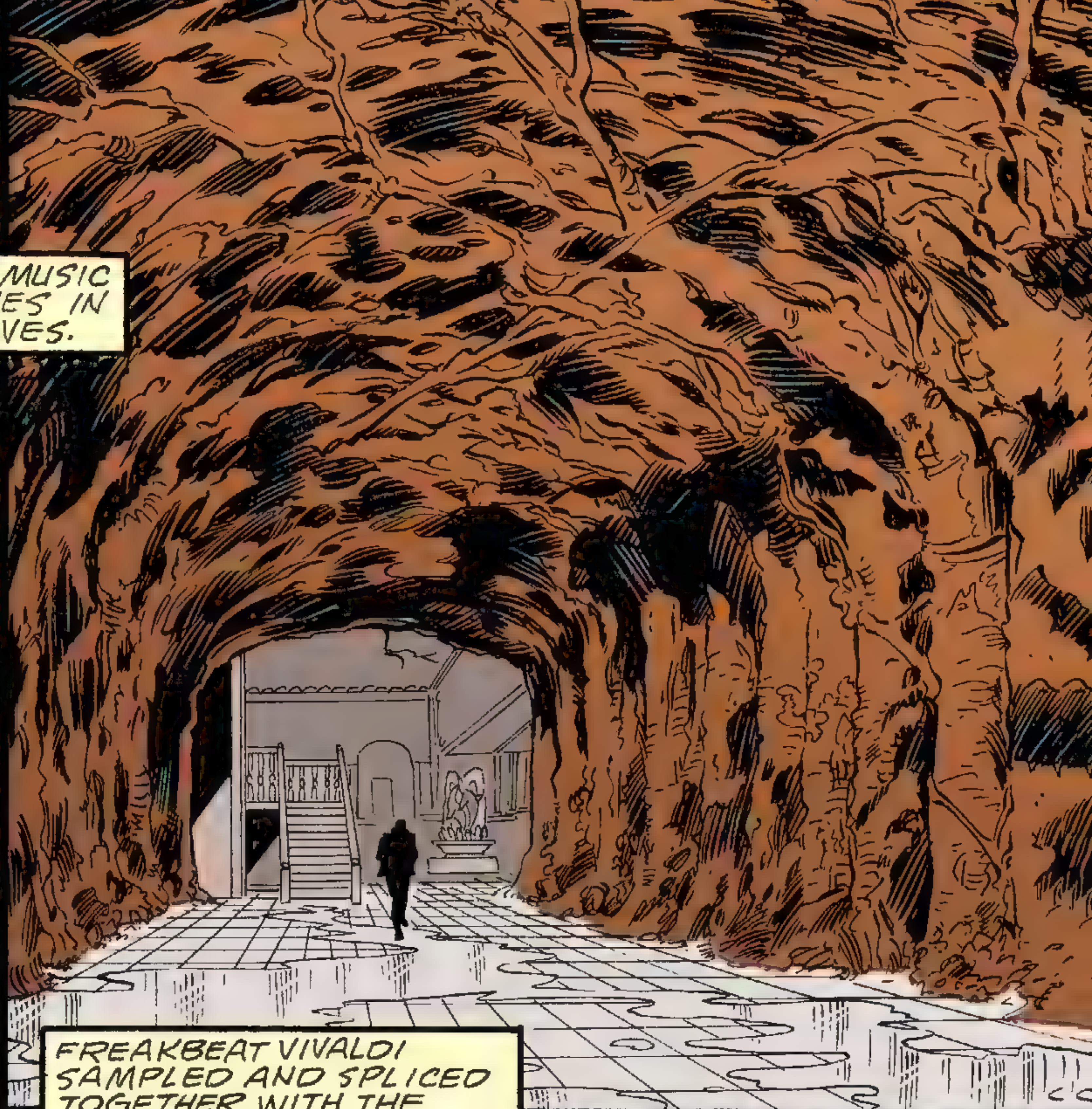
MY GOD



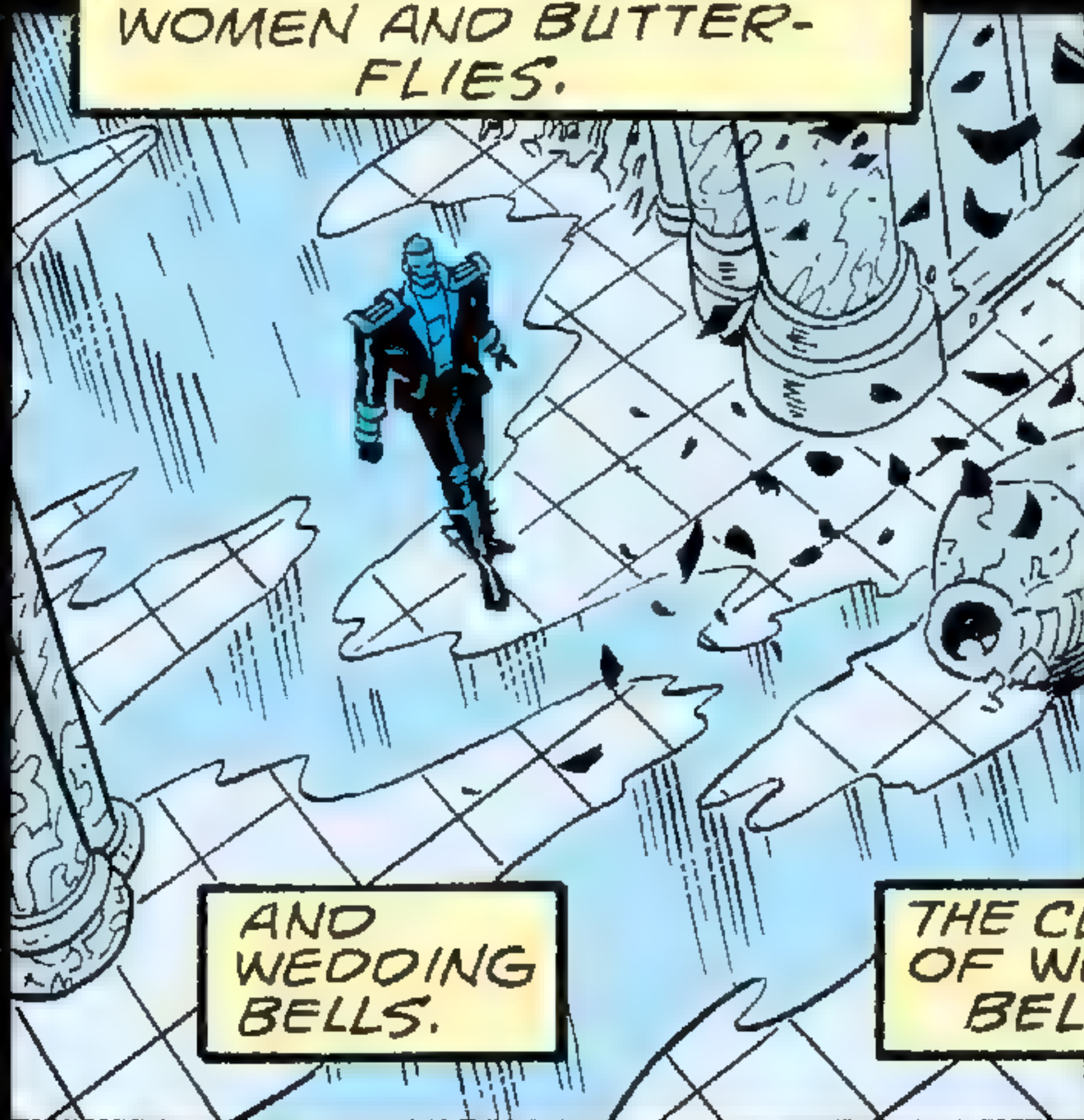




THE MUSIC
COMES IN
WAVES.



FREAKBEAT VIVALDI
SAMPLED AND SPLICED
TOGETHER WITH THE
SCREAMS OF MURDERED
WOMEN AND BUTTER-
FLIES.

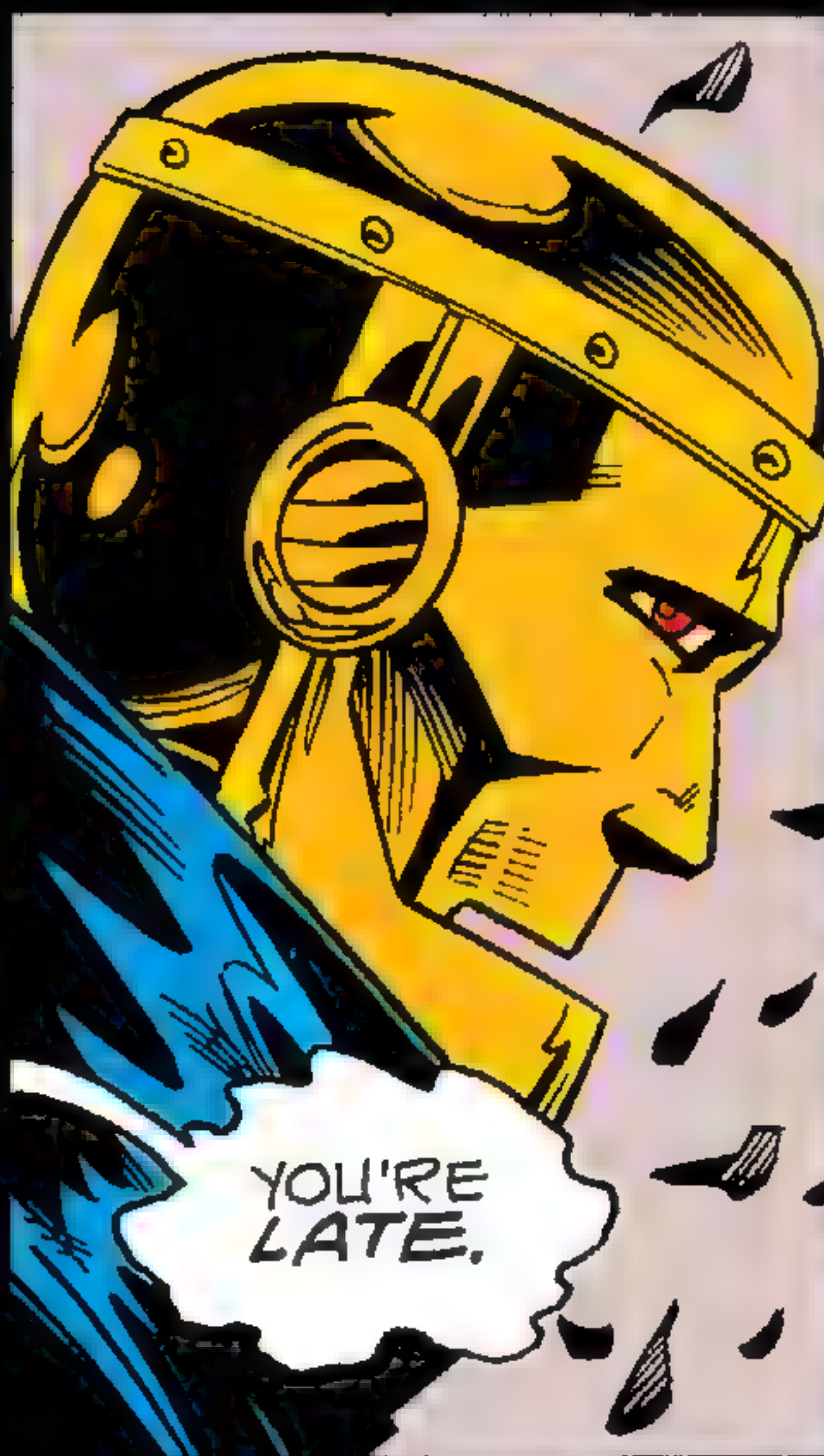


AND
WEDDING
BELLS.

THE CLAMOR
OF WEDDING
BELLS.



PETALS?



YOU'RE
LATE.



YOU'RE
TOO
LATE.



THE WEDDING'S OVER.

RHEA?

DC
NEW FORMAT
24
JUL 89

THE DOOM PATROL™



THE HOUSE THAT
JACK BUILT

GRANT MORRISON
RICHARD CASE
SCOTT HANNA

dom PATROL



"You're a curious creature,
aren't you? A thing of parts."

LIGHT.

WE NEED
LIGHT.

THERE MUST
BE A SWITCH.

ARE YOU
SURE?

TRY
HERE.

WHERE?

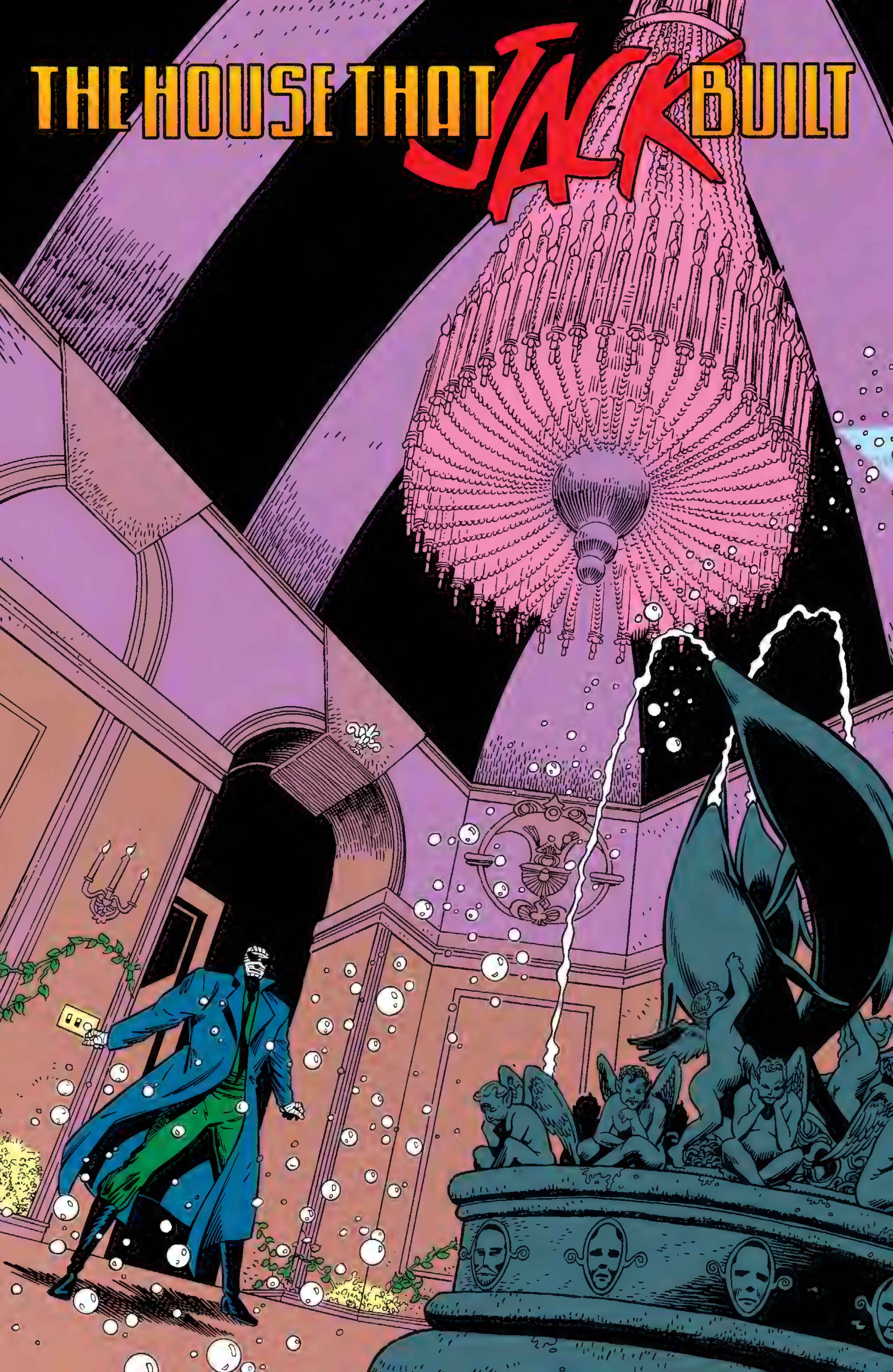
HERE.
ON THE
WALL.

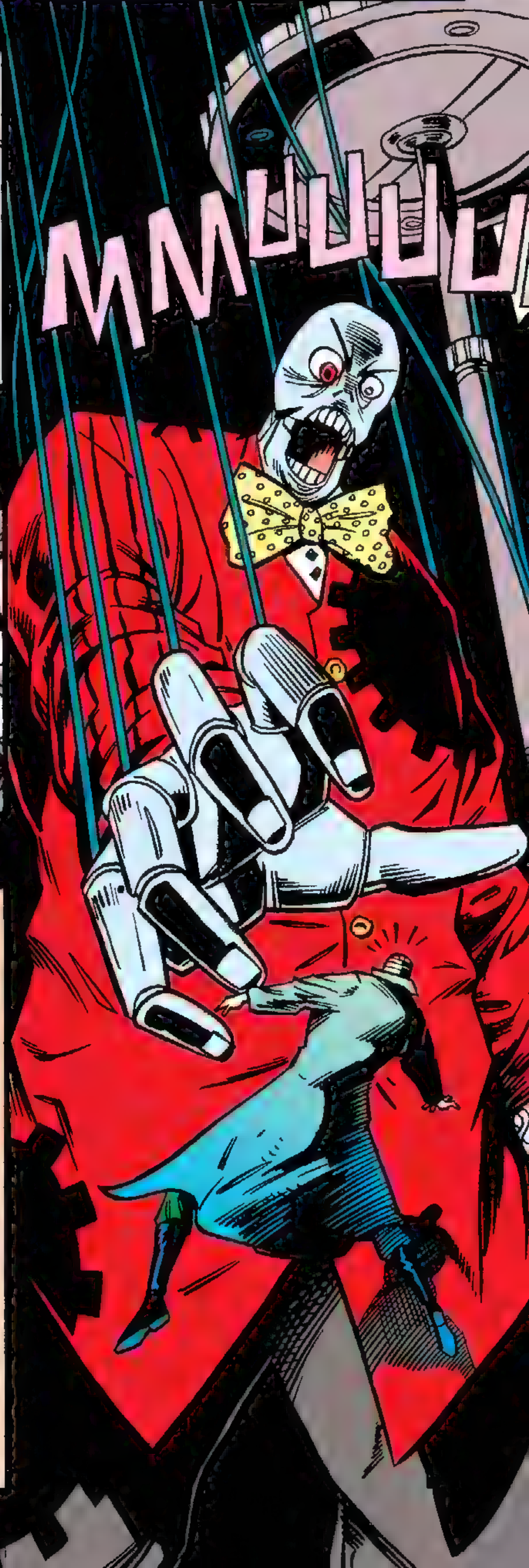
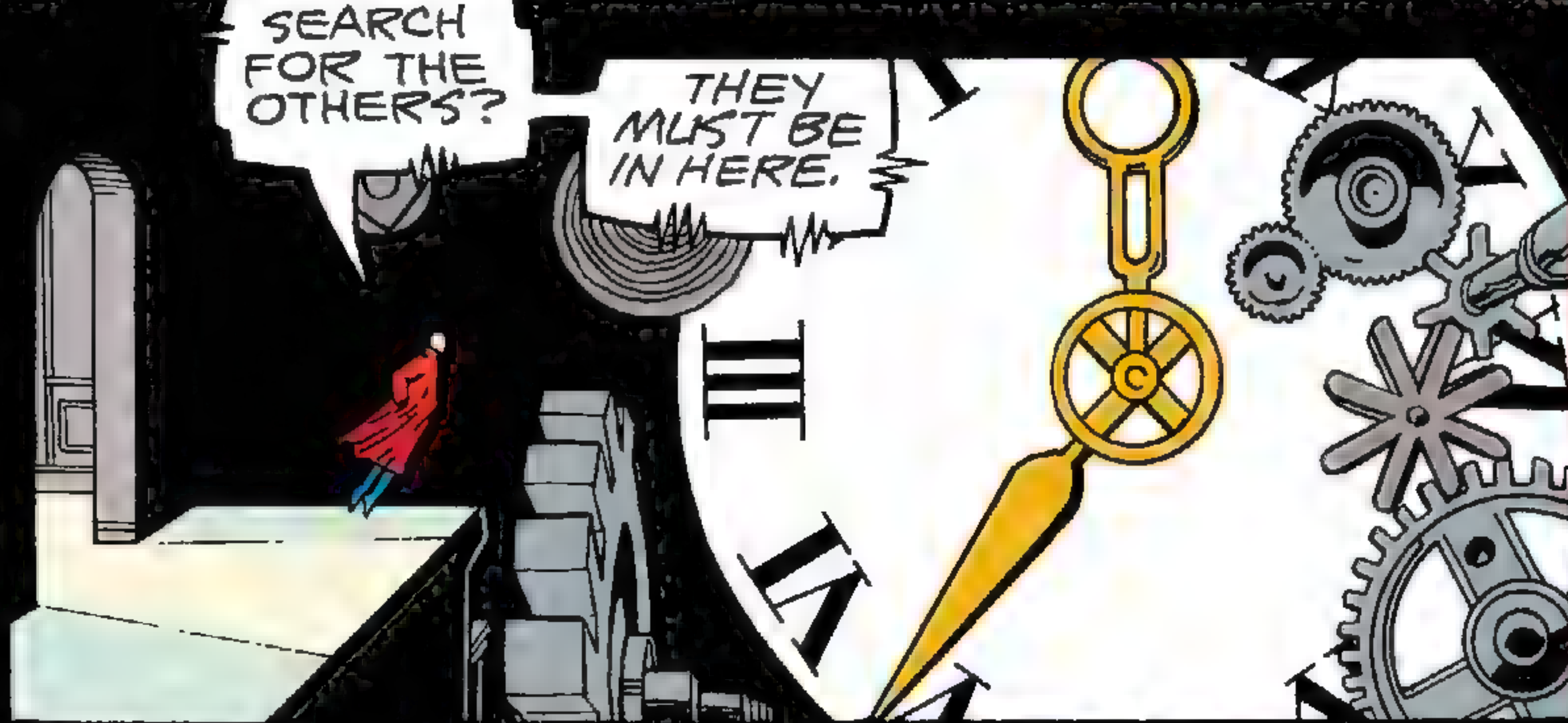
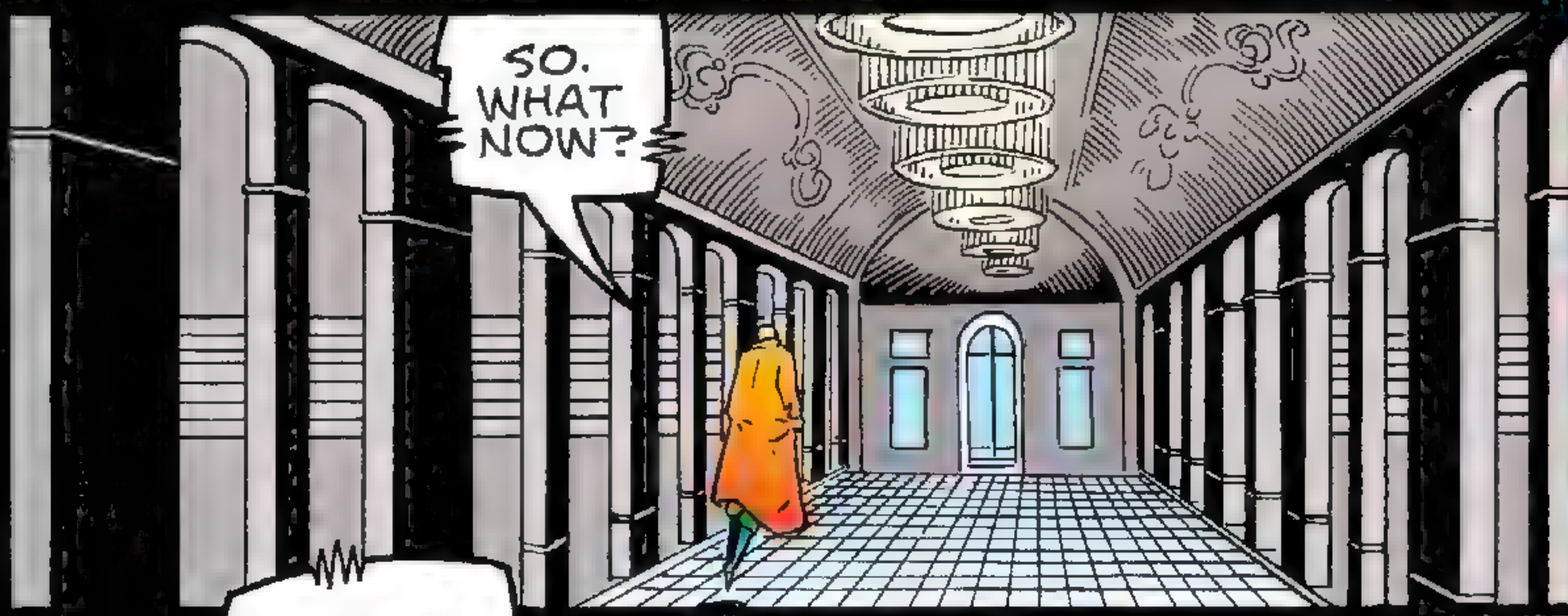
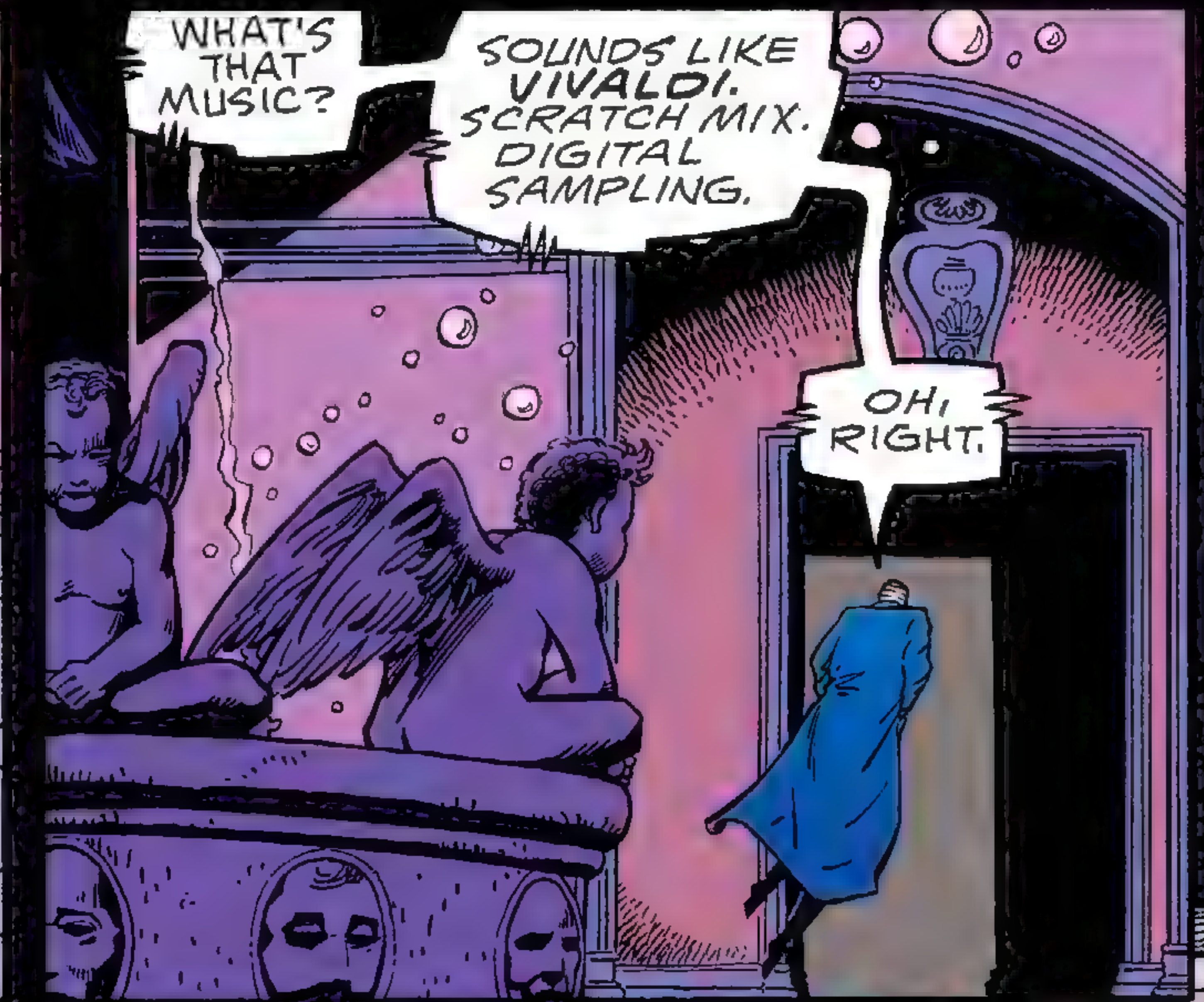
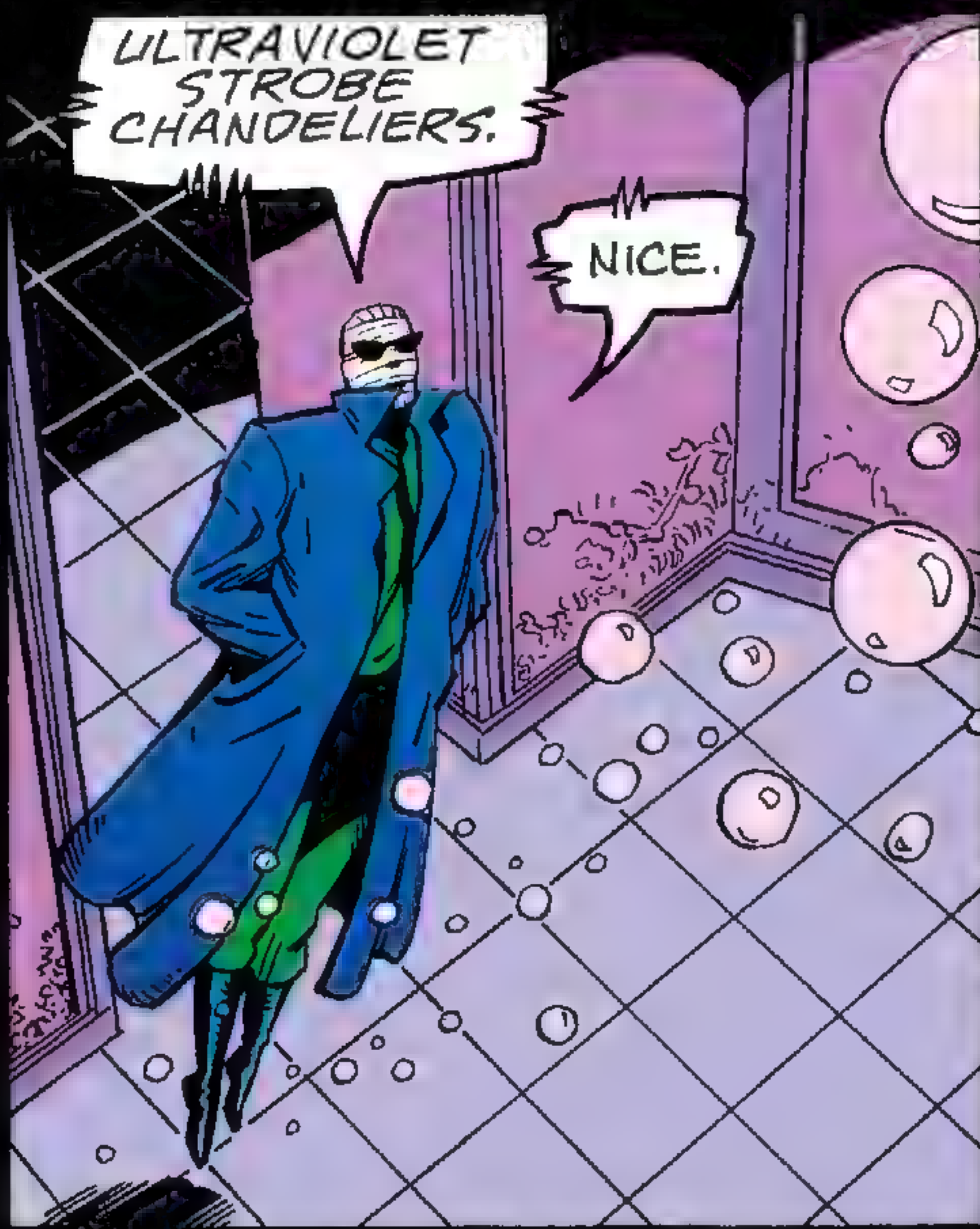
IT'S
HERE
SOME...

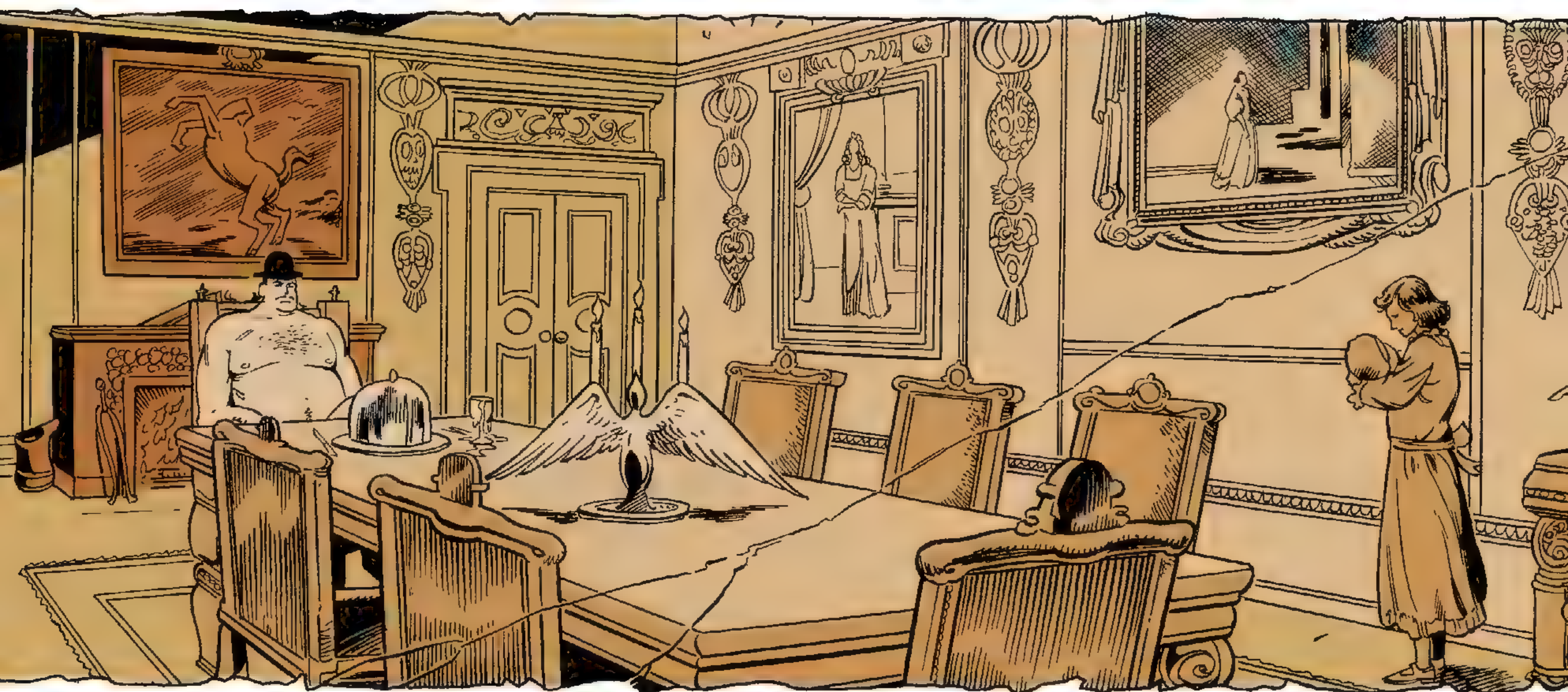
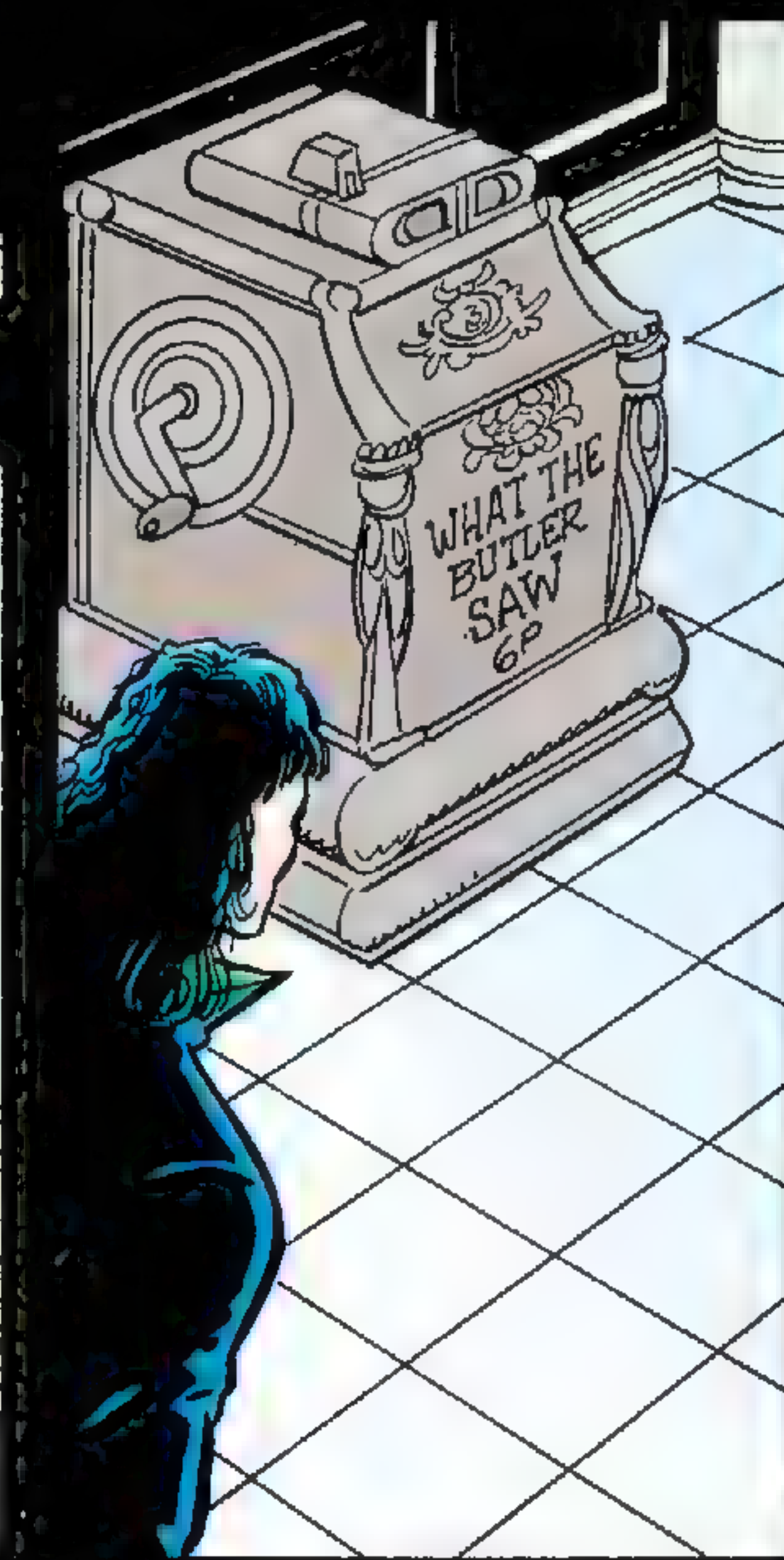
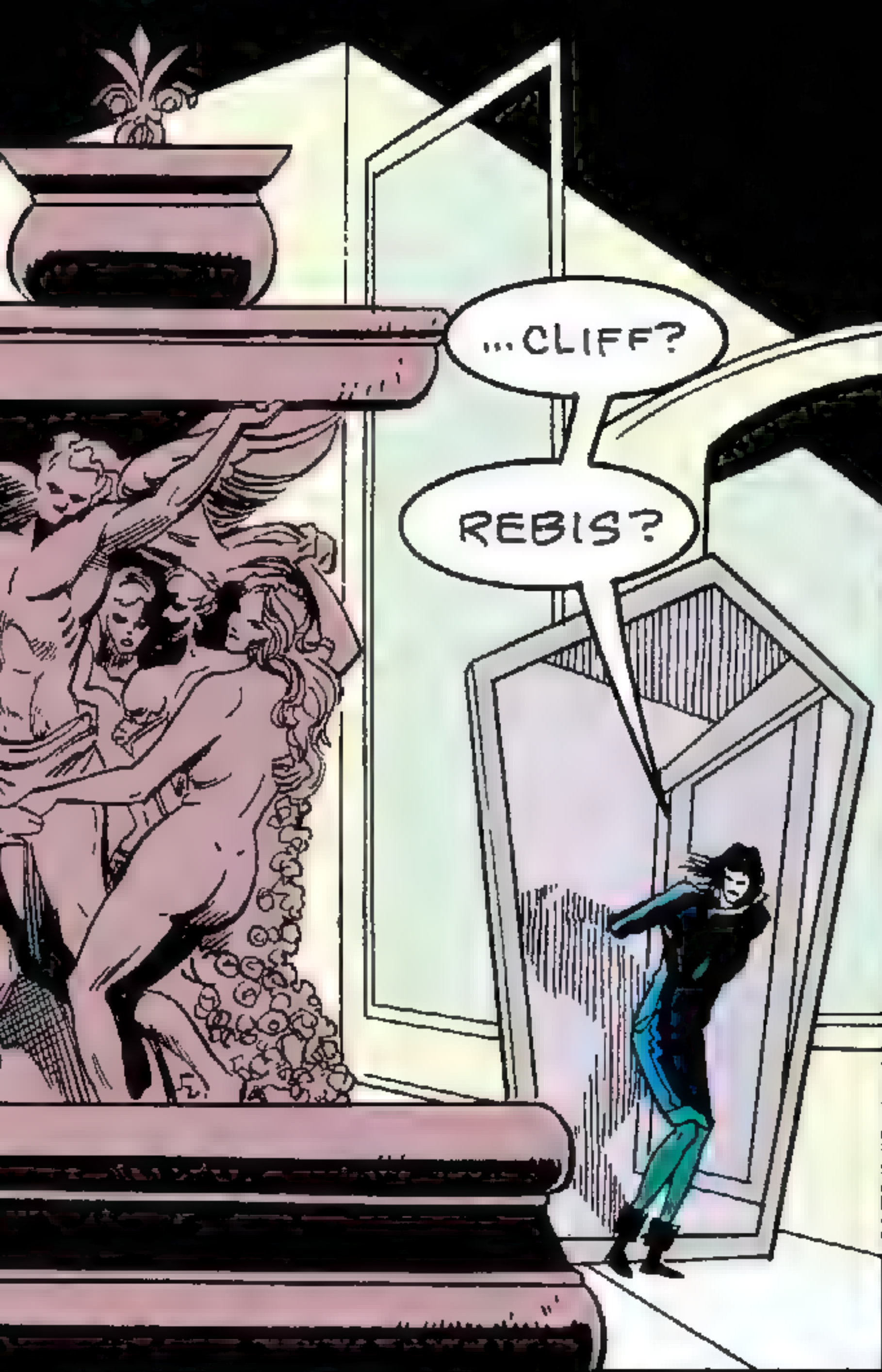
AH.

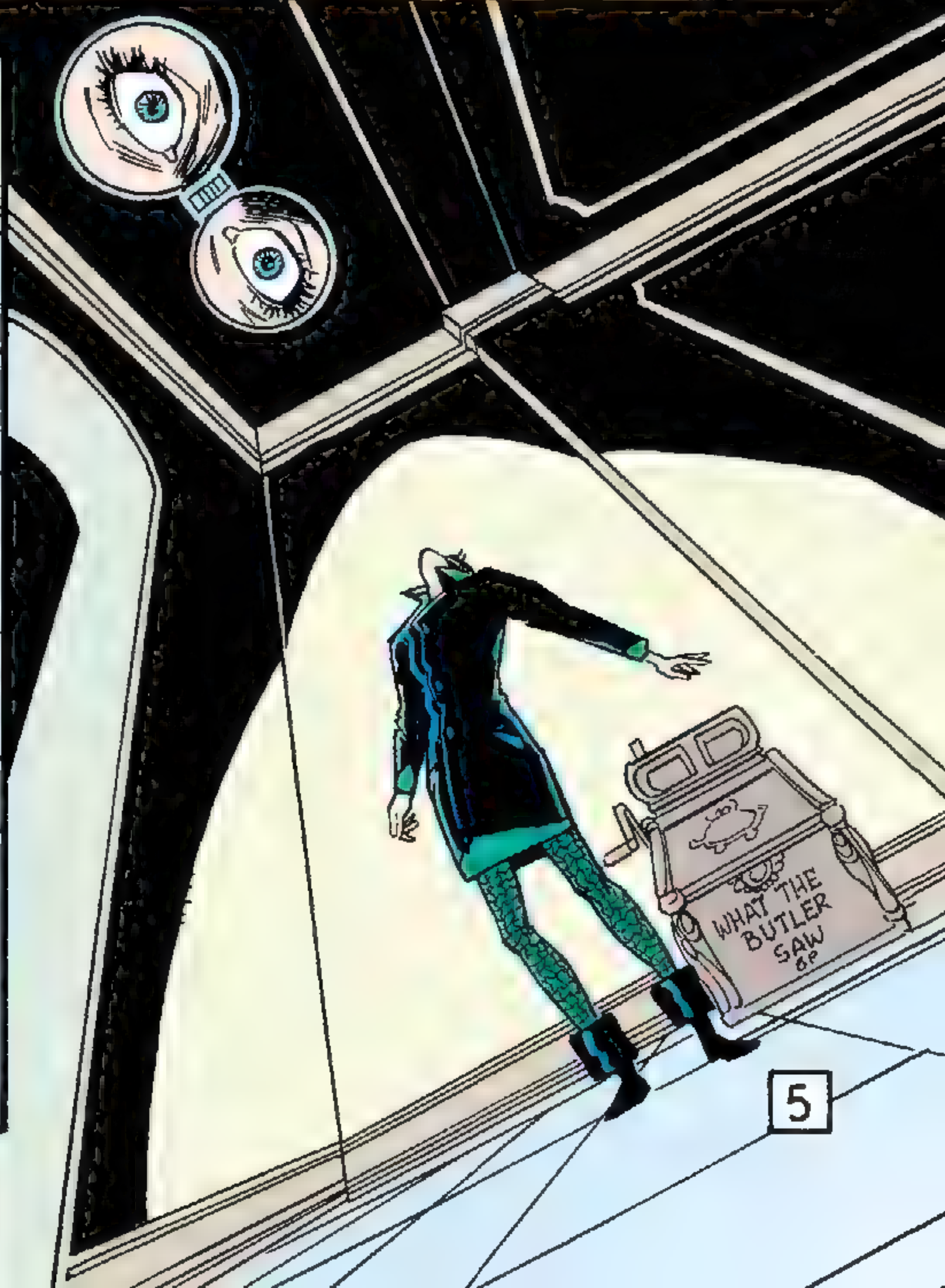
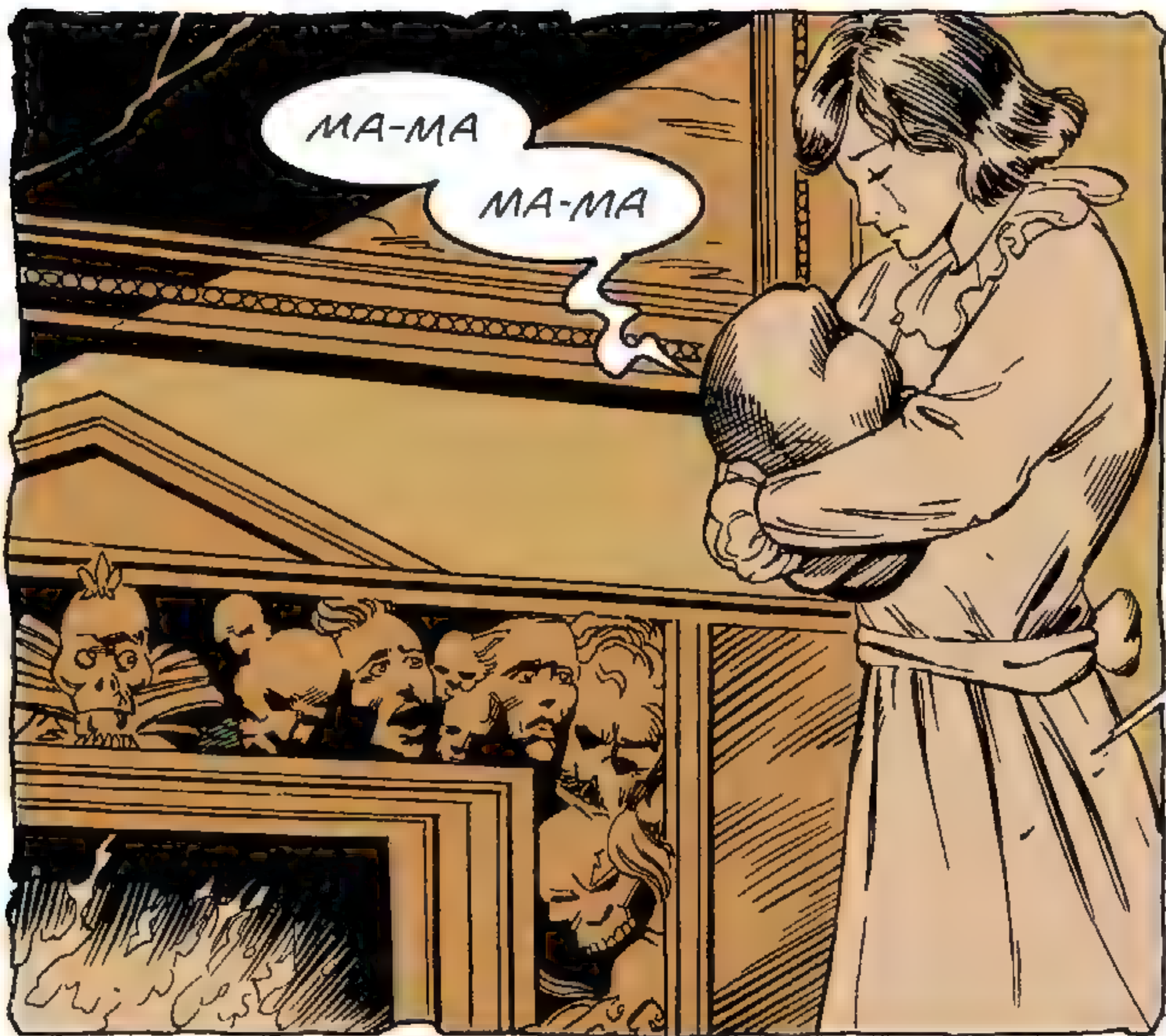
THERE.

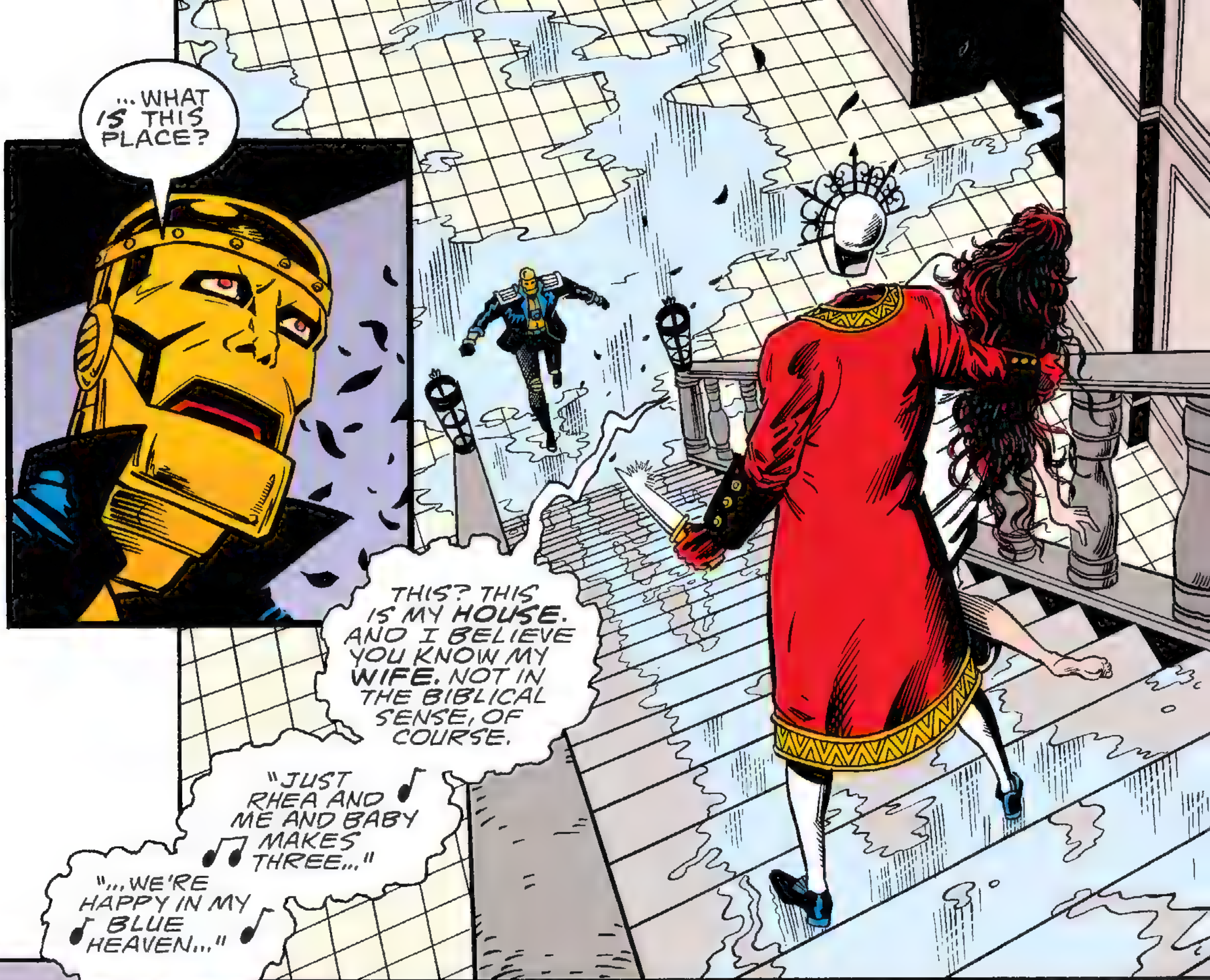
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT











...WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

THIS? THIS IS MY HOUSE. AND I BELIEVE YOU KNOW MY WIFE. NOT IN THE BIBLICAL SENSE, OF COURSE.

...JUST RHEA AND ME AND BABY MAKES THREE...

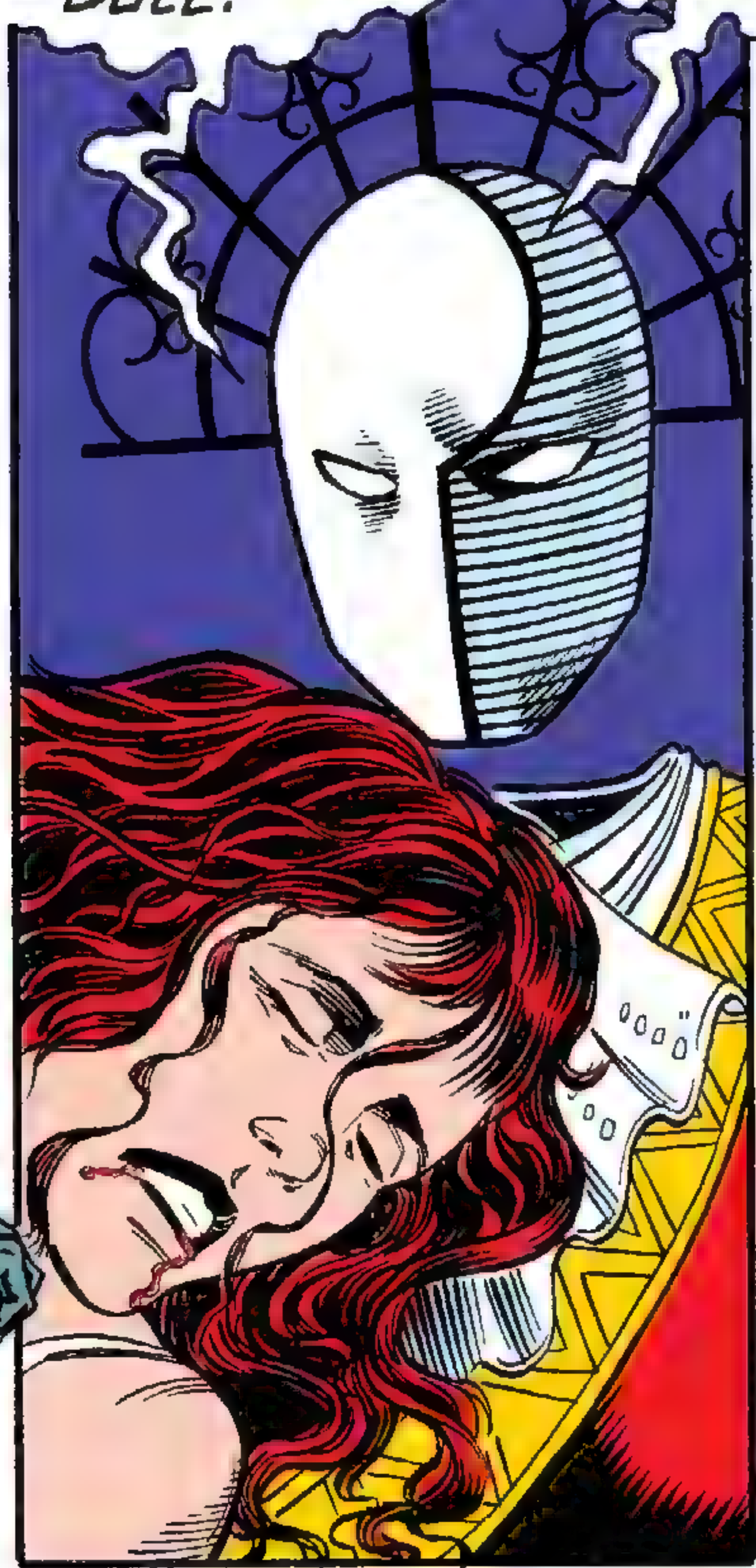
...WE'RE HAPPY IN MY BLUE HEAVEN...

ADMITTEDLY, HER CONVERSATION IS A LITTLE DULL.

BUT THEN AGAIN, LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

WHAT?

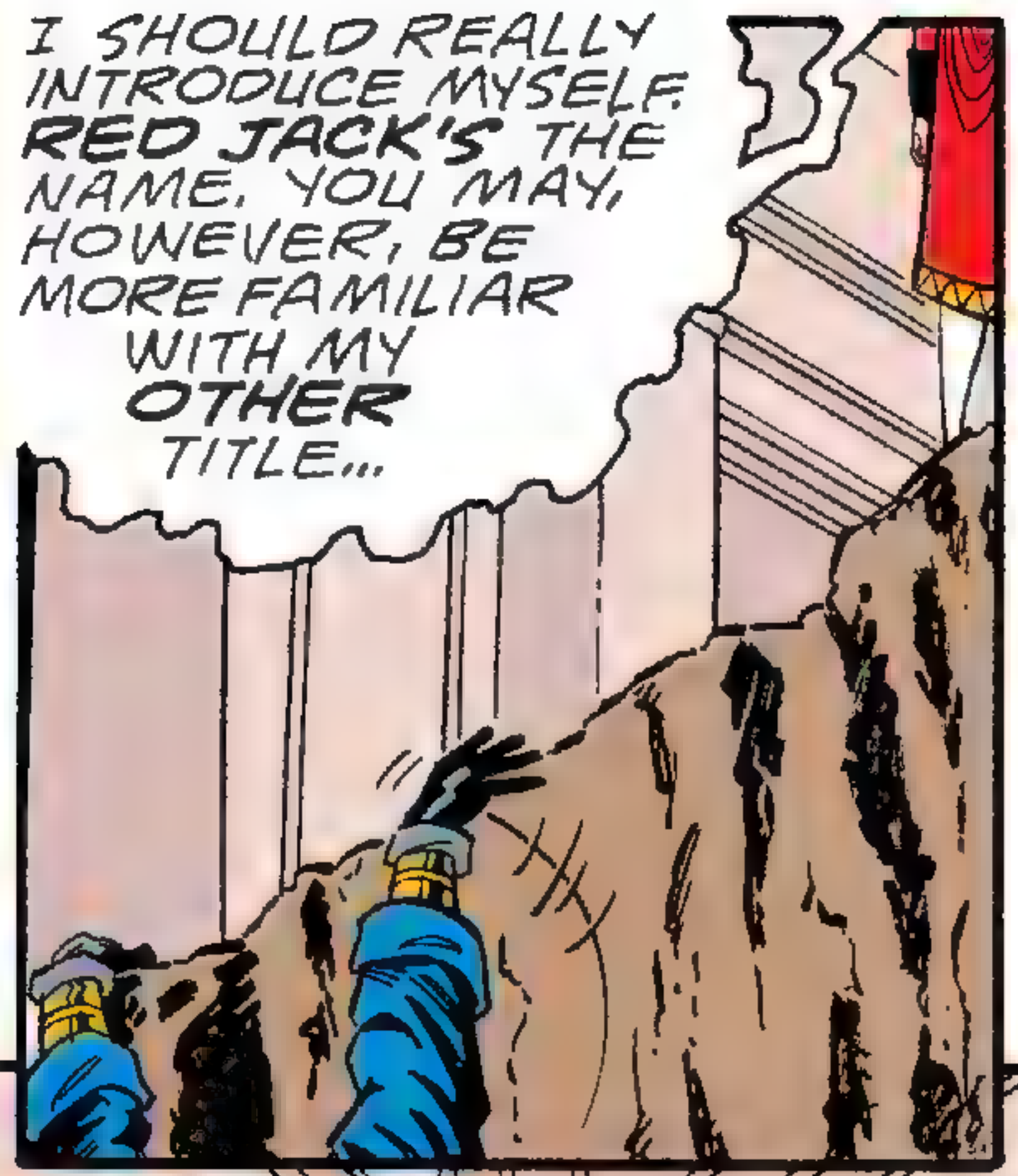
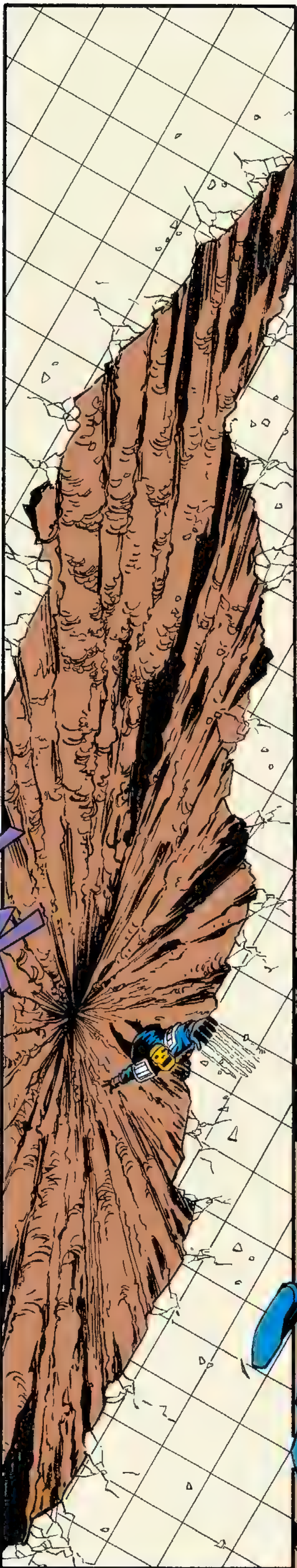
THIS IS INSANE! YOU CAN'T MARRY HER. SHE...SHE'S IN A COMA, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

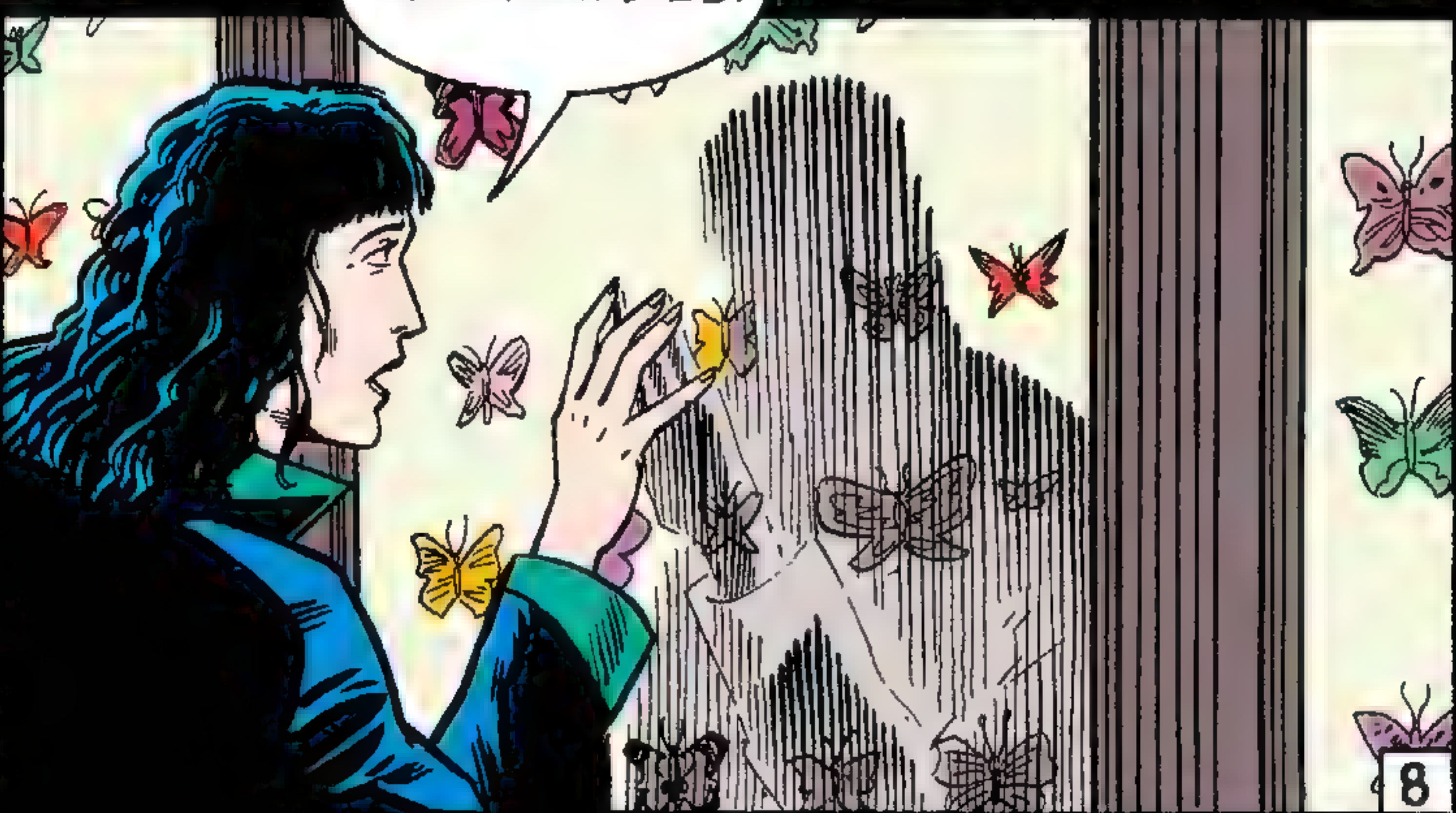
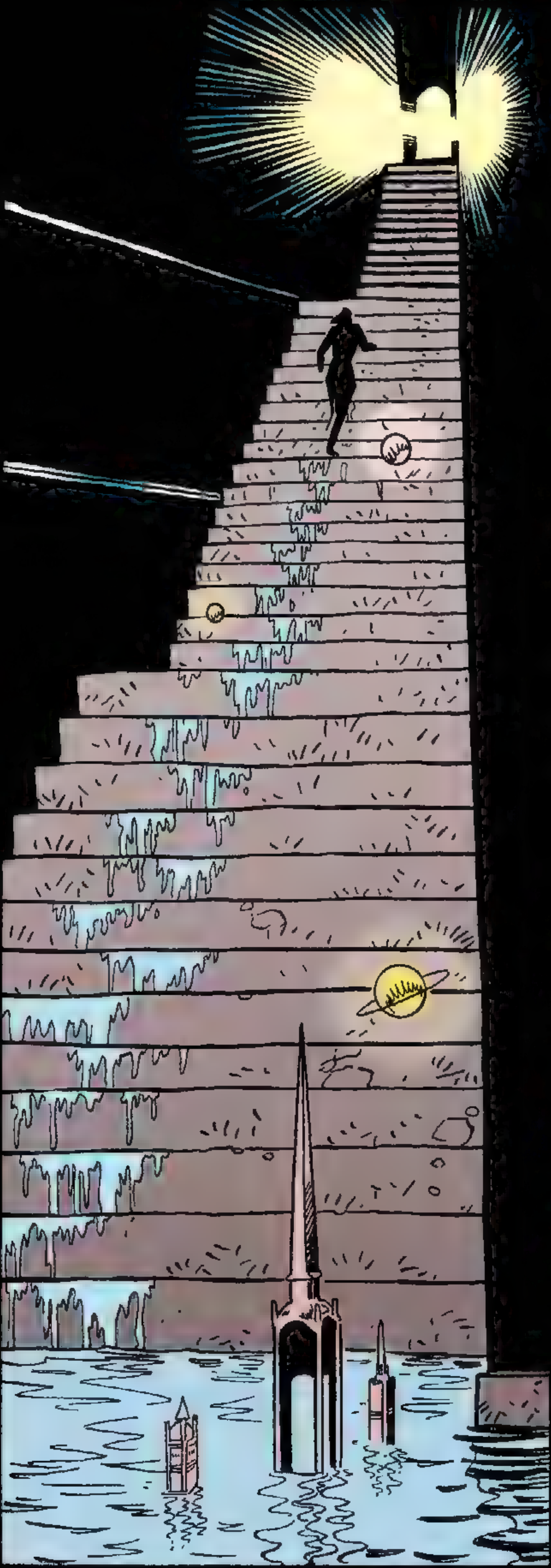


I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS CRAP!



WUHH





IT'S AN OLD,
OLD STORY.
THE ORIGINAL
STORY, IN
FACT.

I CREATED
THE UNIVERSE
AND THEY TOLD
ME I HAD TO
BE PUNISHED.
PUNISHED!

AND ALL
BECAUSE I
HAD STAINED
THE BEAUTY
OF PERFECT
NOTHINGNESS
WITH GROSS
MATTER.

I WAS CAST
OUT. SET TO
WANDER
ENDLESSLY
THROUGH THIS
ENDLESS
PRISON.

WHO ARE
"THEY?"

I BEG
YOUR
PARDON?

IF YOU
CREATED
EVERY-
THING, WHO
IMPRISONED
YOU?

OH, DON'T
TRY TO
CONFUSE THE
ISSUE!

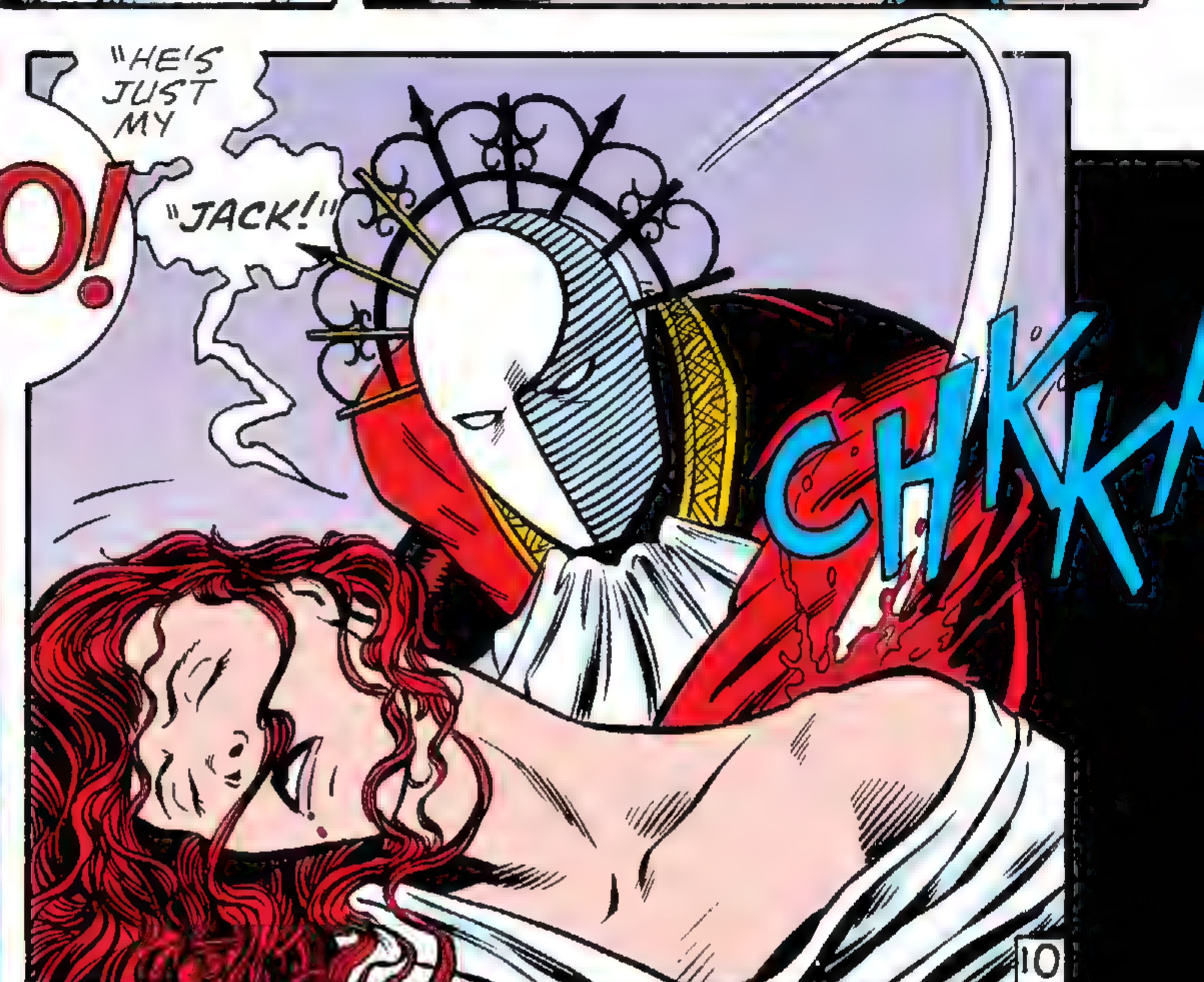
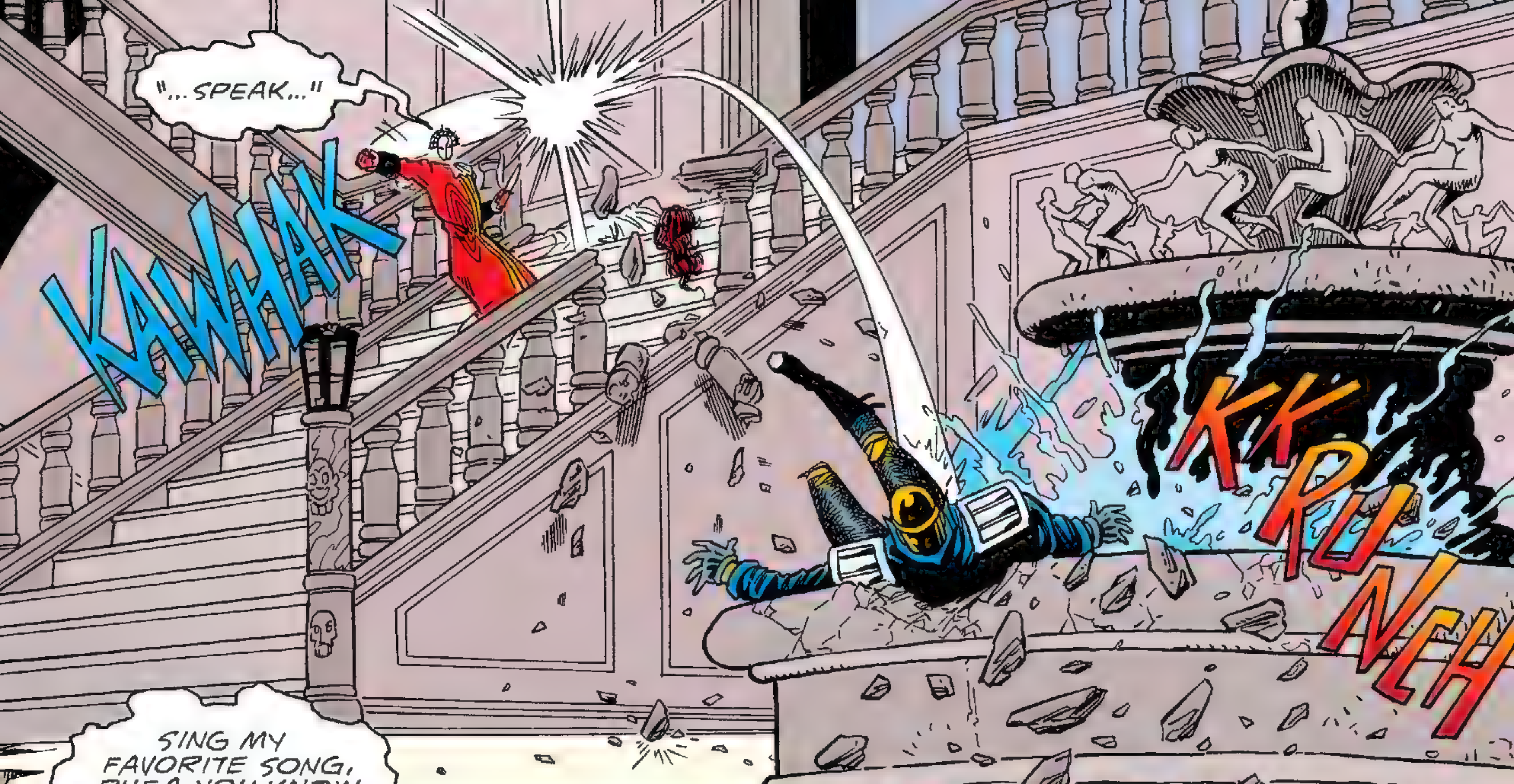
I
IMPRISONED
MYSELF.

AND IF
I'M GOD,
THIS MUST BE
HEAVEN!

"HEAVEN,
I'M IN
HEAVEN..."

"AND MY
HEART BEATS
SO THAT I
CAN

"HARDLY"

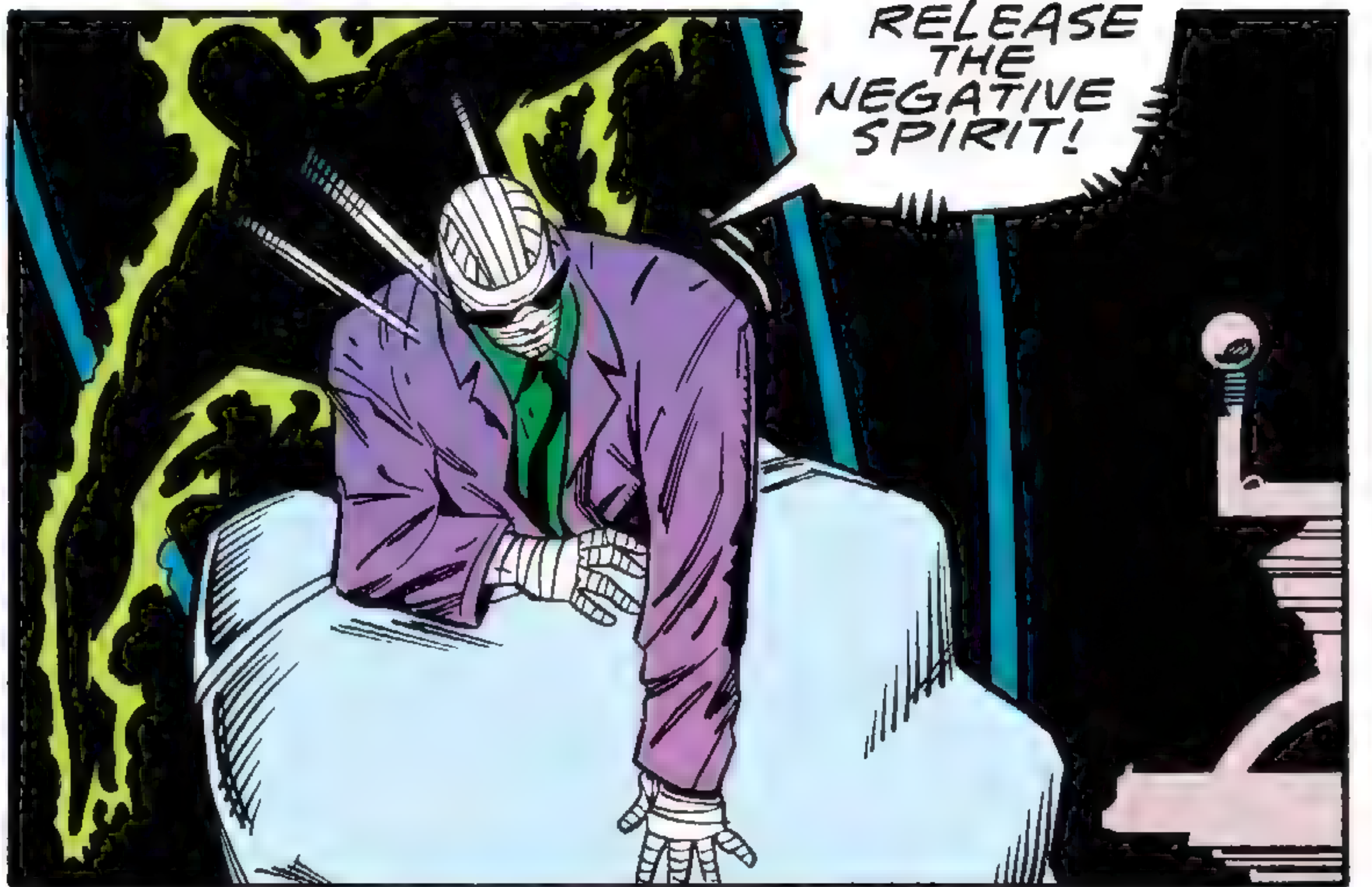




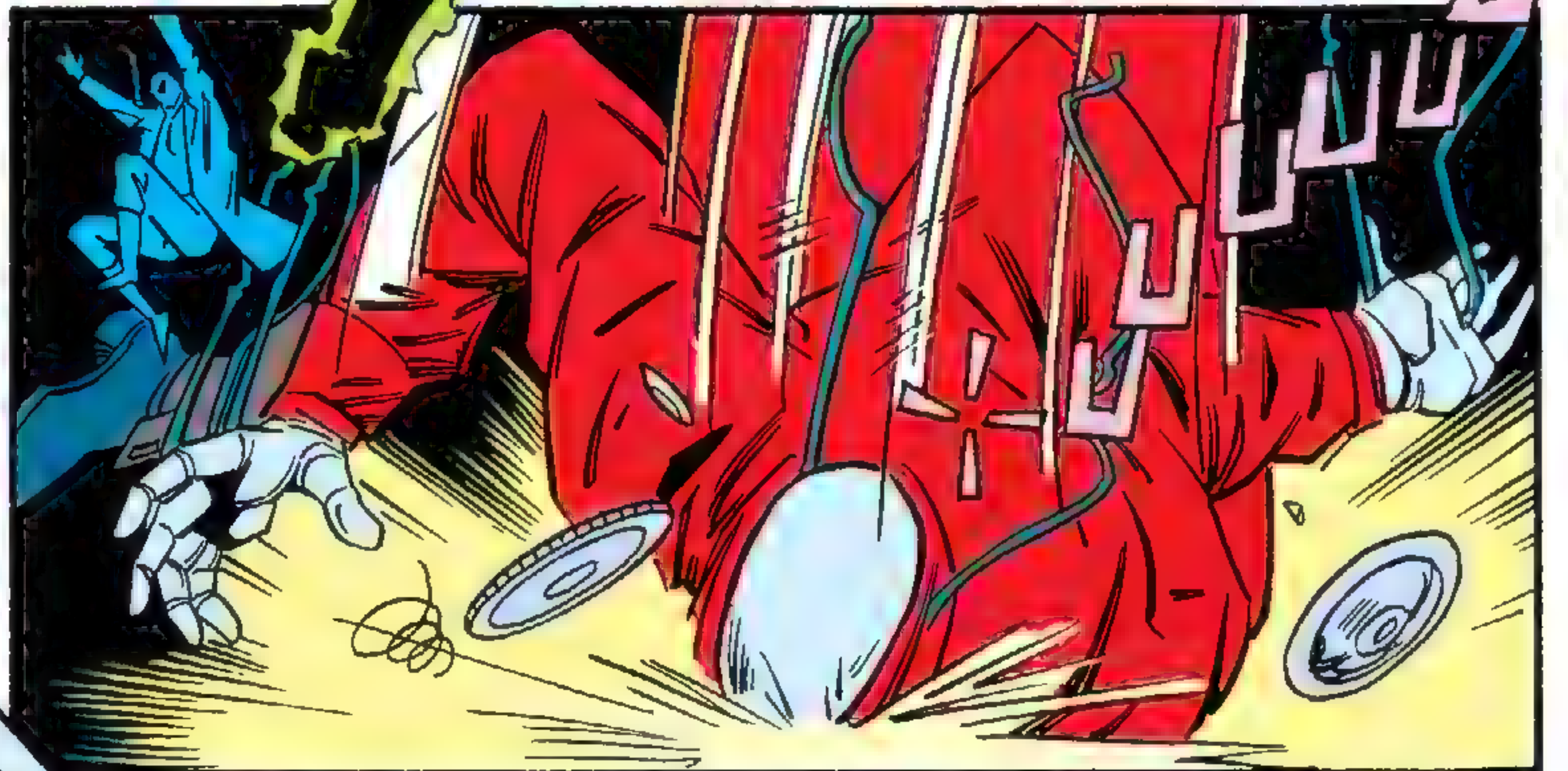
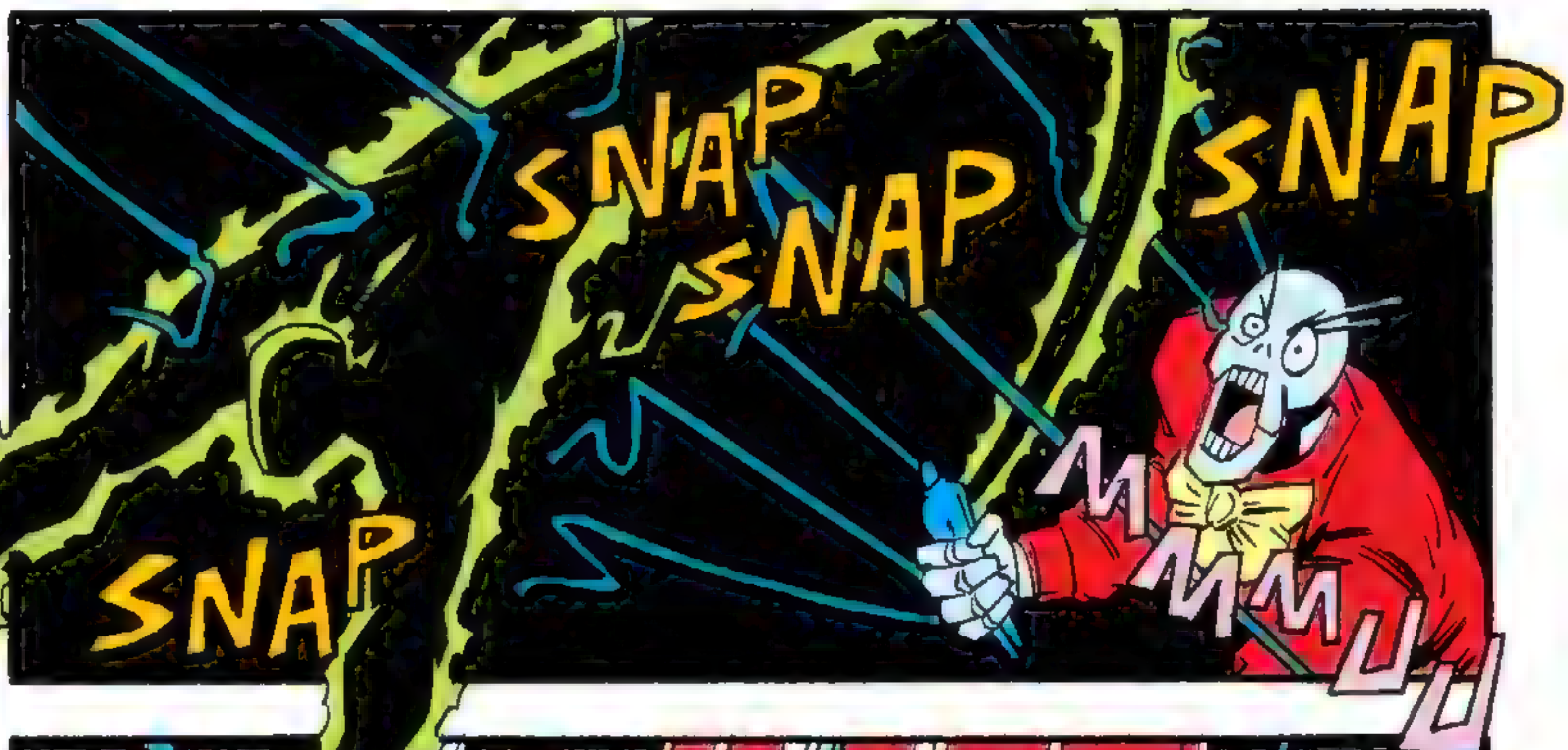
THE
NEGATIVE
SPIRIT.

WHAT?

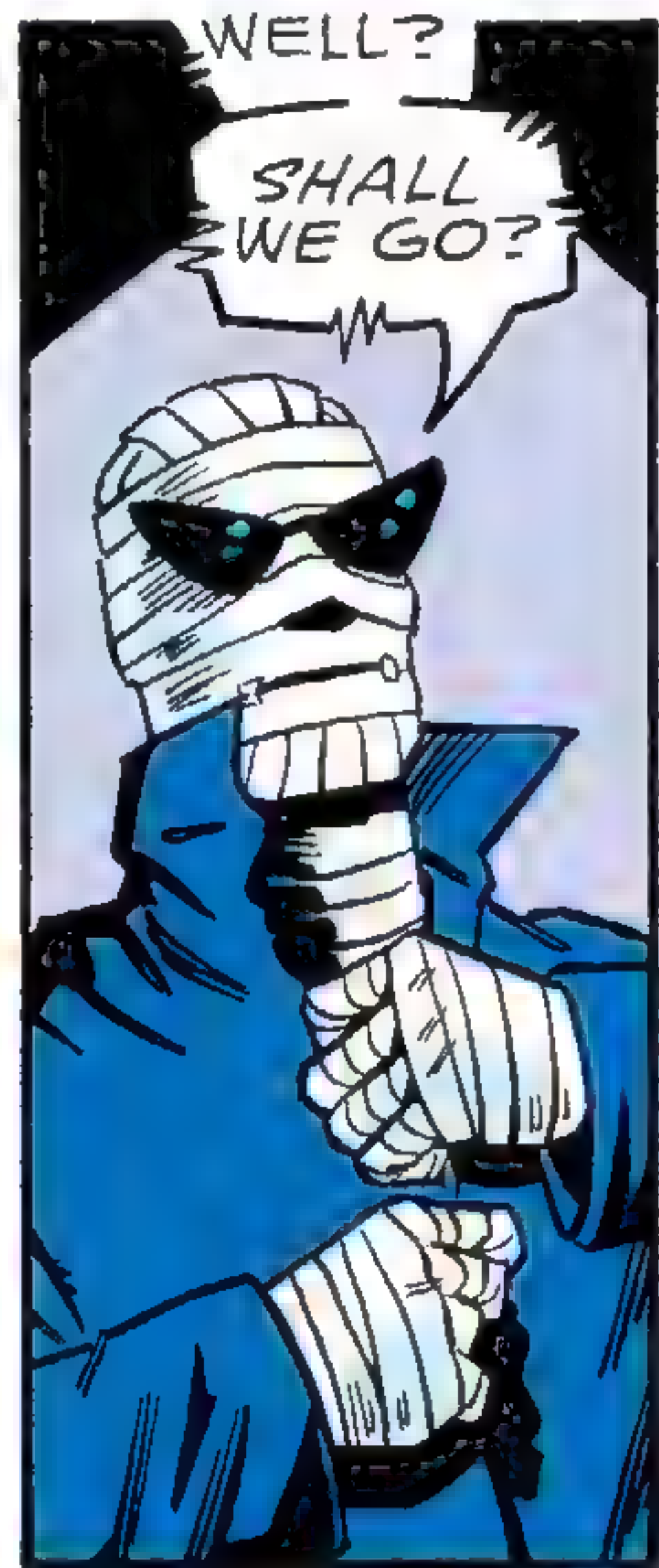
THE
NEGATIVE
SPIRIT!



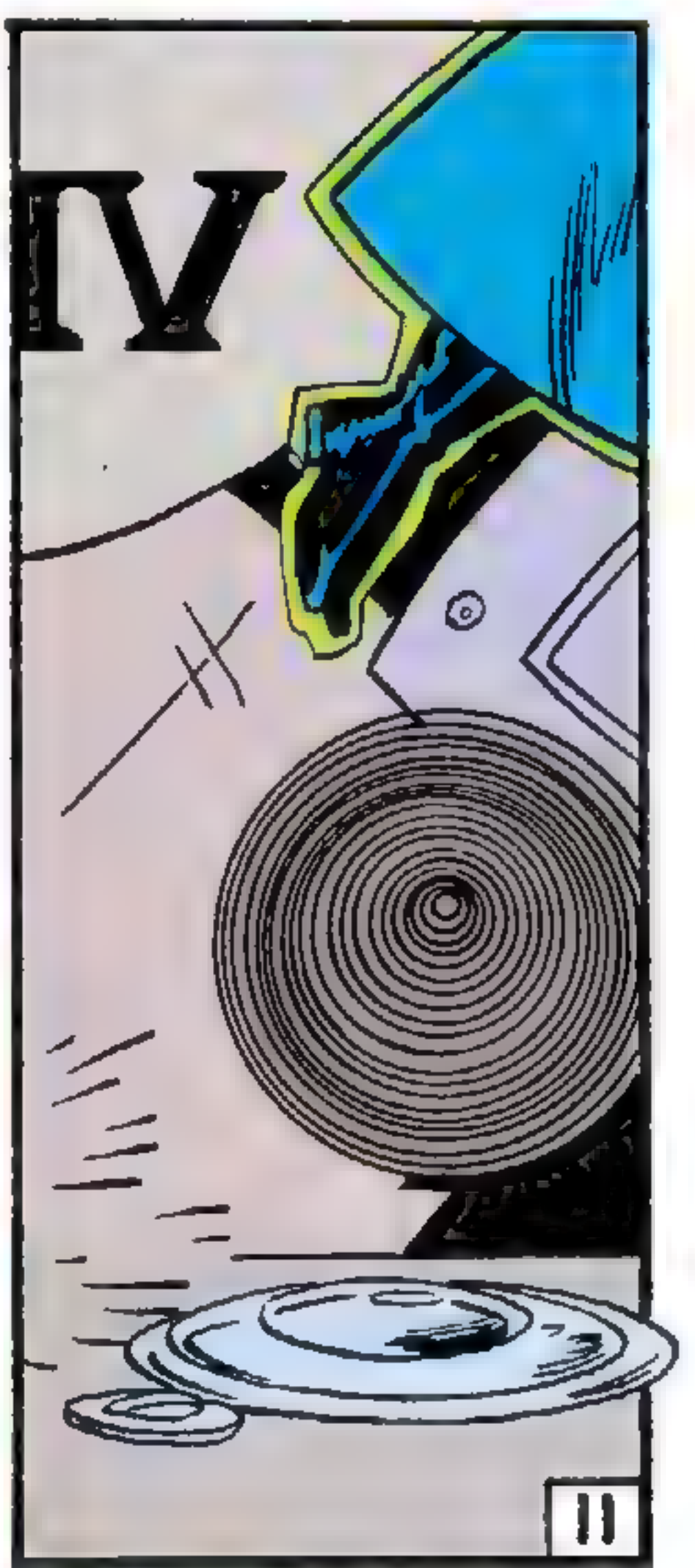
RELEASE
THE
NEGATIVE
SPIRIT!

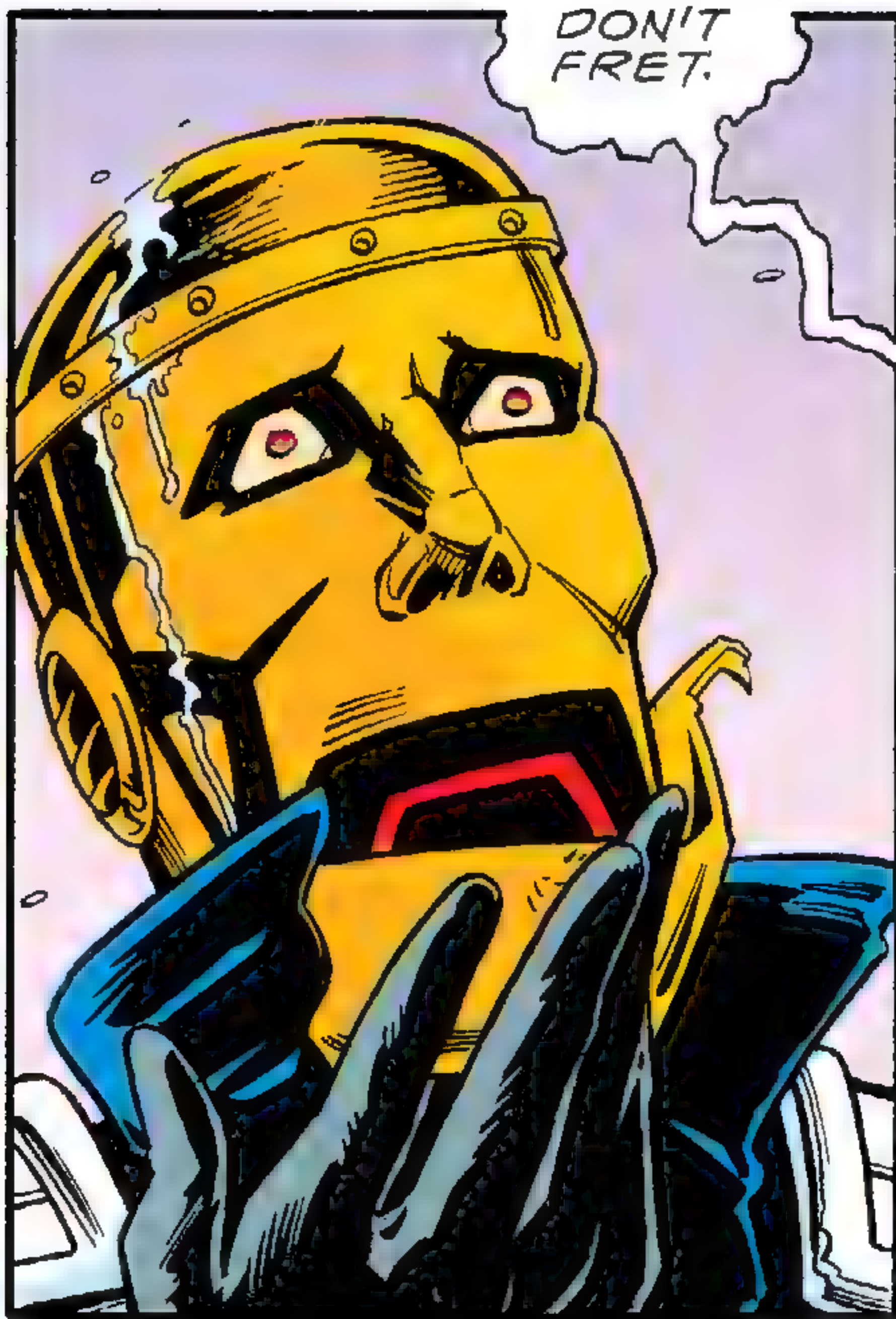


HFF



WELL?
SHALL
WE GO?





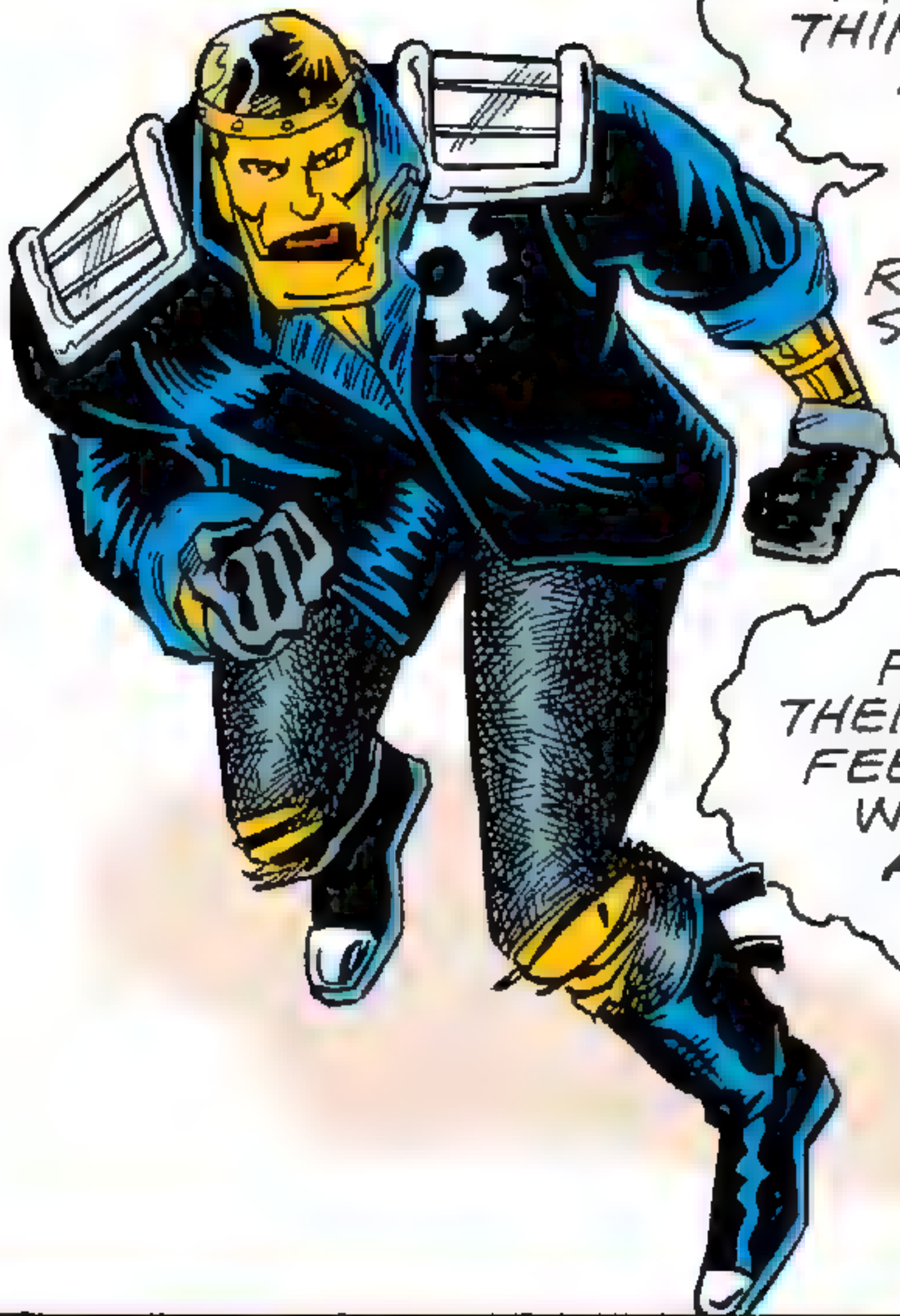
DON'T
FRET.

NOTHING
ACTUALLY
DIES HERE.
HERE, THERE
IS ONLY
SUFFERING.



PAIN
SUSTAINS
MY
EXISTENCE.

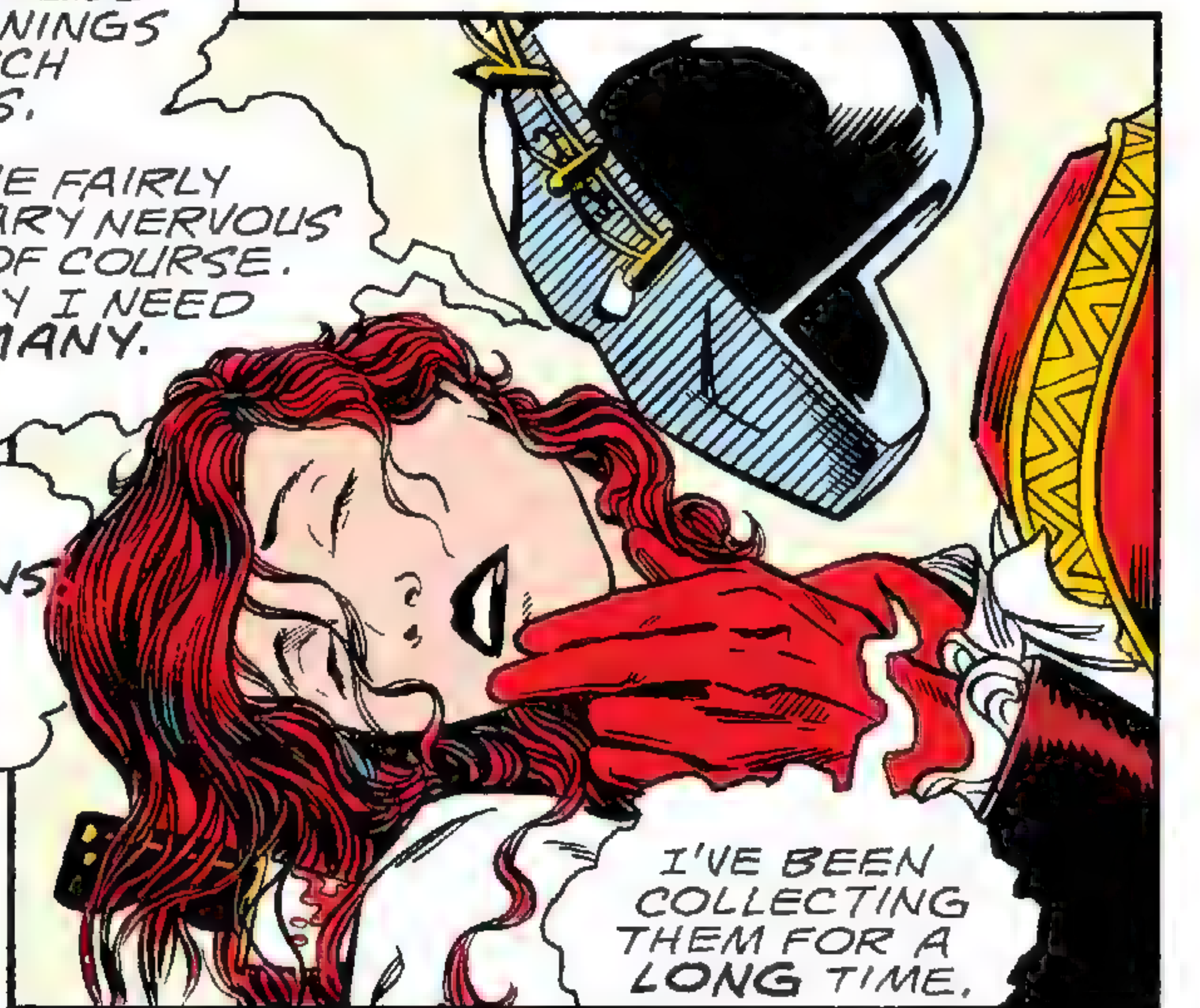
BUTTERFLIES.
DO YOU LIKE
BUTTERFLIES?



PRETTY, FRAGILE
THINGS WITH WINGS
LIKE CHURCH
WINDOWS.

THEY HAVE FAIRLY
RUDIMENTARY NERVOUS
SYSTEMS, OF COURSE.
THAT'S WHY I NEED
SO MANY.

PINNED IN
THEIR MILLIONS
FEEDING ME
WITH THEIR
AGONY.



I'VE BEEN
COLLECTING
THEM FOR A
LONG TIME.



ONCE IN EVERY
HUNDRED YEARS, THE
ENDLESS ORBITING
PATH OF MY WANDERING
TAKES ME INTO THAT
PART OF MY HOUSE
WHICH IS YOUR
WORLD.



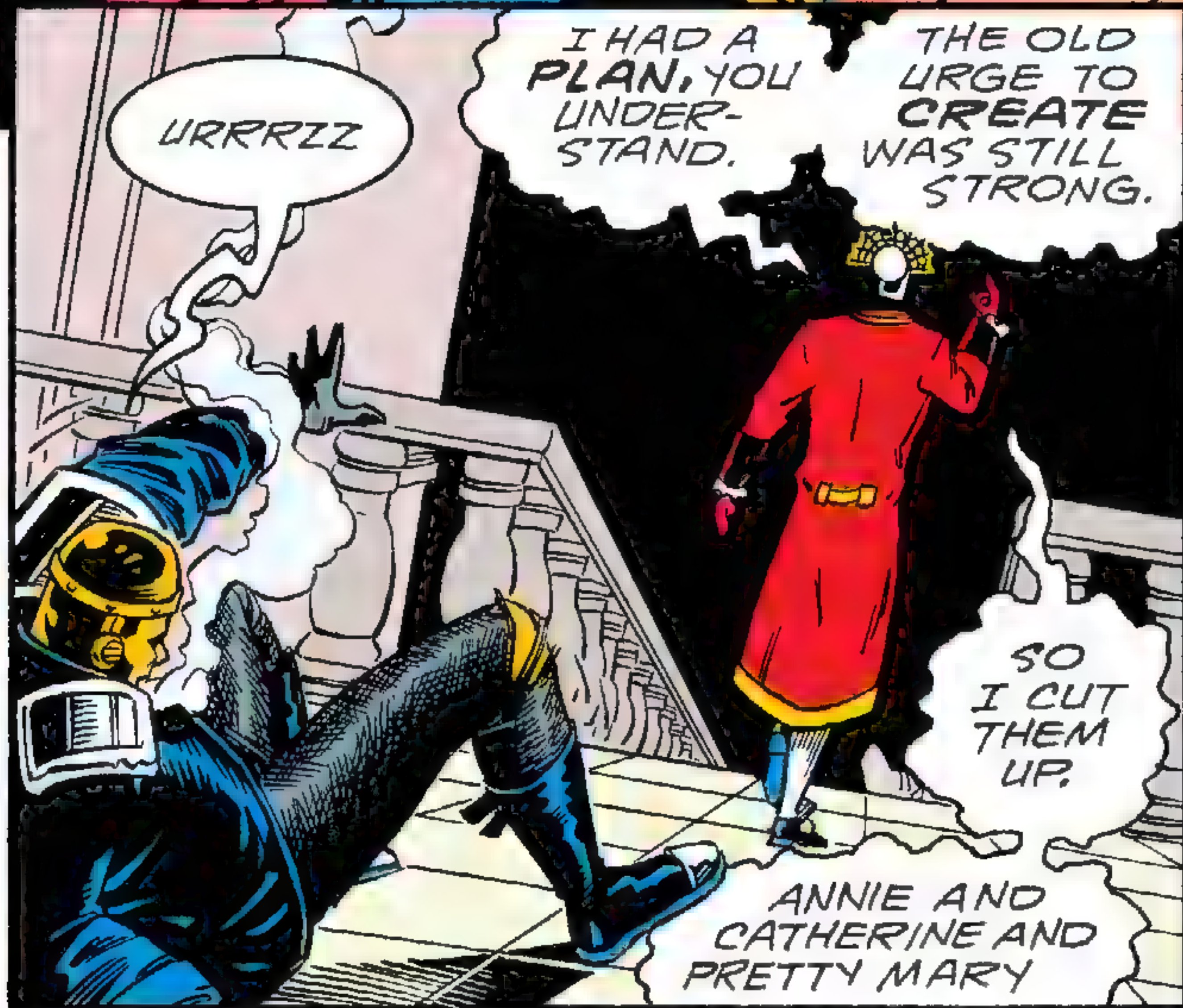
ONE HUNDRED
YEARS AGO...
HAUNTING THE
FOGBOUND, GASLIT
STREETS OF
WHITECHAPEL.

OH, I
WAS JACK
THEN...

...RED
JACK, SPRING-
HEELED JACK,
SAUCY JACK,
JACK FROM HELL,
TRADE-NAME...



JACK
THE
RIPPER.



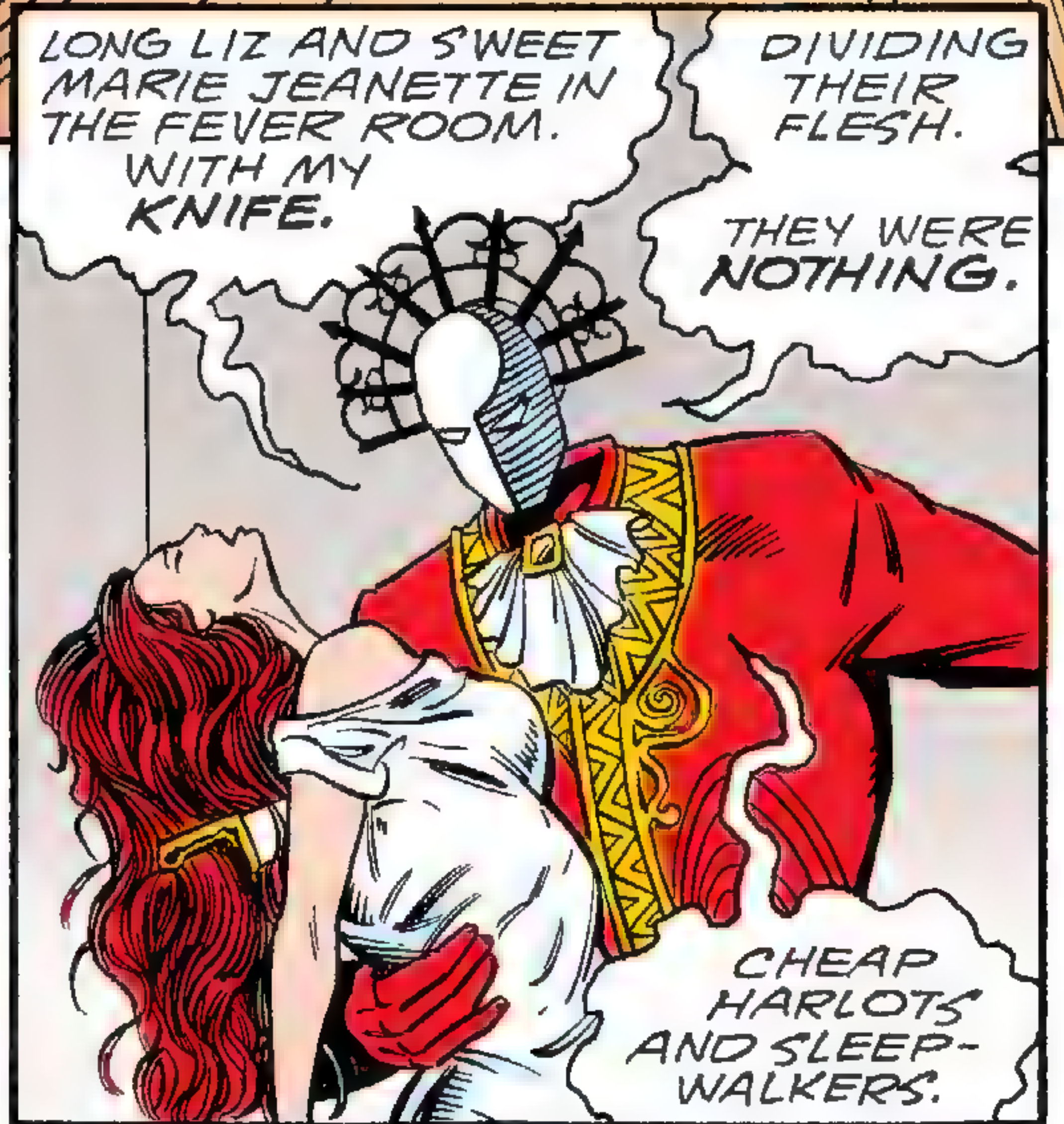
URRRZZ

I HAD A
PLAN, YOU
UNDER-
STAND.

THE OLD
URGE TO
CREATE
WAS STILL
STRONG.

SO
I CUT
THEM
UP.

ANNIE AND
CATHERINE AND
PRETTY MARY

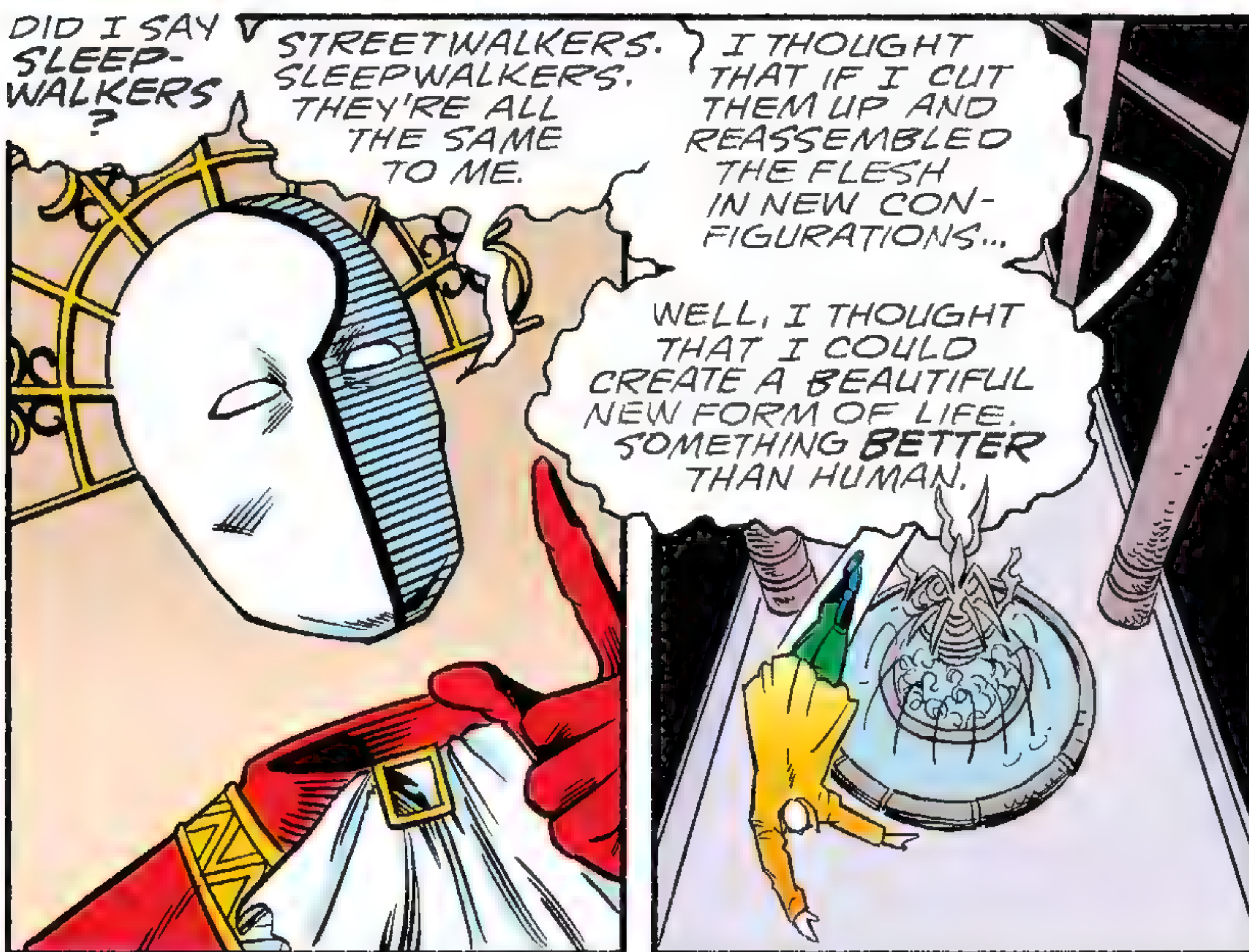


LONG LIZ AND SWEET
MARIE JEANETTE IN
THE FEVER ROOM.
WITH MY
KNIFE.

DIVIDING
THEIR
FLESH.

THEY WERE
NOTHING.

CHEAP
HARLOTS
AND SLEEP-
WALKERS.

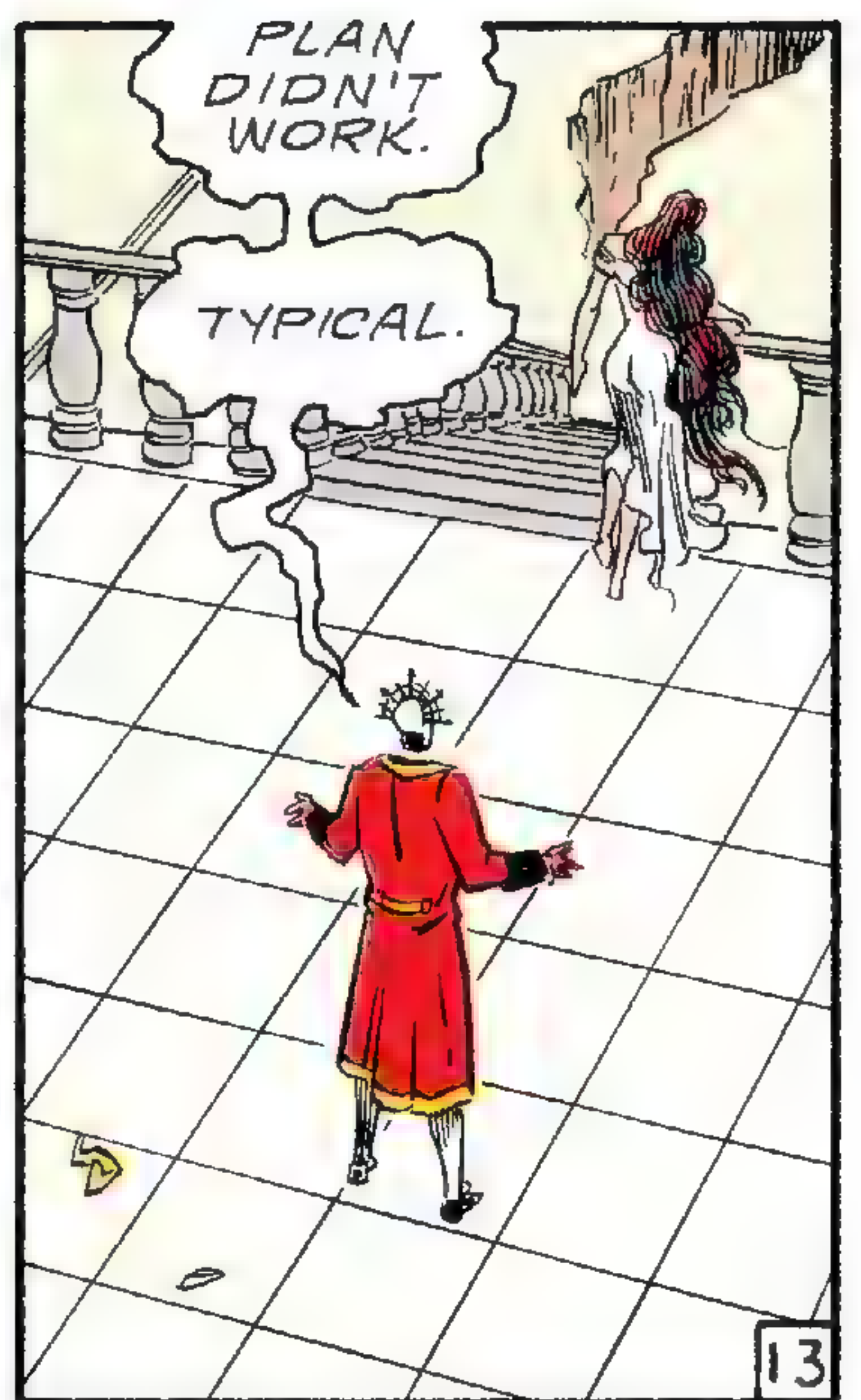


DID I SAY
SLEEP-
WALKERS
?

STREETWALKERS.
SLEEPWALKERS.
THEY'RE ALL
THE SAME
TO ME.

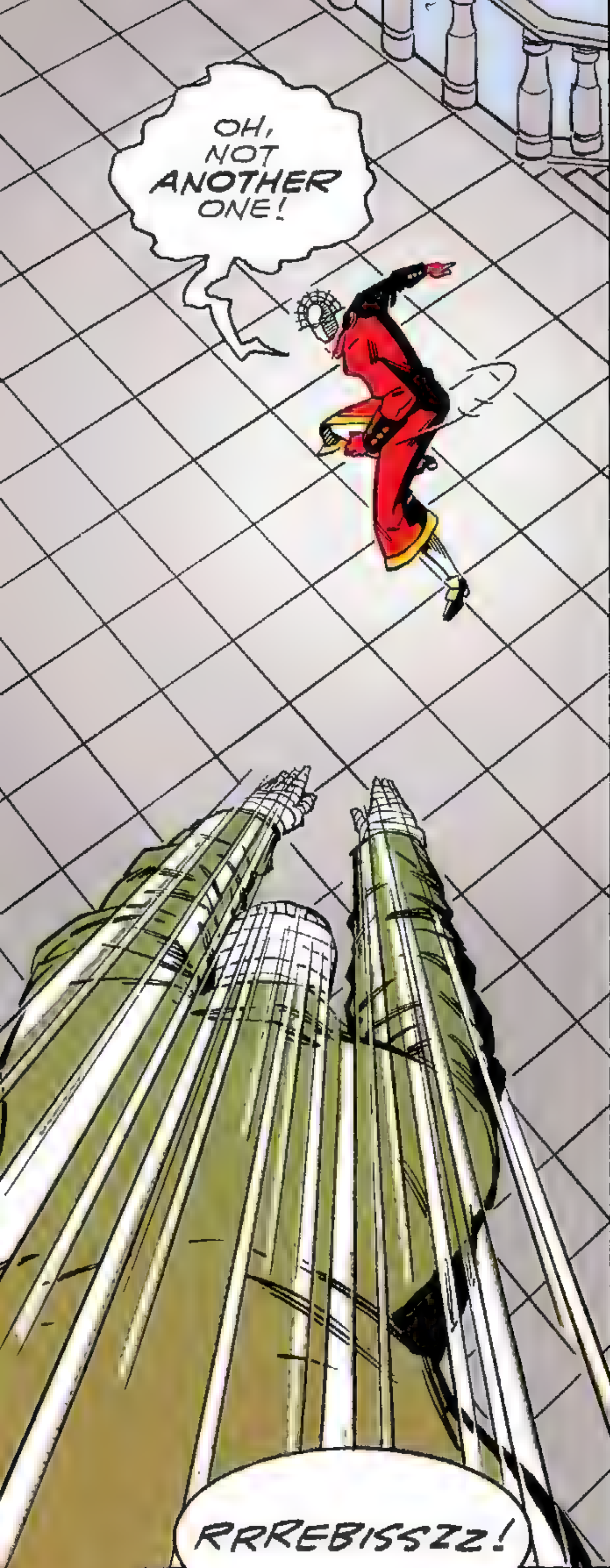
I THOUGHT
THAT IF I CUT
THEM UP AND
REASSEMBLED
THE FLESH
IN NEW CON-
FIGURATIONS...

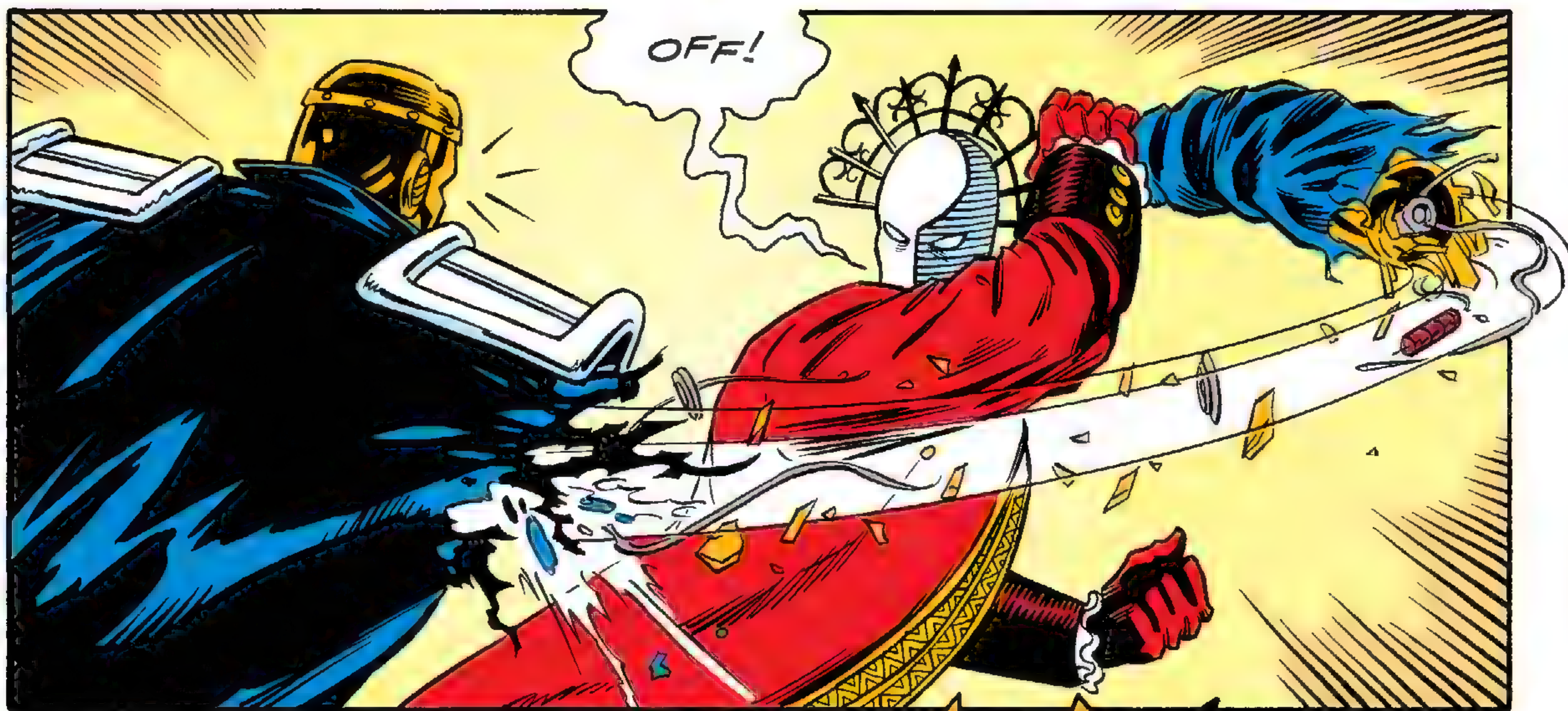
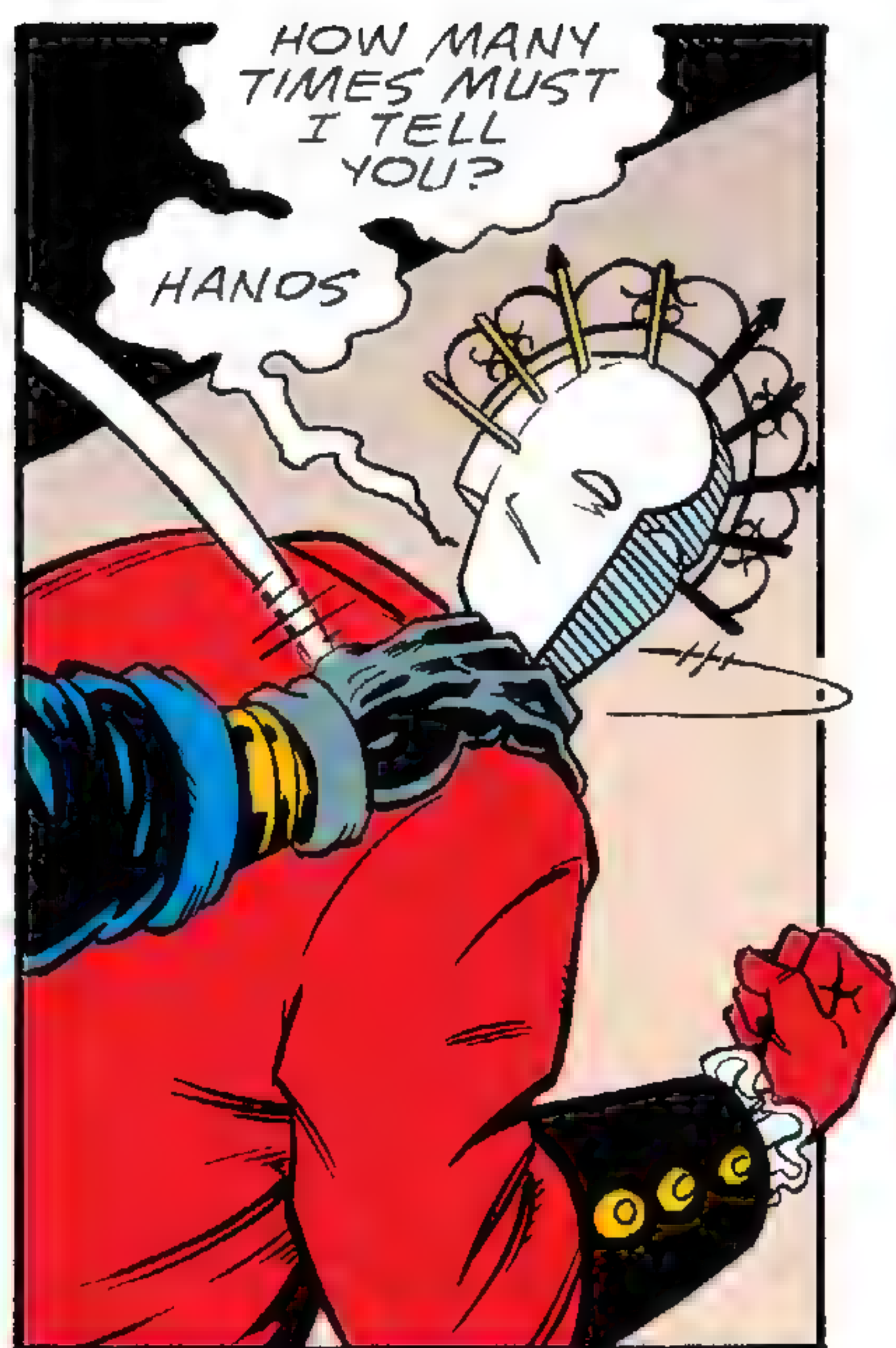
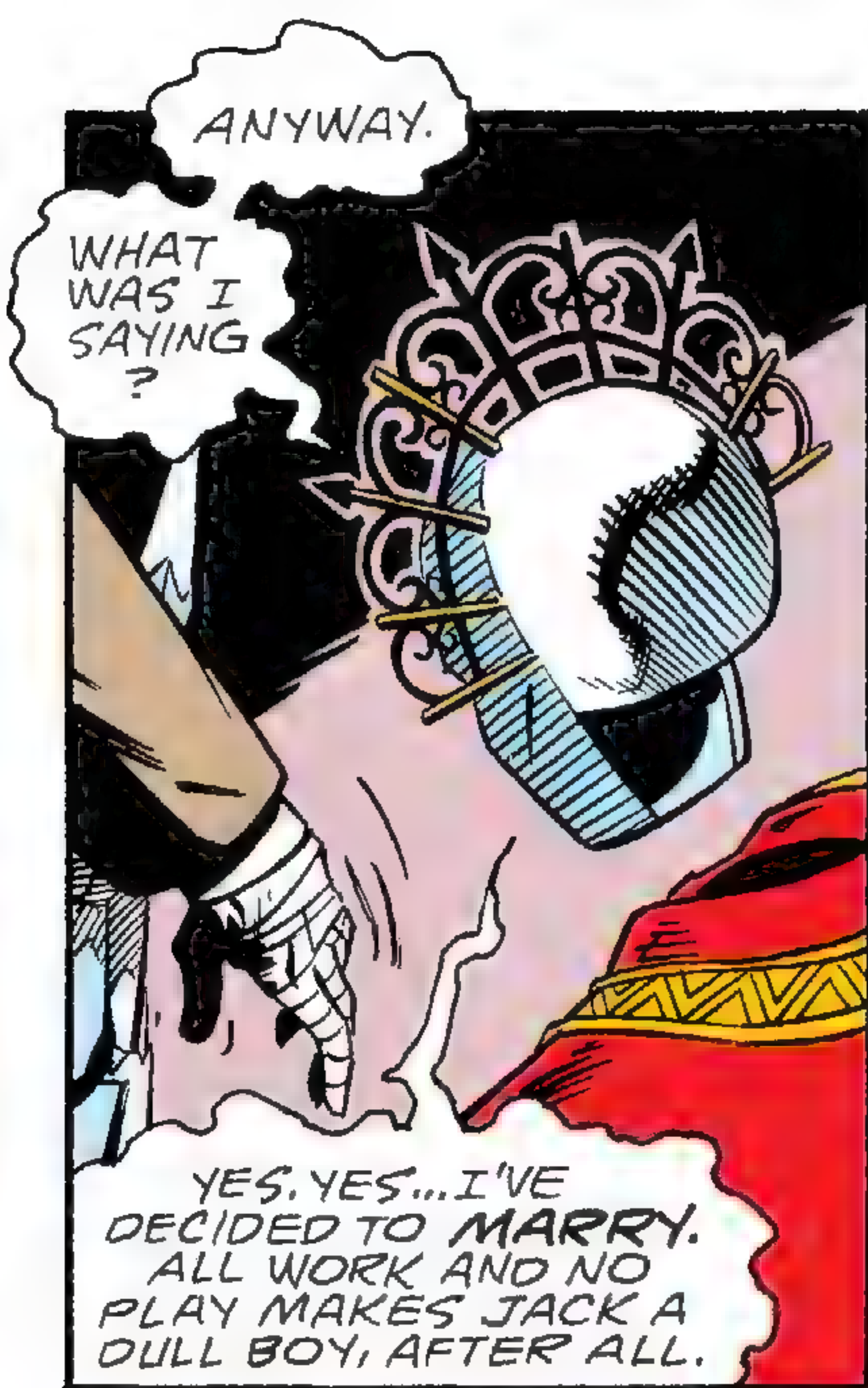
WELL, I THOUGHT
THAT I COULD
CREATE A BEAUTIFUL
NEW FORM OF LIFE.
SOMETHING **BETTER**
THAN HUMAN.

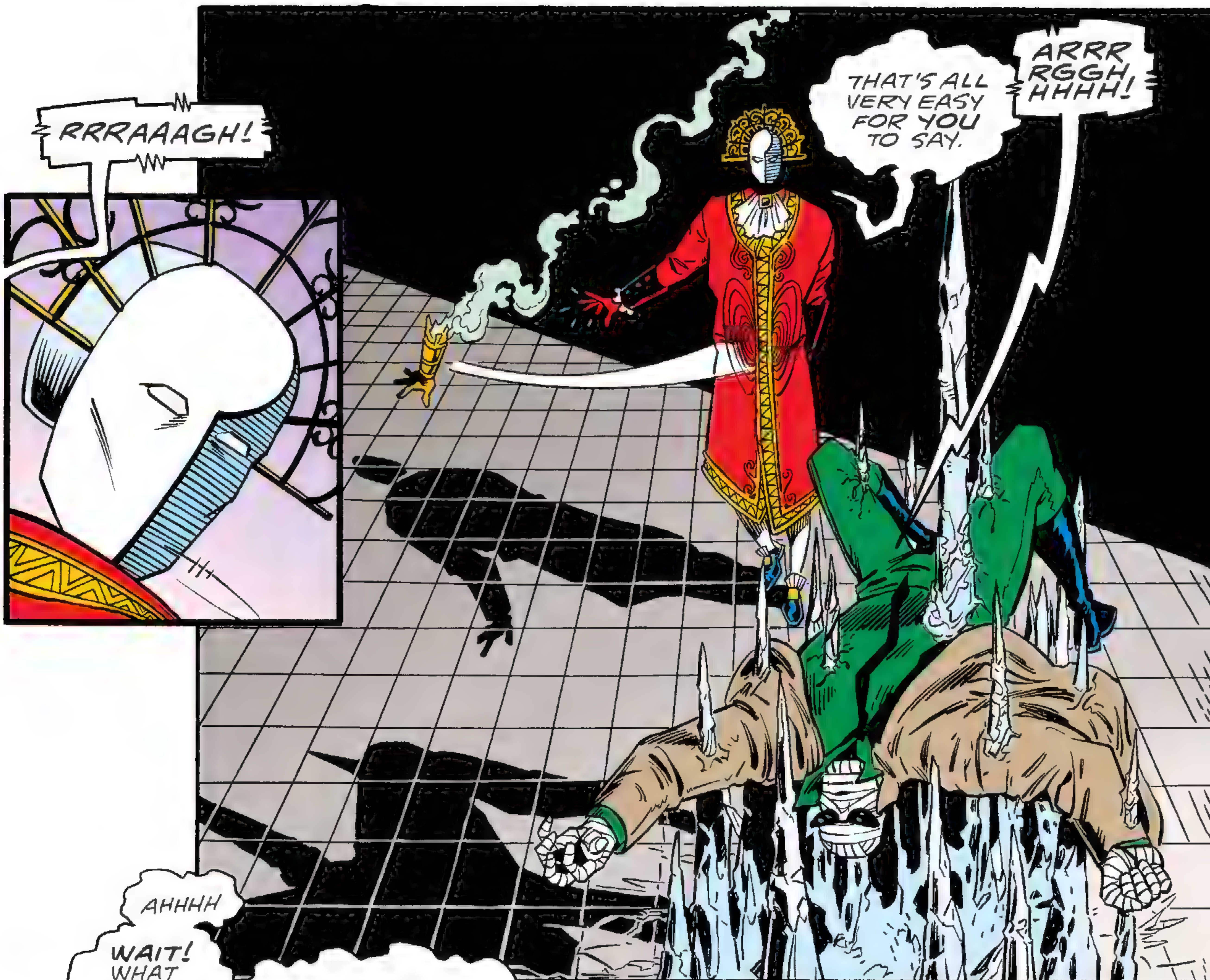


PLAN
DIDN'T
WORK.

TYPICAL.



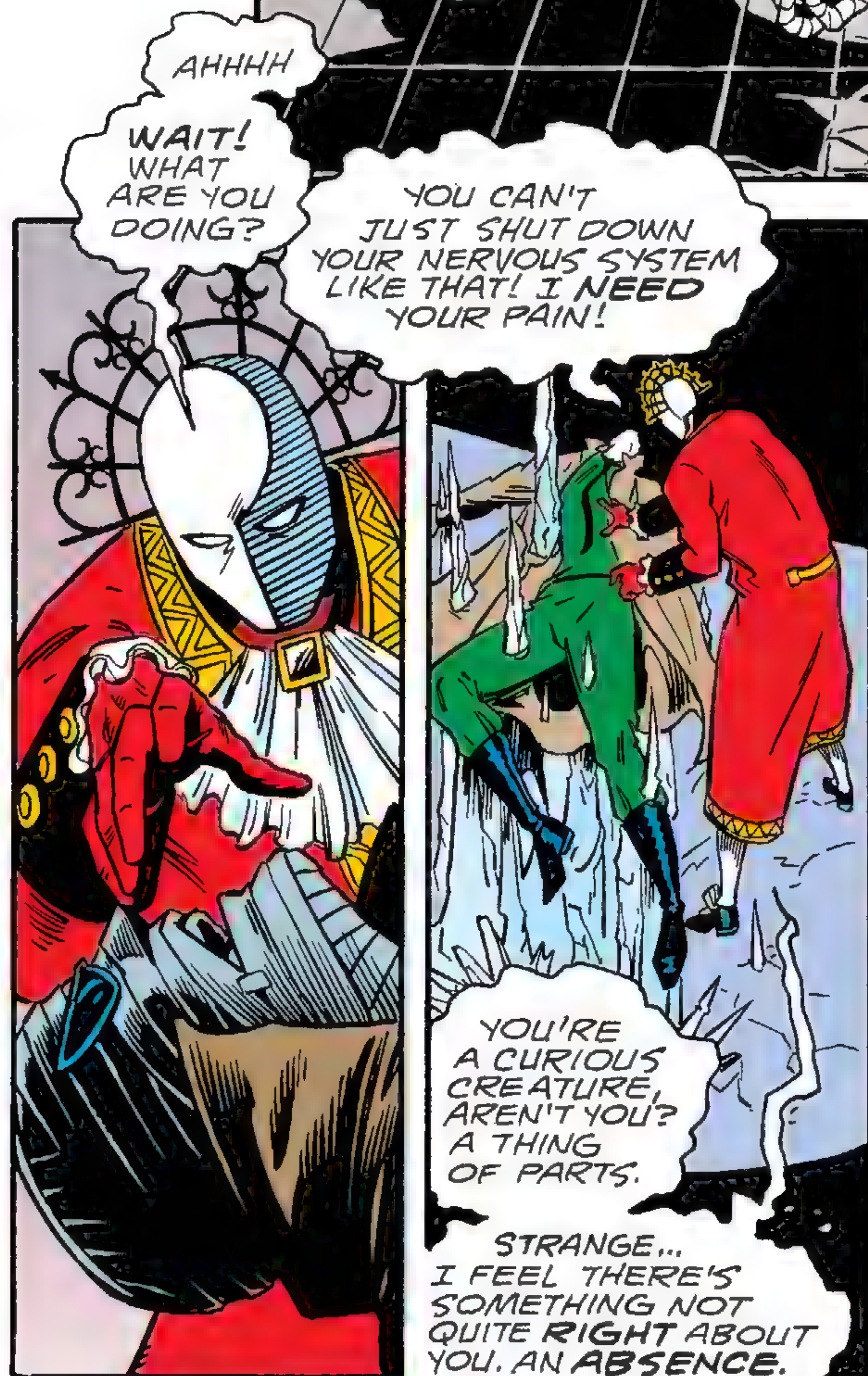




RRRAAAGH!

THAT'S ALL
VERY EASY
FOR YOU
TO SAY.

ARRR
RGGH!
HHHH!



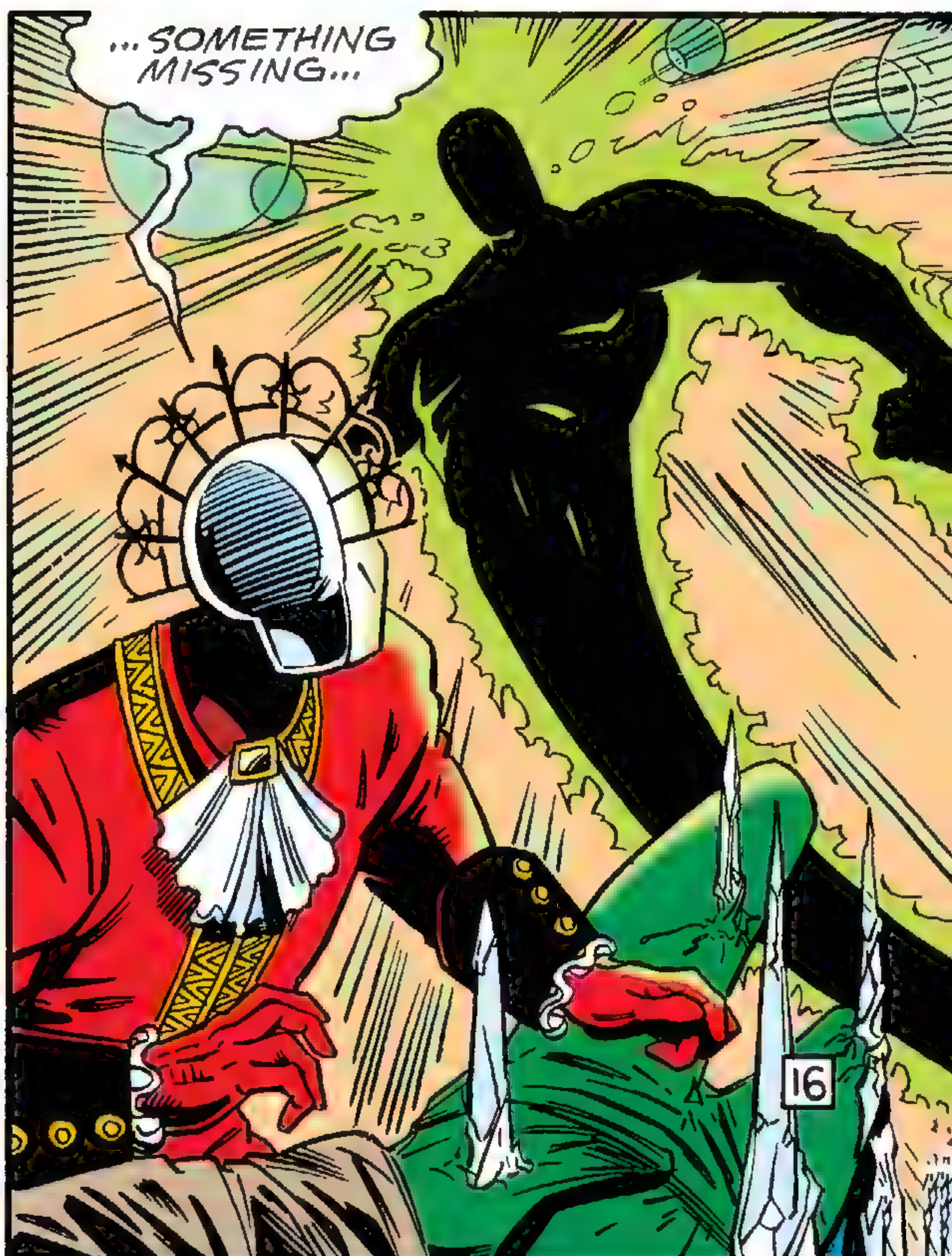
AHHHH

WAIT!
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

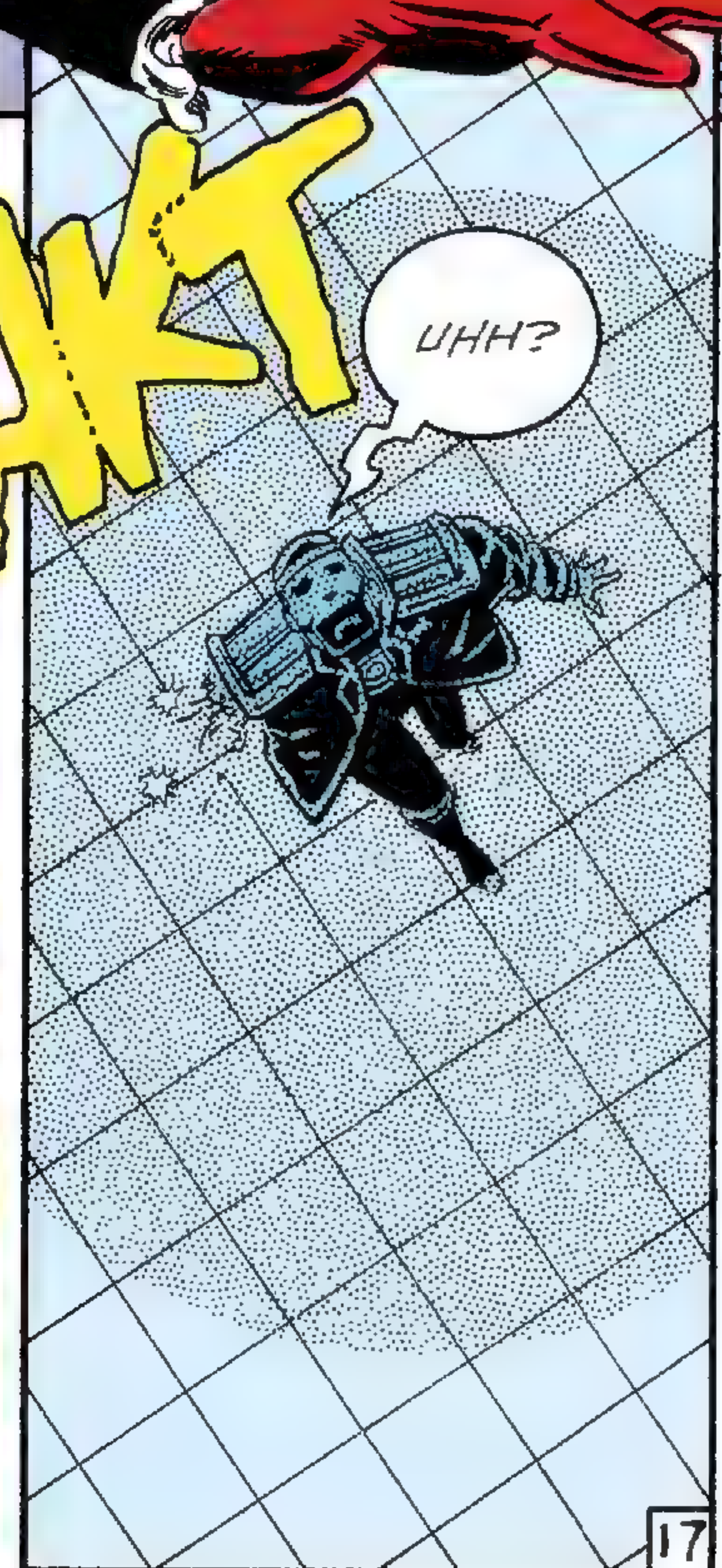
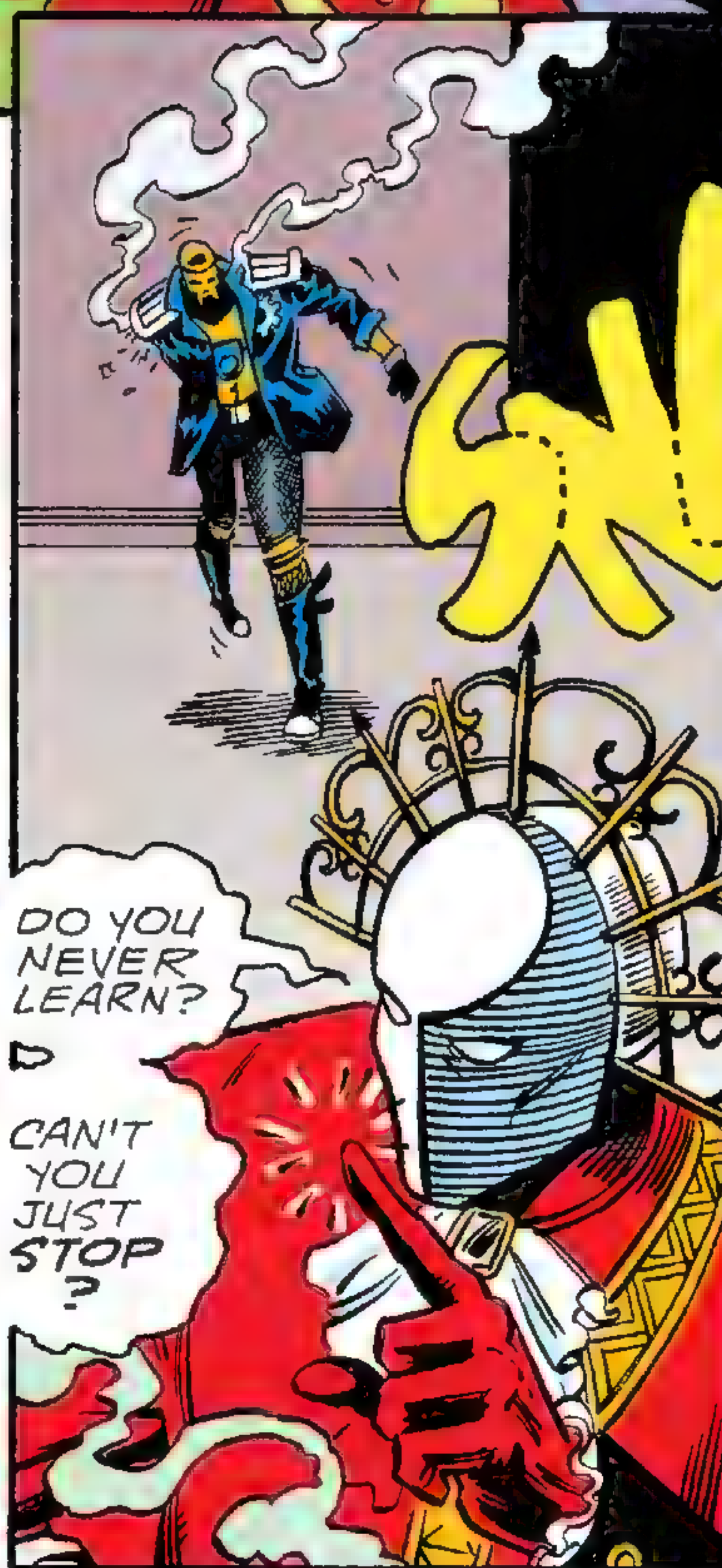
YOU CAN'T
JUST SHUT DOWN
YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM
LIKE THAT! I NEED
YOUR PAIN!

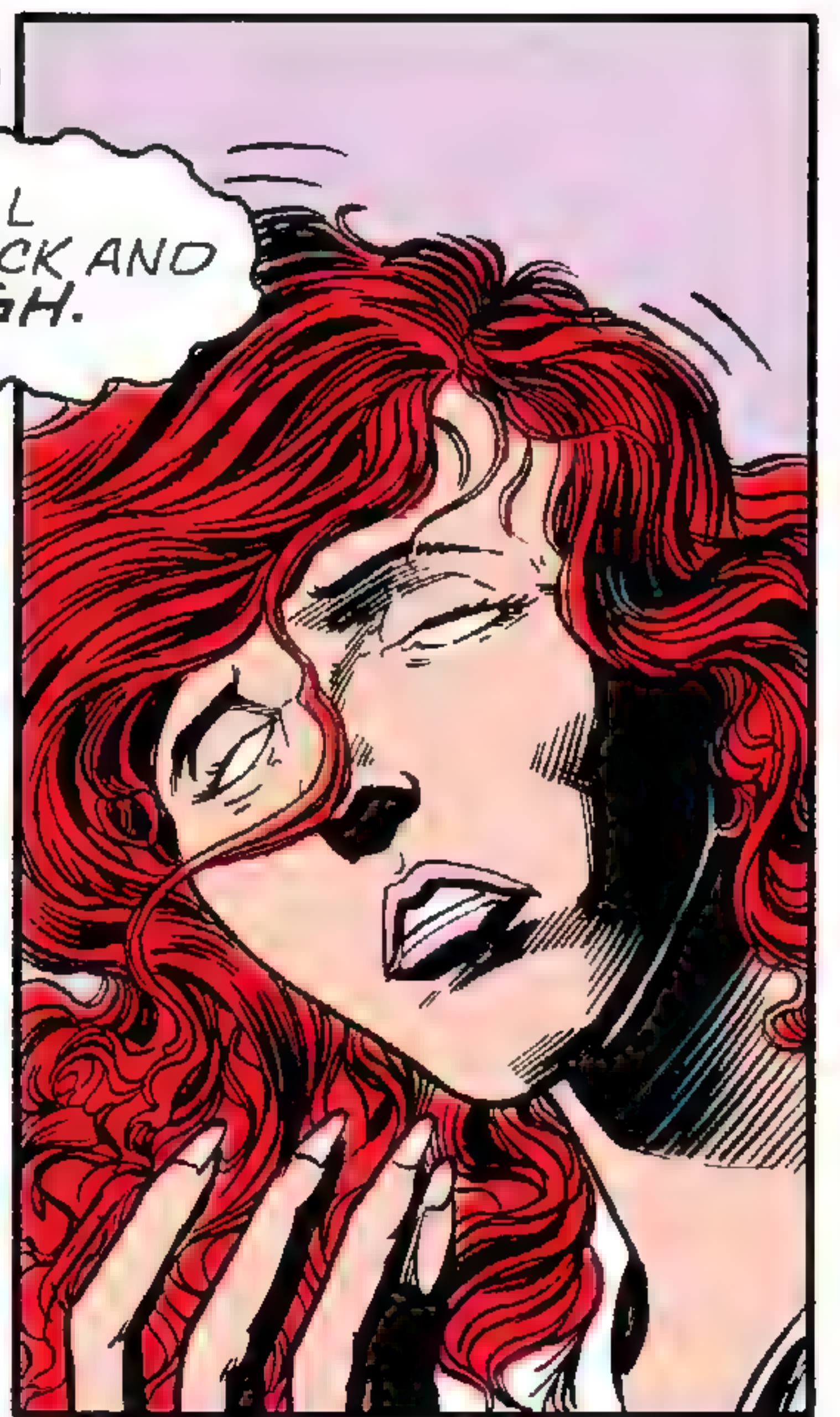
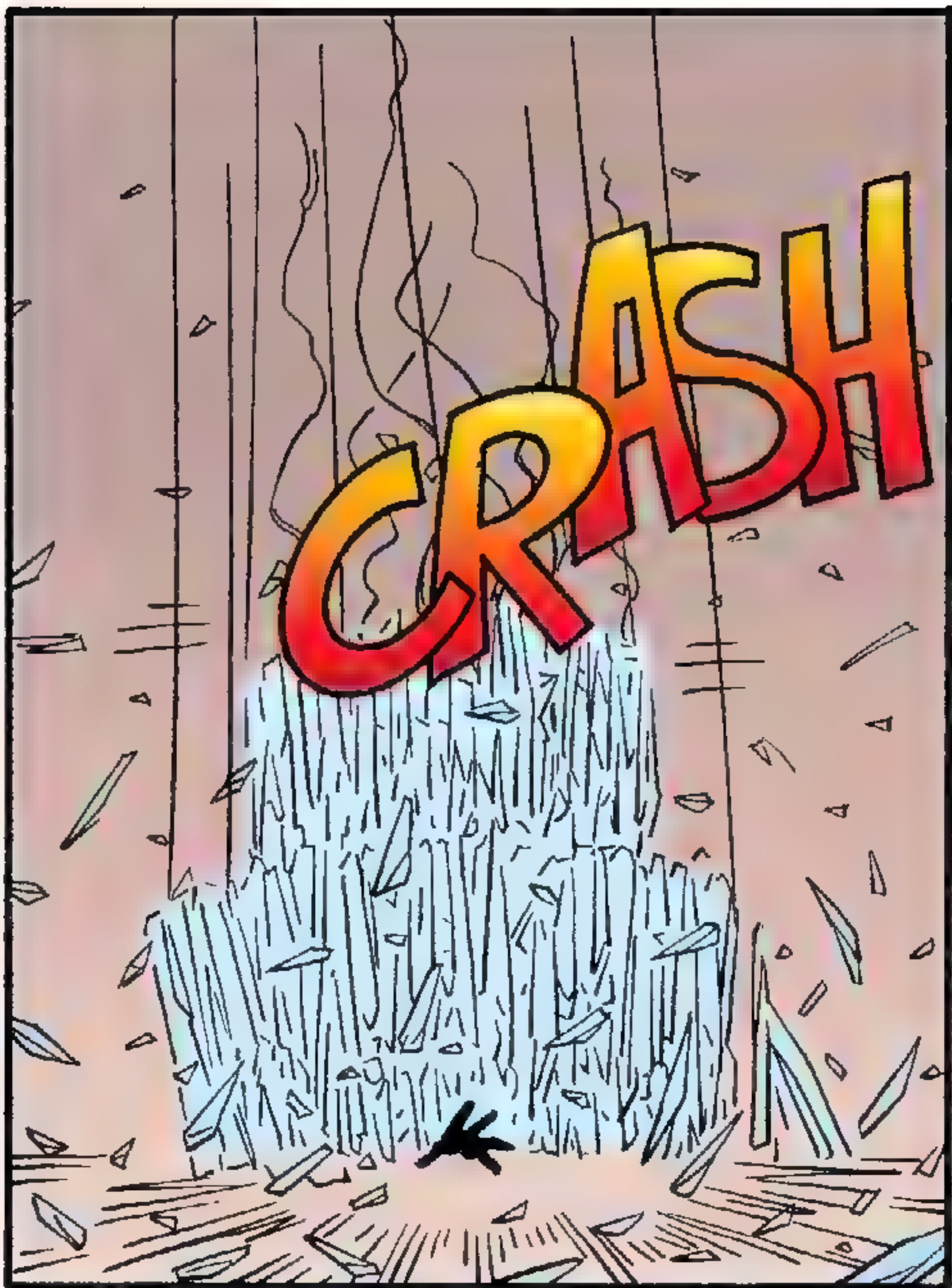
YOU'RE
A CURIOUS
CREATURE,
AREN'T YOU?
A THING
OF PARTS.

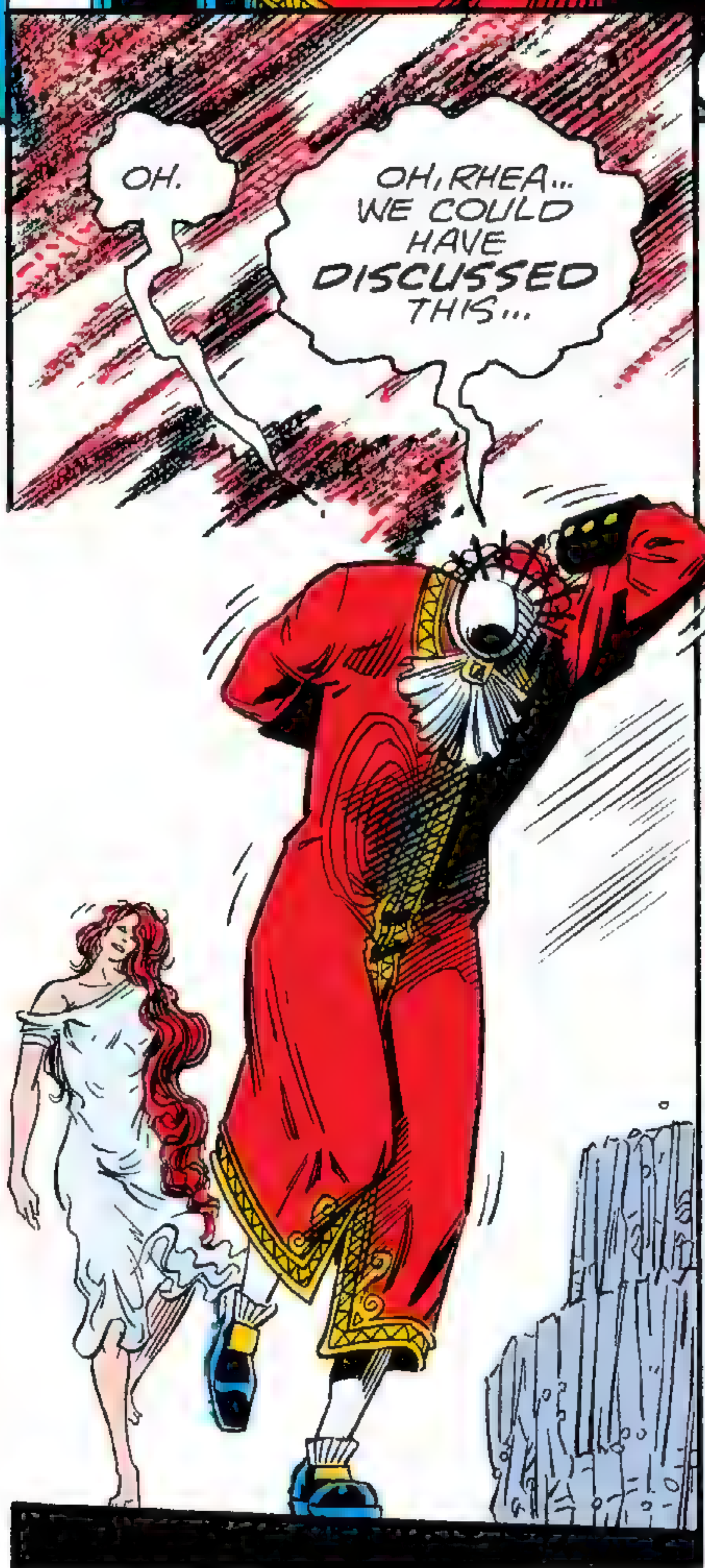
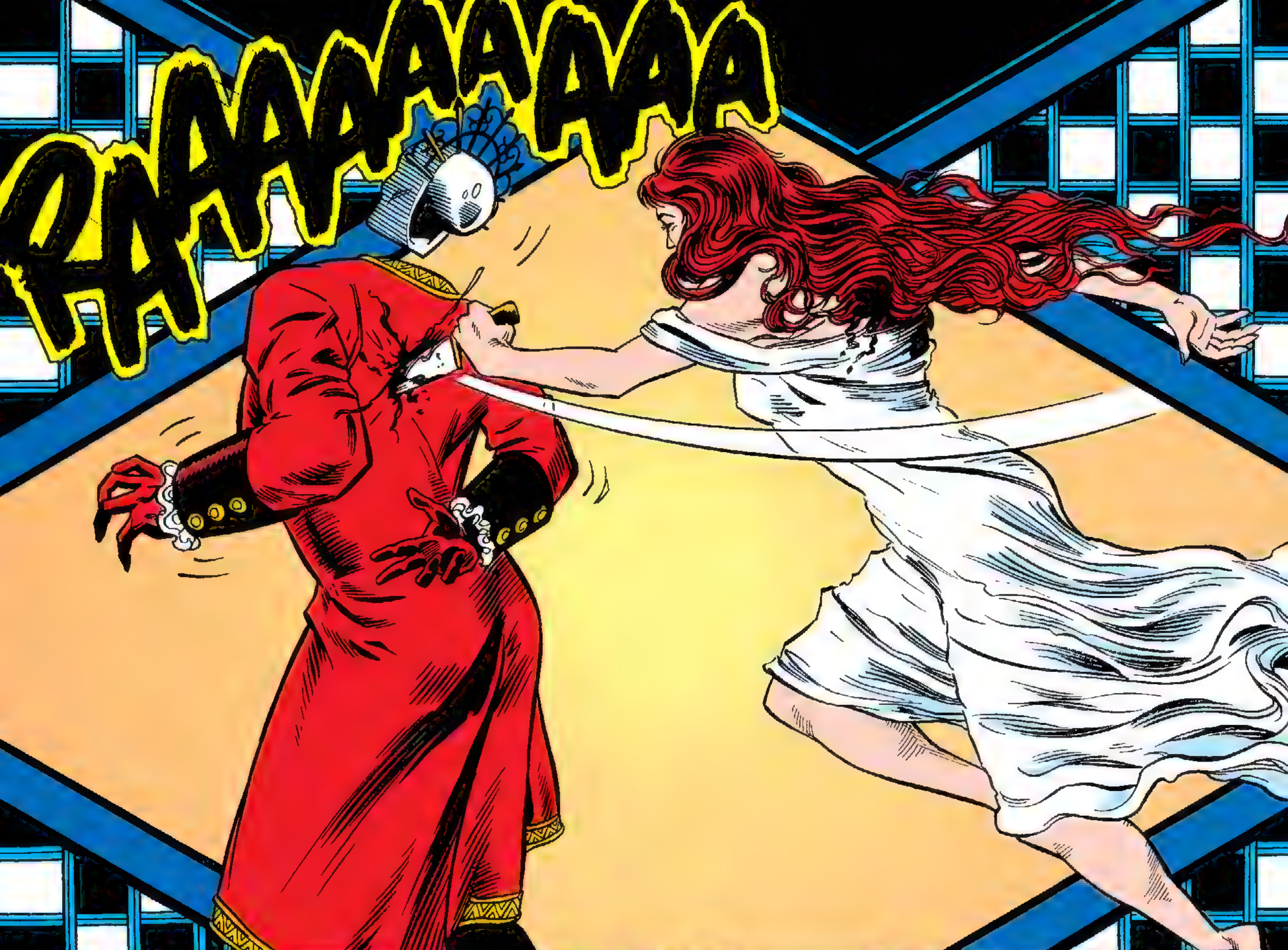
STRANGE...
I FEEL THERE'S
SOMETHING NOT
QUITE RIGHT ABOUT
YOU. AN ABSENCE.



...SOMETHING
MISSING...

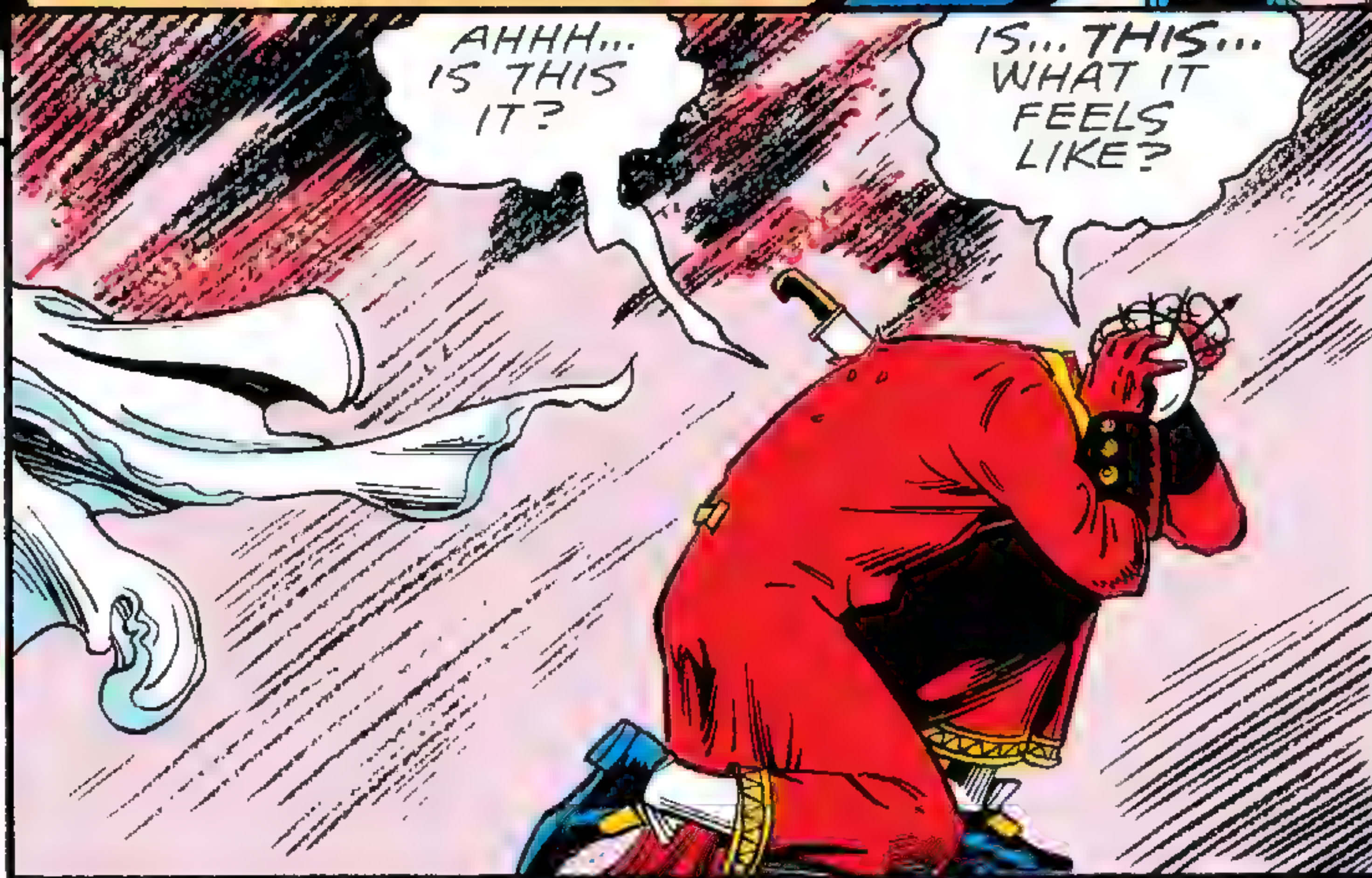






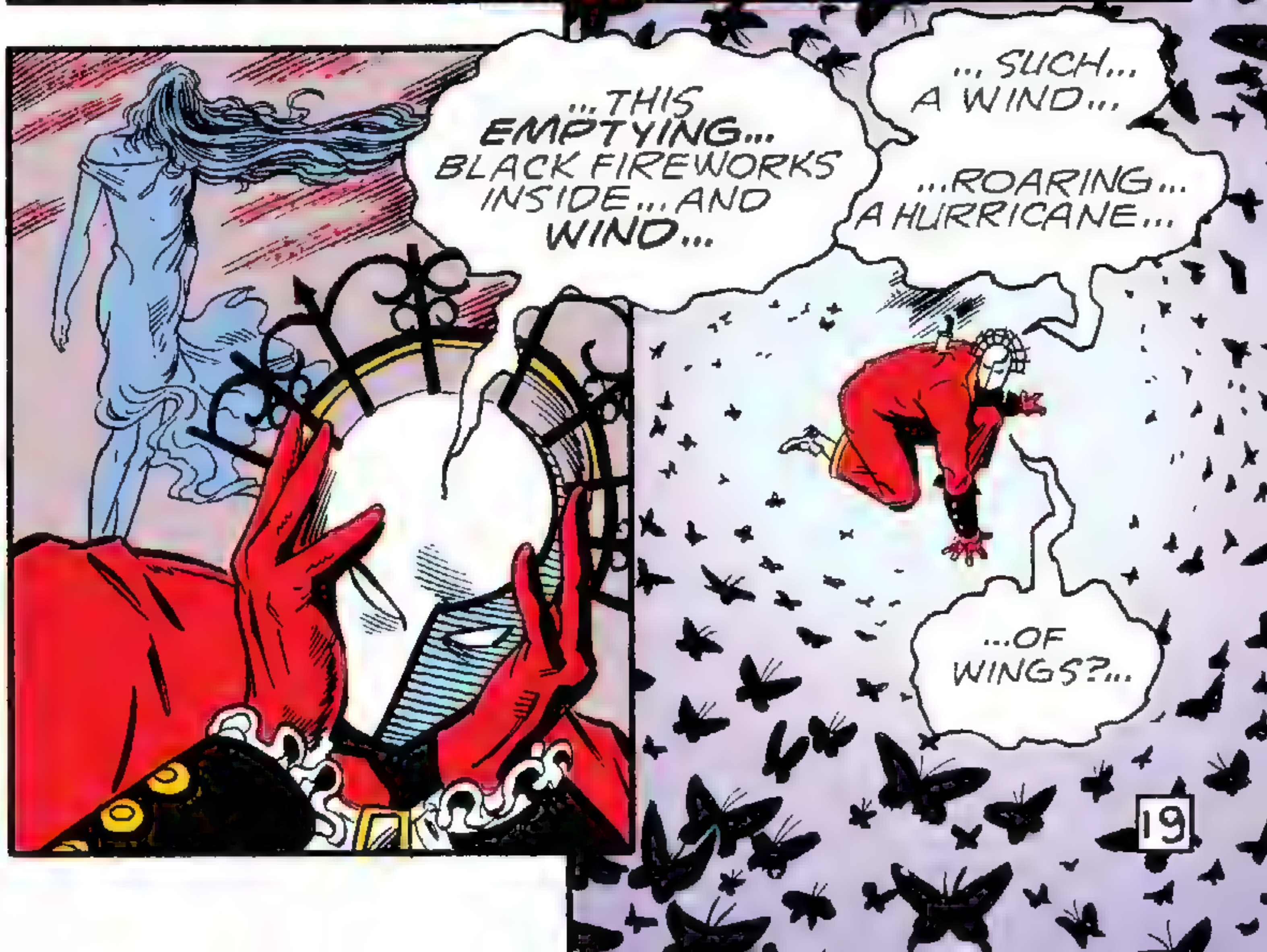
OH.

OH, RHEA...
WE COULD
HAVE
DISCUSSED
THIS...



AHHH...
IS THIS
IT?

IS... THIS...
WHAT IT
FEELS
LIKE?



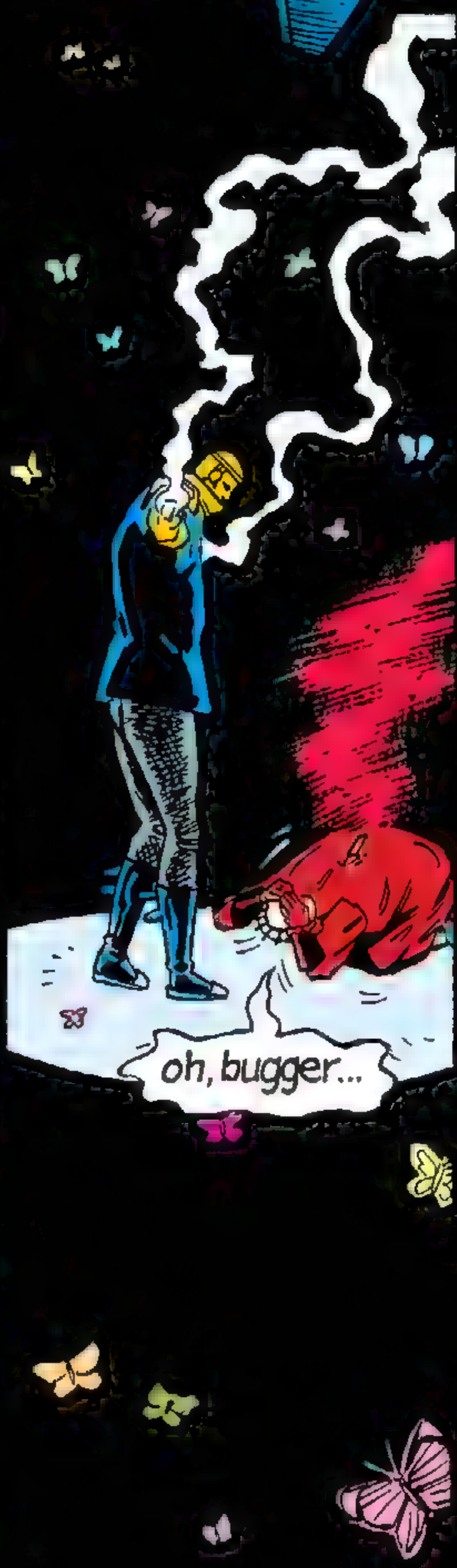
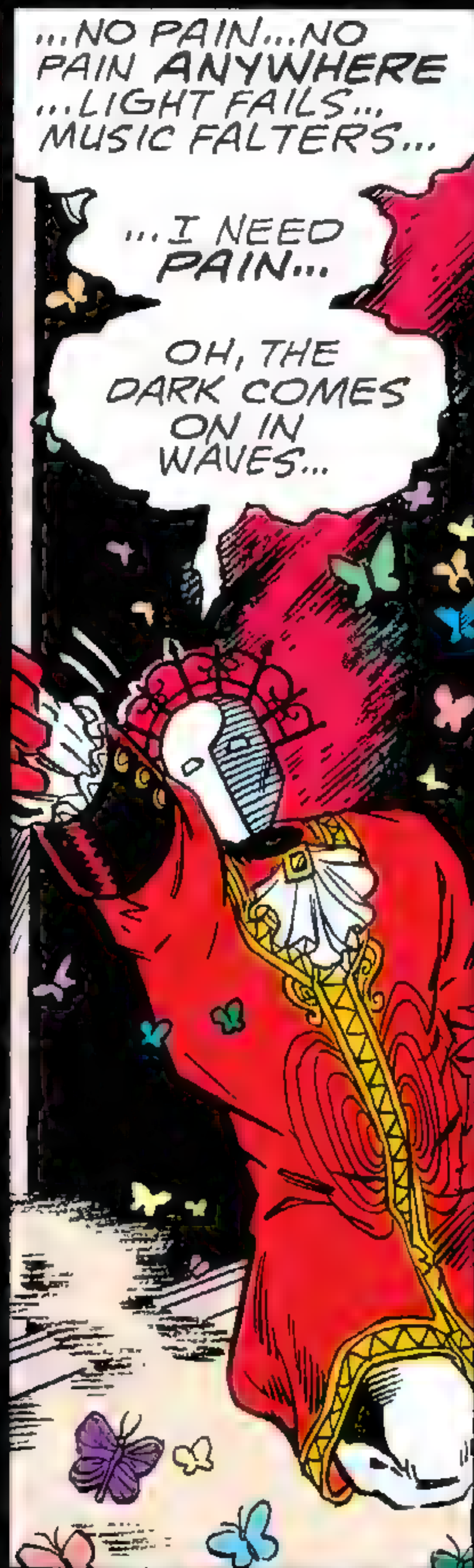
...THIS
EMPTYING...
BLACK FIREWORKS
INSIDE... AND
WIND...

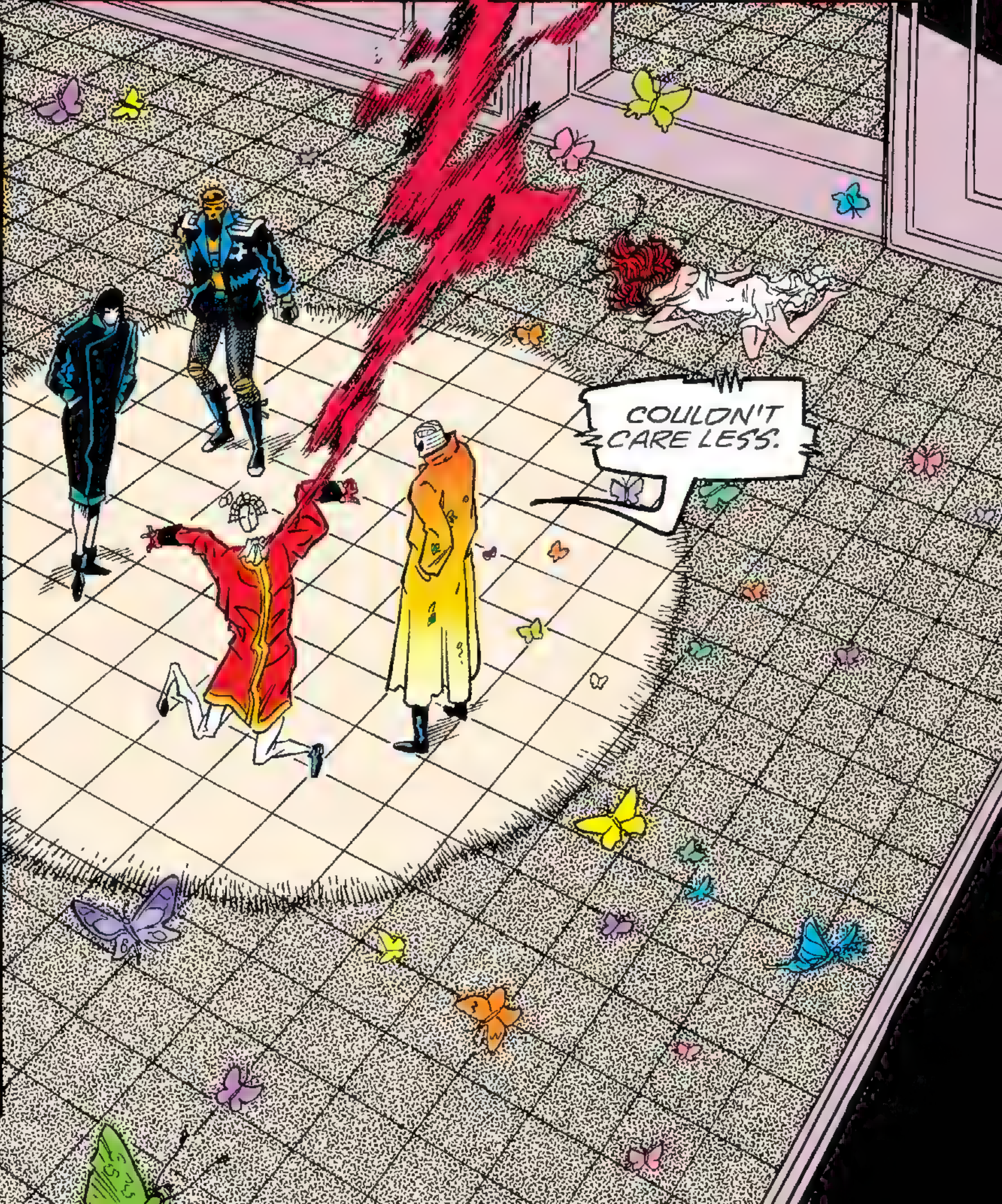
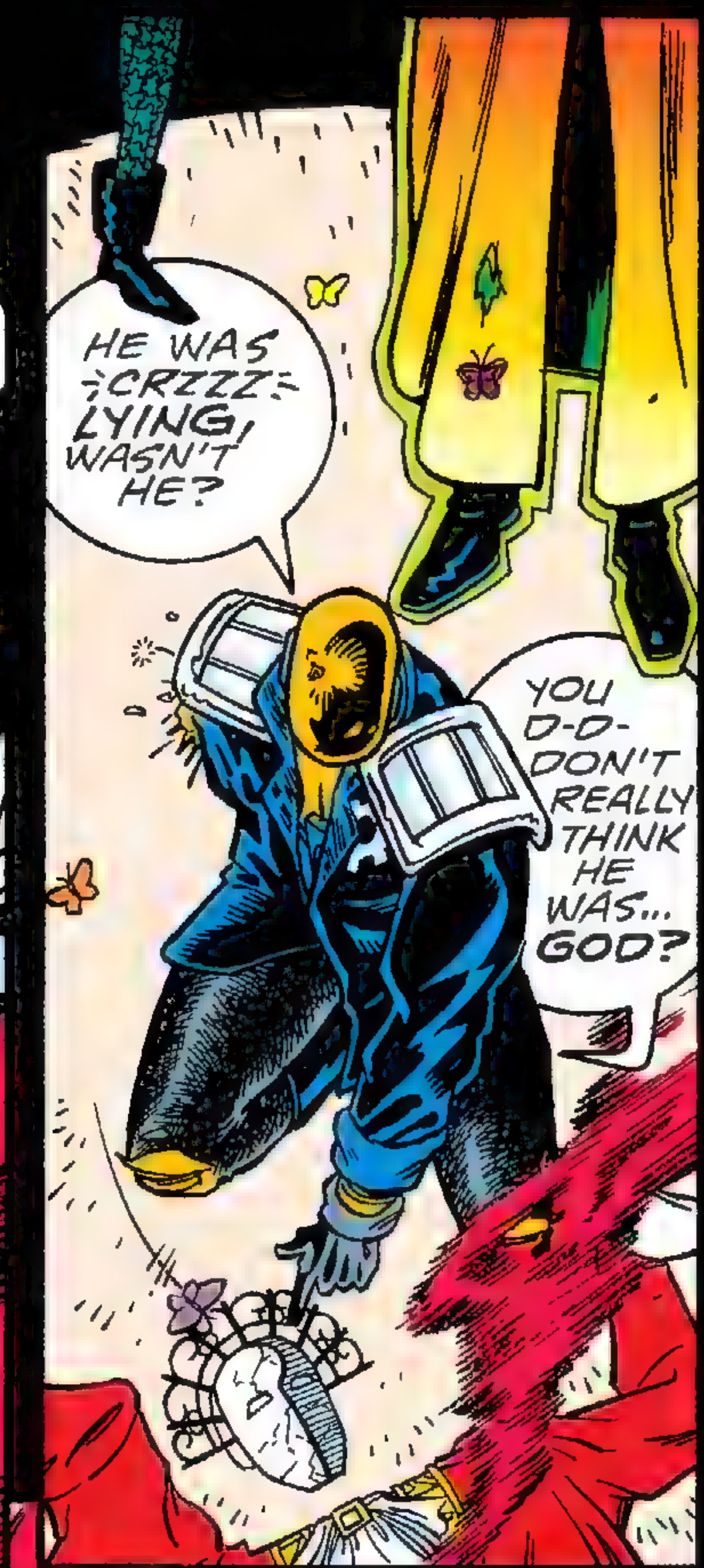
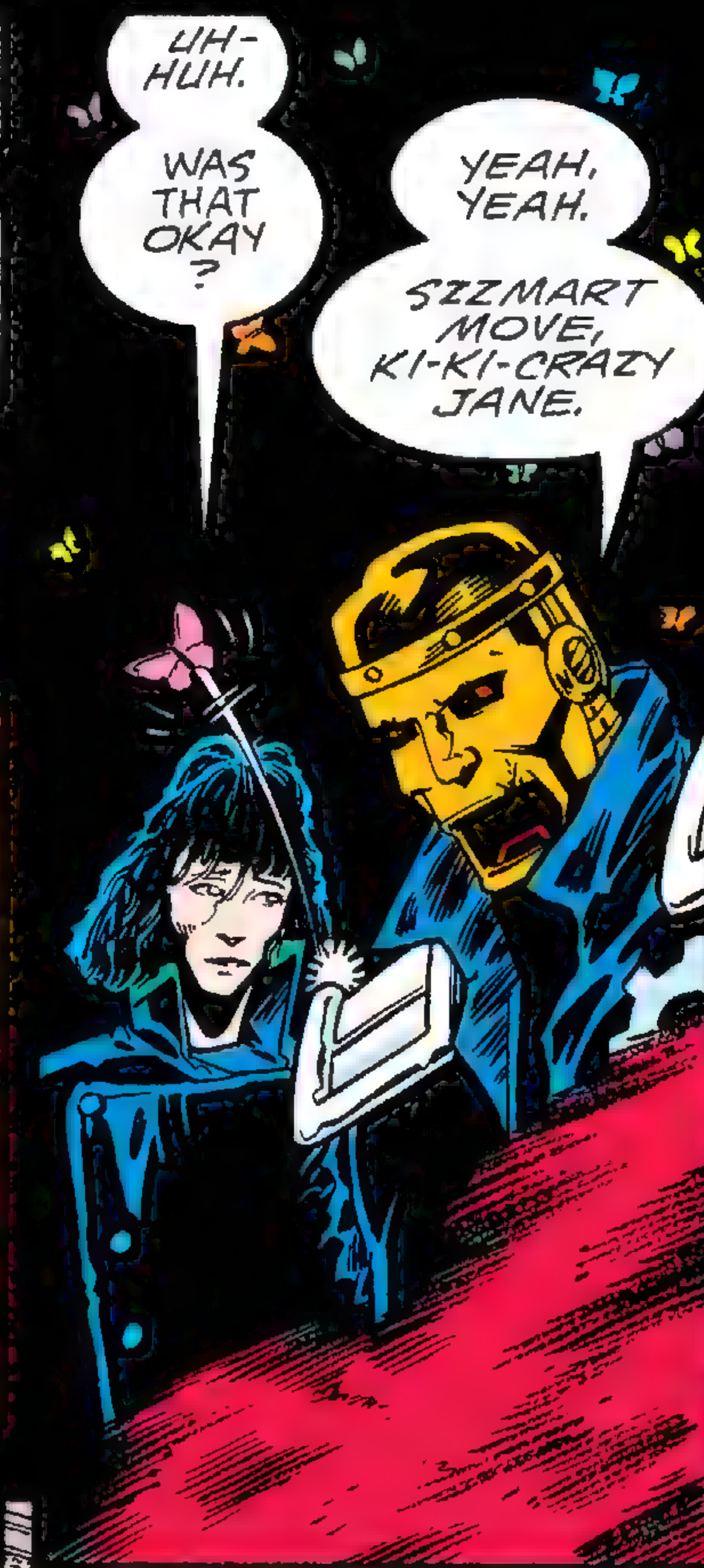
...SUCH...
A WIND...

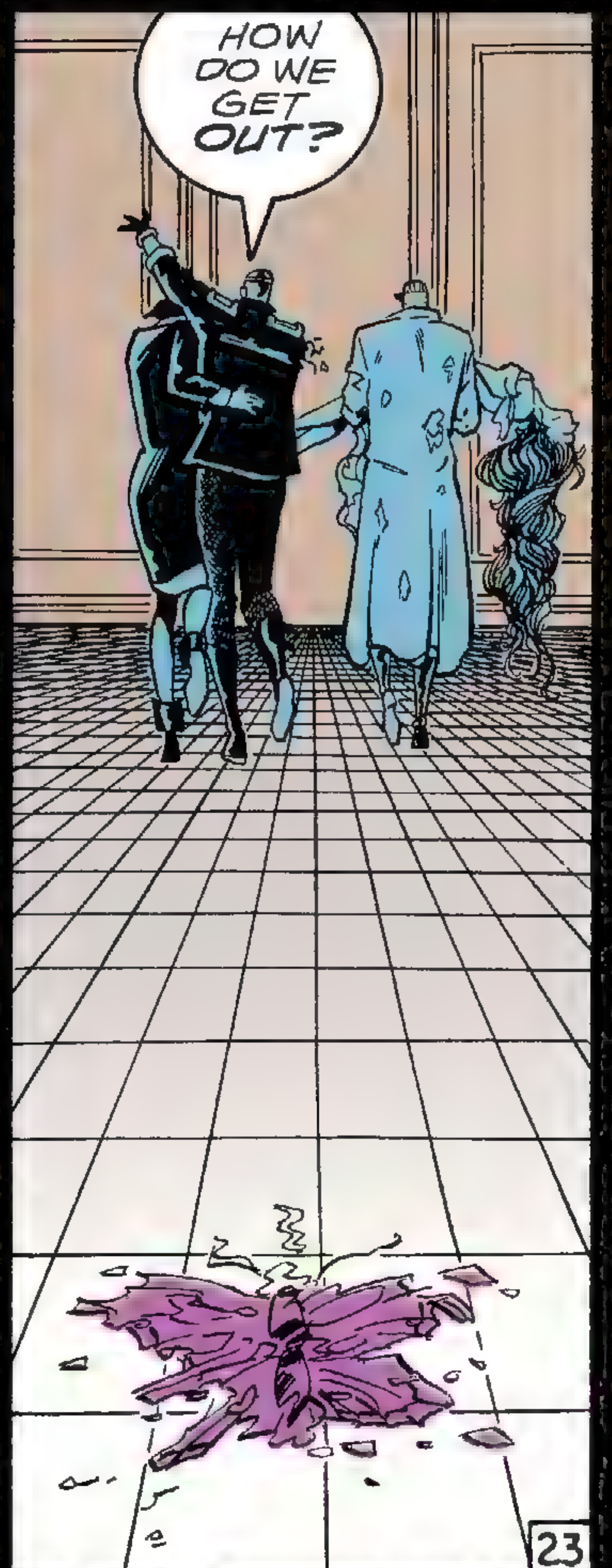
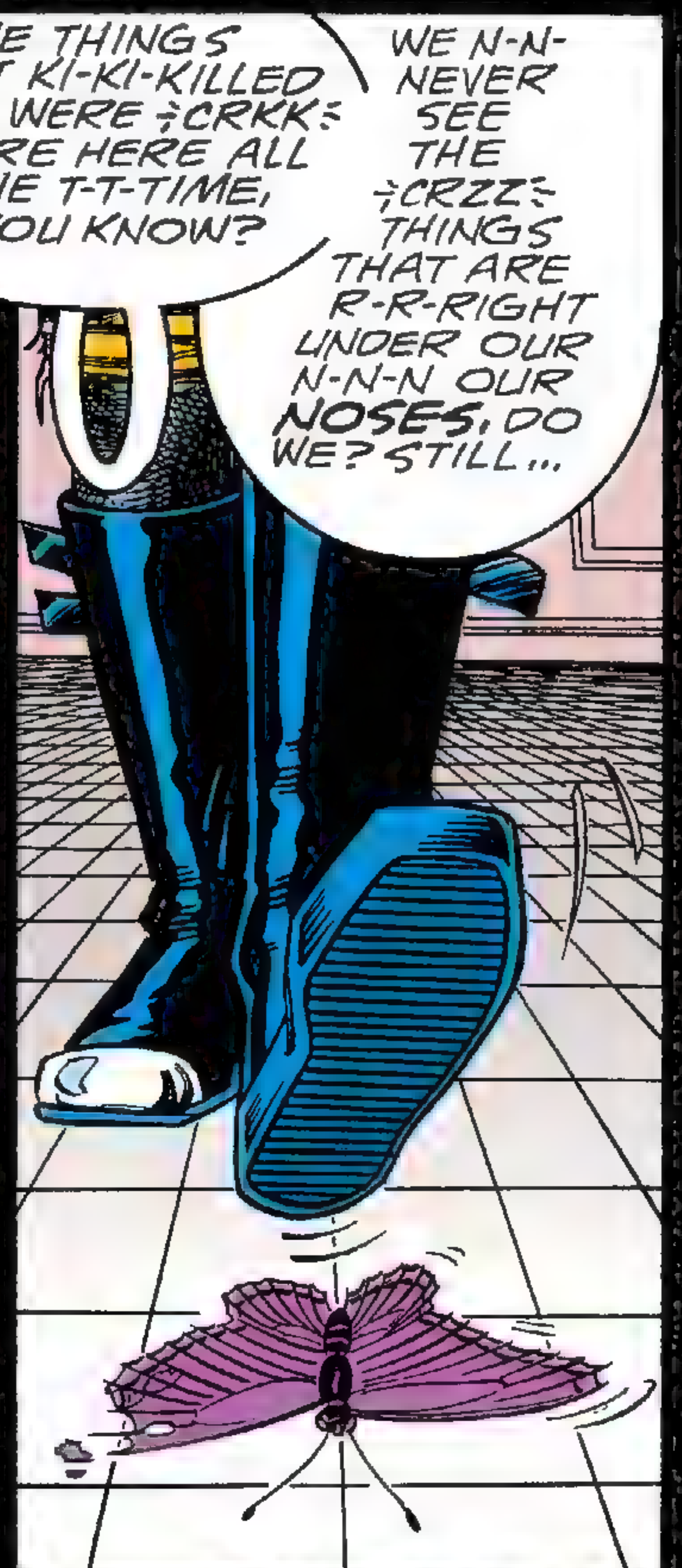
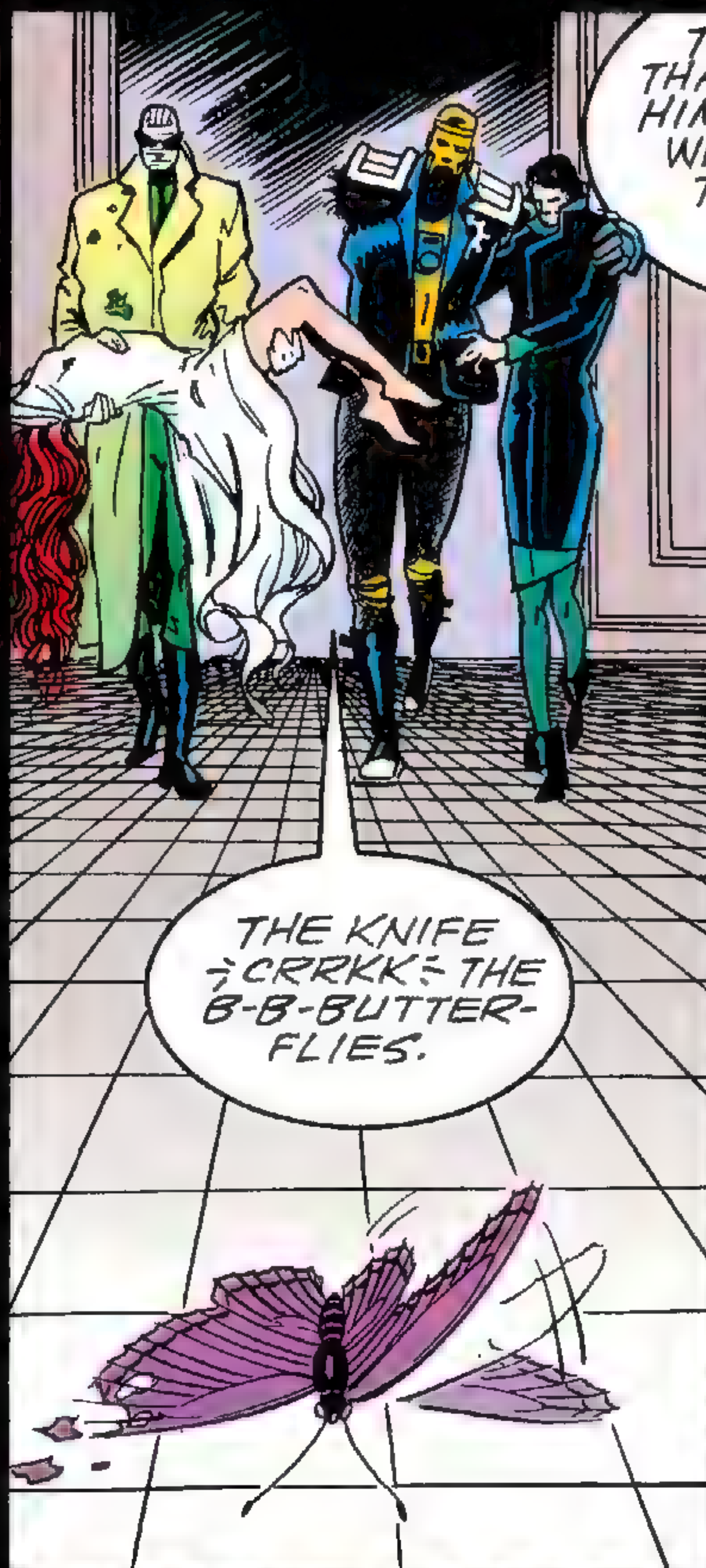
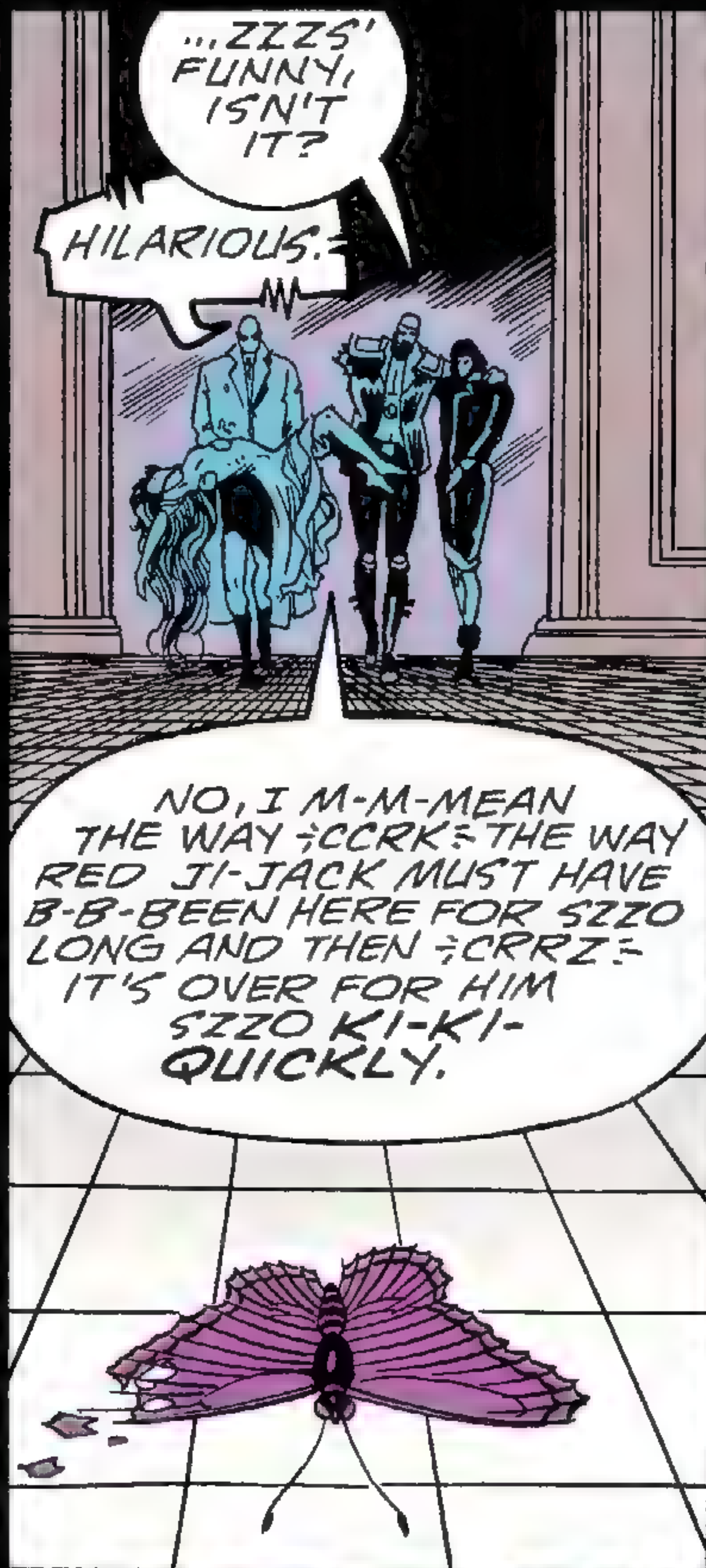
...ROARING...
A HURRICANE...

...OF
WINGS?...









DETROIT. HOT SKIES.
EMERGENCY SIRENS.
FALLING GLASS.
ALCOHOLIC SWEAT.

LLOYD
JEFFERSON.

din do
nuthin no
way din
do it

that ole place
just come down
bang! all on its
own sure did
me i din do
nuthin i

PSSST!

LLOYD.

WUHH?

I DIN DO IT!
REALLY I

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
LLOYD. I SAW
WHAT YOU DID.

I'M A
FRIEND.

WHASSAT?
I CAN'T
SEE YOU
STRAIGHT,
MAN.

WHO'S
THERE?

IT'S ME, LLOYD. I'M THE
SAVIOR OF THE LOST AND
DISPOSSESSED, THE
PATRON SAINT OF
INSIGNIFICANCE.

I'M MR.
NOBODY.

AND I COME TO
WELCOME YOU, TO
SET YOU
FREE.

IN THE
NAME OF
BROTHER-
HOOD.


NEW FORMAT
25
AUG 89

BY MORRISON
BRAITHWAITE
& NYBERG

THE DOOM PATROL™



dom PATROL



"You *shot* your imaginary friends?
With what?"

"An imaginary *gun*! What else?"

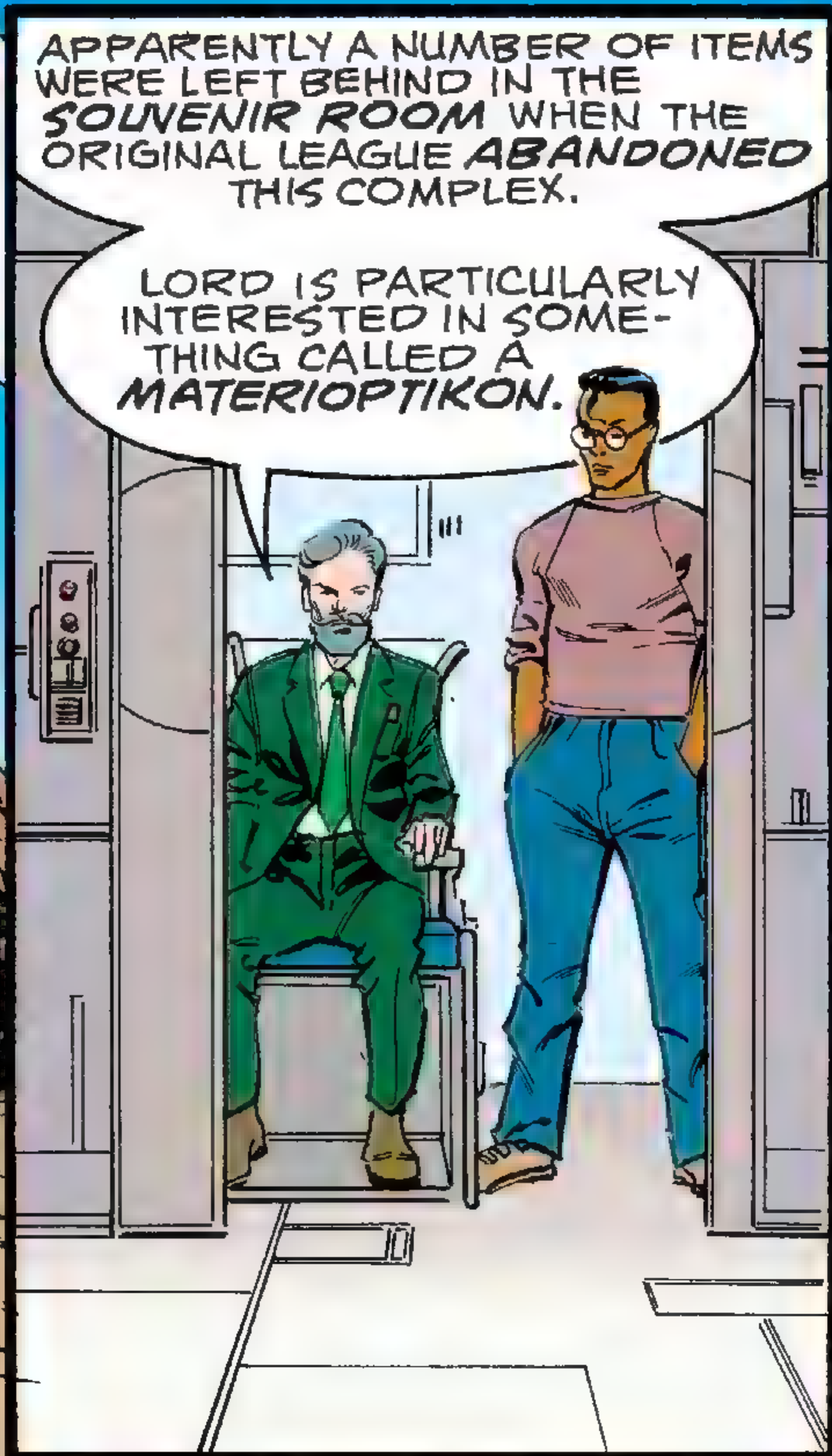
EVERY WISH
HAS ITS PRICE.

Imaginary Friends





BEFORE I GO, JOSHUA--
MAXWELL LORD
OF THE **JUSTICE LEAGUE** CALLED
YESTERDAY.



APPARENTLY A NUMBER OF ITEMS
WERE LEFT BEHIND IN THE
SOUVENIR ROOM WHEN THE
ORIGINAL LEAGUE ABANDONED
THIS COMPLEX.

LORD IS PARTICULARLY
INTERESTED IN SOME-
THING CALLED A
MATERIOPTIKON.



A WHAT?
MATERIOPTIKON. AS
FAR AS I UNDERSTAND,
IT'S A DEVICE THAT **DOCTOR**
DESTINY USED TO
EXTERNALIZE THE SUB-
CONSCIOUS.

THE LEAGUE
RECENTLY HAD
SOME KIND
OF TEDIOUS
SKIRMISH
WITH
DESTINY...



...AND LORD
IS ANXIOUS TO
RETRIEVE ALL
COPIES OF THE
MATERIOPTIKON.

YOU
WOULDN'T
MIND TAKING
A LOOK IN
THE **SOUVENIR**
ROOM, WOULD
YOU?

IF YOU
LIKE.

YOU KNOW, YOU
DON'T SEEM TOO
CONCERNED ABOUT
THE FACT THAT CLIFF
AND THE OTHERS HAVE
BEEN **MISSING** FOR
ALMOST TWO
DAYS...

I'M NOT.
WHEREVER THEY
ARE, THE **DOOM
PATROL** CAN
TAKE CARE OF
THEMSELVES.

YOU
SHOULD
KNOW THAT,
JOSHUA.

YEAH.

SO
WHERE
ARE YOU
HEADED?

WASH-
INGTON.
WITH
A NEW
PRESIDENT
IN THE
WHITE
HOUSE..

THERE'S
ALSO THE
MATTER
OF SOME
DEBTS
THAT
ARANI
ACCUM-
ULATED
DURING
HER TERM
AS TEAM
LEADER.

...MY
MY GOVERN-
MENT COMMIT-
MENTS ARE
AT AN END.
ALL THAT
REMAINS IS TO
CLEAR UP A
FEW ITEMS OF
BUSINESS.

YOU KNOW, I NEVER
COULD FIGURE OUT WHY
ARANI SHOULD HAVE
CLAIMED TO BE YOUR
WIFE IN THE FIRST
PLACE...

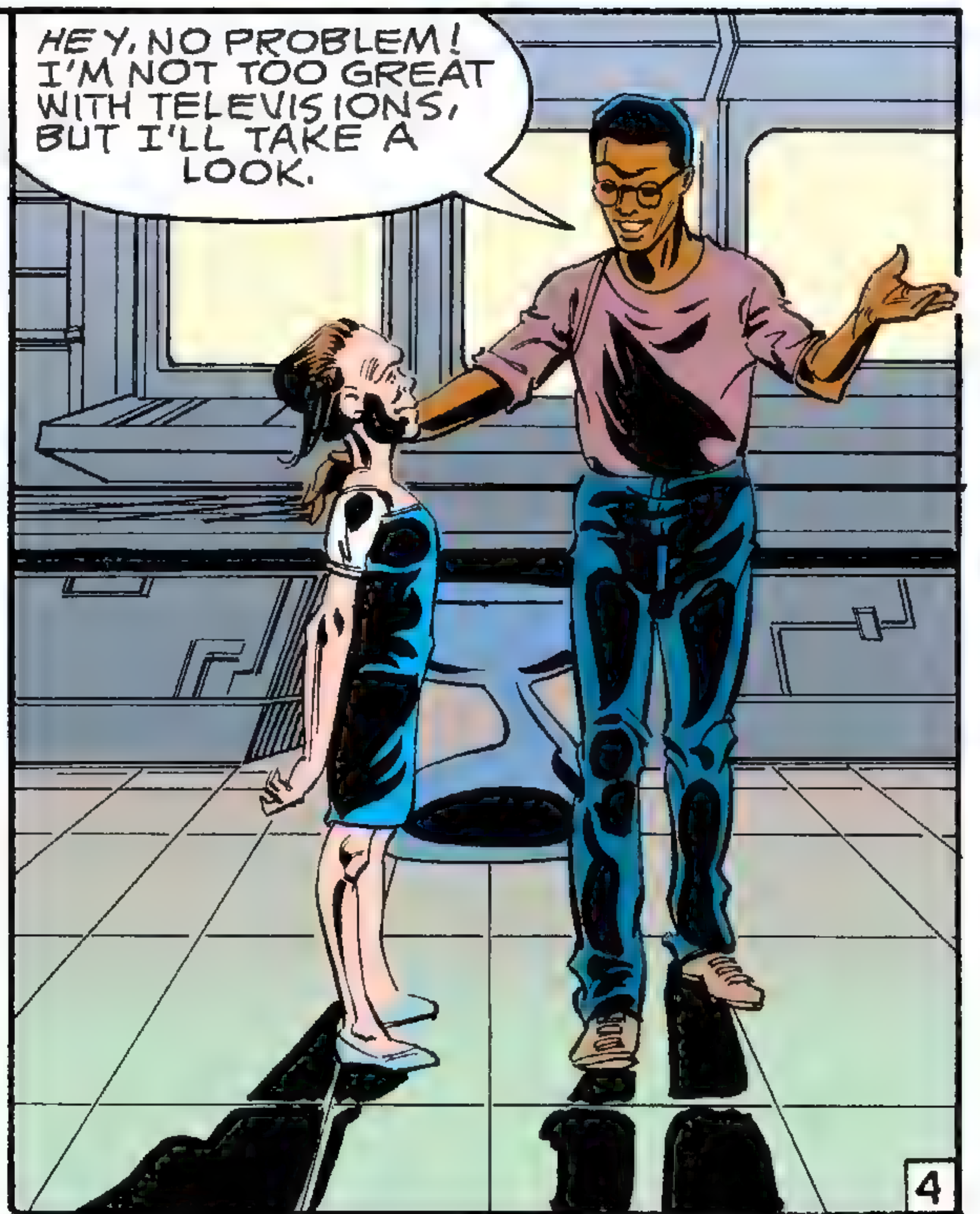
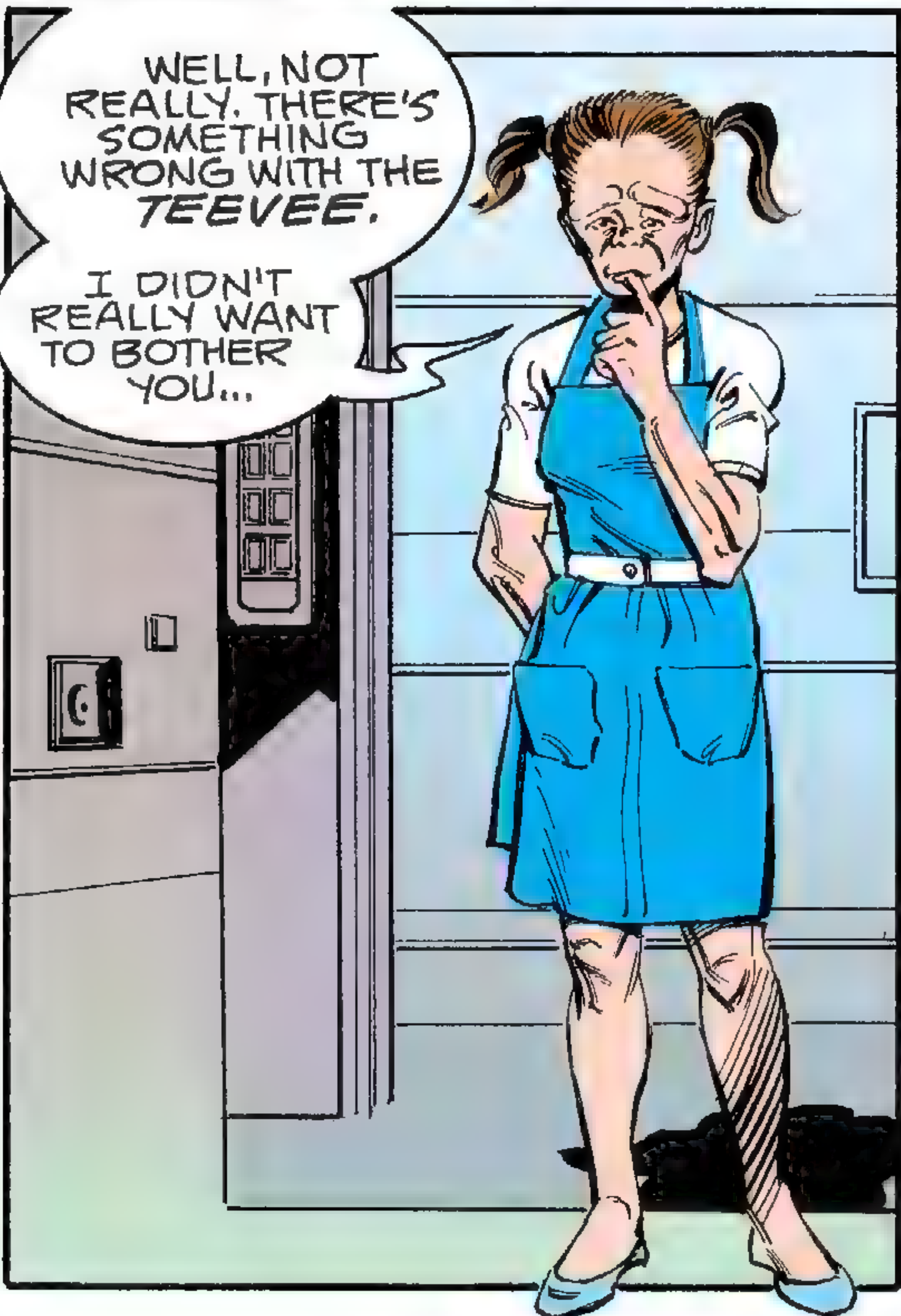
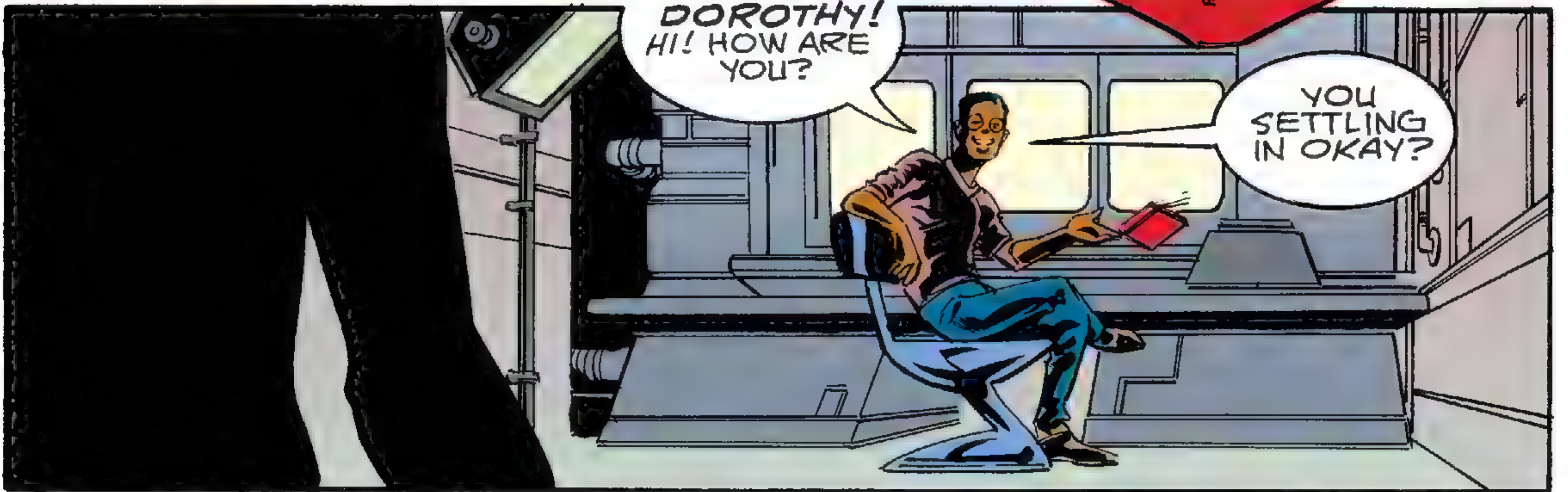
THE POOR
WOMAN WAS
HOPELESSLY
INSANE,
JOSHUA.

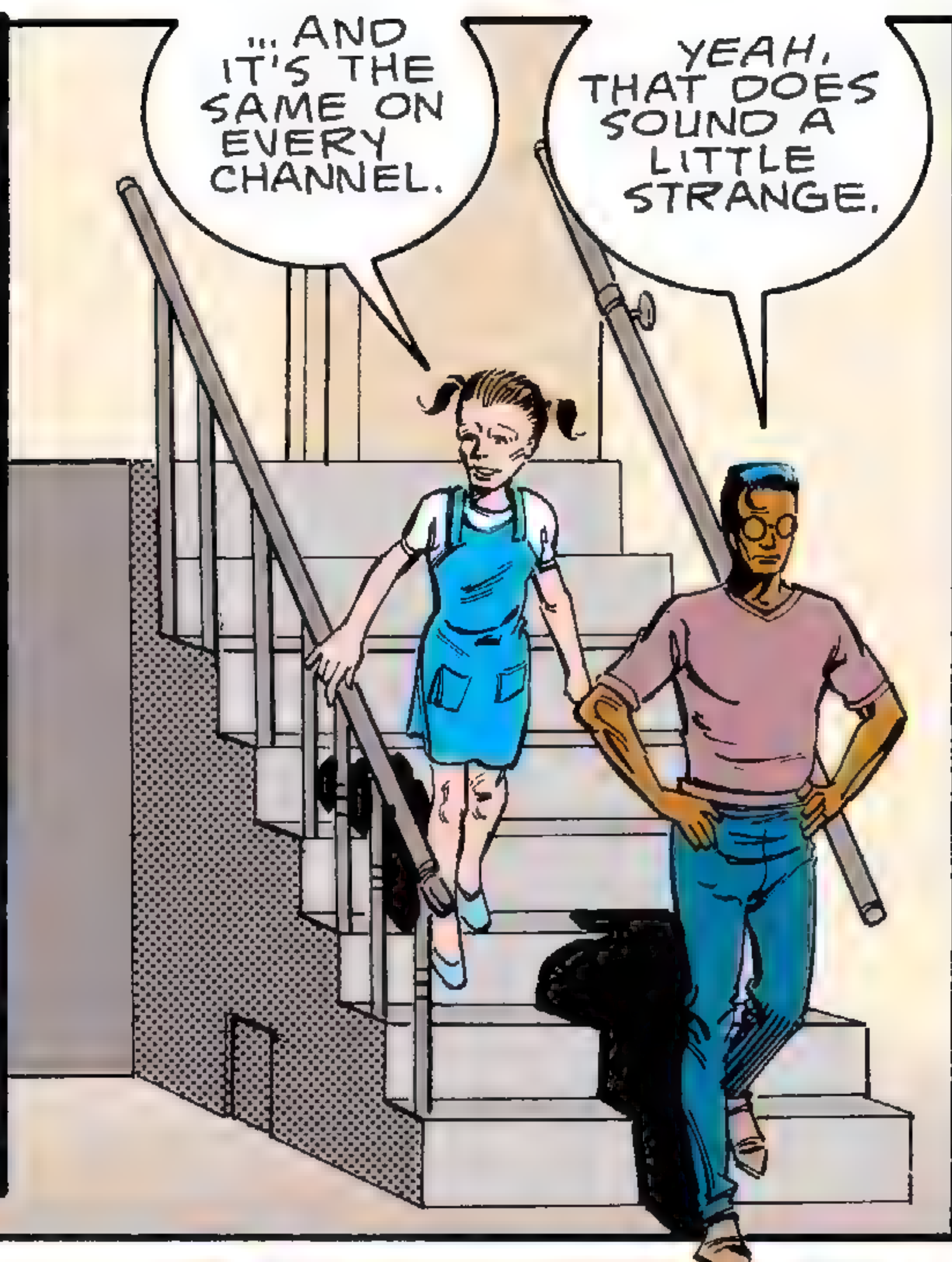
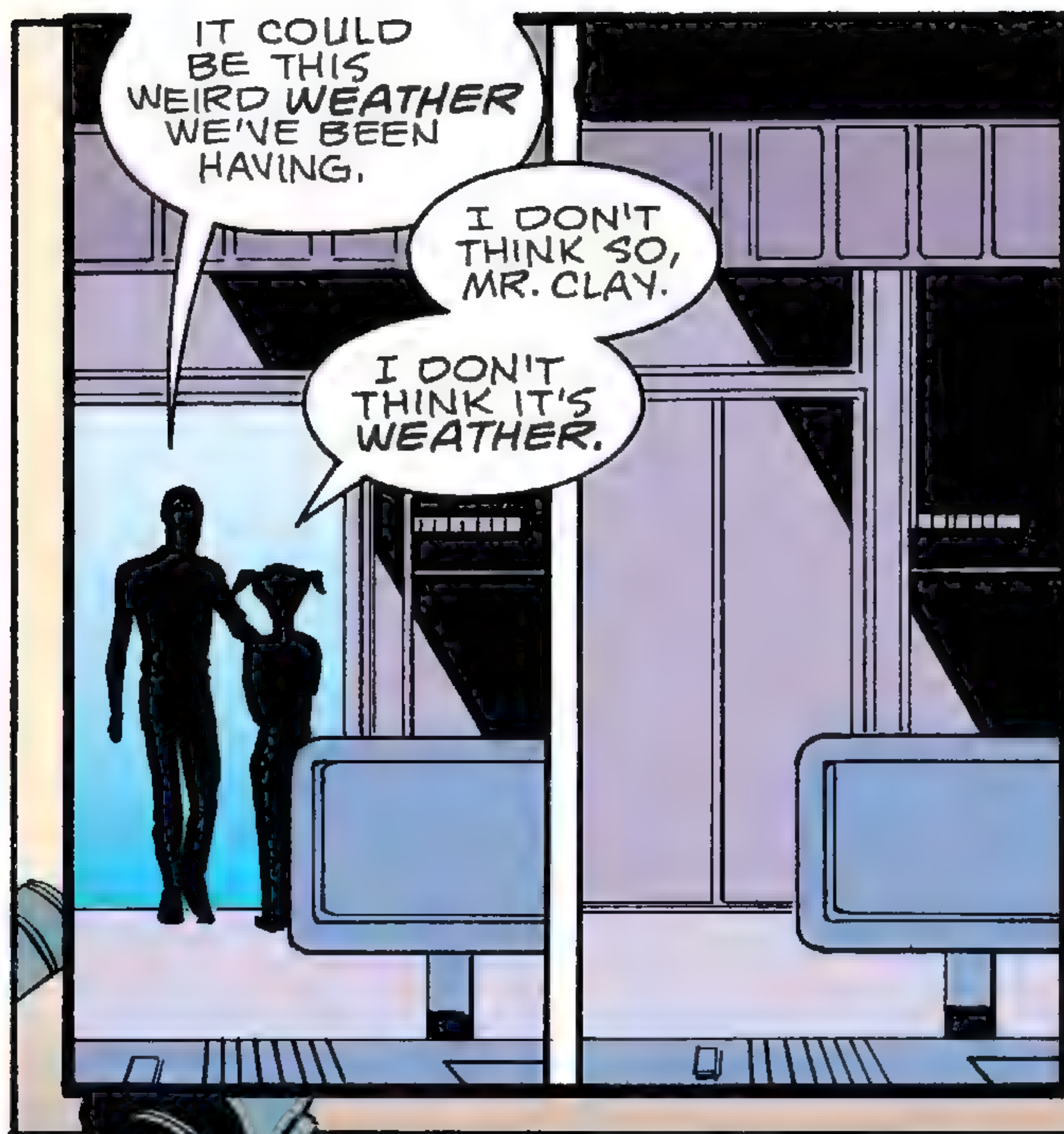
WHAT
OTHER
EXPLANATION
DO YOU
REQUIRE?

CAN YOU
IMAGINE **ME**
MARRIED?

I MEAN,
REALLY!

YEAH.





YOU MEAN
THERE'S BEEN
NOTHING ON THE
SCREEN BUT THIS
ROOM AND THIS
TABLE?

ON EVERY
CHANNEL?
FOR A
WHOLE
DAY?

YOU
MUST
HAVE BEEN
PRETTY
BORED.

IT WAS OKAY
FOR A WHILE. I
KEPT THINKING
SOMETHING
MIGHT
HAPPEN.

IT'S WEIRD.
MAYBE WE'RE
PICKING UP SOME
STRAY SATELLITE
TRANSMISSION.

NAH.

I DON'T
KNOW. IT'S
TOO BAD THE
CHIEF JUST
LEFT...

YOU **LIKE**
TV, DON'T YOU?
I GUESS YOU'LL
FEEL KIND OF
LOST WITH-
OUT IT.

YEAH. I USED TO WATCH
IT ALL THE TIME BACK AT
THE FARM. I NEVER DID
GET OUT MUCH.

Y'KNOW...
LOOKING
THE WAY I
DO AND
ALL...

SO WHAT
HAPPENED WITH
SCHOOL? YOUR
MOM AND DAD
TEACH YOU?

MA AND PA
DIDN'T EVER
HAVE **TIME**
FOR THAT.

NO. MY
IMAGINARY
FRIENDS
TAUGHT
ME.



WHAT?

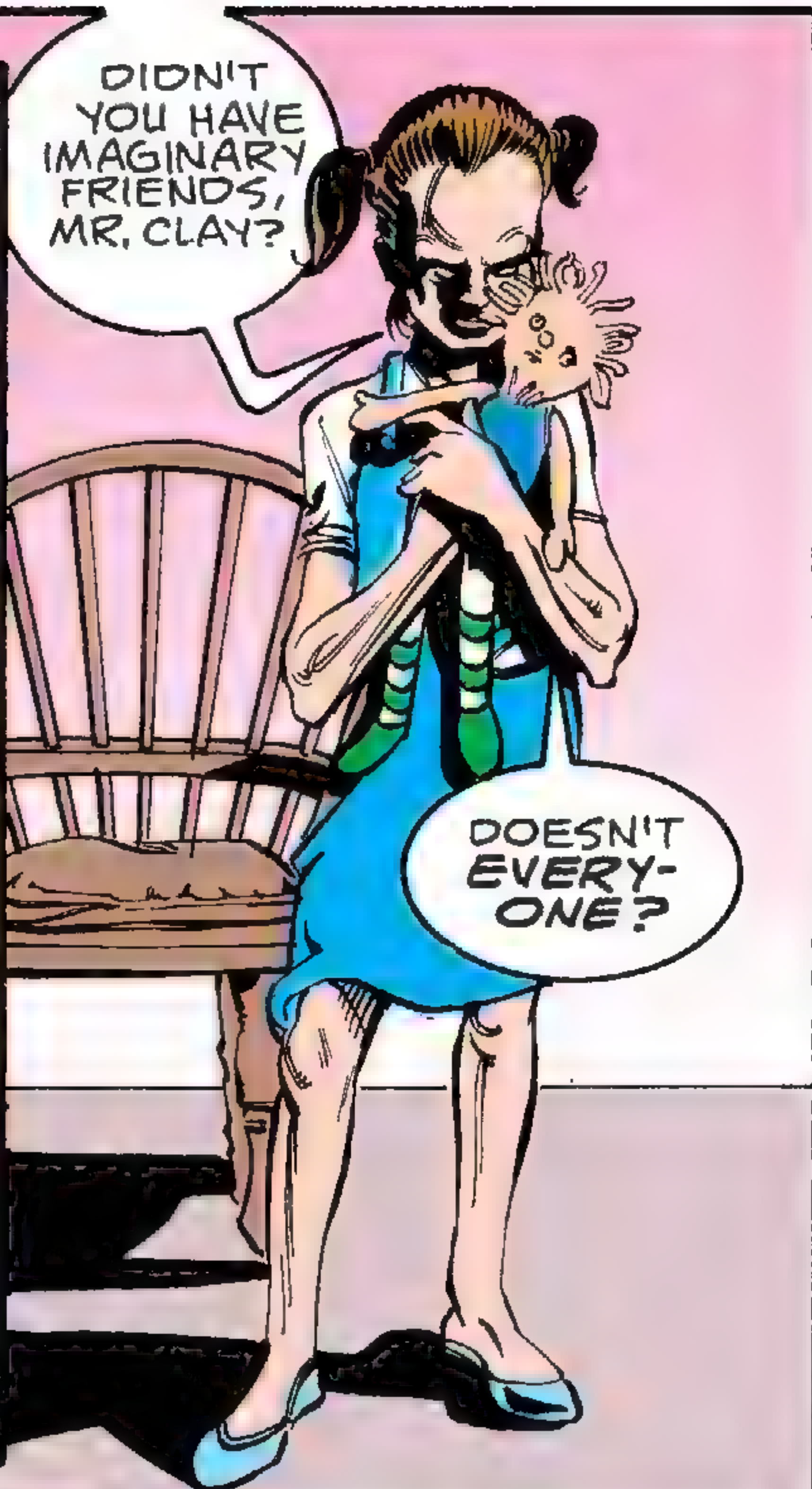
SURE.

THEY TAUGHT ME HOW TO READ AND WRITE AND ALL KINDS OF STUFF.



IMAGINARY FRIENDS?

UH-HUH.

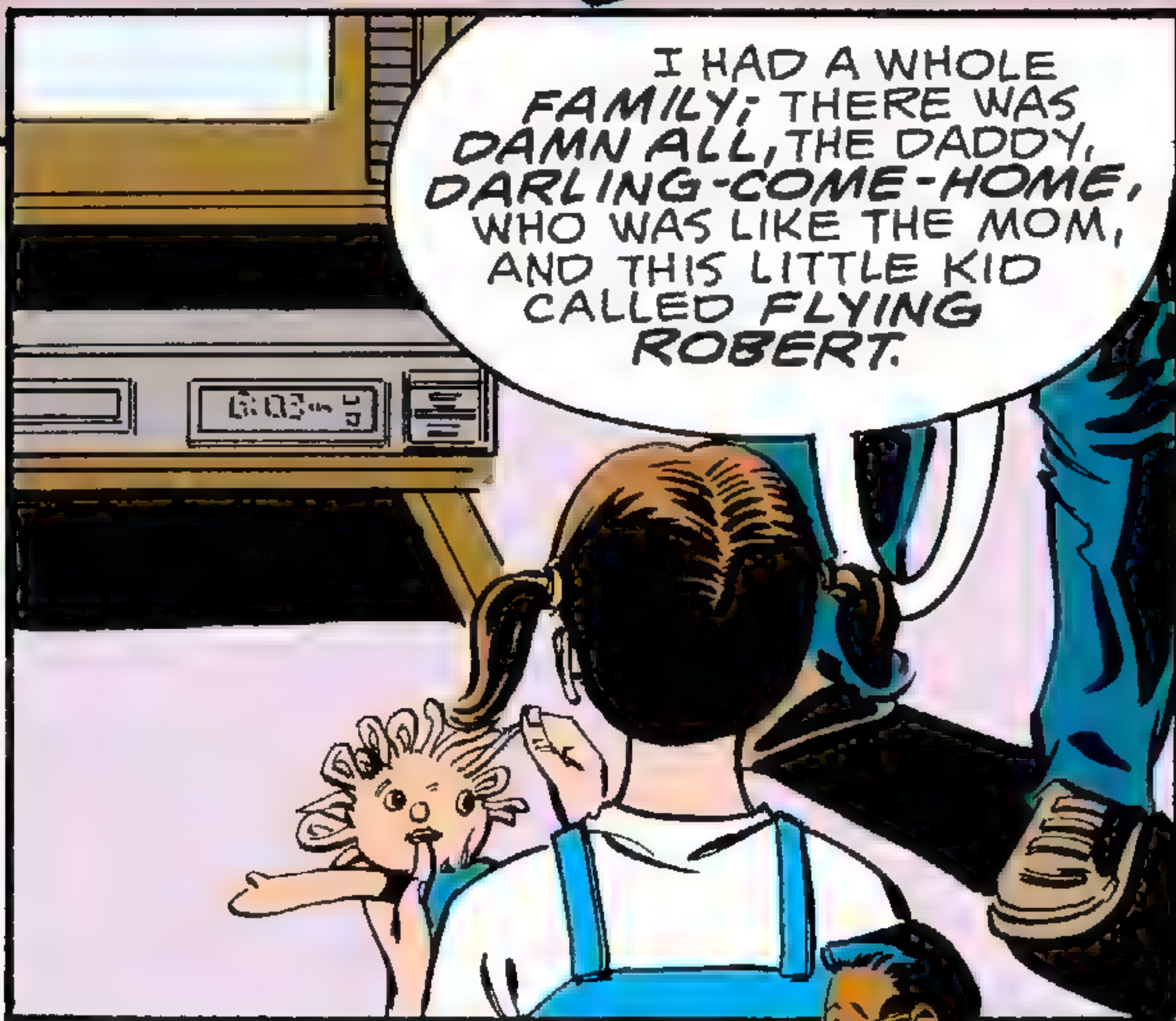


DIDN'T YOU HAVE IMAGINARY FRIENDS, MR. CLAY?

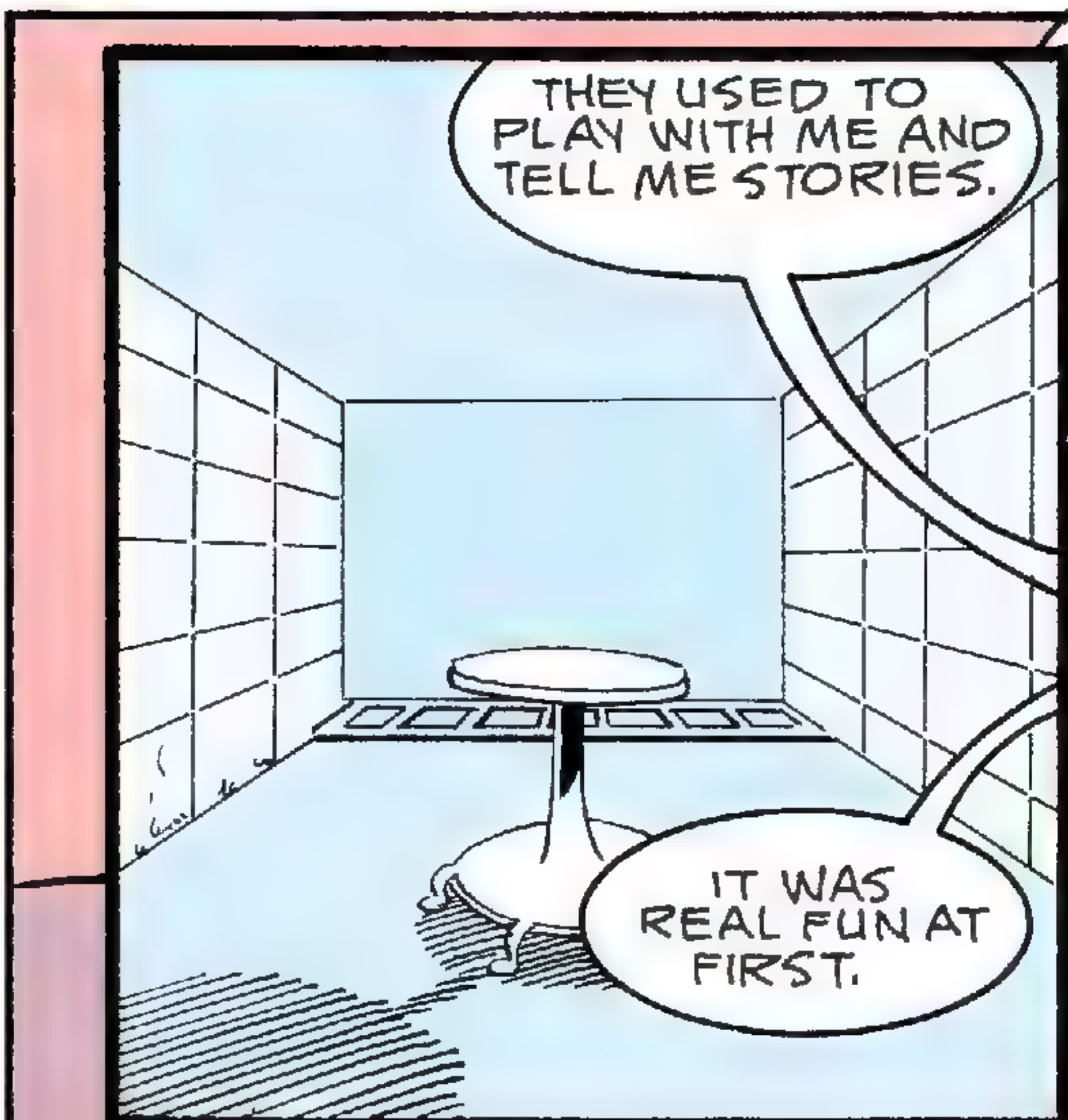
DOESN'T EVERYONE?

I GUESS...YEAH, WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT... BACK IN THE **ORPHANAGE**, I USED TO IMAGINE I HAD A KIND OF MAGICAL DOG.

MR. VINEGAR, I USED TO TALK TO HIM ALL THE TIME.



I HAD A WHOLE FAMILY; THERE WAS DAMN ALL THE DADDY, DARLING-COME-HOME, WHO WAS LIKE THE MOM, AND THIS LITTLE KID CALLED FLYING ROBERT.

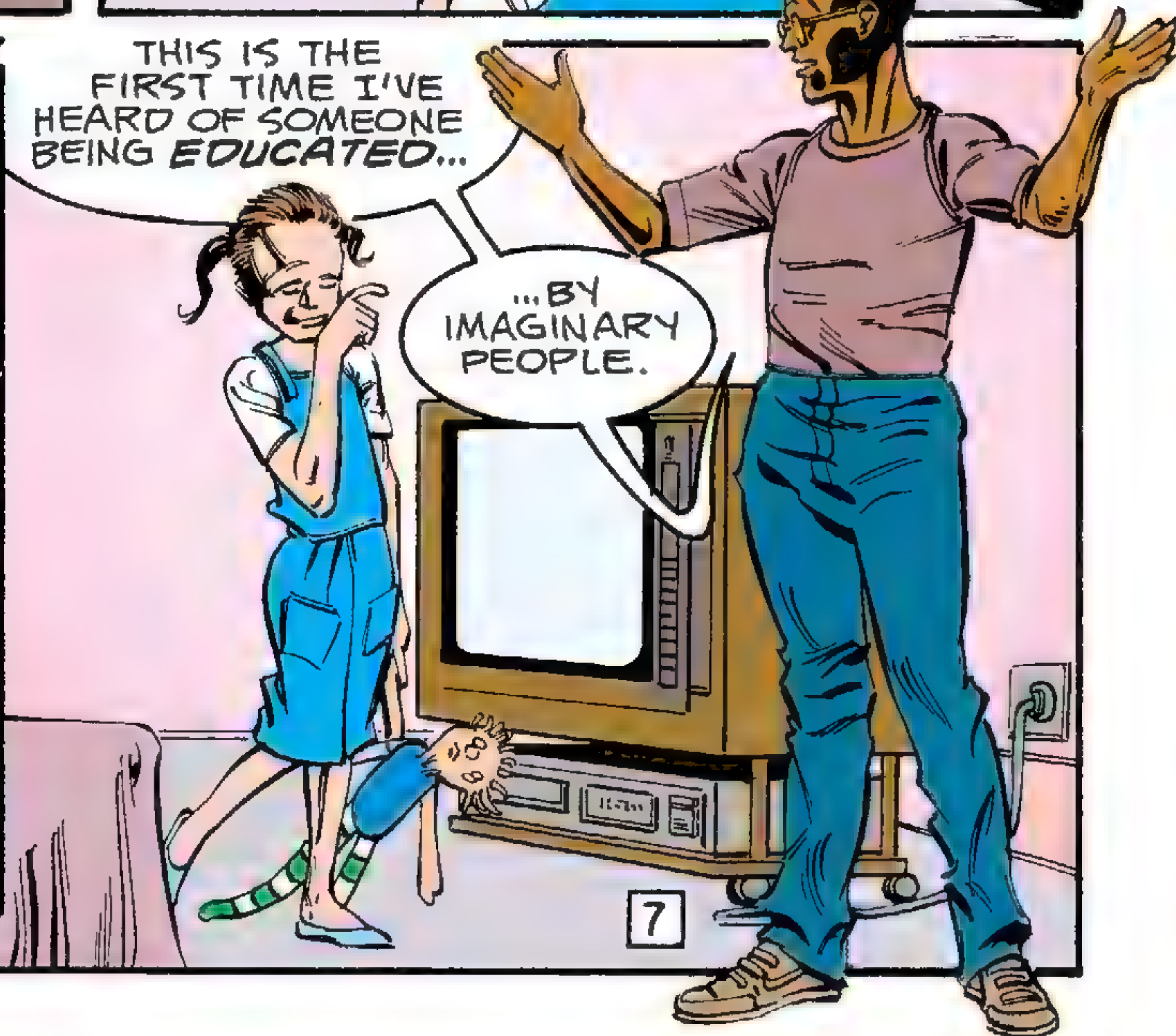


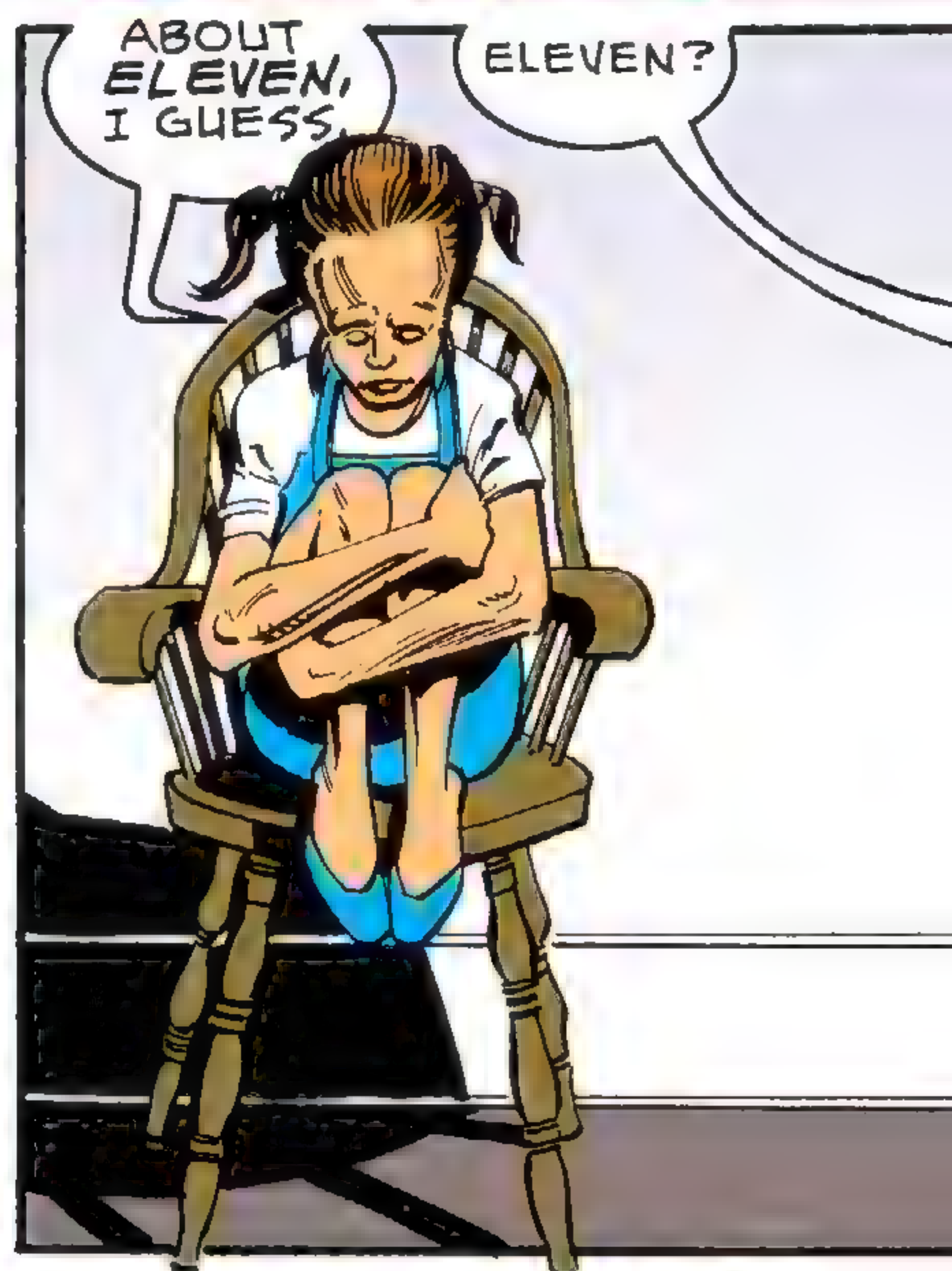
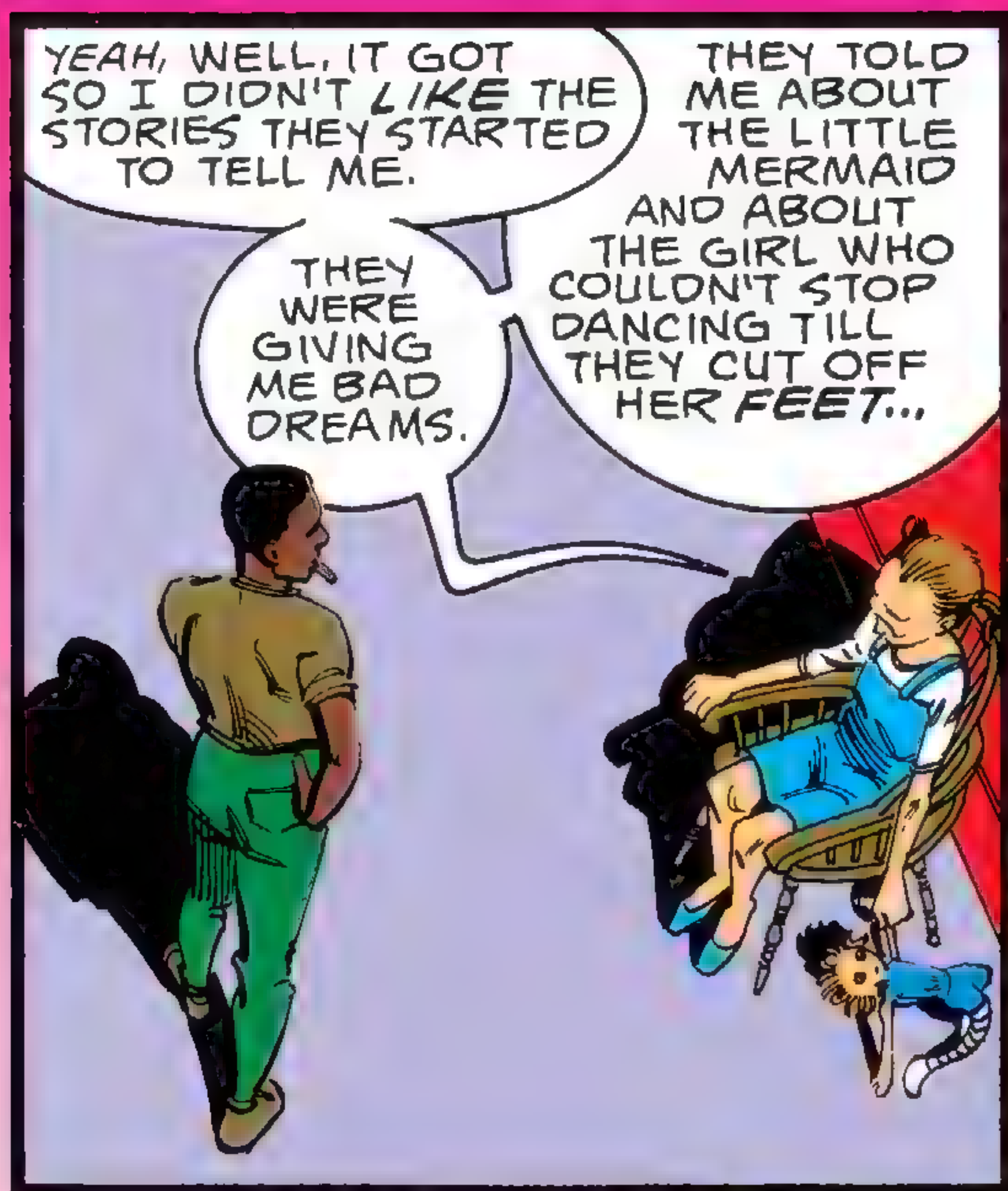
THEY USED TO PLAY WITH ME AND TELL ME STORIES.

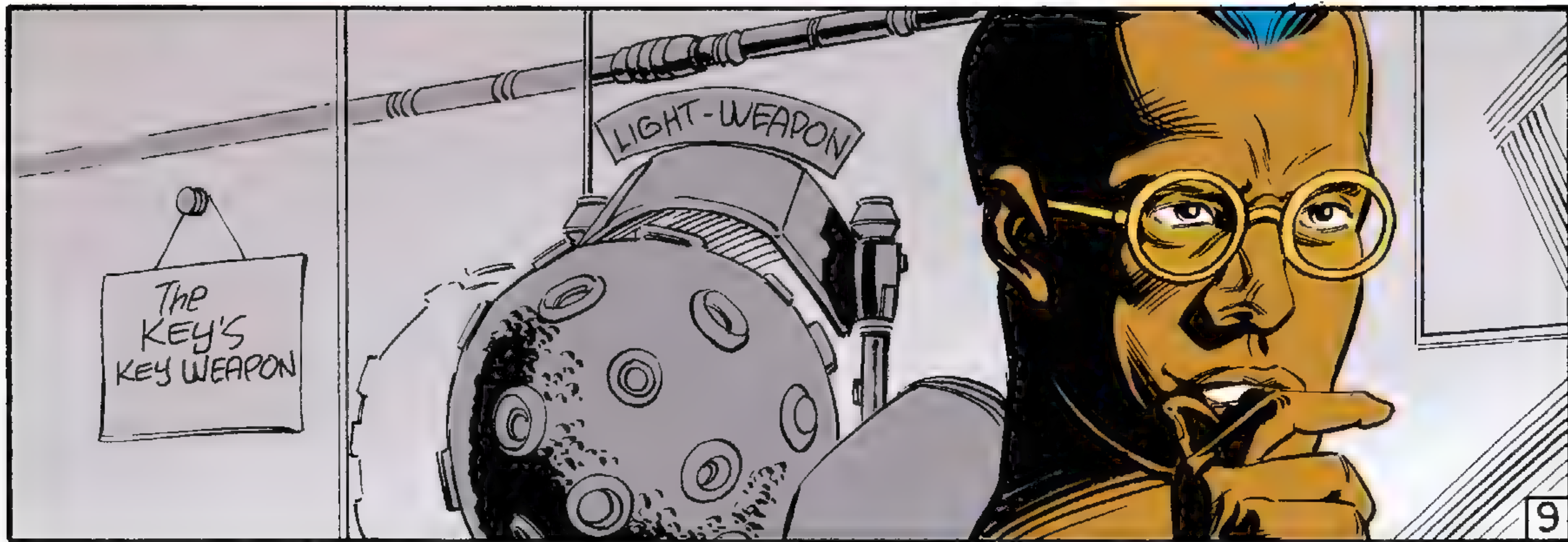
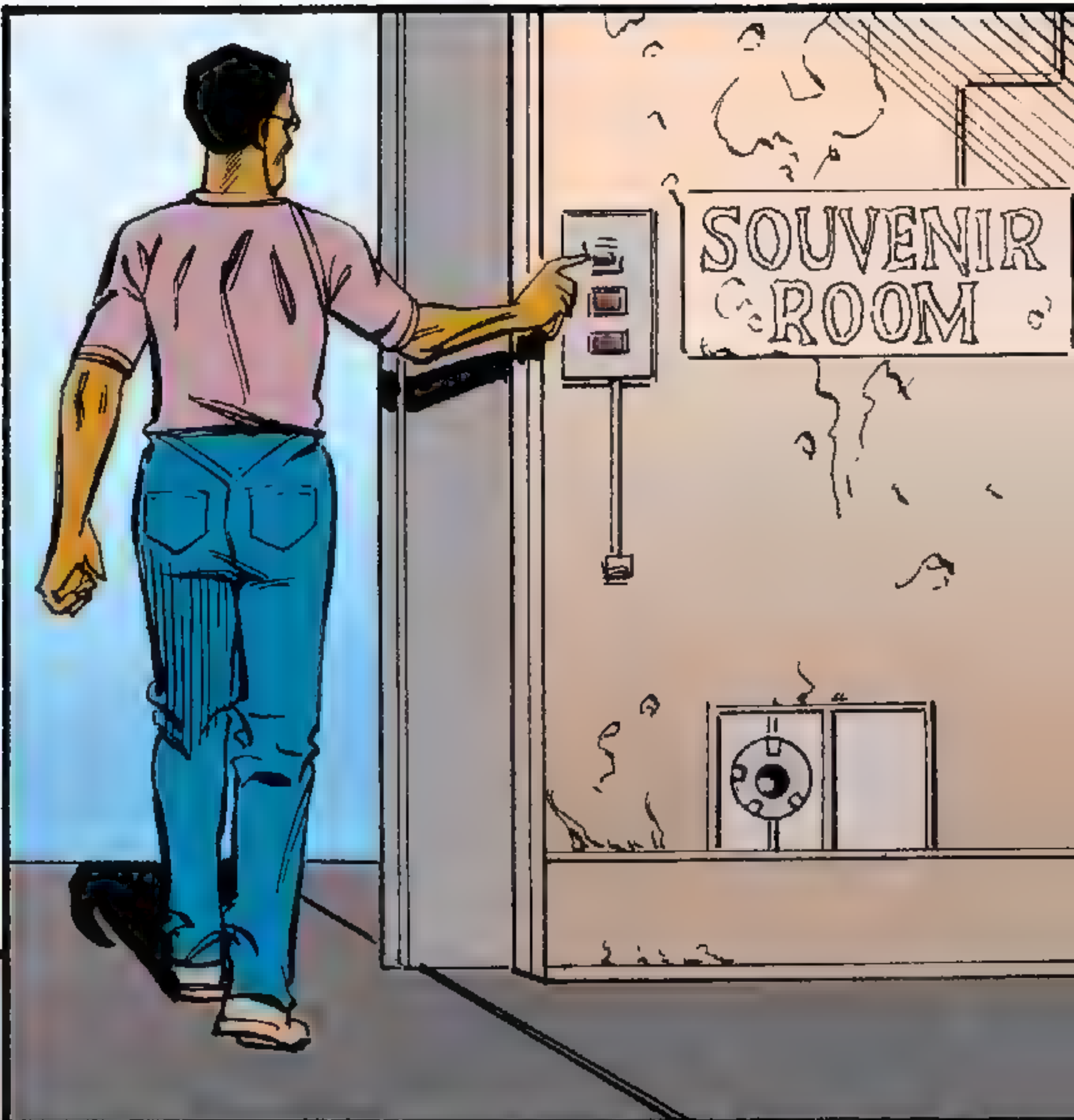
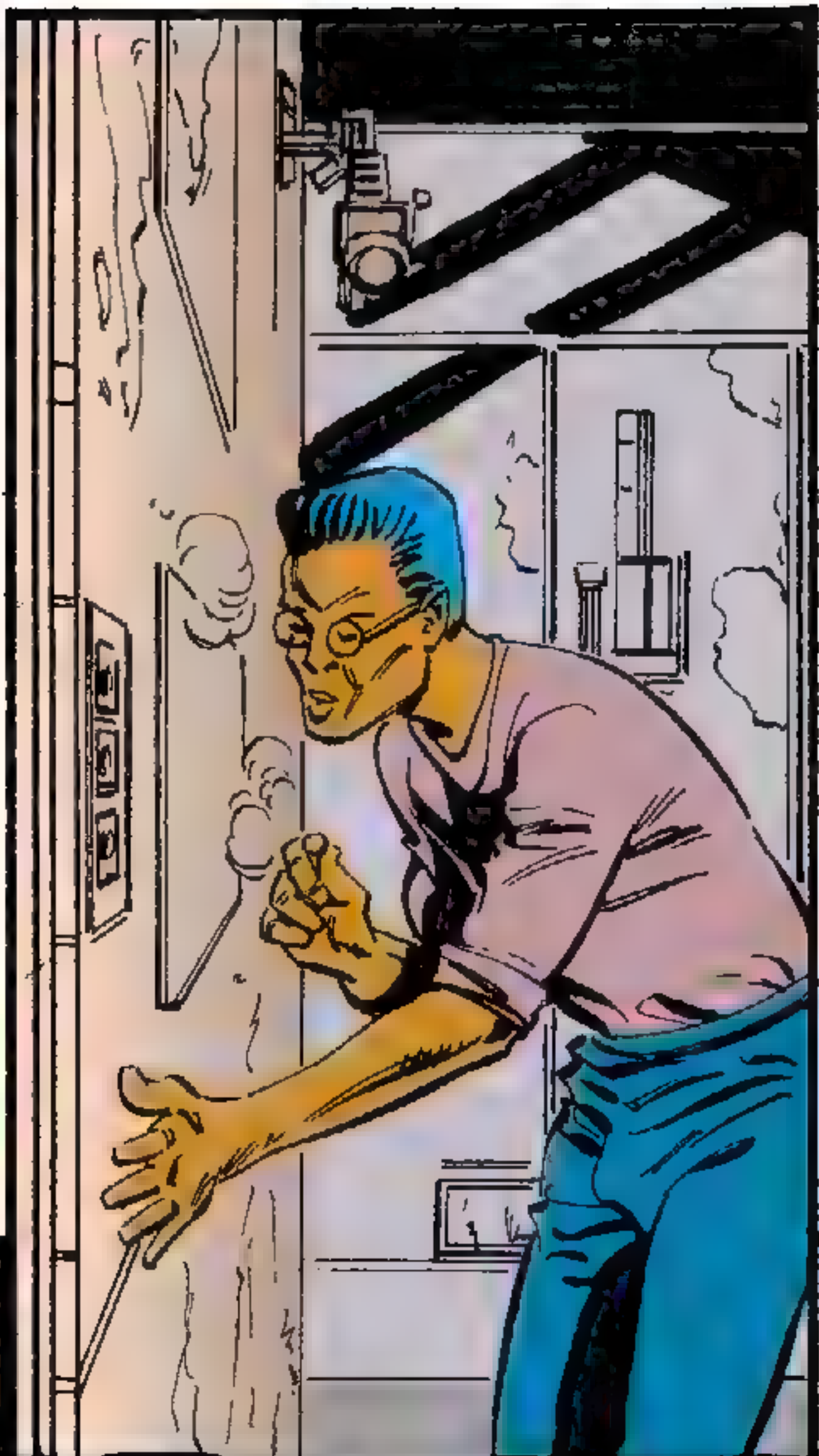
IT WAS REAL FUN AT FIRST.

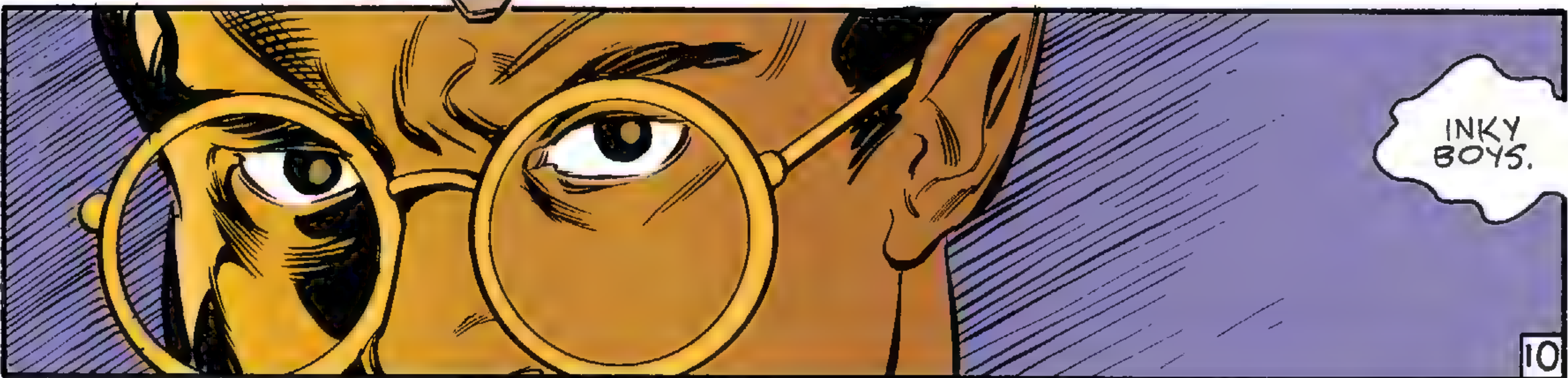
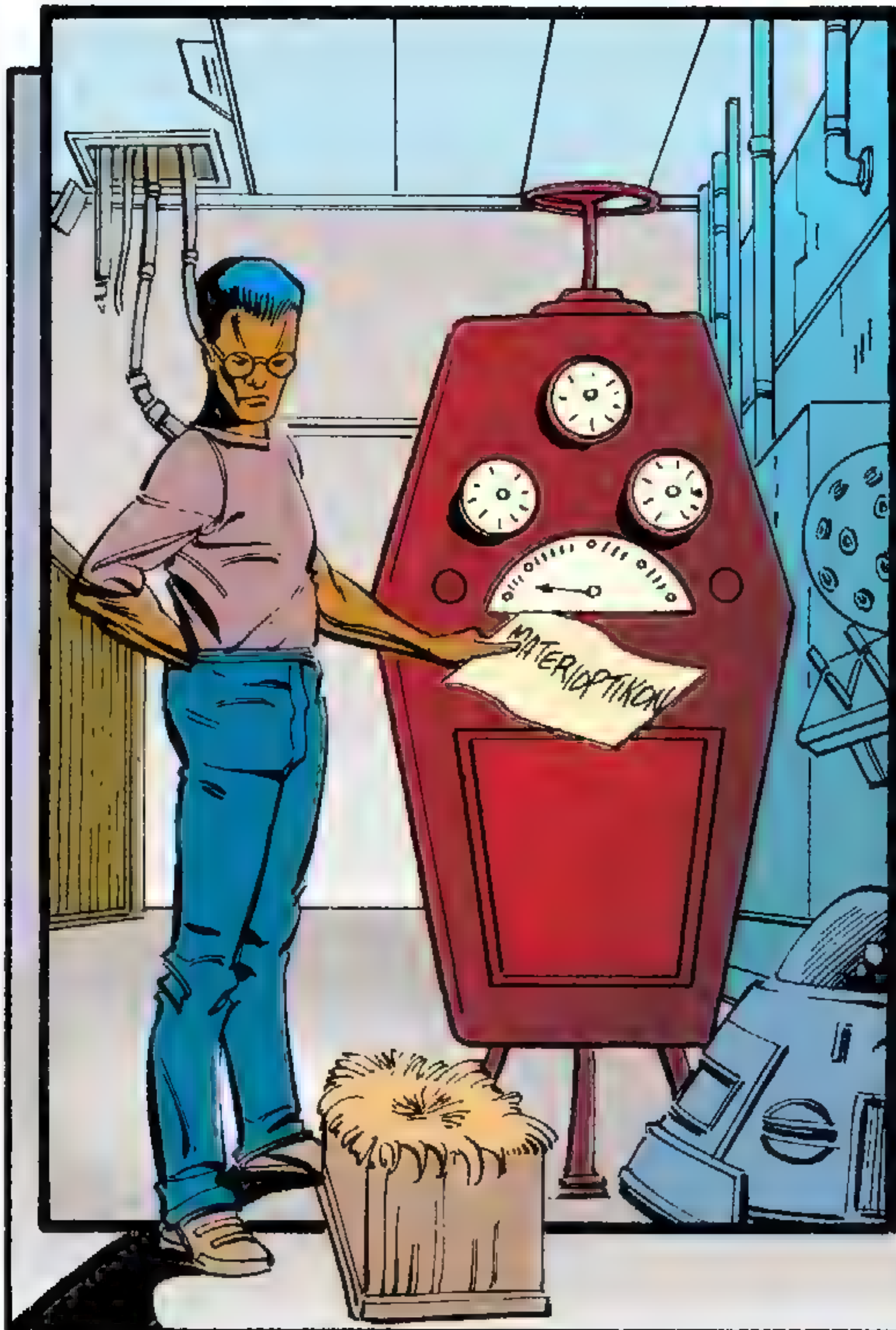
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE HEARD OF SOMEONE BEING **EDUCATED**...

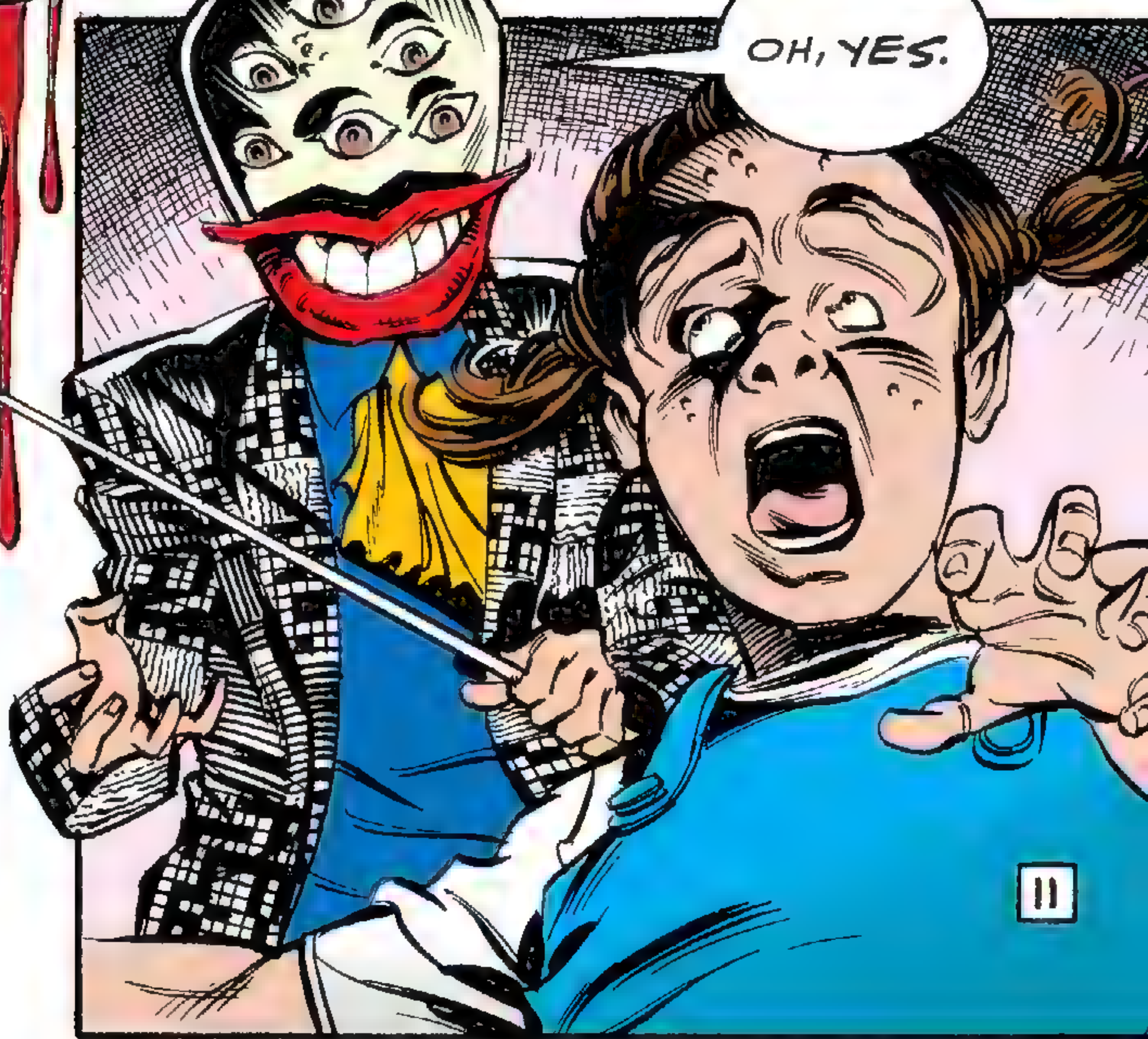
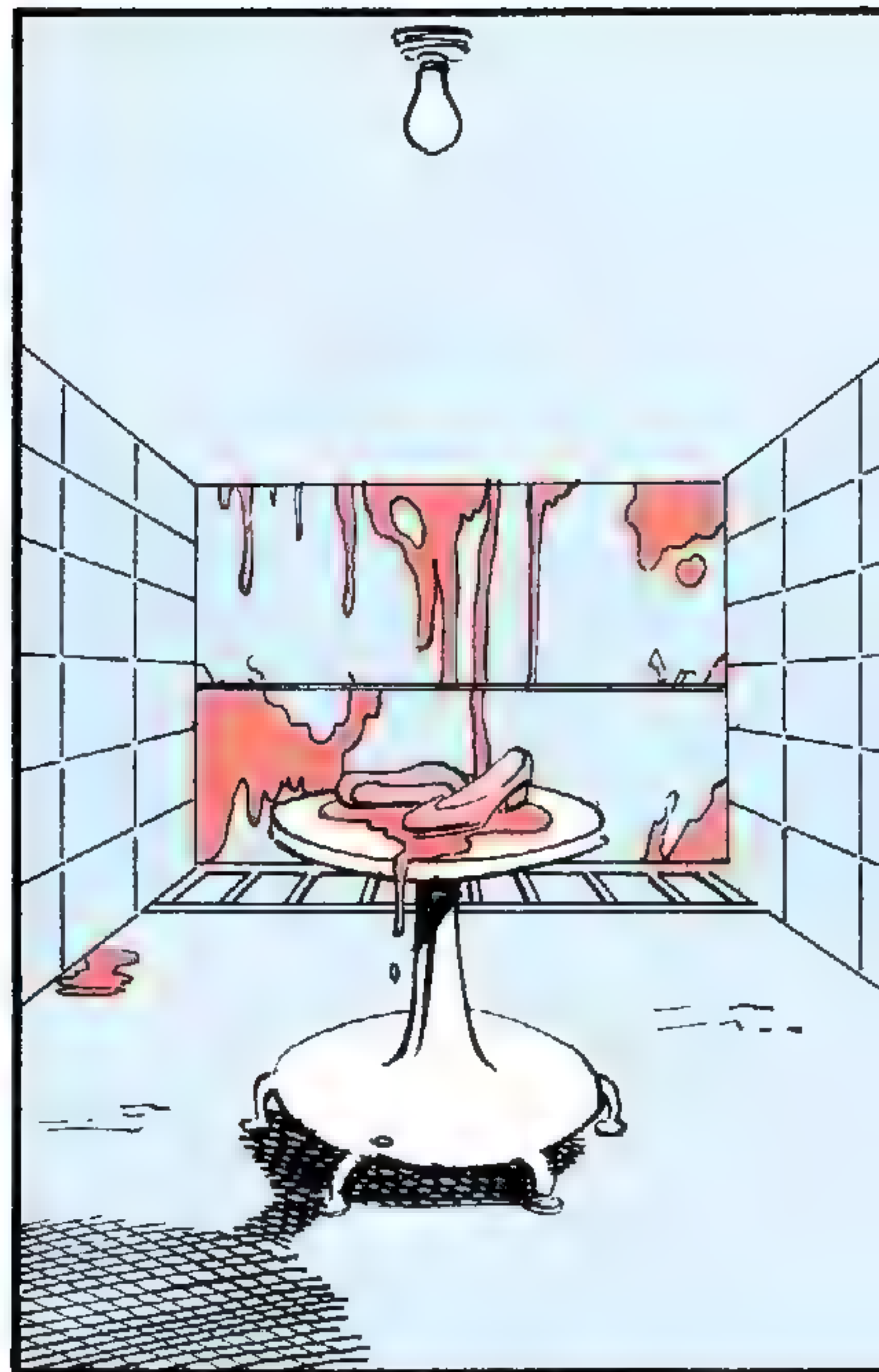
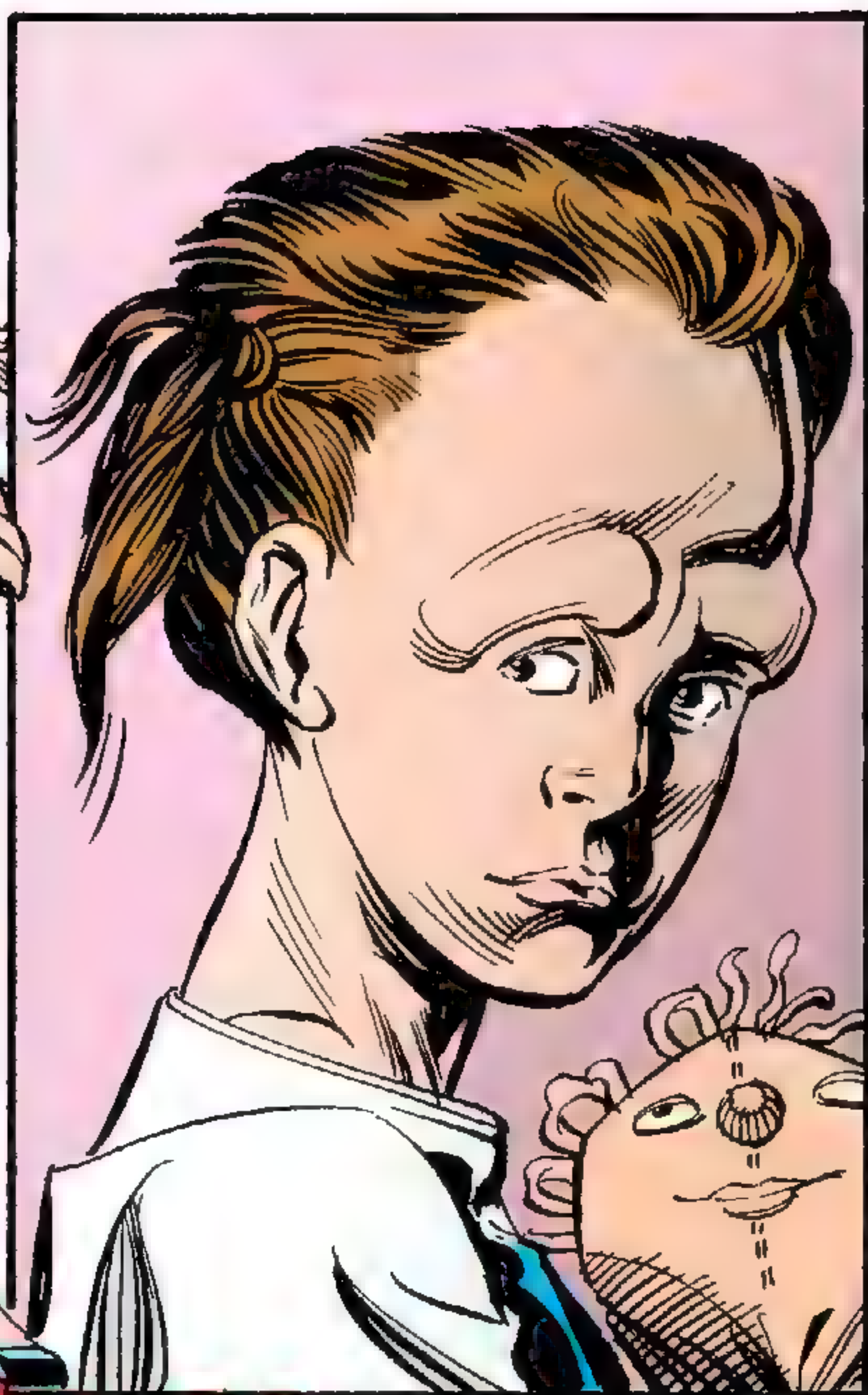
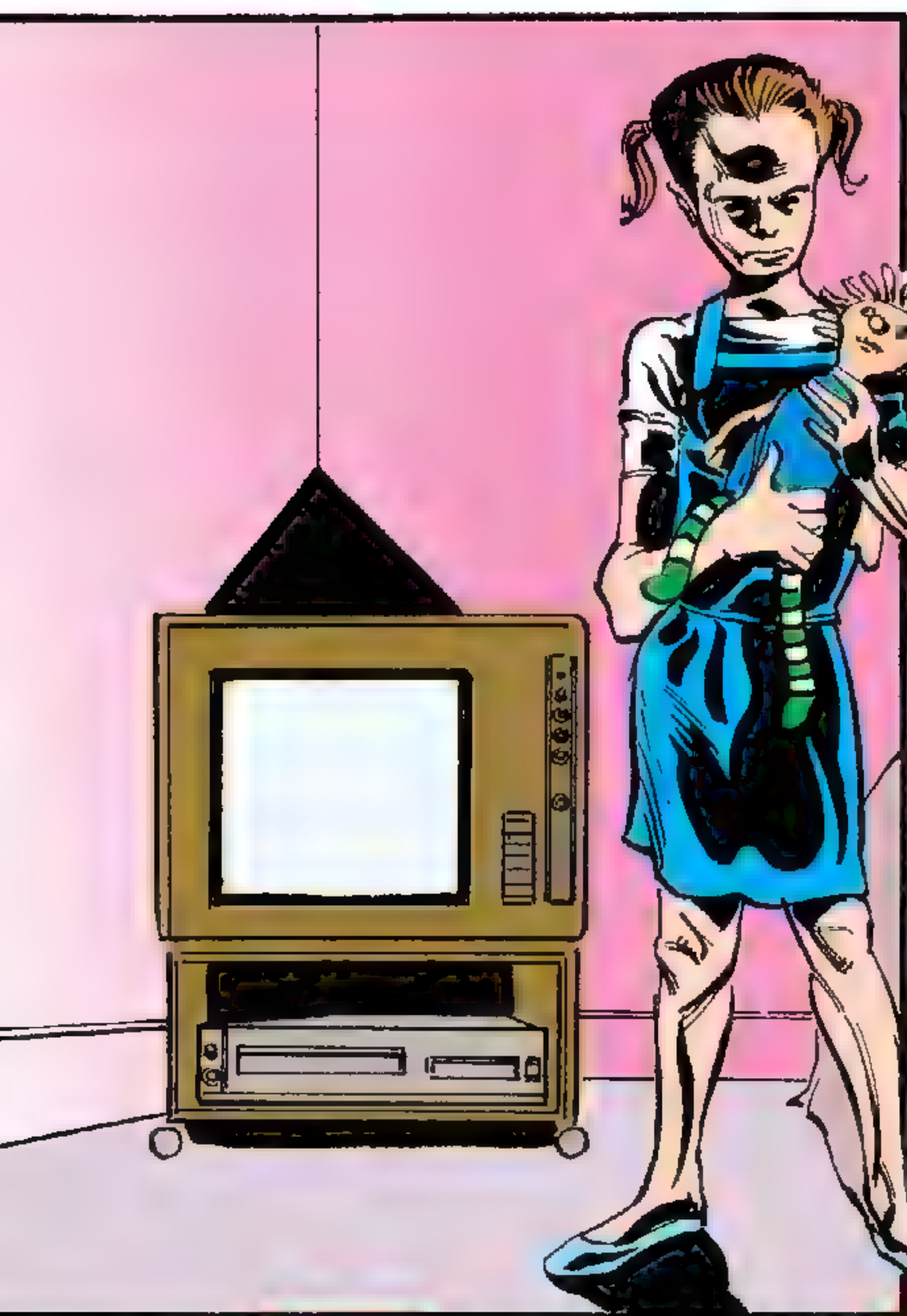
...BY IMAGINARY PEOPLE.

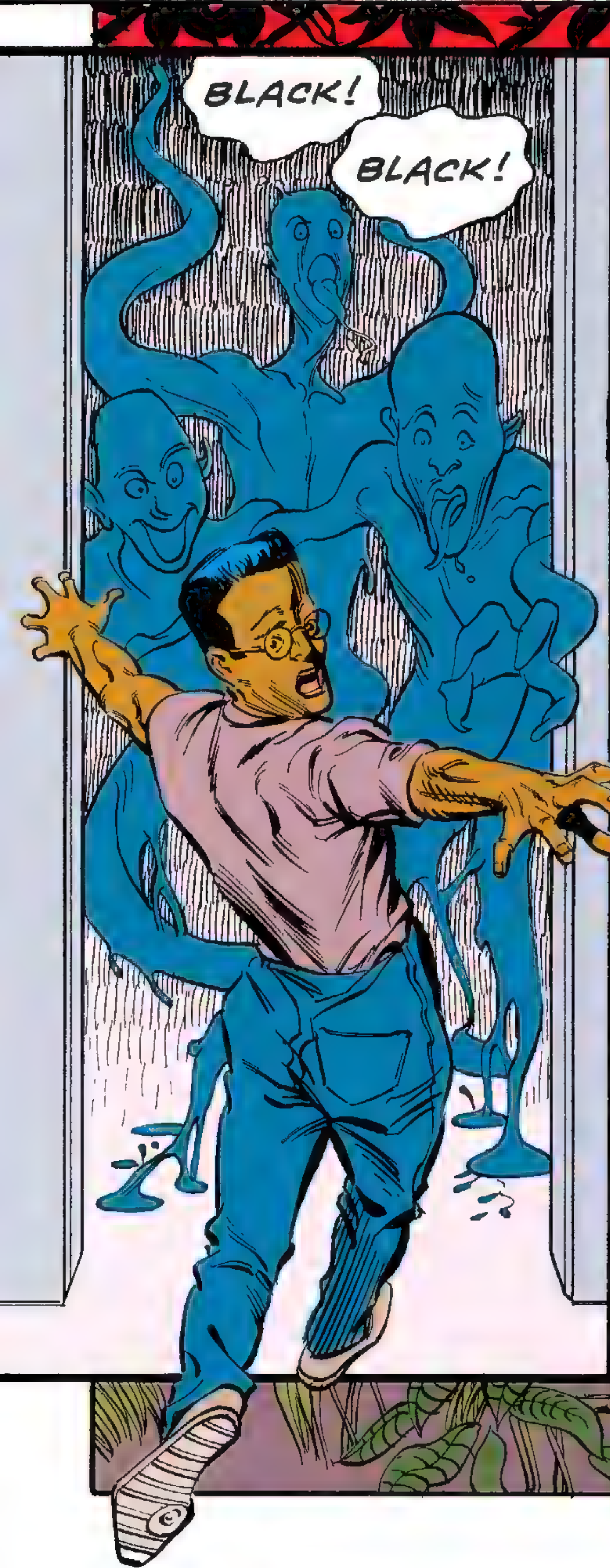


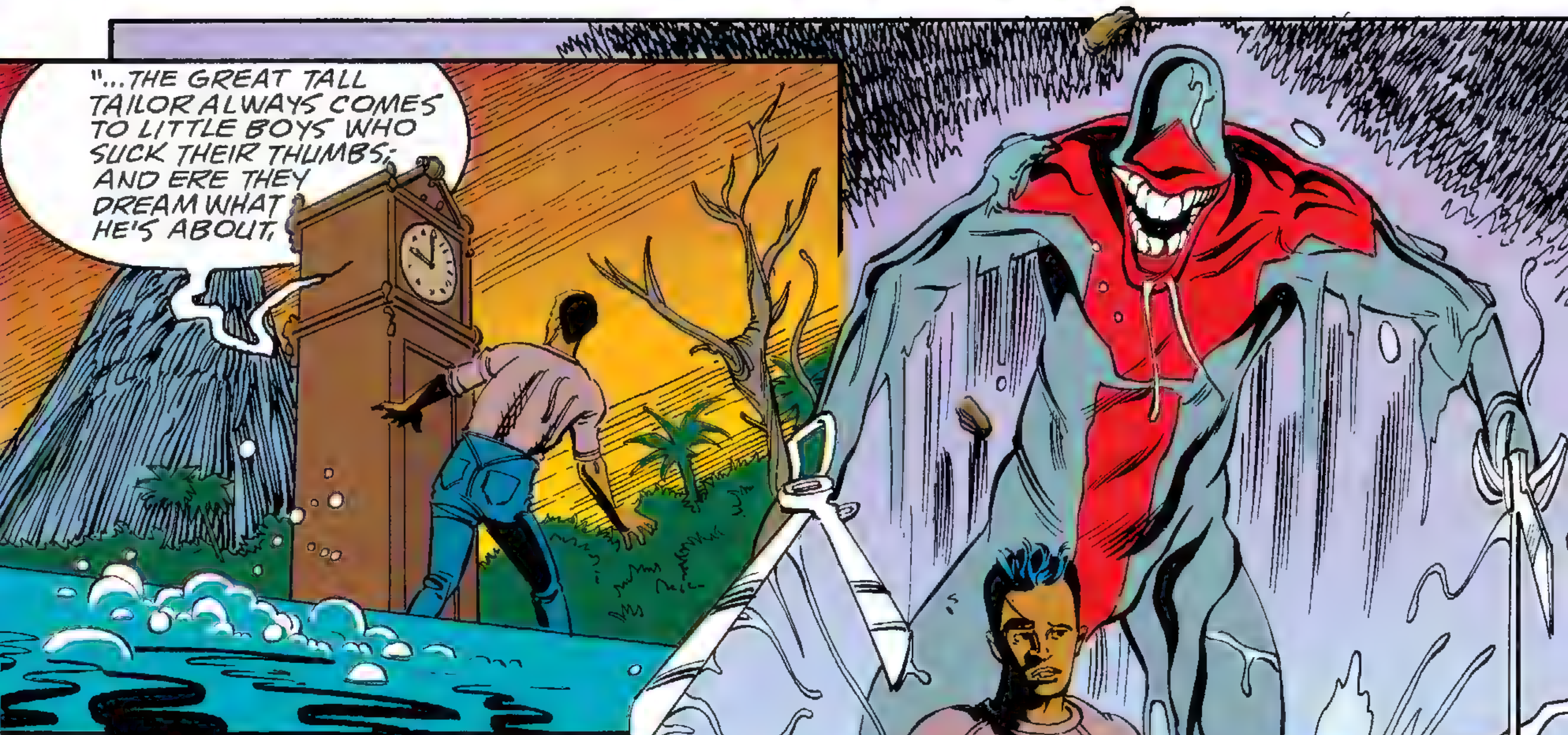






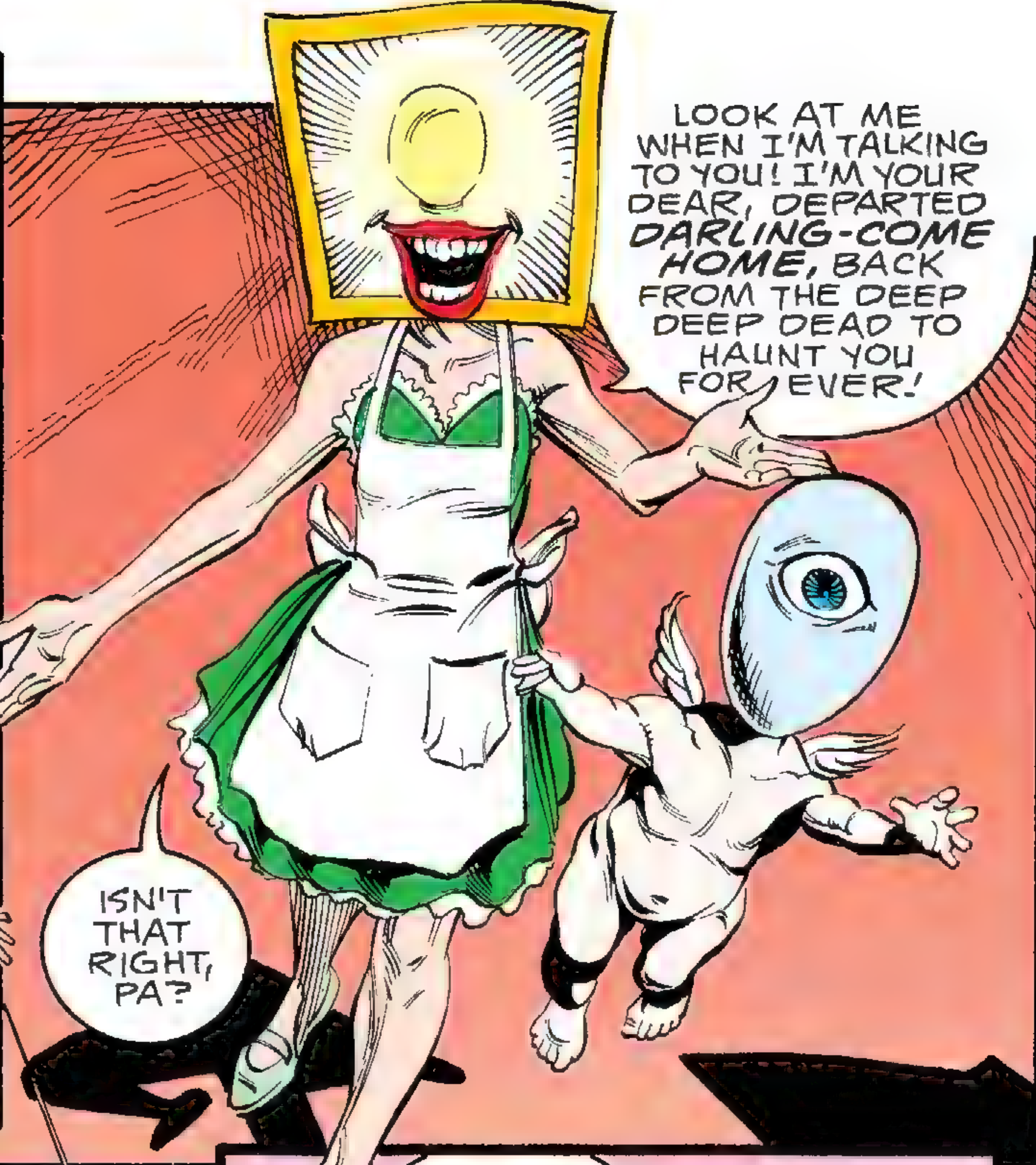






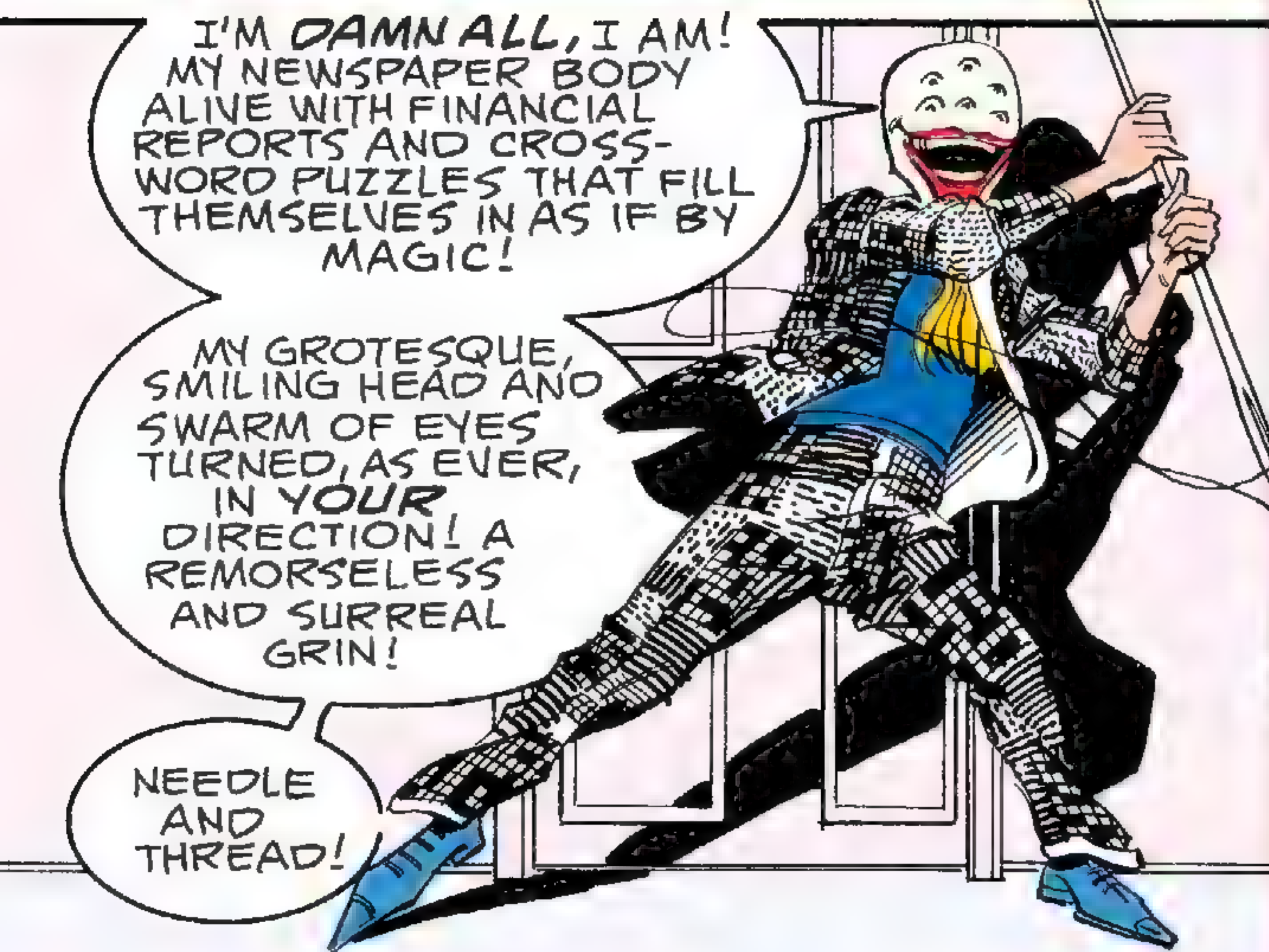


YOU'RE
A BAD GIRL,
DOROTHY DEAR!
WILLFUL AND
WICKED WITH A
HEAD JUST
CRACK-FULL OF
DIRTY DIRTY
THOUGHTS!



LOOK AT ME
WHEN I'M TALKING
TO YOU! I'M YOUR
DEAR, DEPARTED
**DARLING-COME
HOME, BACK**
FROM THE DEEP
DEEP DEAD TO
HAUNT YOU
FOR EVER!

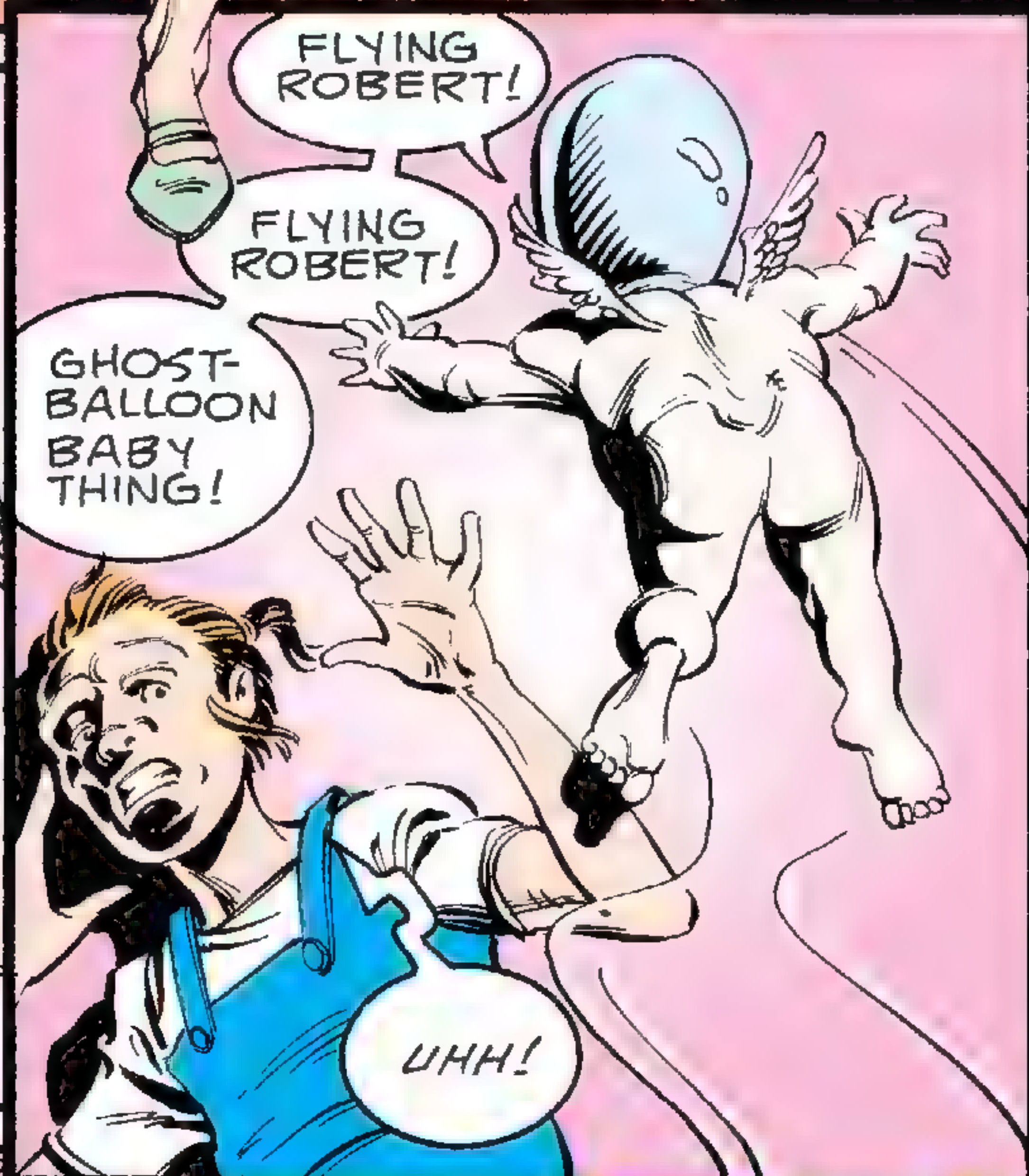
ISN'T
THAT
RIGHT,
PA?



I'M **DAMN ALL, I AM!**
MY NEWSPAPER BODY
ALIVE WITH FINANCIAL
REPORTS AND CROSS-
WORD PUZZLES THAT FILL
THEMSELVES IN AS IF BY
MAGIC!

MY GROTESQUE,
SMILING HEAD AND
SWARM OF EYES
TURNED, AS EVER,
IN **YOUR**
DIRECTION! A
REMORSELESS
AND SURREAL
GRIN!

NEEDLE
AND
THREAD!

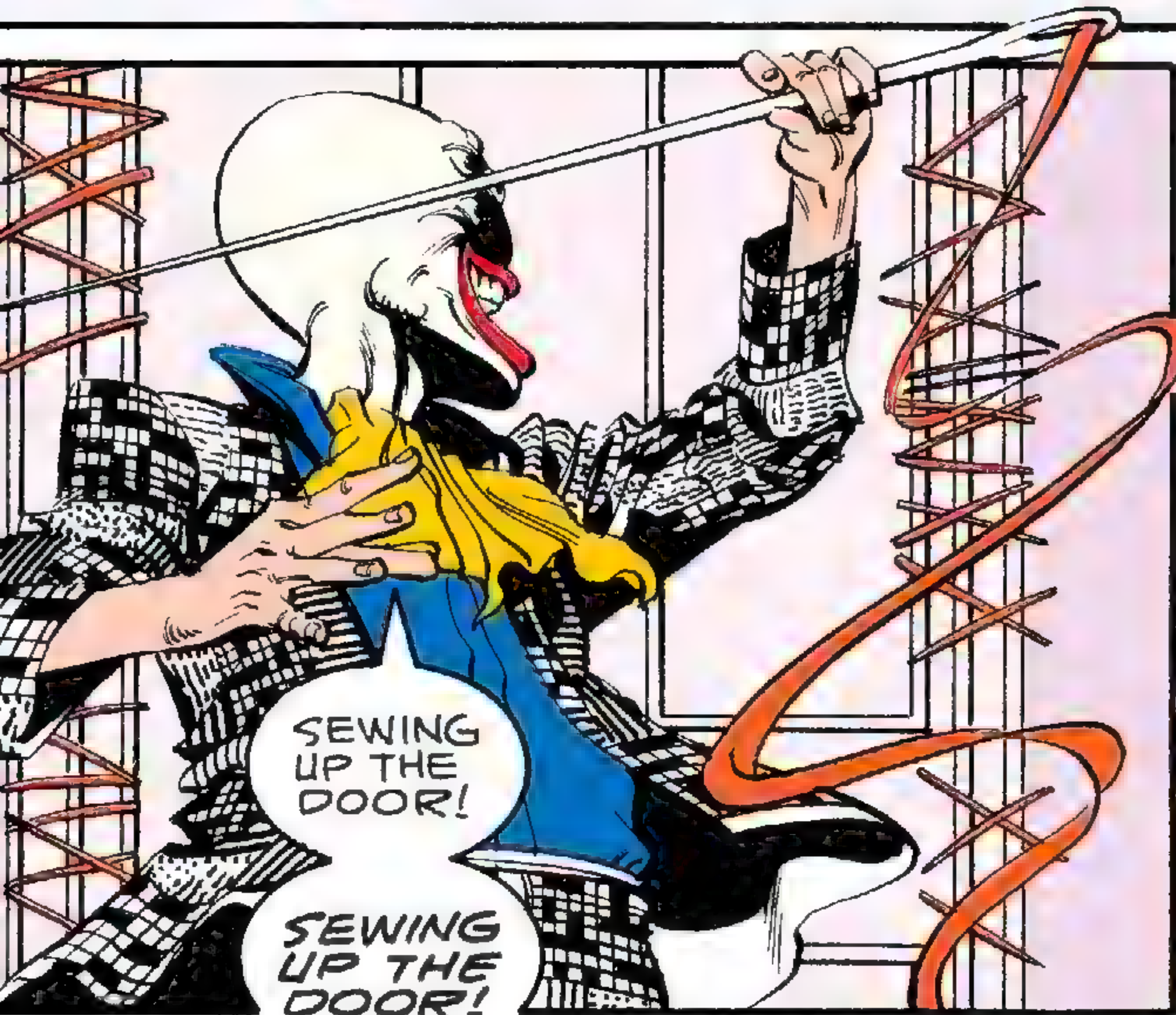


FLYING
ROBERT!

FLYING
ROBERT!

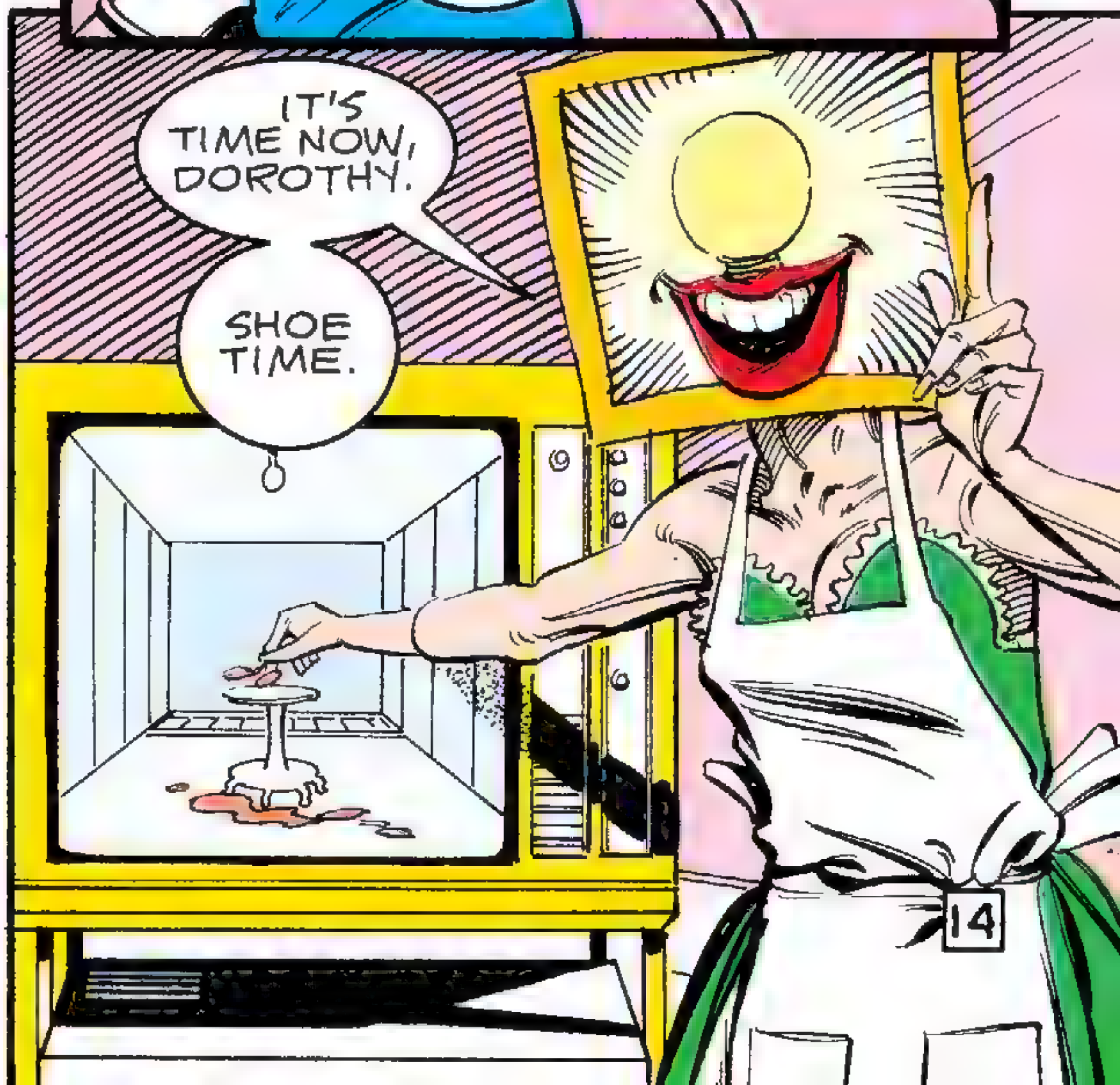
GHOST-
BALLOON
BABY
THING!

UHH!



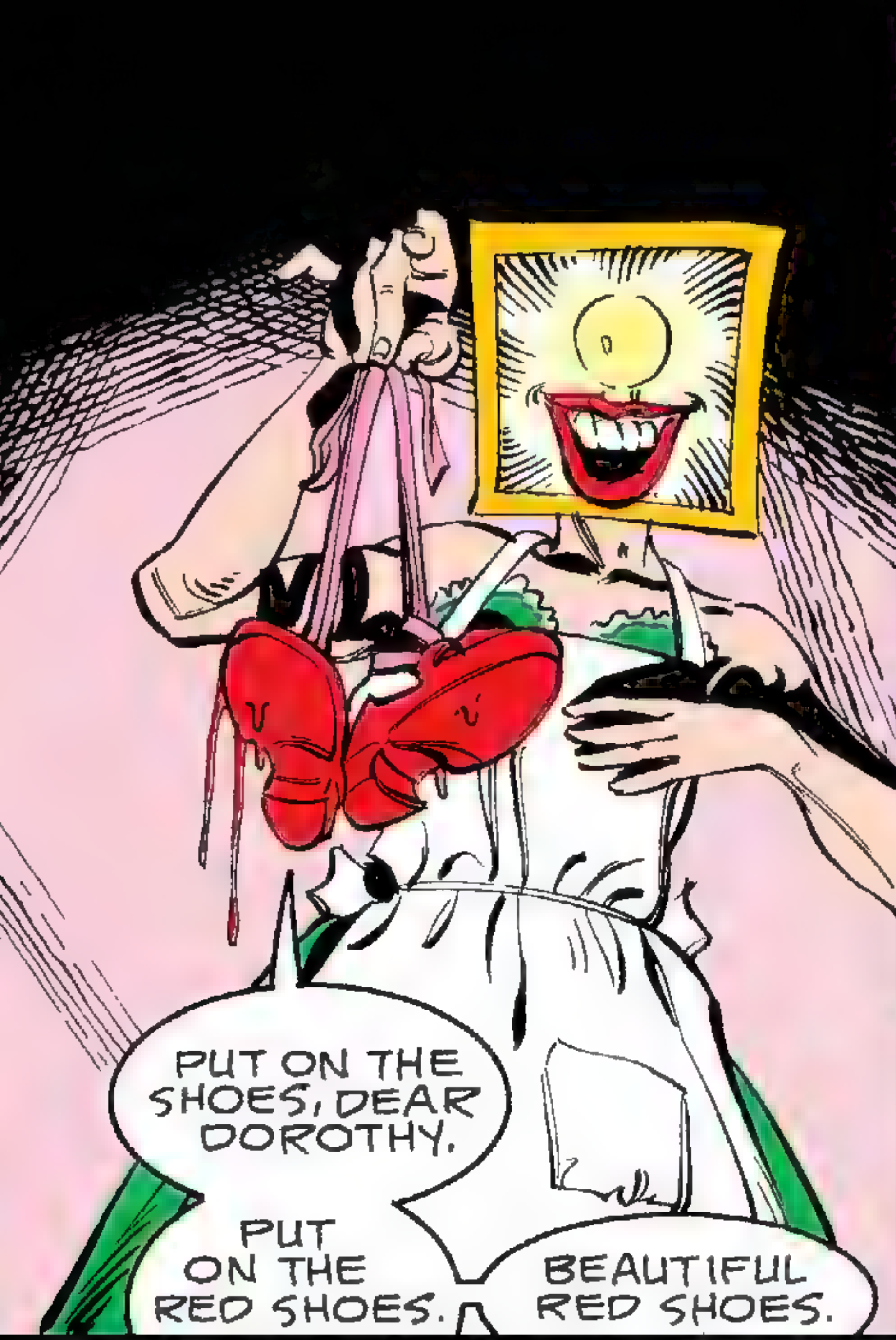
SEWING
UP THE
DOOR!

SEWING
UP THE
DOOR!



IT'S
TIME NOW,
DOROTHY.

SHOE
TIME.



PUT ON THE SHOES, DEAR DOROTHY.

PUT ON THE RED SHOES.

BEAUTIFUL RED SHOES.

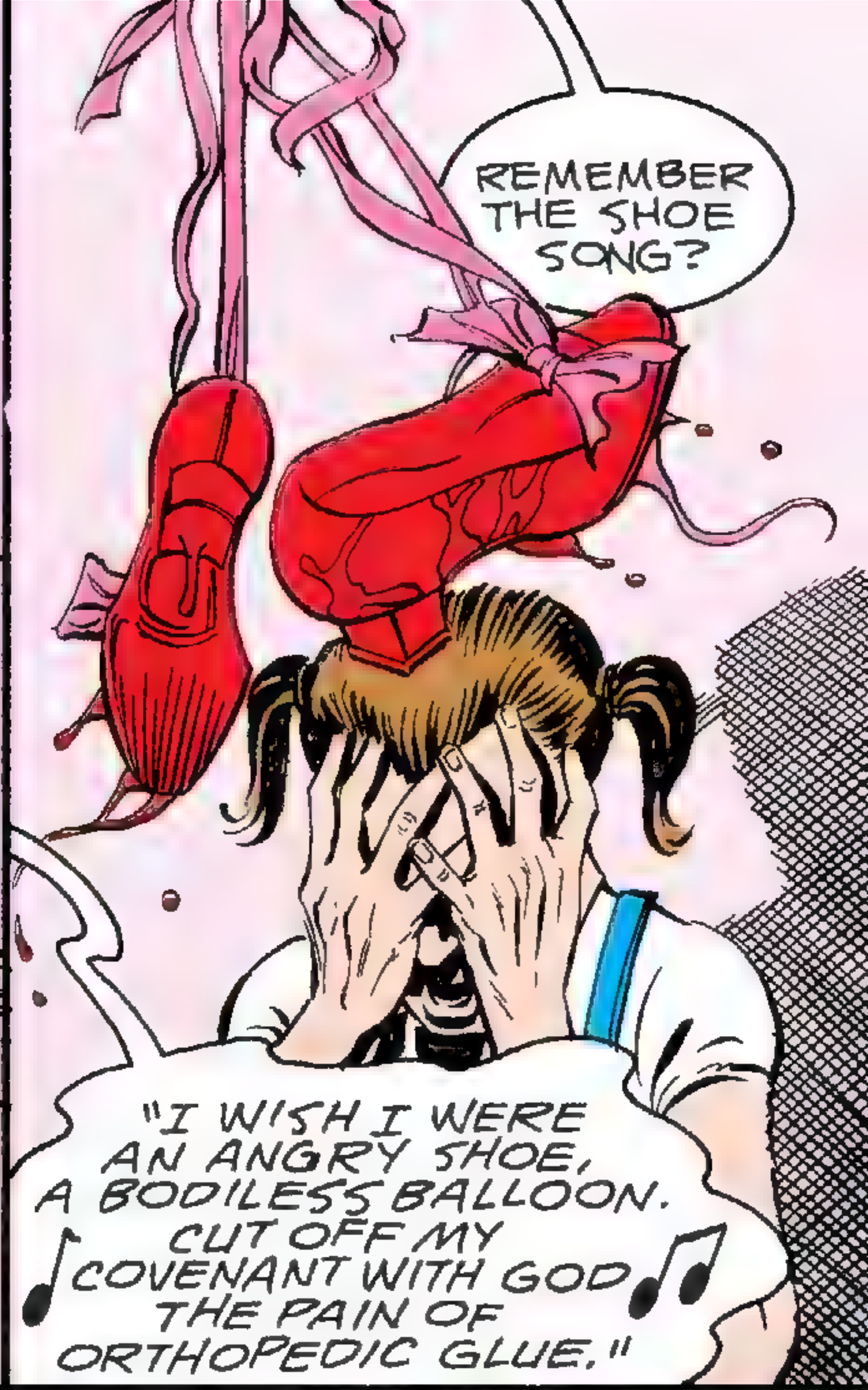


NO! DON'T MAKE ME LOOK AT THEM!

DON'T MAKE ME LOOK!

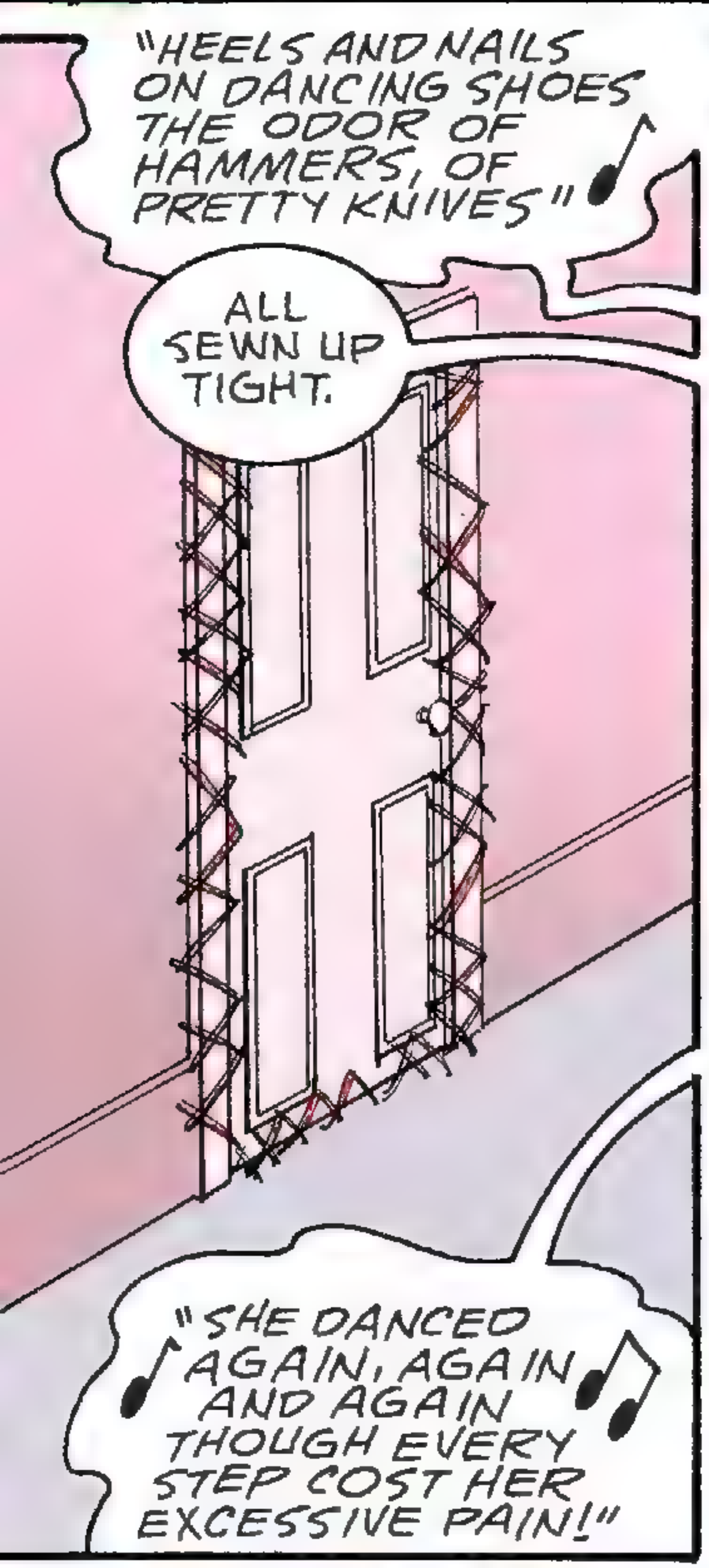
PUT THEM ON.

IT'S JUST LIKE KNIVES, DOROTHY, DEAR. JUST LIKE WALKING ON KNIVES.



REMEMBER THE SHOE SONG?

"I WISH I WERE AN ANGRY SHOE, A BODILESS BALLOON. CUT OFF MY COVENANT WITH GOD, THE PAIN OF ORTHOPEDIC GLUE."



"HEELS AND NAILS ON DANCING SHOES THE ODOR OF HAMMERS, OF PRETTY KNIVES"

ALL SEWN UP TIGHT.

"SHE DANCED AGAIN, AGAIN AND AGAIN THOUGH EVERY STEP COST HER EXCESSIVE PAIN!"

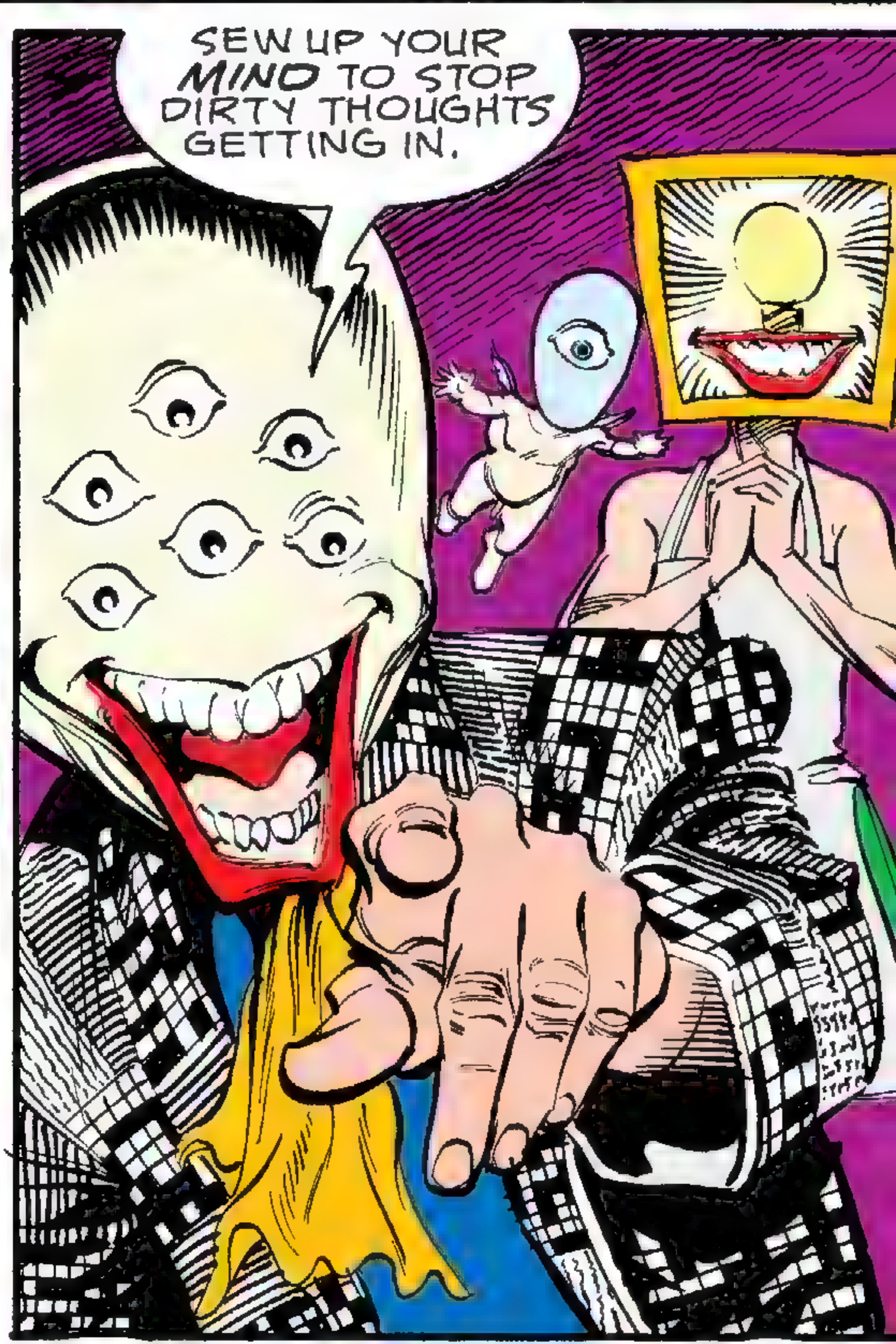


GO AWAY!

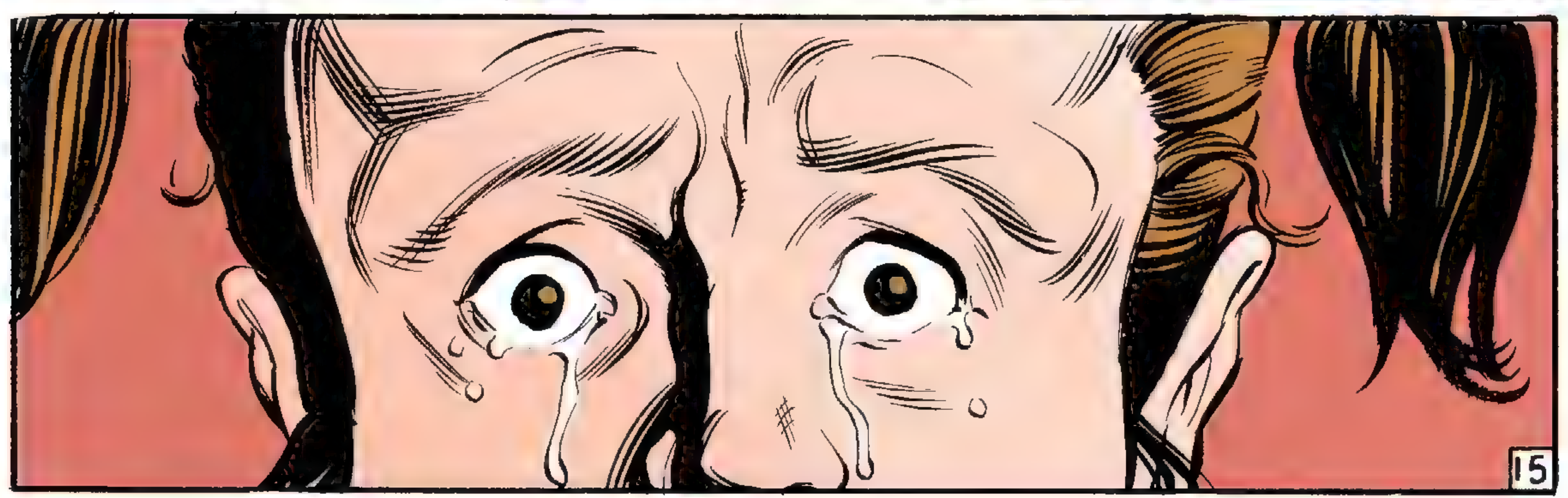
OH, PLEASE GO AWAY!

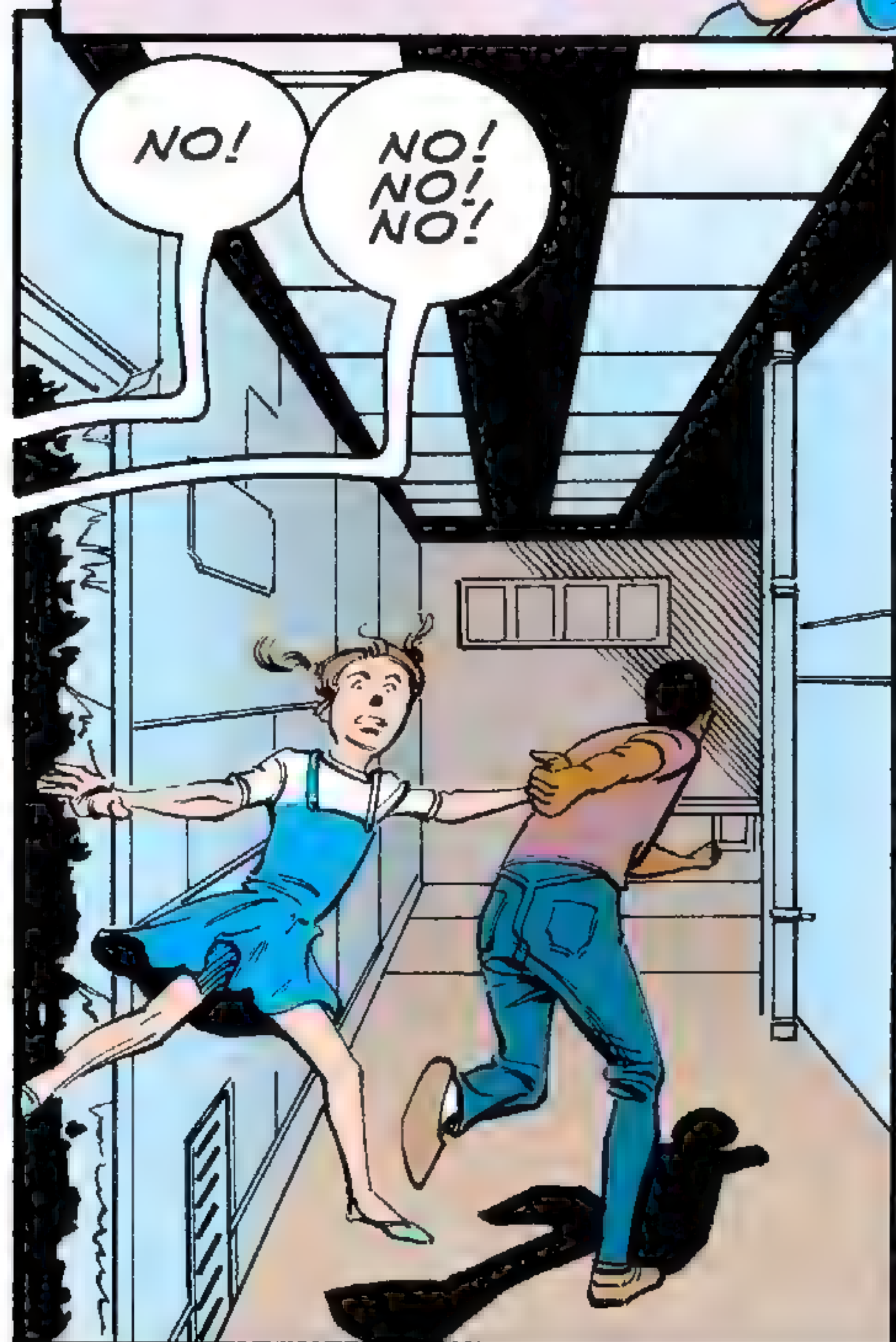
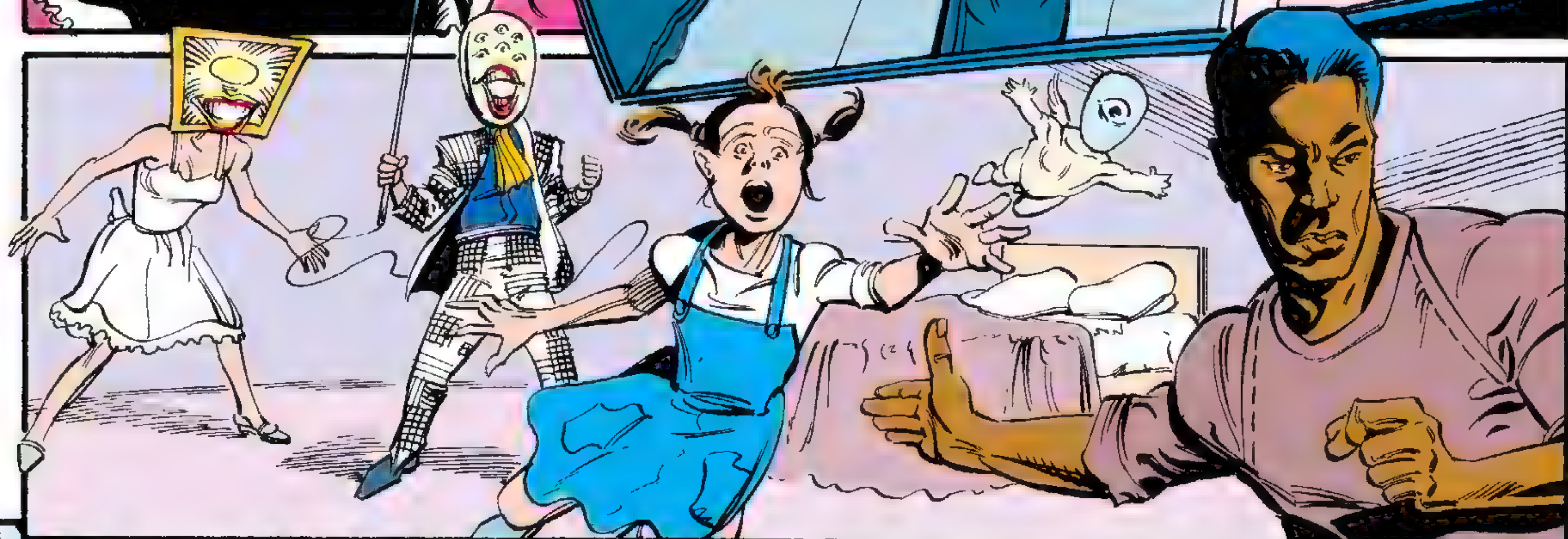
GHOSTIES NEVER GO!

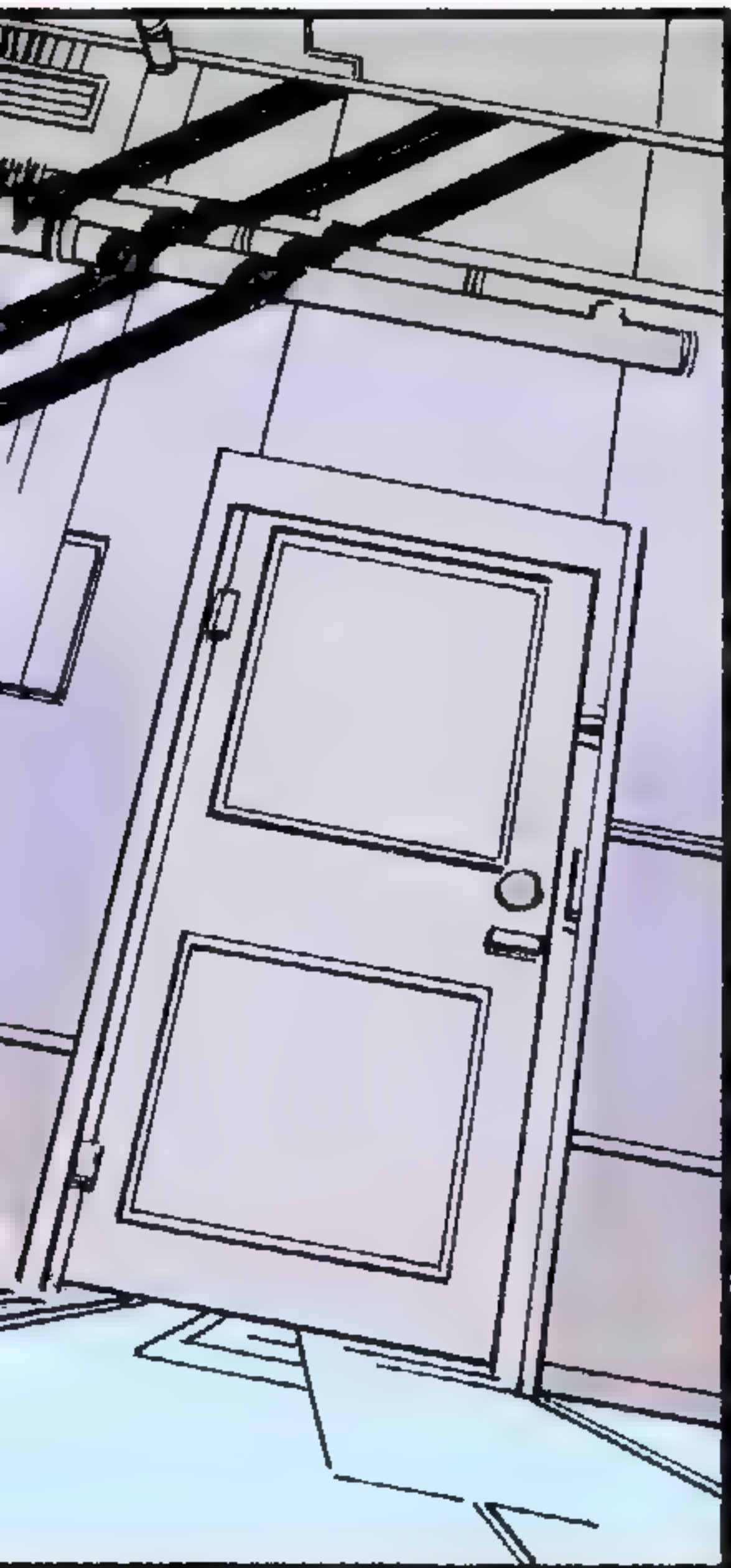
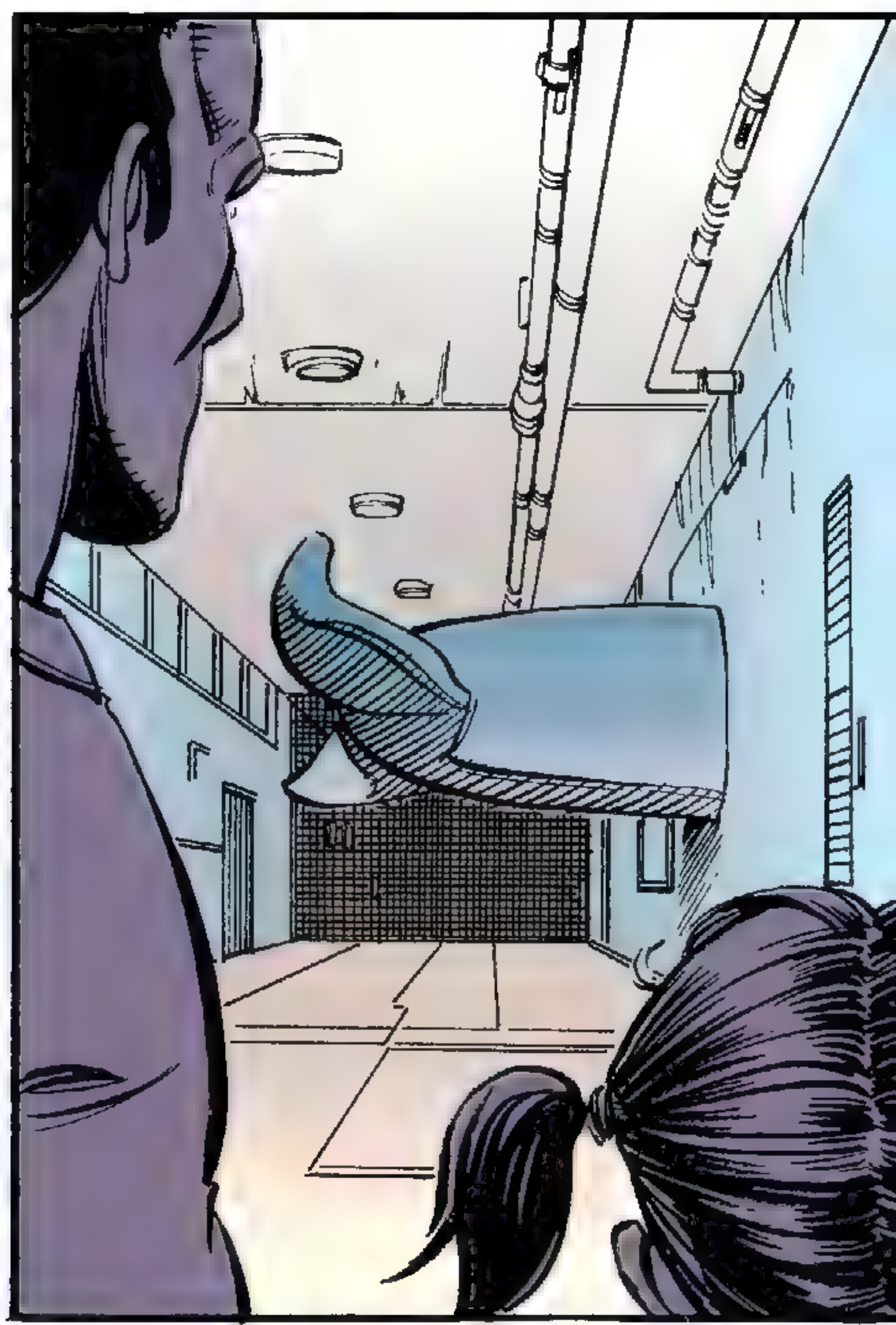
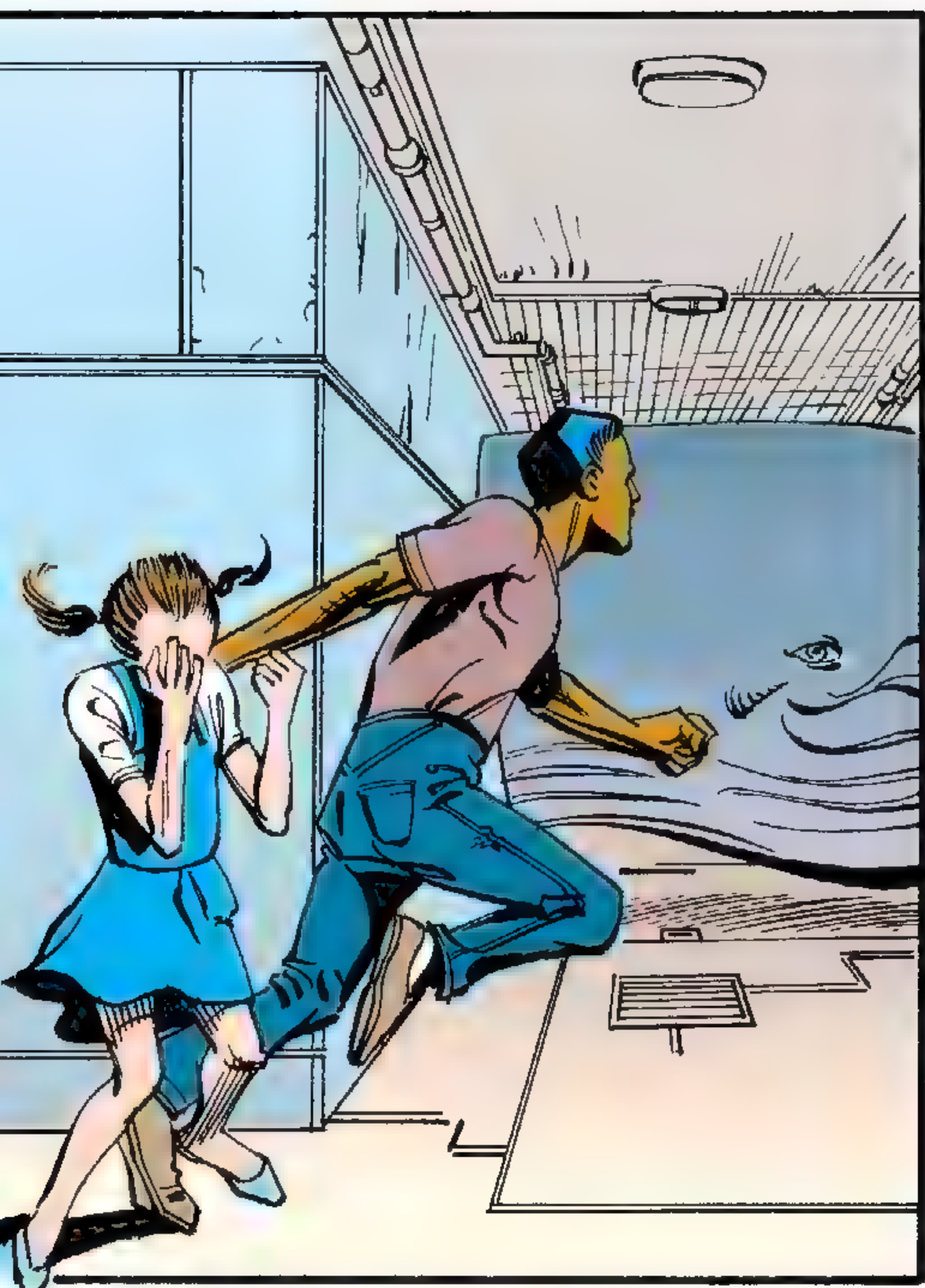
SEW UP! SEW IT UP!



SEW UP YOUR MIND TO STOP DIRTY THOUGHTS GETTING IN.

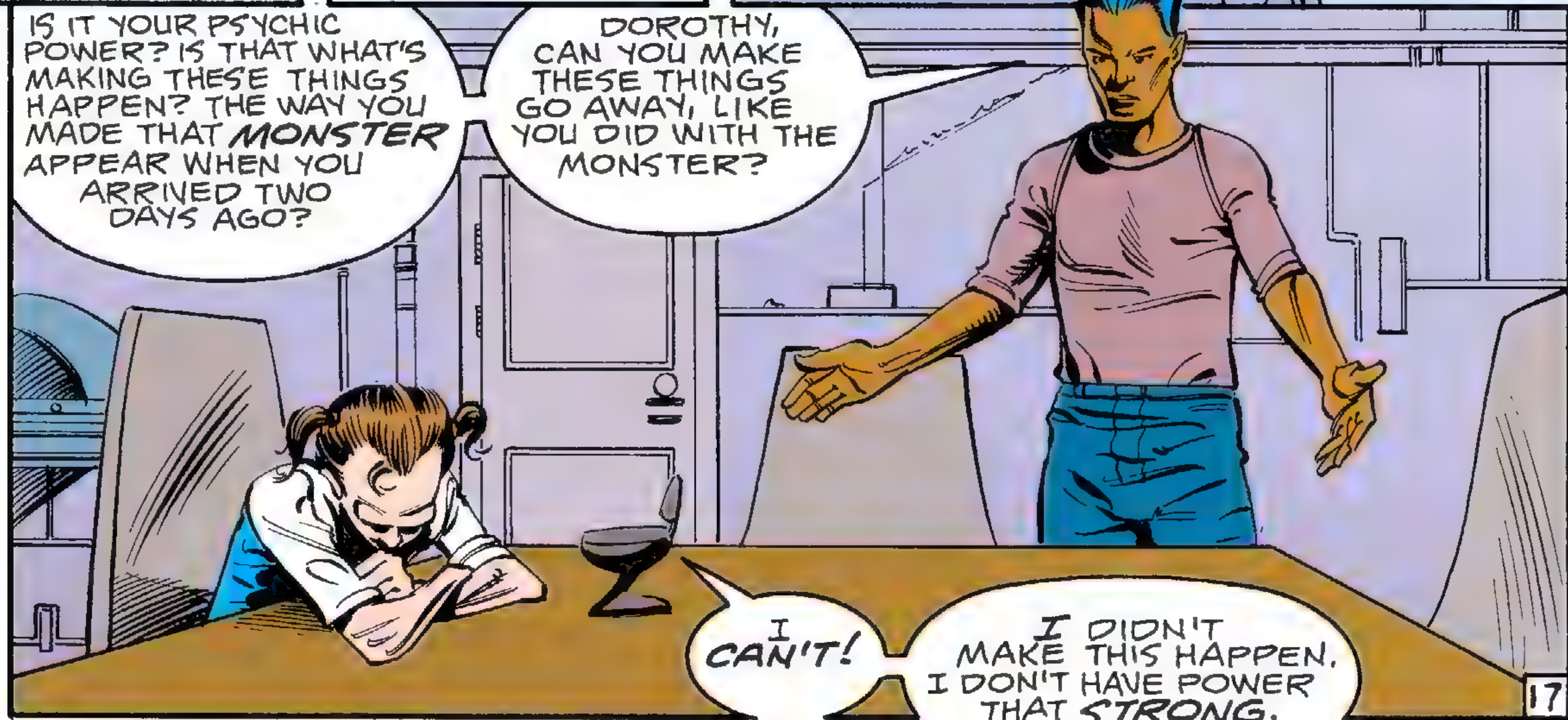






IS IT YOUR PSYCHIC POWER? IS THAT WHAT'S MAKING THESE THINGS HAPPEN? THE WAY YOU MADE THAT **MONSTER** APPEAR WHEN YOU ARRIVED TWO DAYS AGO?

DOROTHY, CAN YOU MAKE THESE THINGS GO AWAY, LIKE YOU DID WITH THE MONSTER?



I KILLED THEM,
MR. CLAY. I KILLED
MY IMAGINARY
FRIENDS AND
THEY'RE REAL
MAD ABOUT
IT.

IT'S NOT
PSYCHIC POWER.
THEY'RE **REAL**.
AND THEY'VE COME
BACK TO
PUNISH ME.

FOR GOD'S SAKE,
DOROTHY! GHOSTS
OF IMAGINARY
PEOPLE CAN'T
POSSIBLY
EXIST!

DON'T
SHOUT
AT ME!

I FEEL
SICK.

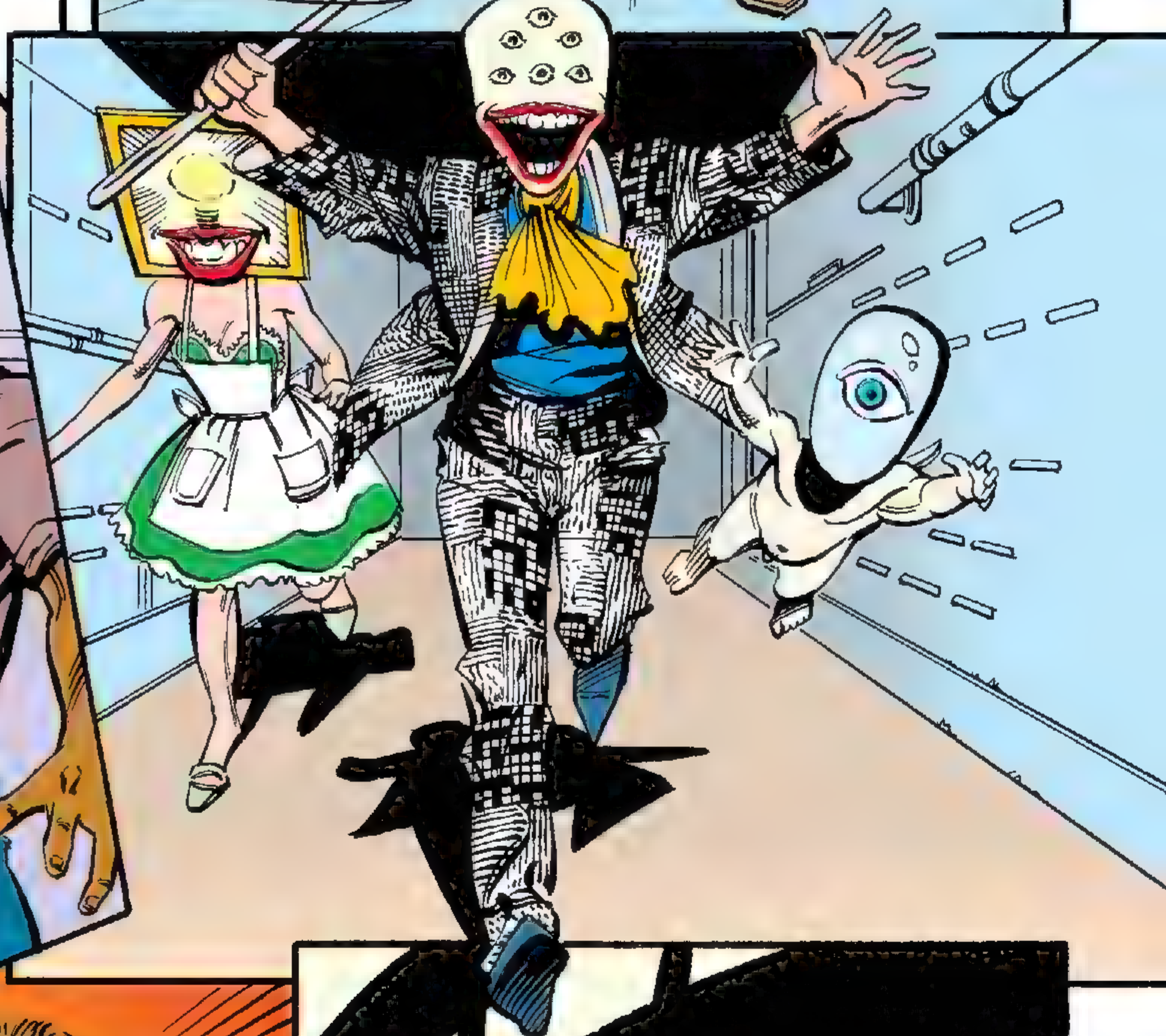
I FEEL
SICK.

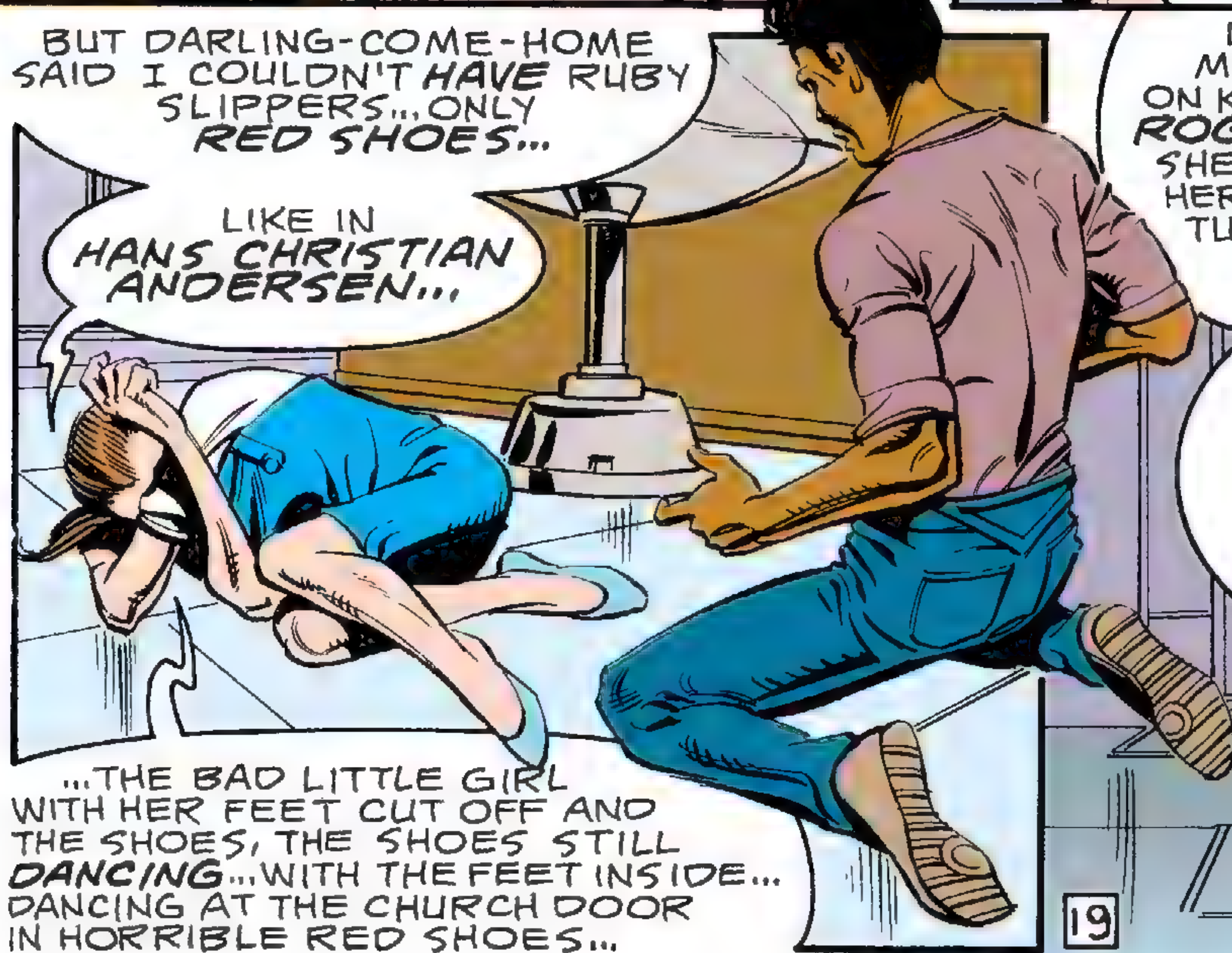
MY GOD!
THAT
NOISE!

OH, IT'S
THEM! IT'S
THEM!

THEY'RE
COMING TO **GET**
ME! THEY'RE
GOING TO MAKE
ME WEAR THE
SHOES!

THEY'RE
GOING
TO MAKE
ME WEAR THE
RED SHOES!





EVERYTHING'S
TEARING INSIDE...
I WAS **ELEVEN**...
BLOOD RUNNING
DOWN MY LEGS...
TURNING MY
WHITE SHOES
RED...

I WAS ELEVEN!

NO ONE TOLD
ME ABOUT THE
BLOOD!

DOROTHY, LISTEN TO ME.
PLEASE. WHAT YOU'RE
DESCRIBING IS WHAT
SOME PEOPLE CALL
AN **ENGRAM** OR
AN **INVOLUTE**,
OKAY? IT'S... IT'S
A WHOLE BUNCH
OF FEELINGS AND
EMOTIONS THAT
CLUSTER
TOGETHER.

THE RED
SHOES HAVE
TURNED
INTO A
KIND OF
CHARGED-
UP
SYMBOL...

...OF
GROWING
UP...

URRRRR

DOROTHY,
YOU **MUST**
UNDERSTAND...
ONLY YOU CAN
MAKE IT
STOP!

I DON'T WANT...
I DON'T WANT TO
GROW UP... I DON'T
WANT TO...

I DON'T WANT TO
THINK ABOUT...
BOYS...

I'M SO **UGLY!**
IT'S NOT FAIR!
I DON'T WANT
TO GROW UP!
IT HURTS!

OH, MR. CLAY,
IT HURTS
REAL BAD!

YOU HAVE TO
FACE IT,
DOROTHY!
CONFRONT
IT!

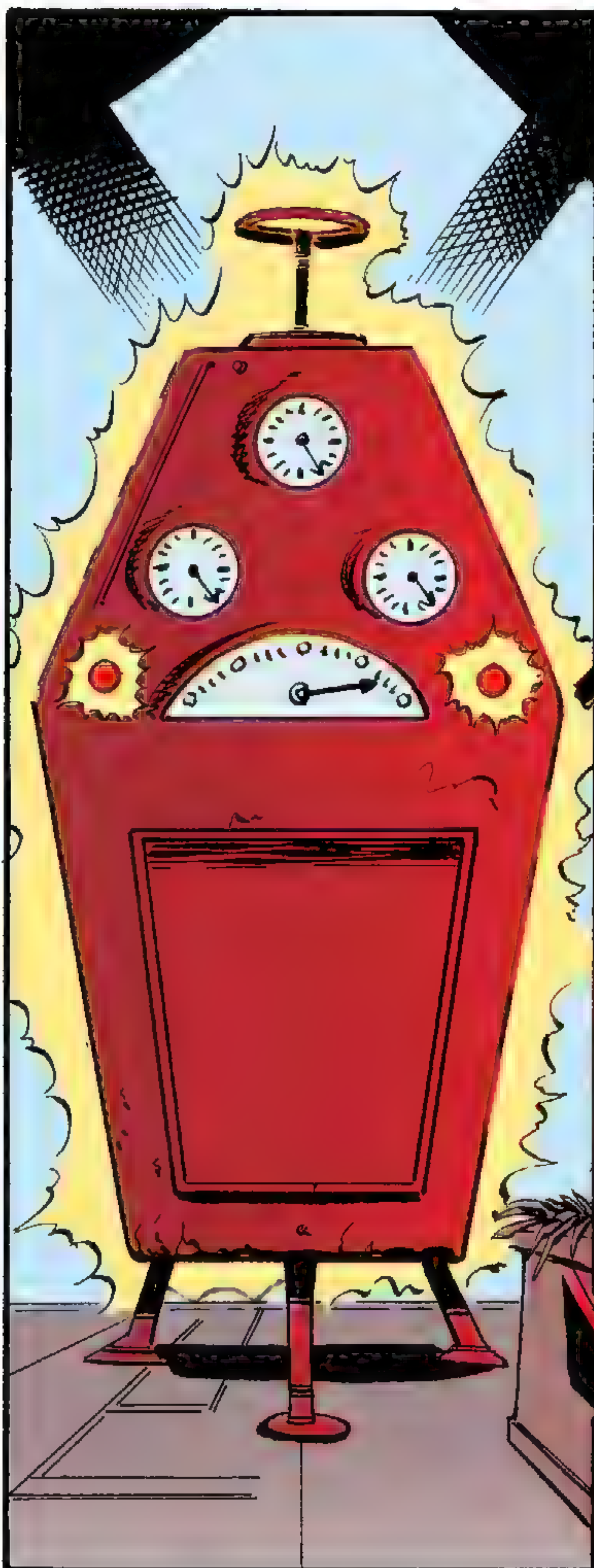
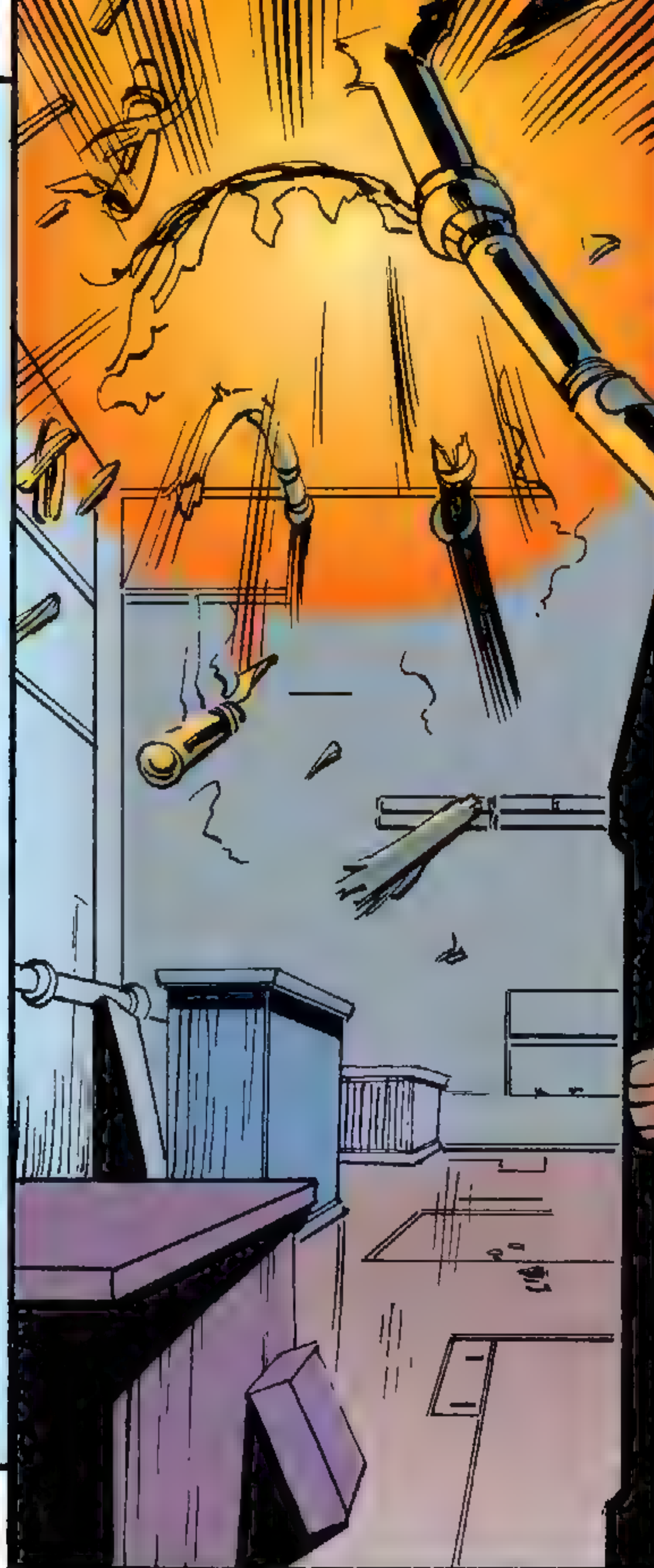
YOUR
MIND IS
CAUSING
ALL
THIS.

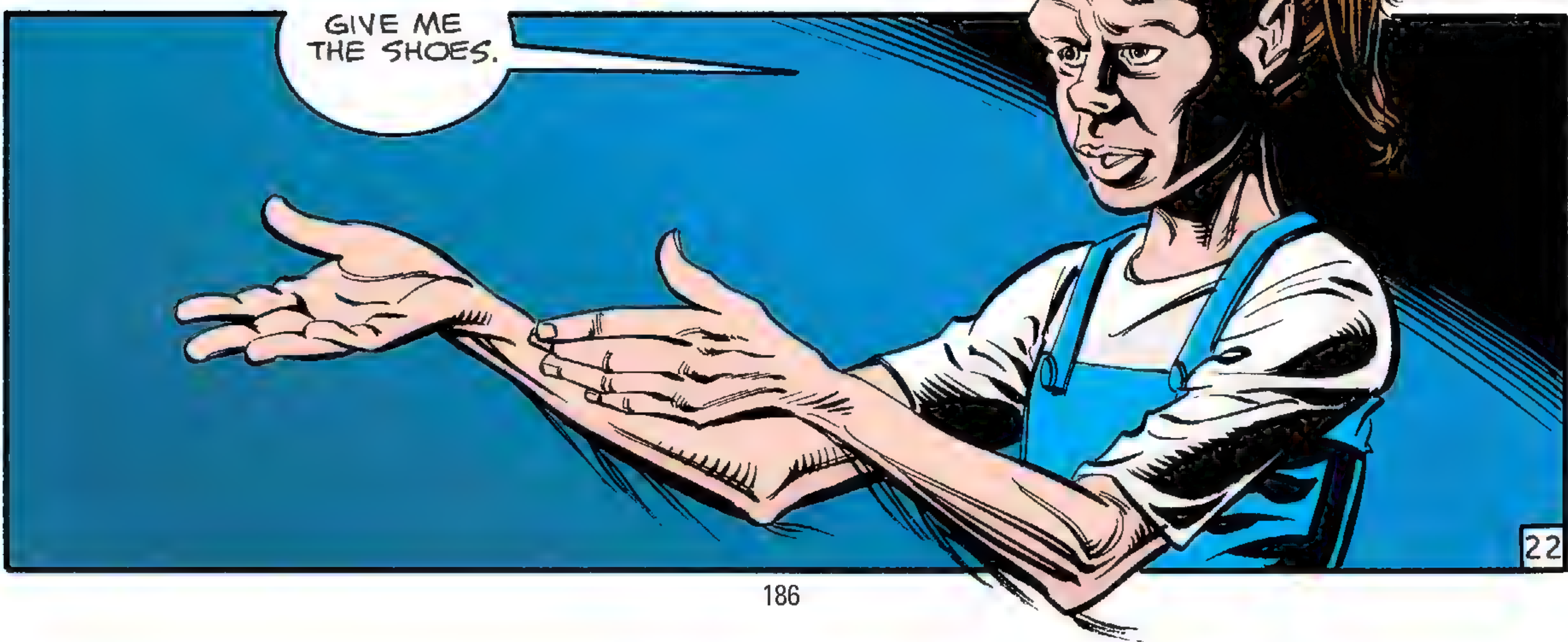
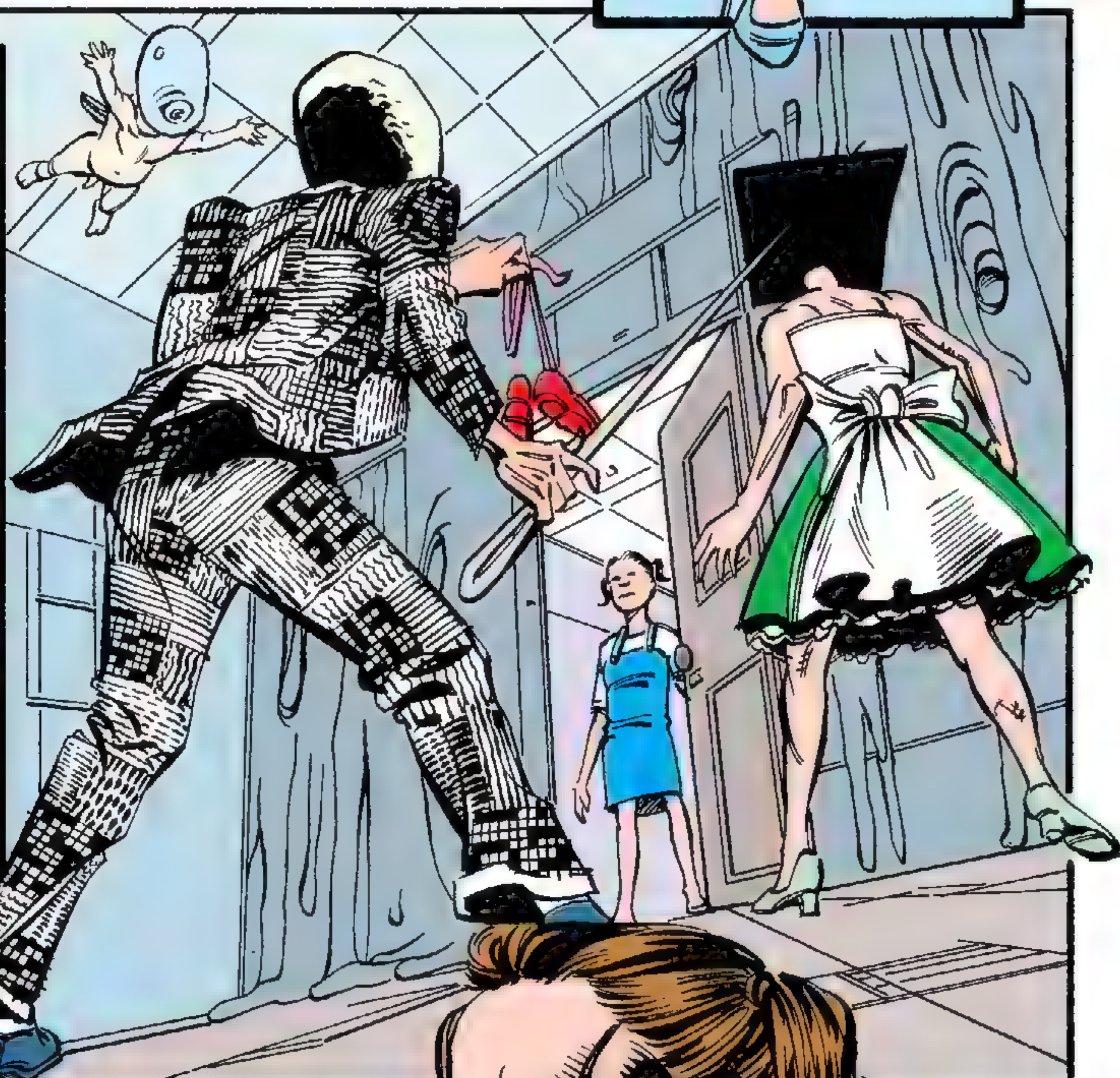
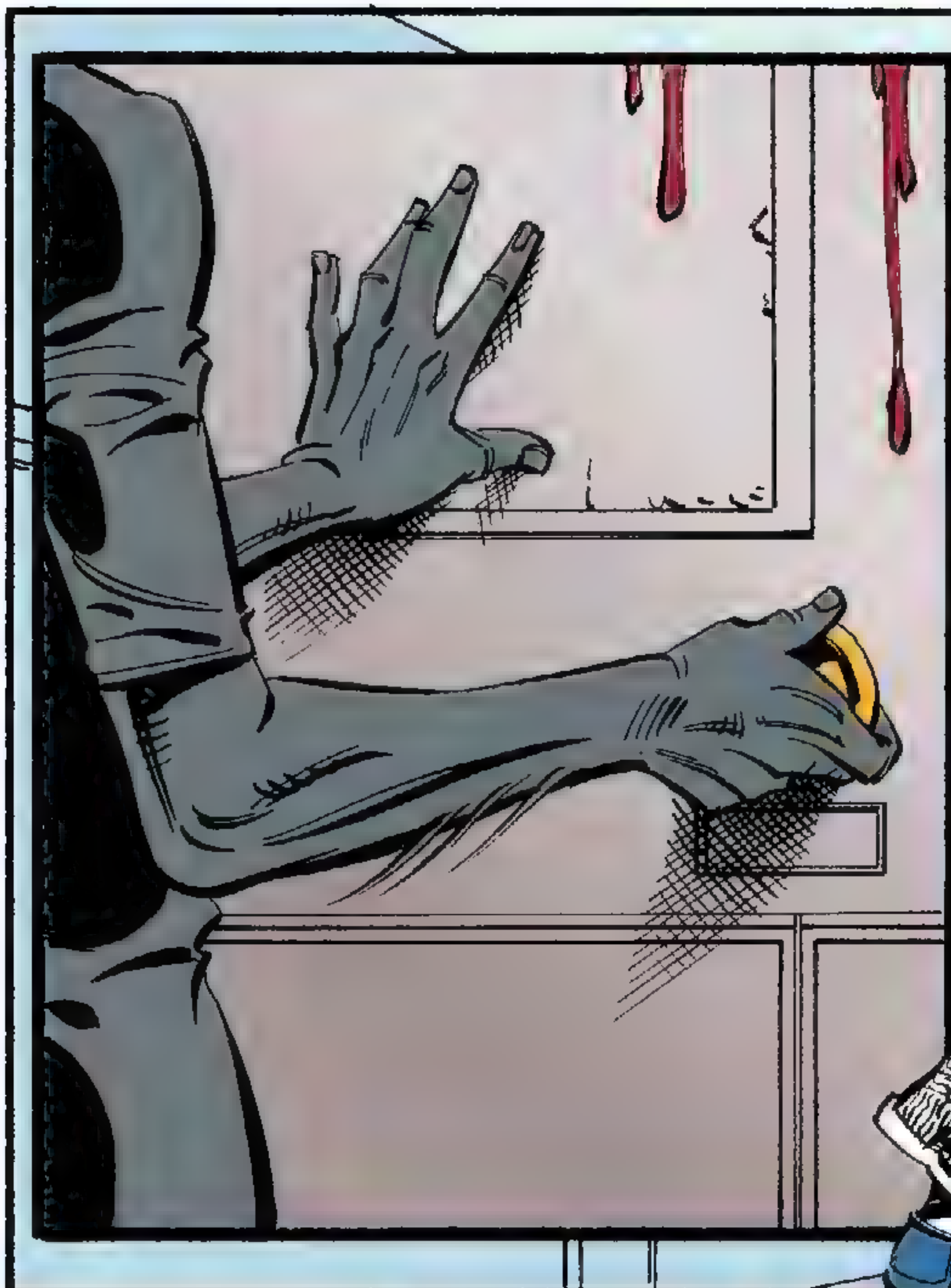
IT'S ALL JUST
GUILT AND FEAR
AND IT'S BEEN
EXTERNALIZED
IN THE FORM OF
THESE
IMAGINARY
FRIENDS.

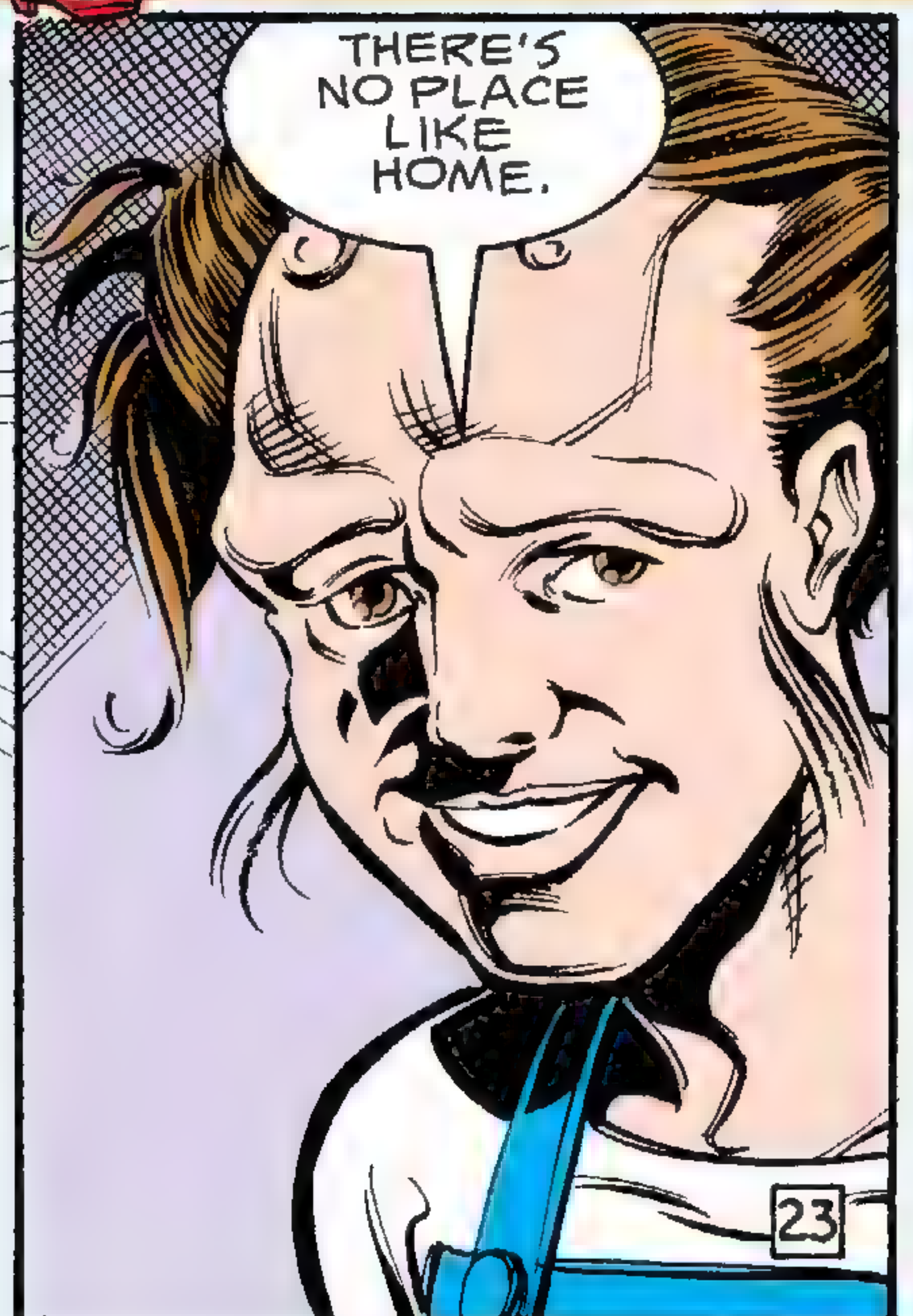
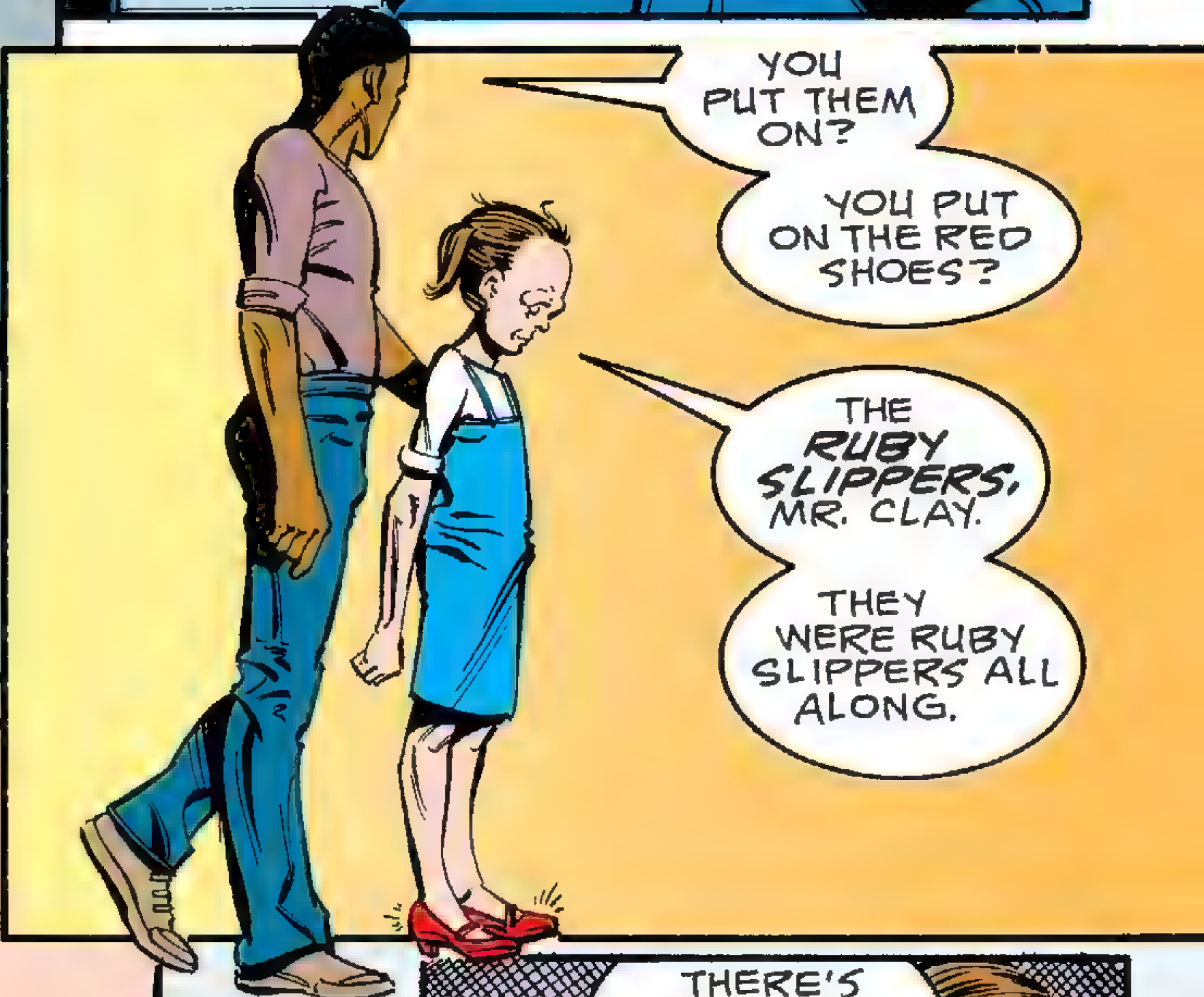
IT'S LIKE SOME-
THING HAS
BOOSTED YOUR
OWN IMAGE-
MAKING POWER
SO THAT...

MY
GOD!

WHY
DIDN'T I
THINK?







EPILOGUE-

SOMEWHERE ELSE.

WELL?

I'M HERE.
(LET ME OUT OF
THIS PLACE!)
SHUT UP!

SORRY.
(NO HE'S NOT.
HE'S A NO-
GOOD LYING SH)

QUIET!

I'M HERE.
LIKE YOU SAID.
(NO-GOOD)

WHAT DO
YOU (CREEP!)
WANT?

WHAT DO ANY OF US WANT,
MR. SHELLEY? A DECENT STANDARD
OF LIVING, A LITTLE RESPECT, A
QUARTER TON OF CHOCOLATE
MOUSSE.

BUT FOR
THE MOMENT
WE WANT SIMPLY
AND SINCERELY TO...
TO WELCOME YOU.

TO THE
BROTHER-
HOOD OF
EVIL,



NEW FORMAT

26

SEP 89

DOOM PATROL

TM



GRANT MORRISON
RICHARD CASE
JOHN NYBERG

Simon-Bisley

BISLEY 89

dom PATROL



"Look at us! Are we not *proof*
that there is no good, no evil,
no truth, no reason?"



I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN QUITE SO QUICKLY, **SUN-BURST.**

IS IT **CUSTOMARY** FOR YOU TO DEVOTE SO MUCH TIME TO YOUR CAPTURED ENEMIES?

SHE'S HARDLY AN **ENEMY**, DOCTOR. GRANTED, THE POOR GIRL APPEARED FROM NOWHERE ON MONDAY AND STARTED TO **HIT** ME...

A FIGURE OF SPEECH, NOTHING MORE.

YES. I WATCHED THE BATTLE ON **TELEVISION**, SHE CERTAINLY GAVE YOU A HARD TIME...

ONLY AT FIRST. SHE CALMED DOWN AFTER I BROKE HER ARMS AND LEGS.

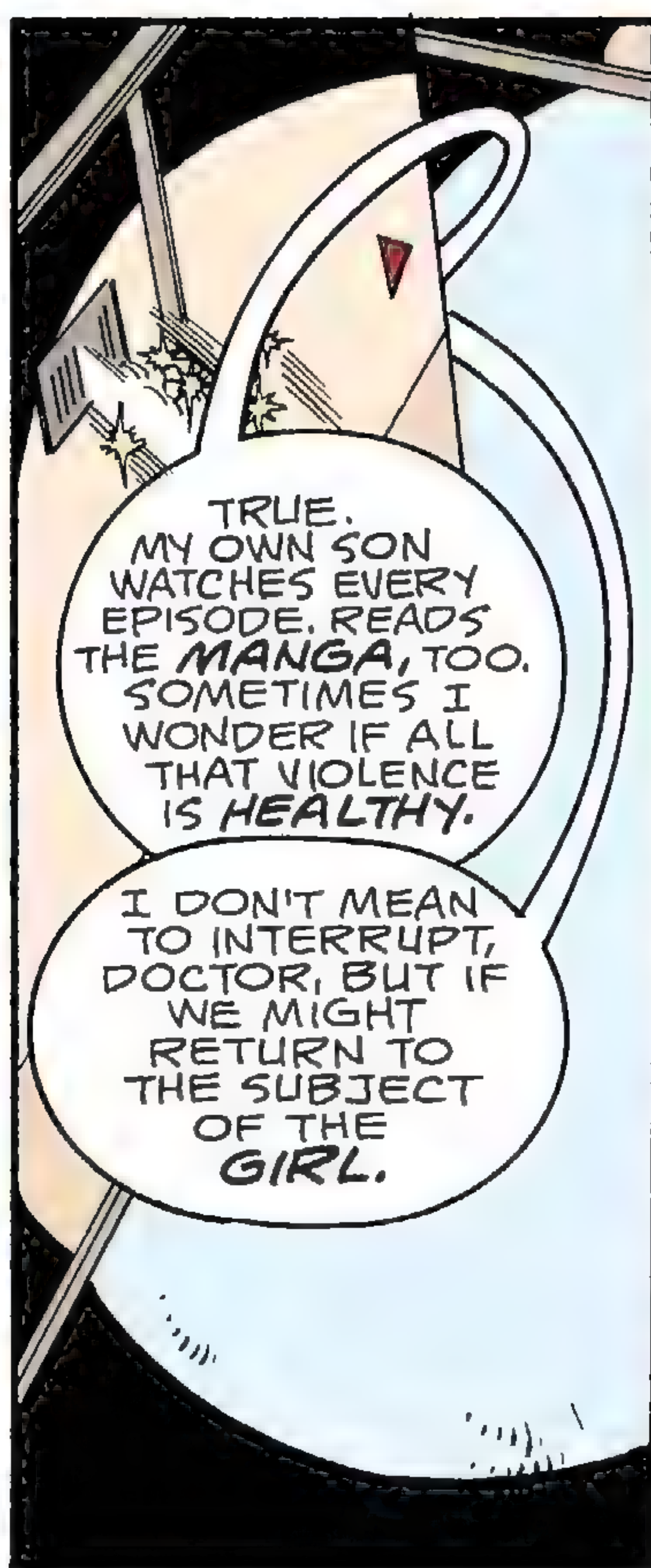
BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE HER AN ENEMY.



YES.

DO **THEY** FOLLOW YOU EVERYWHERE?

EVERYWHERE.



YOU MAY ALSO FIND THAT SHE'S A LITTLE PARANOID ABOUT DIRT.

INVULNERABILITY. SUPER-SPEED. X-RAY VISION. SUPER-VENTRILLOQUISM... UM...

TELESCOPIC LIMBS?

GO AWAY!

GET OUT!

NOW THEN, THERE'S NO NEED TO...

GET OUT! GET OUT! GET OUT!

YOU'RE LETTING IN DIRT! I HATE IT! CLINGING, FILTHY DIRT EVERYWHERE.

OH, THERE'S NO DIRT HERE. NOT ONE BIT OF IT.

NOW, WHY DON'T YOU SAY HELLO TO...

HEY!

LOOK!

LOOK HERE!

SEE?

YES! SUPER-VILLAINS ON THE RAMPAGE! BIG TROUBLE FOR SUNBURST!

WHAT?

A FIGHT SEEMS IMMINENT!

TOTAL NUCLEAR FRENZY!

NO, WAIT.

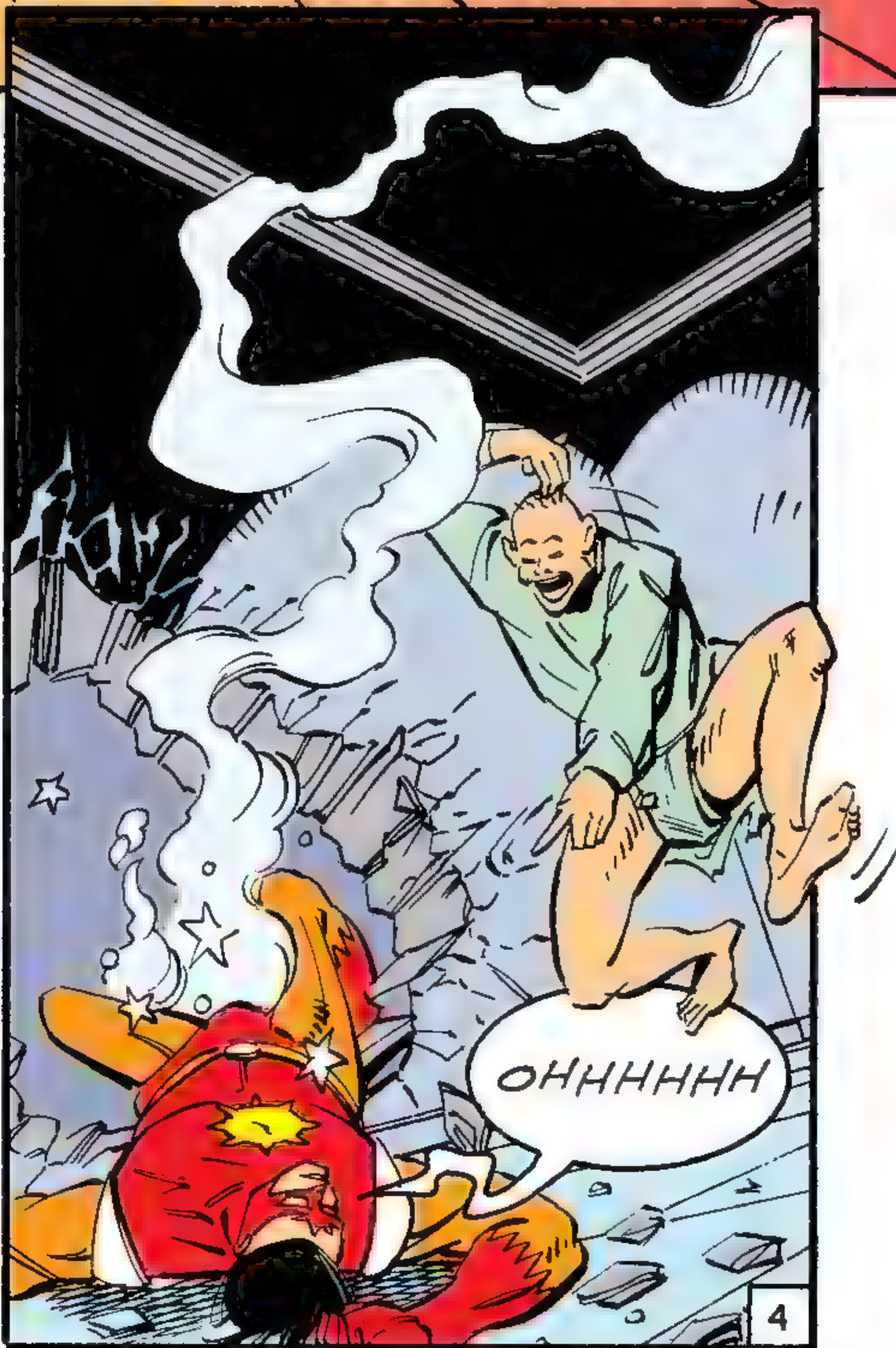
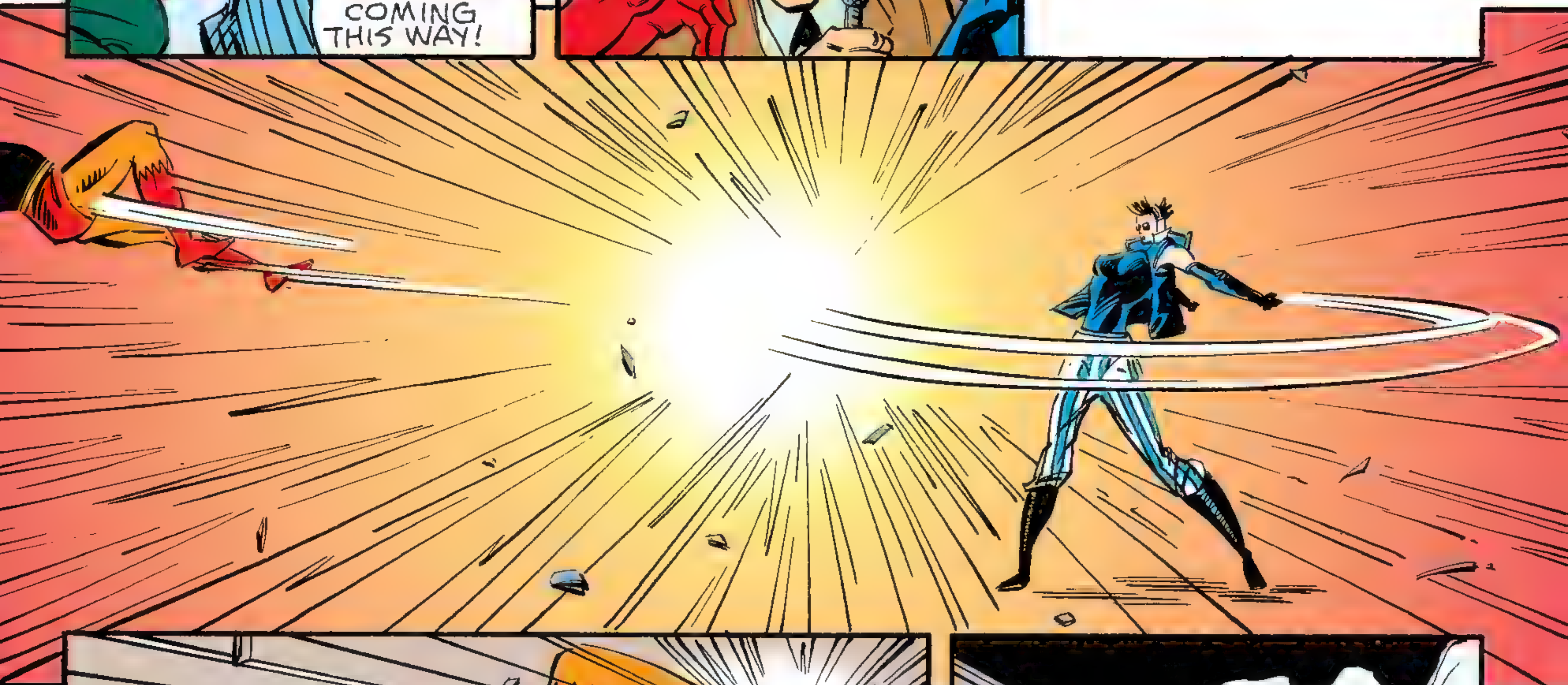
THIS WOMAN'S ASLEEP.

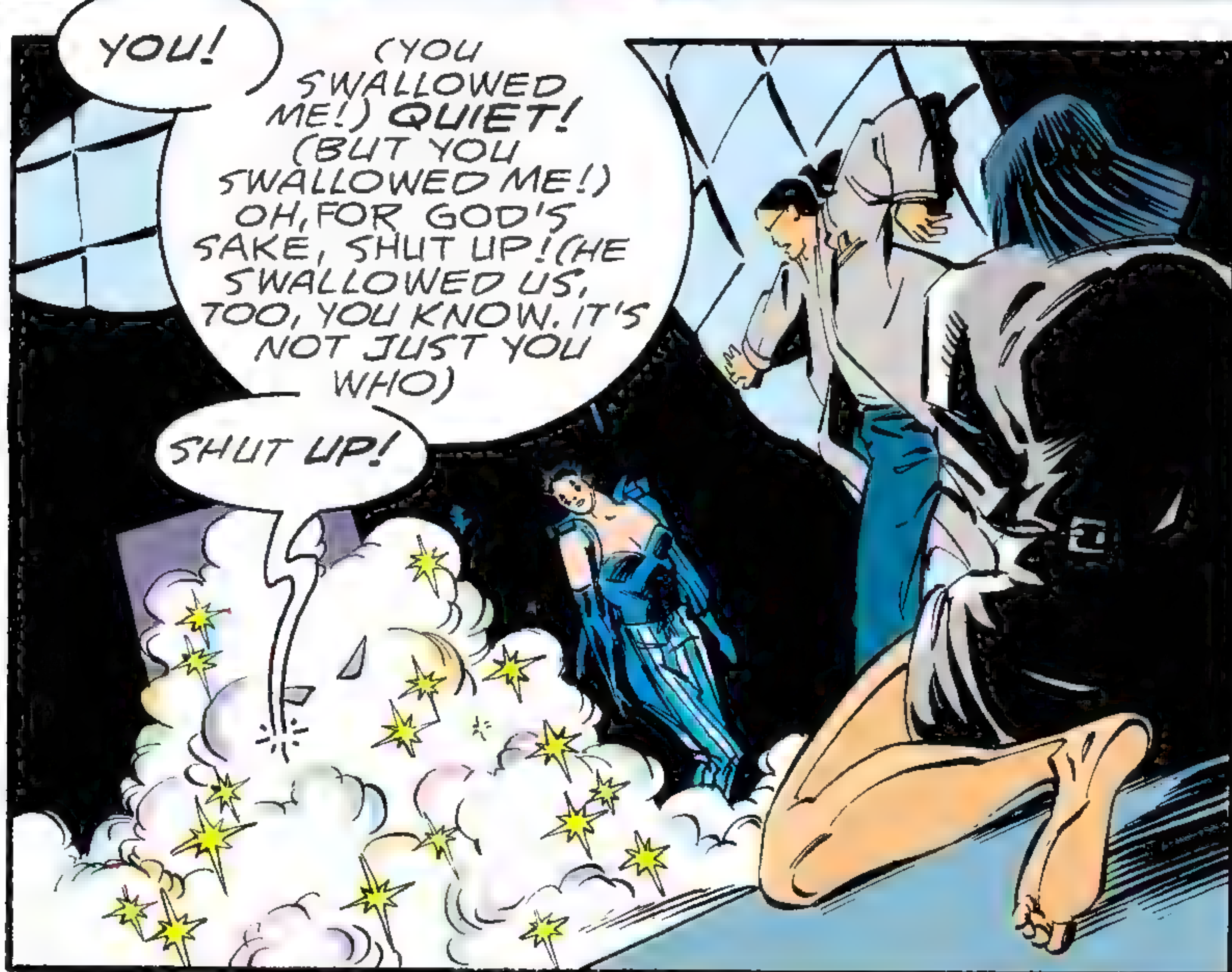
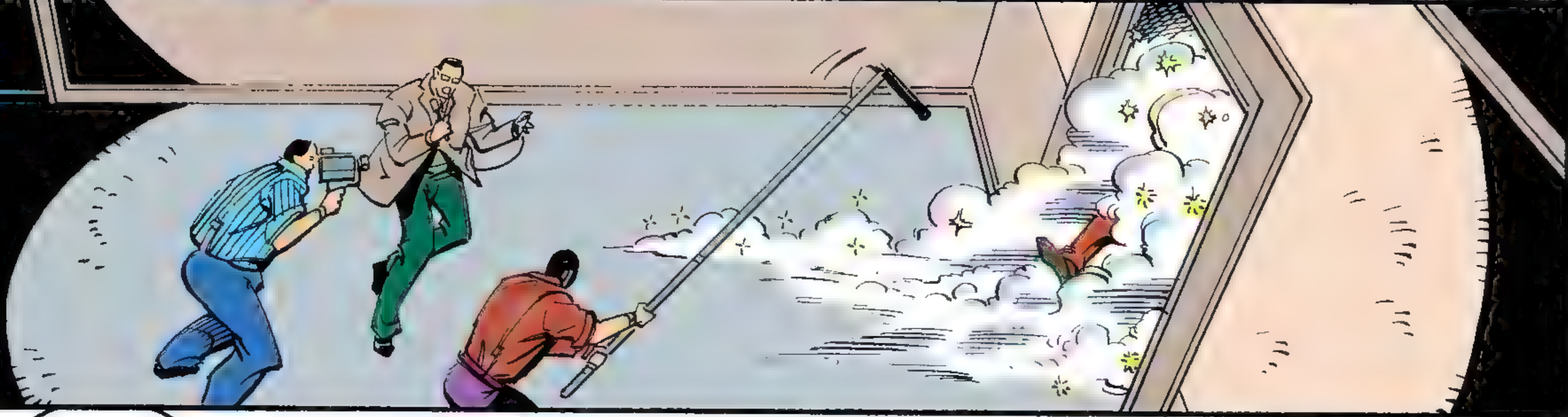
SHE'S ASLEEP.

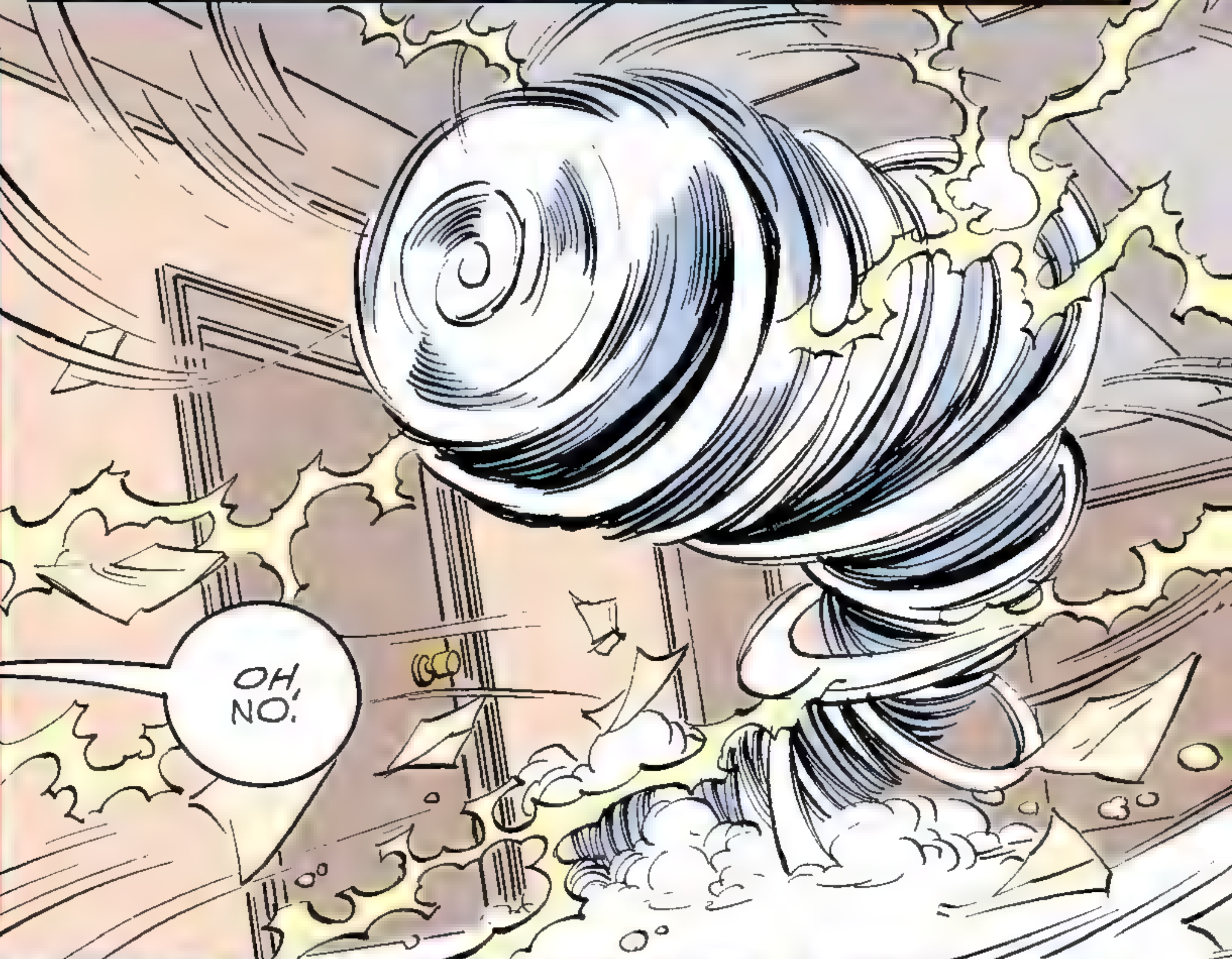
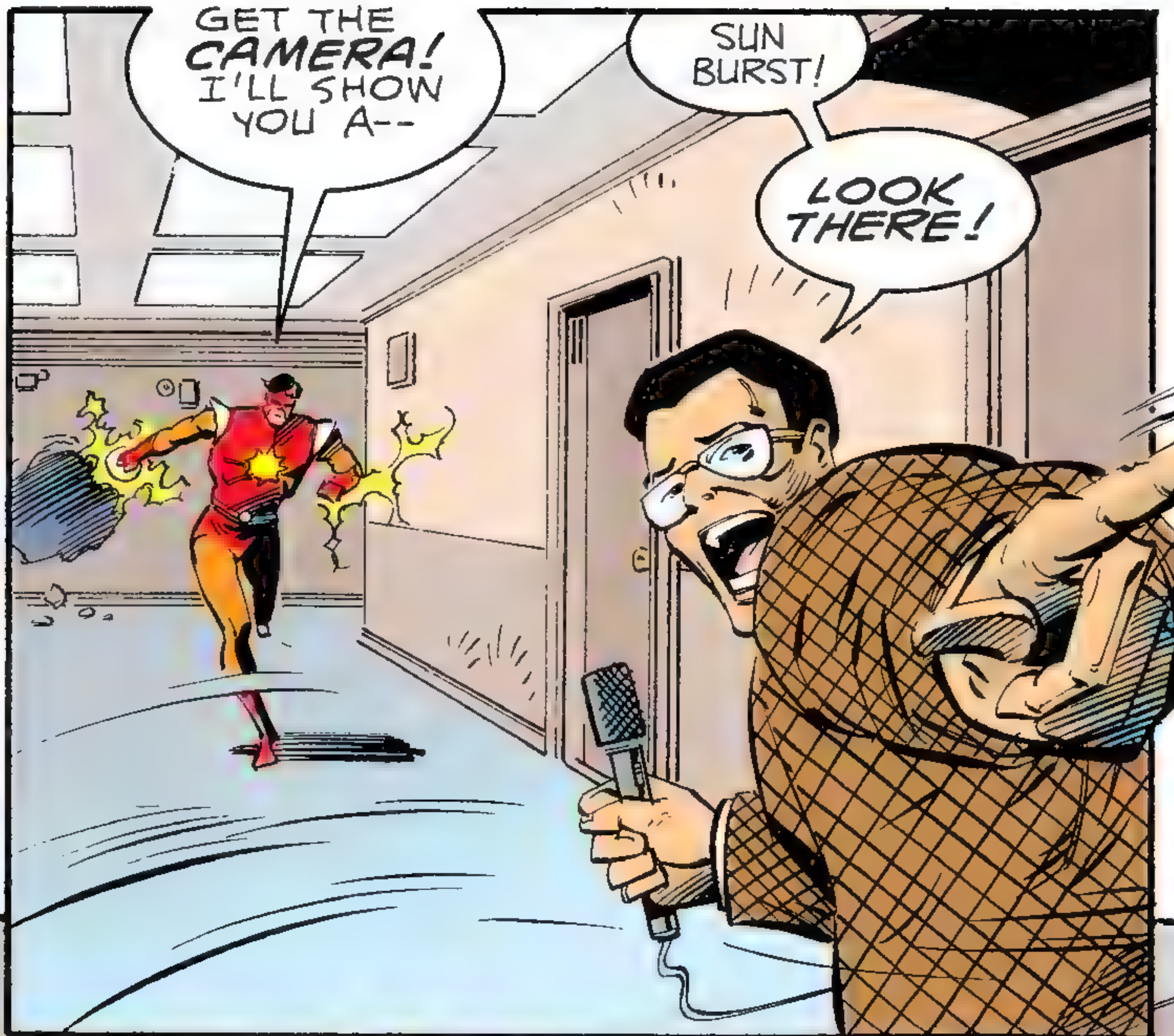
HAH.

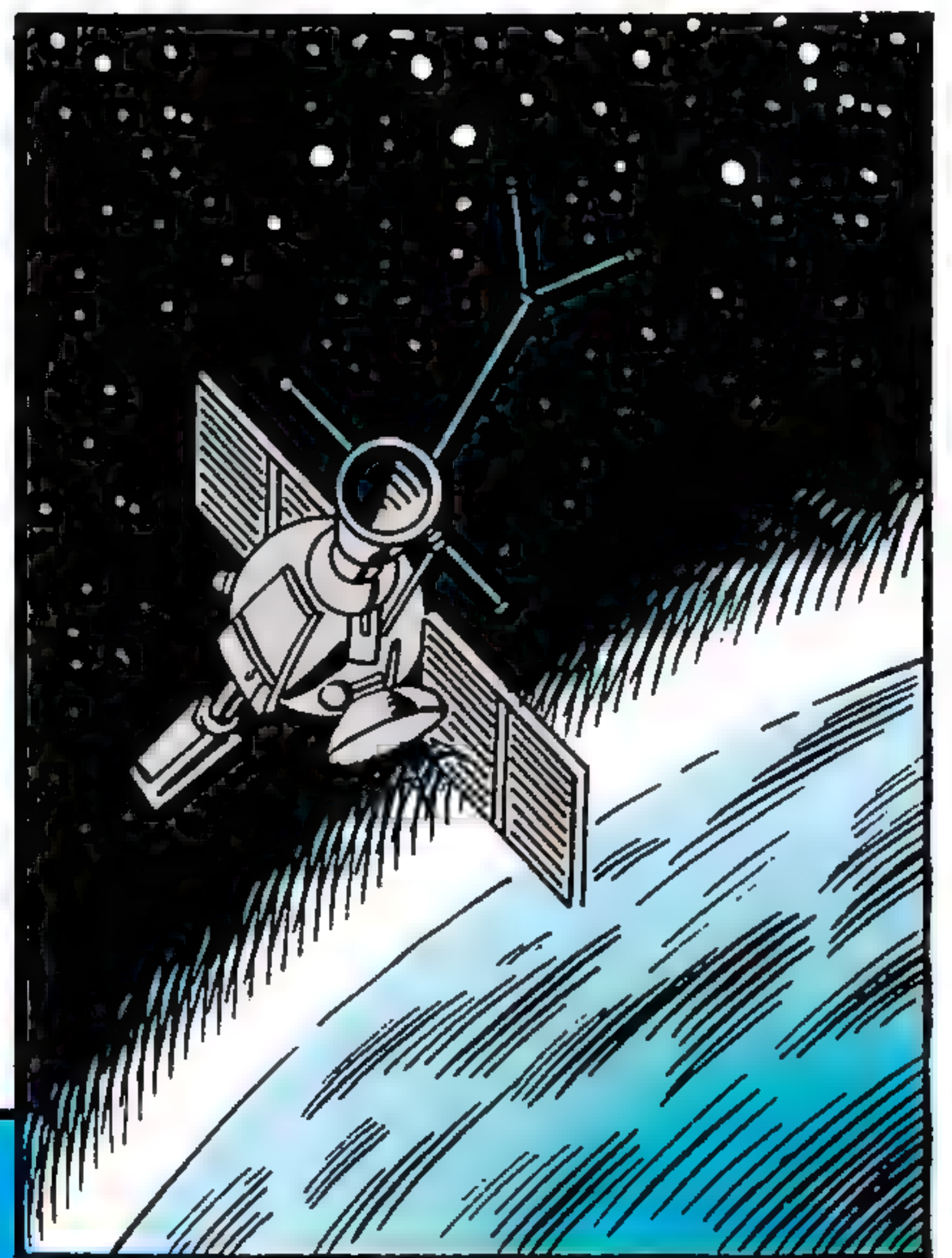
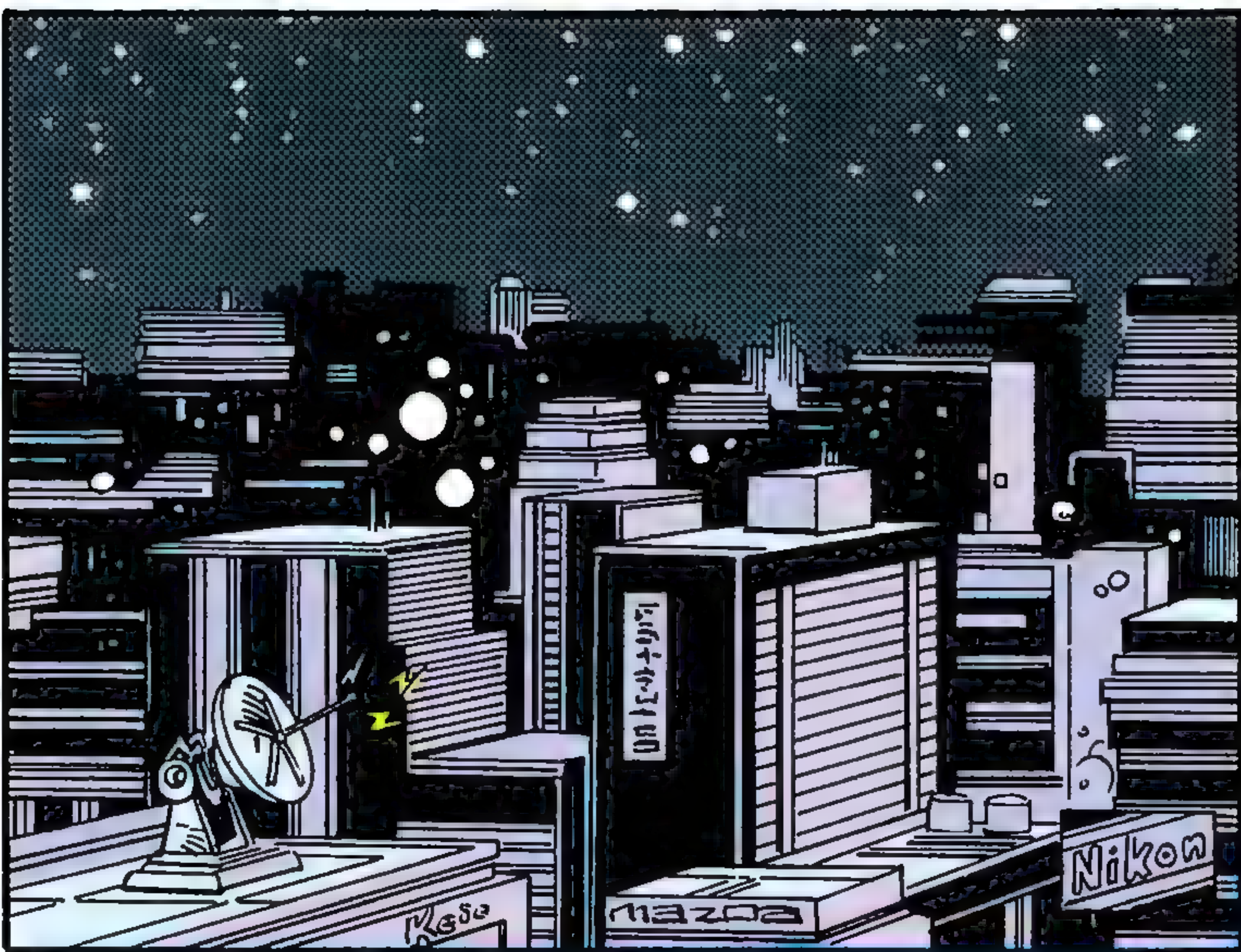
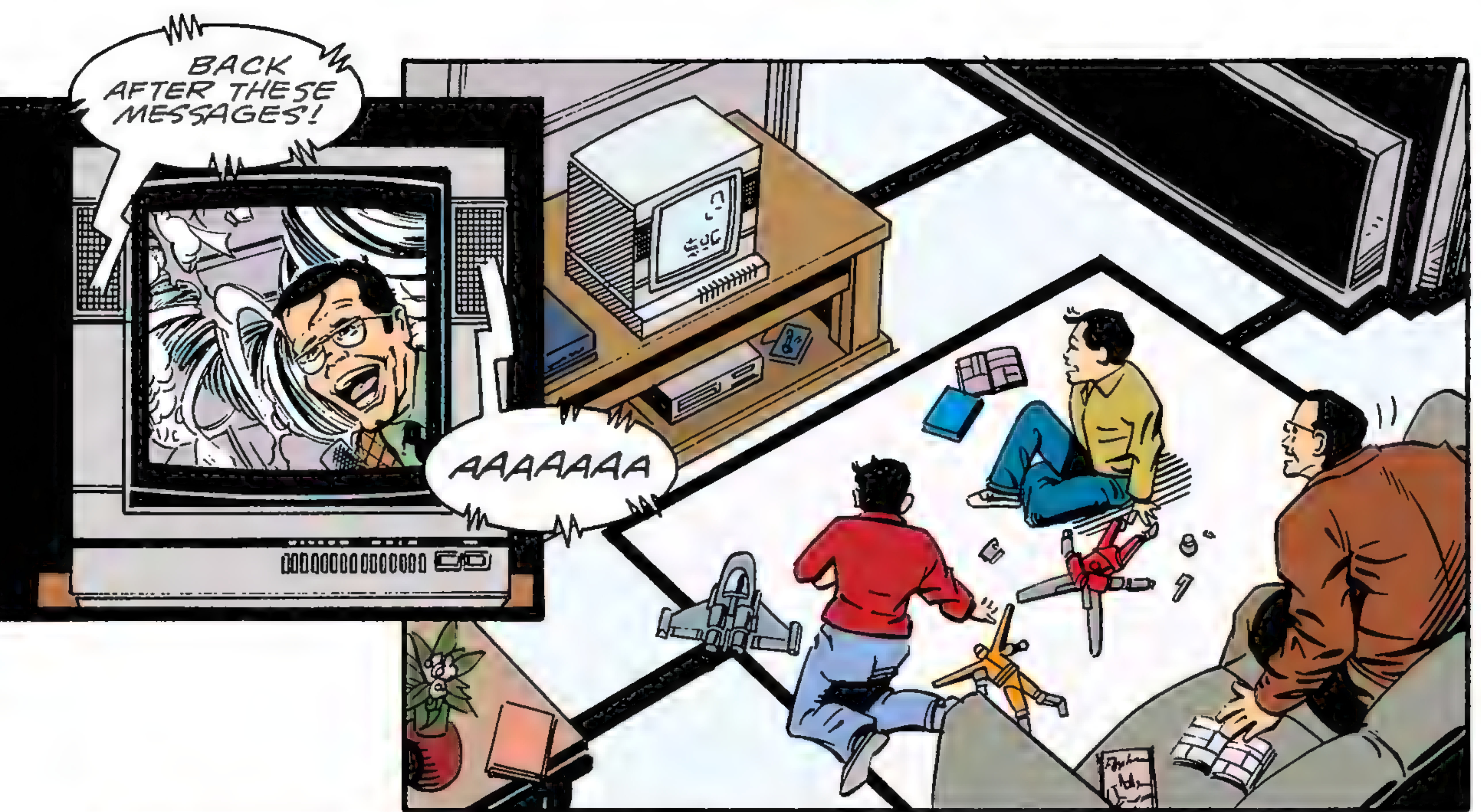
ZZZZ

SUPER-VILLAINS! COMING THIS WAY!







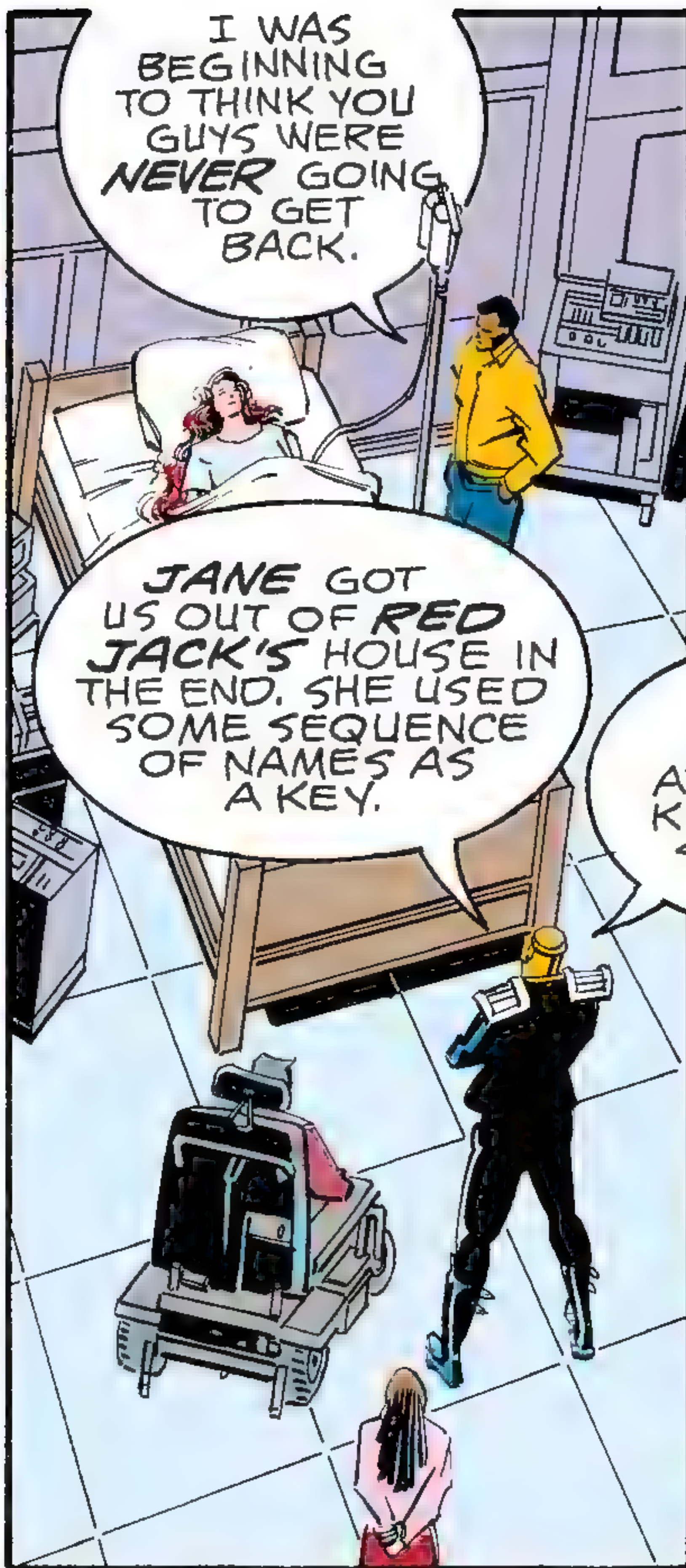


NOWHERE MAN





...RHEA'S STILL IN A **COMA**, BUT I SUPPOSE SHE'S BETTER OFF HERE WITH US THAN BACK IN THE HOSPITAL...



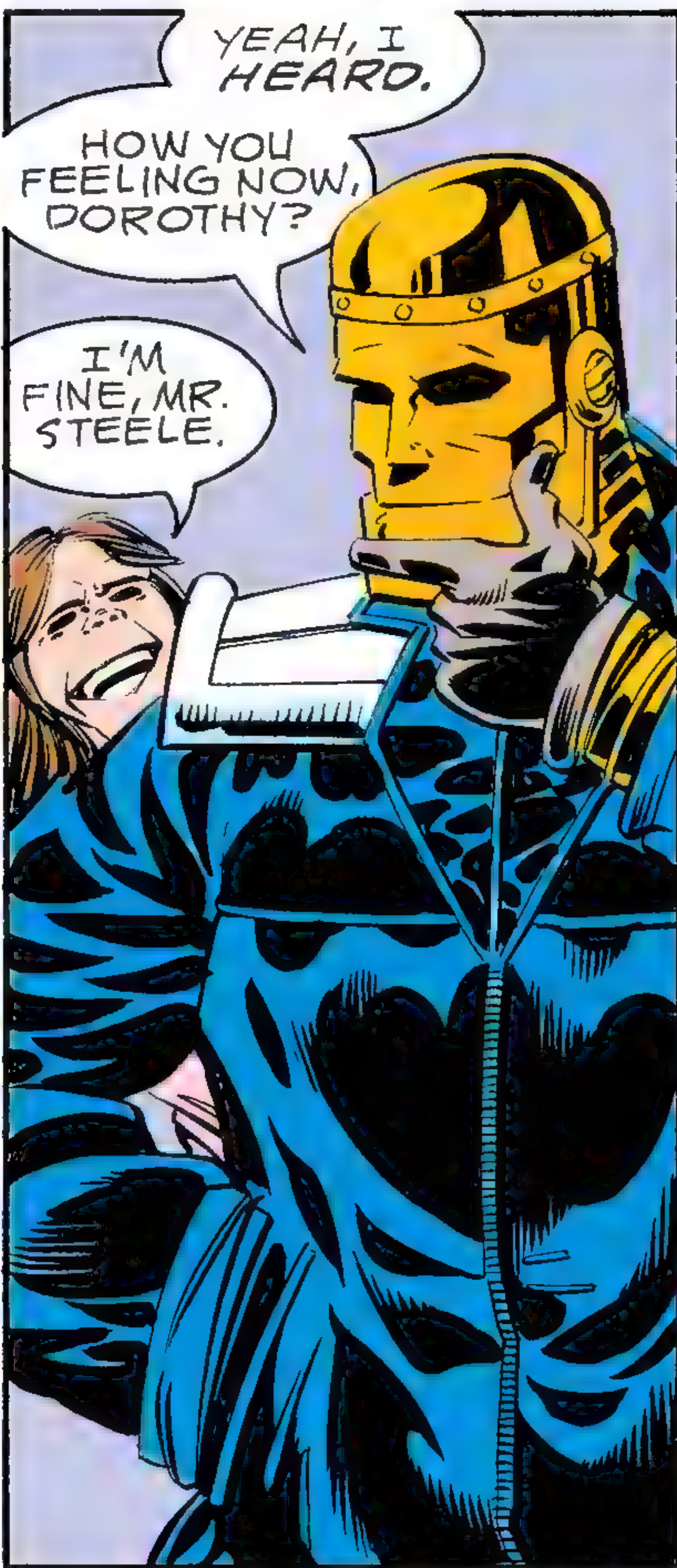
JANE GOT US OUT OF **RED JACK'S** HOUSE IN THE END. SHE USED SOME SEQUENCE OF NAMES AS A KEY.

I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU GUYS WERE **NEVER** GOING TO GET BACK.

SHE'S **GOOD** AT THAT KIND OF STUFF.



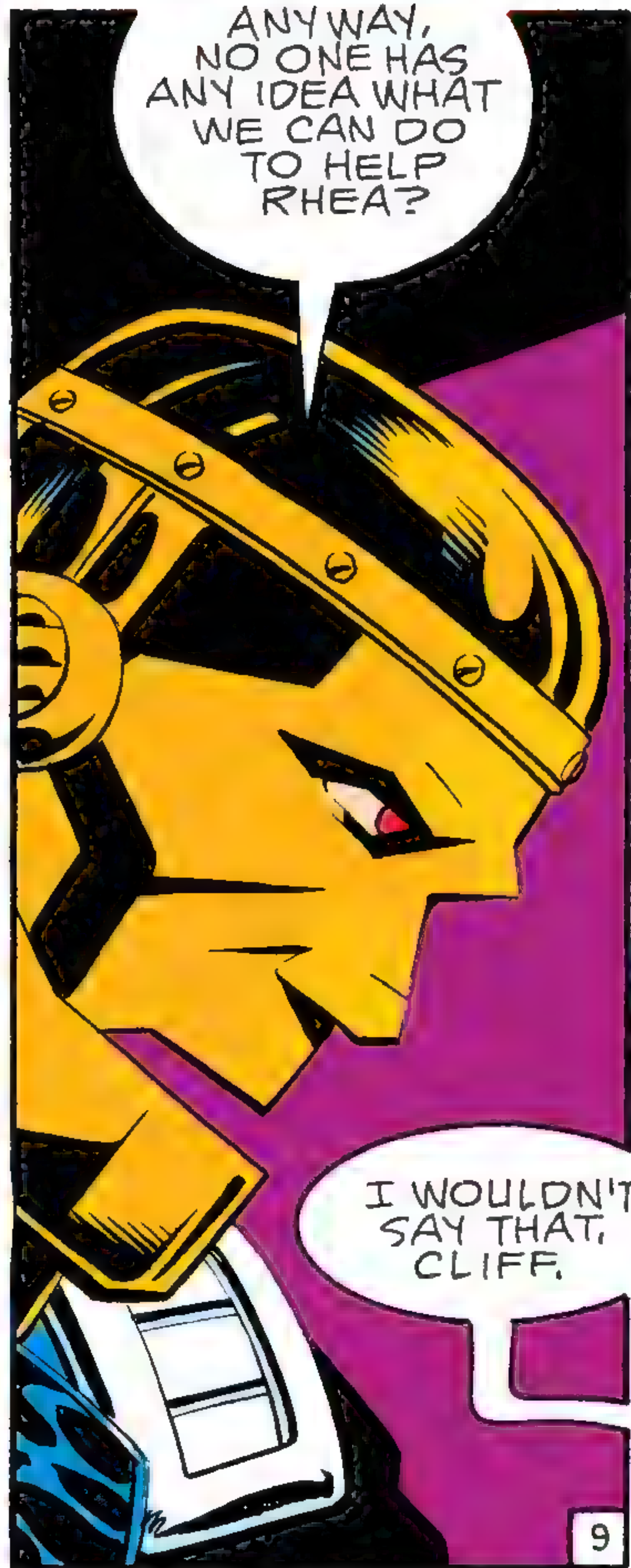
WELL, YOU KNOW, WE HAD OUR OWN LITTLE BIT OF EXCITEMENT WHILE THE REST OF YOU WERE AWAY.



YEAH, I HEARD.

HOW YOU FEELING NOW, DOROTHY?

I'M FINE, MR. STEELE.



ANYWAY, NO ONE HAS ANY IDEA WHAT WE CAN DO TO HELP RHEA?

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, CLIFF.





SO
HERE WE
ARE.

HERE WE
ARE, SAFE
BENEATH THE
STREETS OF
GAY
PAREE.

SAFE IN THIS
SECRET, SACRED
SUB-EDUCATIONAL
SANCTUM.

S.A.F.E.

AND THE MISSION WAS,
I TAKE IT, A SCREAMING
SUCCESS?

YEAH.

HEY, I USED TO
(I'M GETTING REALLY)
HAVE ONE OF (ANGRY)
THESE WHEN I WAS
(IN HERE) A KID.

THE
"THUNDER-
BIRD 2"
CAR...

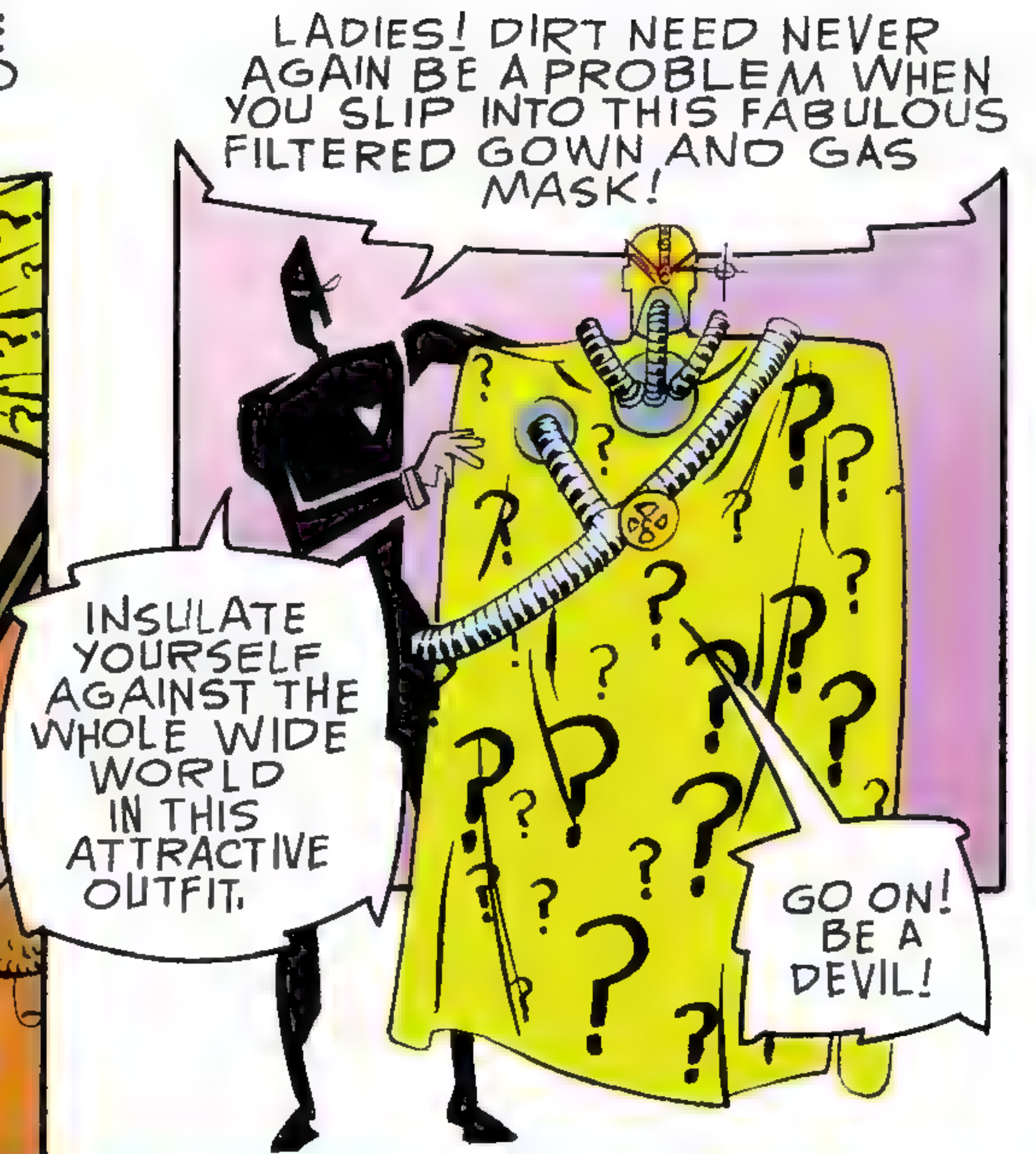
ALL THE TOYS, ALL THE
COMIC BOOKS, ALL THE
SILLY, USELESS THINGS
THAT PEOPLE LOSE OR
THROW AWAY- THEY ALL
END UP WITH ME.

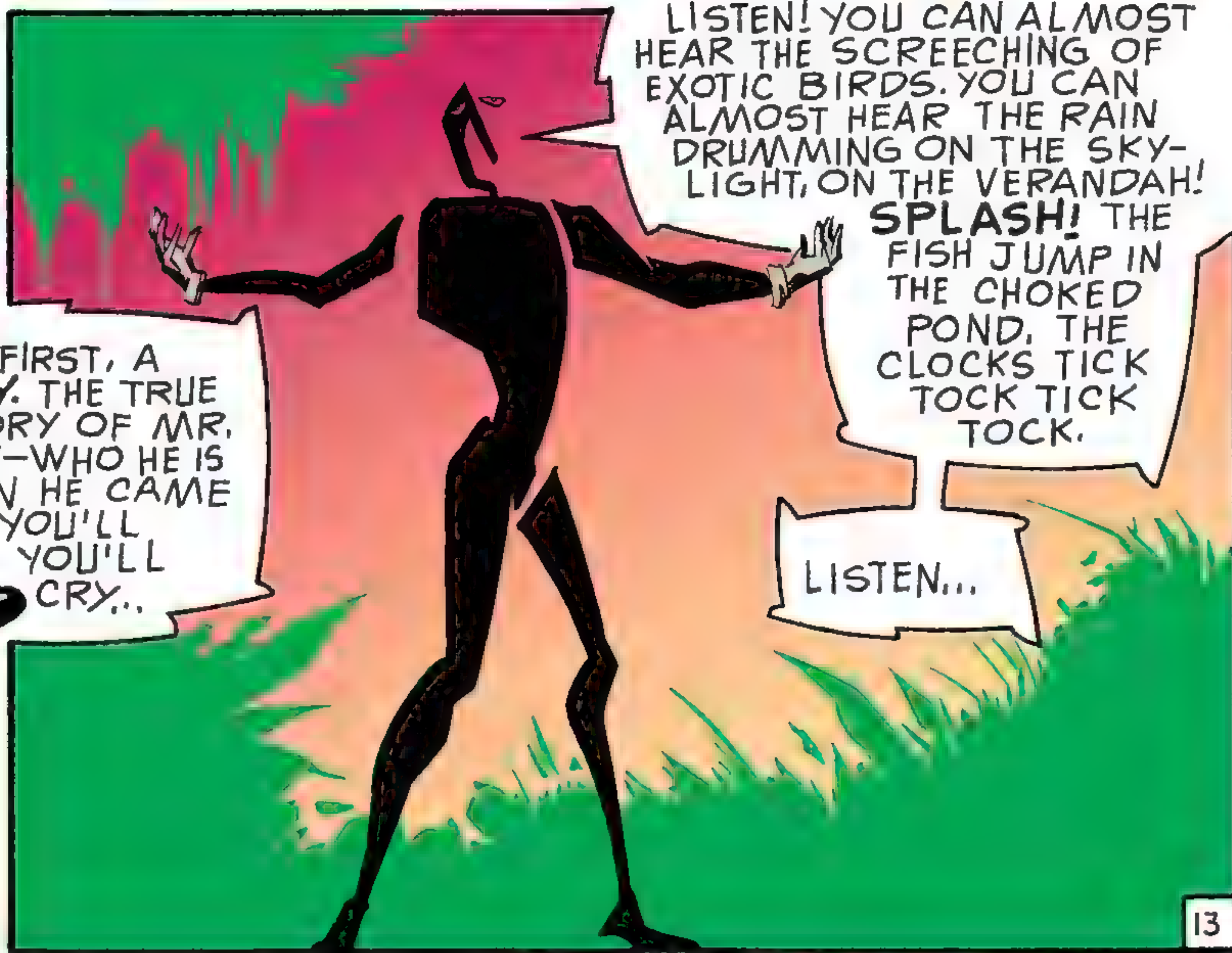
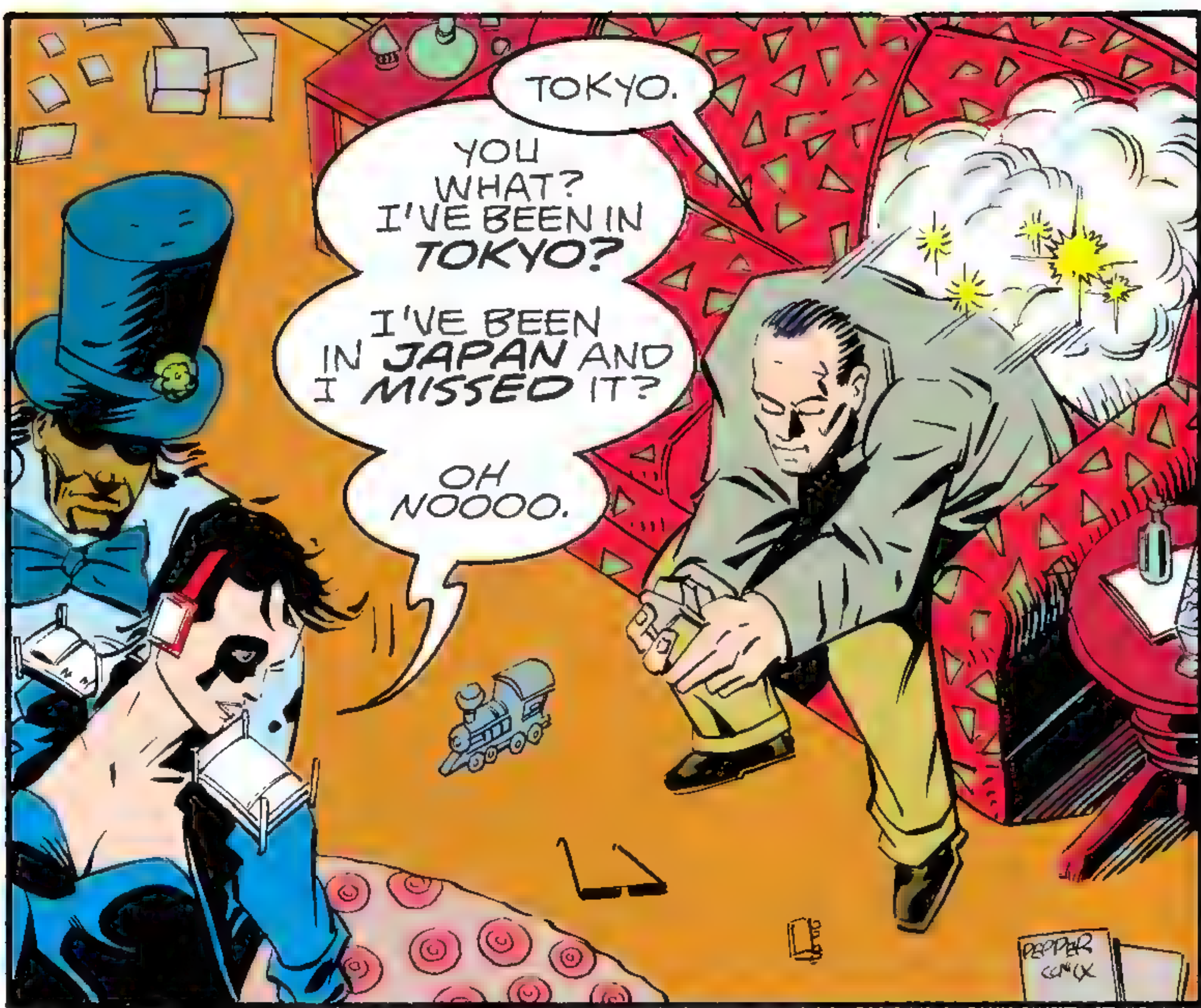
BUT NOW IT'S
TIME TO
WELCOME

...THE
LATEST
ADDITION
TO OUR
MERRY BAND.

<DON'T TOUCH
ME! DON'T TOUCH
ME WITH YOUR
FILTHY, DIRTY
HANDS!>

<LET
ME GO!>





MERRY ANDREW?

SO, HOW MANY OF YOUR PERSONALITIES HAVE **MALE** CHARACTERISTICS, JANE?

A FEW. **SUN DADDY** IS ANOTHER. **DRILLER BILL**.

AND PLEASE, CLIFF, YOU'RE NOT TALKING TO JANE NOW, I'M **DRIVER 8**.

LISTEN, CAN WE **STOP** FOR A WHILE? THIS IS LIKE WRITING OUT THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORY.

SURE.

IT WAS YOUR IDEA, REMEMBER?

YEAH, SORRY.

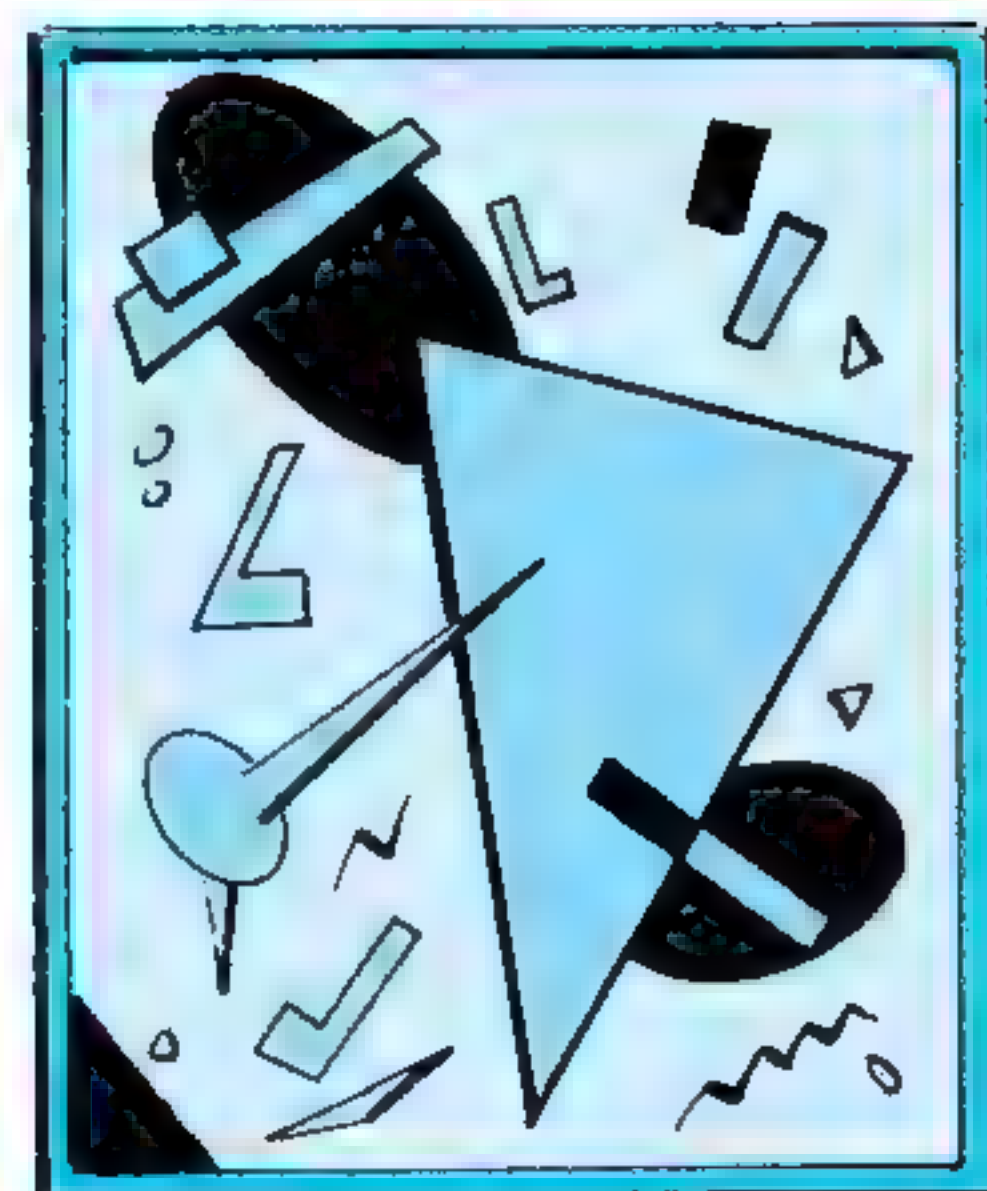
FLAMING KATY
LADY PURPLE
HAMMERHEAD
PEPPER'S GHOST
MERRY A

I KNOW. I JUST DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT I WAS LETTING MYSELF IN FOR. **NEXT** TIME I GET A GOOD IDEA, TELL ME TO SHUT UP.

WE MUST HAVE ABOUT FIFTY NAMES HERE.

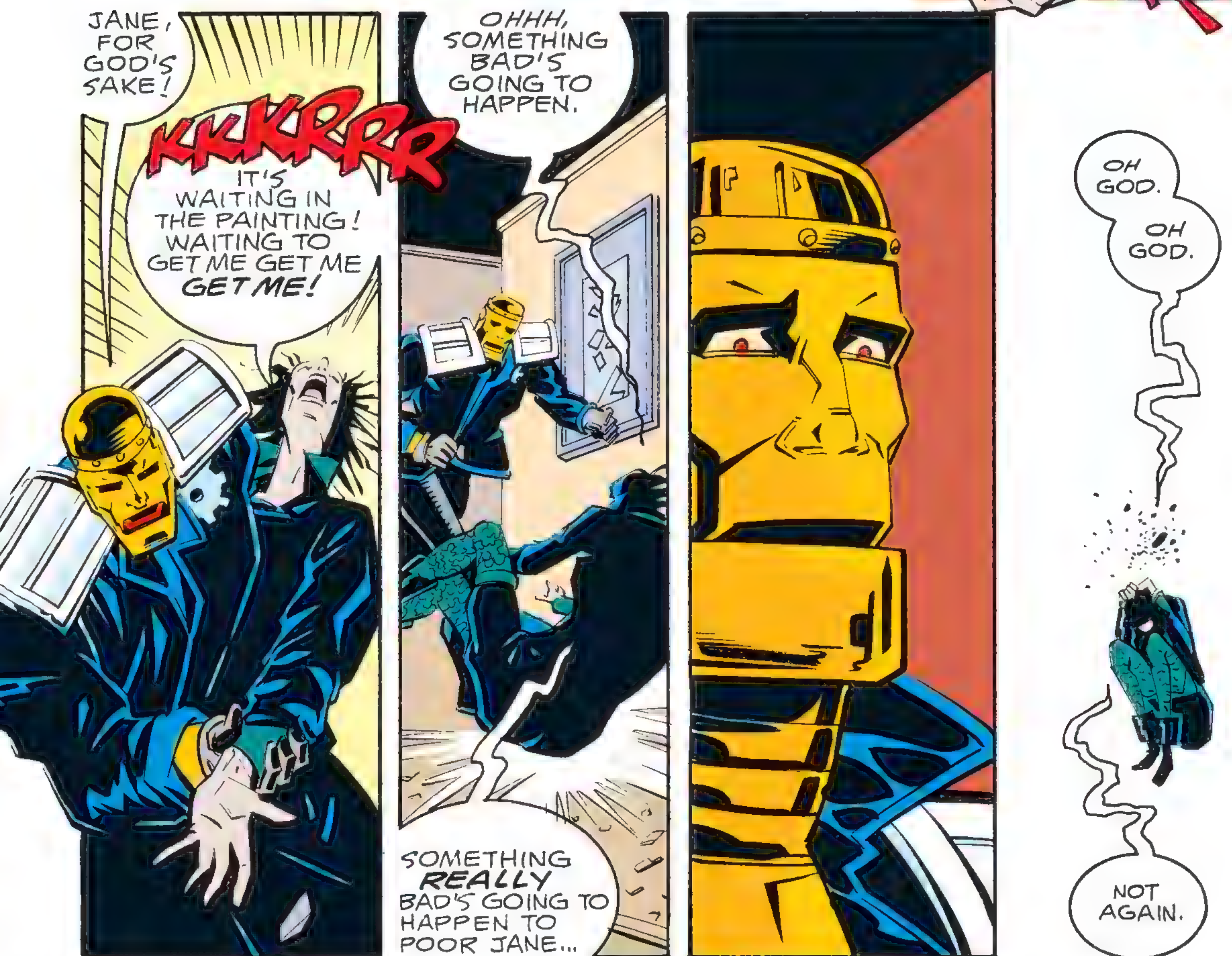
A LOT OF THEM WON'T COME OUT, EVEN FOR ME. SOME REFUSE TO SAY THEIR NAMES.

THOSE ARE THE BADLY TRAUMATIZED ONES, IN THE DEEP STATIONS OF THE **UNDERGROUND**.



YOU KNOW, WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE TO DO IS TO BUILD UP SOME KIND OF A **MAP** OF THE UNDERGROUND. IT'S A HARD CONCEPT FOR ME TO GRAPPLE WITH.

IT'S LIKE THIS WHOLE **LANDSCAPE** IS IN YOUR HEAD, BUT IT'S DIFFICULT TO VISUALIZE HOW IT ALL FITS TOGETHER...



"ARE YOU SITTING COMFORTABLY?"

"THEN I'LL BEGIN."

"SO THERE I WAS IN SOUTH AMERICA, IN STEAMY, SLURLY PARAGUAY, BORED BRAINLESS!"



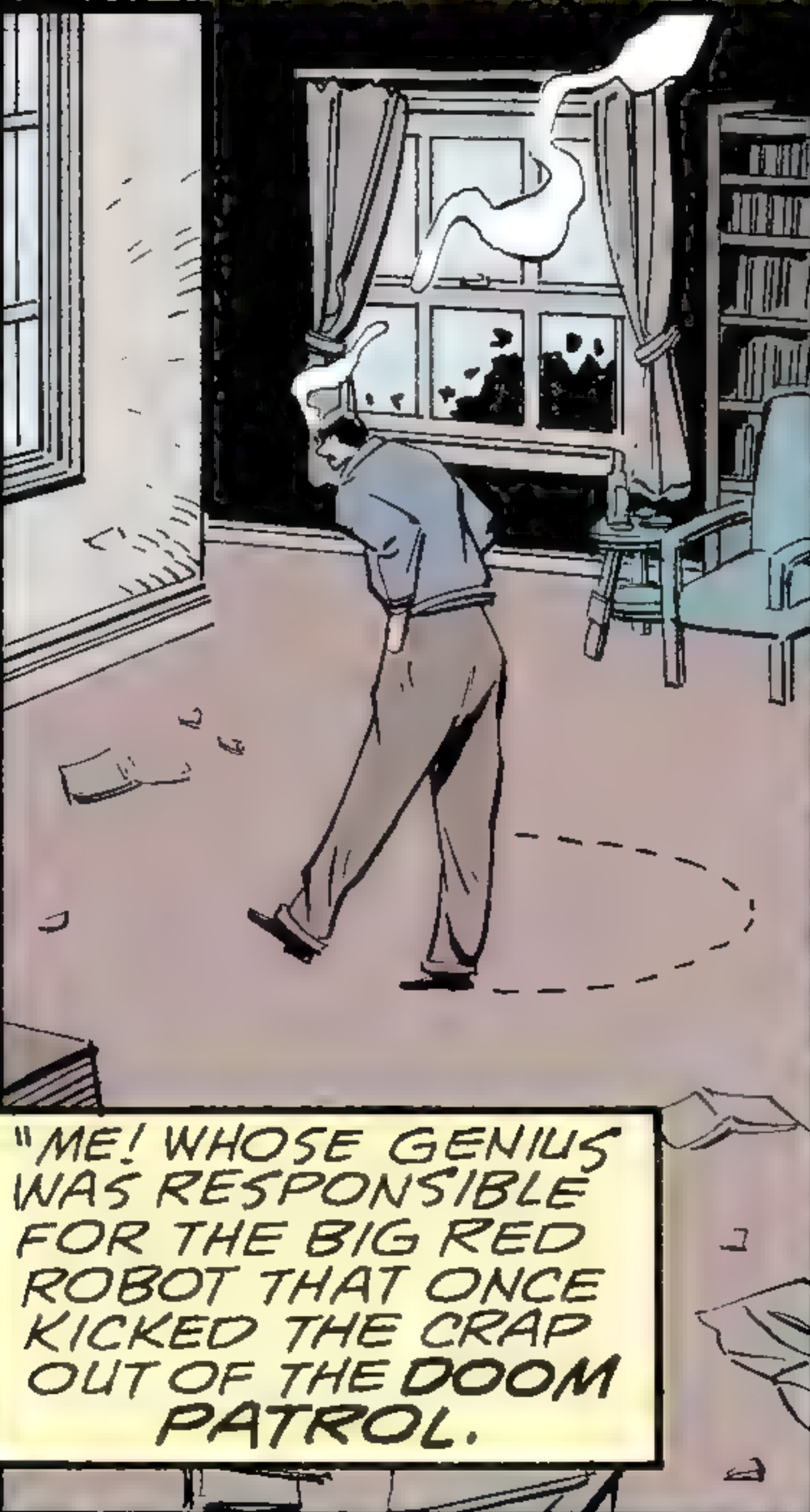
"I WASN'T MR. NOBODY THEN. OH, NO, I WAS MR. SOMEBODY! MR. MORDEN, TO BE PRECISE."

"YOU'VE PROBABLY NEVER EVEN HEARD OF ME. I WAS A MEMBER OF THE ORIGINAL BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL. I WAS THE MEMBER NOBODY COULD REMEMBER, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN."



"AND I WAS IN HIDING."

"AND SO I SPENT YEARS, YEARS!, IN PARAGUAY, DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION BY HIDEOUS LATIN-AMERICAN SOAP OPERAS, OUT-OF-DATE NEWSPAPERS, BANANAS AND MOSQUITOS AND 'MAGIC REALIST' PAPERBACK NOVELS!"



"ME! WHOSE GENIUS WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BIG RED ROBOT THAT ONCE KICKED THE CRAP OUT OF THE DOOM PATROL."

"TWO OF MY FORMER COLLEAGUES, TWO HEARTLESS DEVILS KNOWN AS THE BRAIN AND MONSIEUR MALLAH HAD SWORN TO KILL ME IF I EVER AGAIN SHOWED MY FACE ANYWHERE."



"MY HOST, I MUST CONFESS, WAS NOT BLIND TO MY SUFFERING. HIS NAME, BY THE WAY, WAS BRUCKNER. DOCTOR BRUCKNER, NO LESS."

"WAR CRIMINAL ON THE RUN. STRANGE PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS IN THE DEATH CAMPS."



"THE LEAST SAID, THE BETTER."

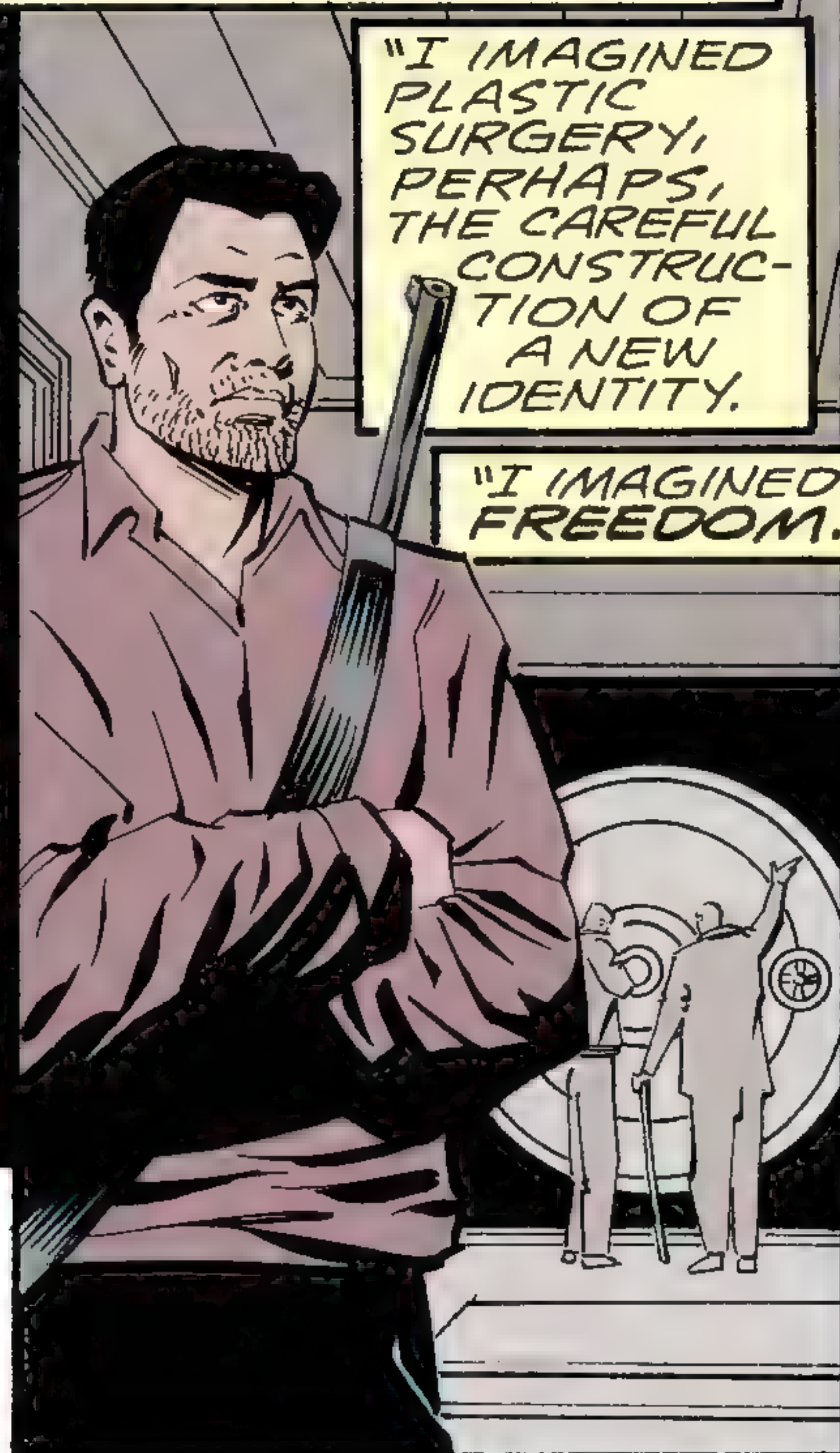
"THIS BRUCKNER, THIS DOCTOR BRUCKNER, SAID THAT HE THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP ME. THERE WERE, HE SAID, CERTAIN METHODS.

"CERTAIN FORBIDDEN TECHNIQUES.

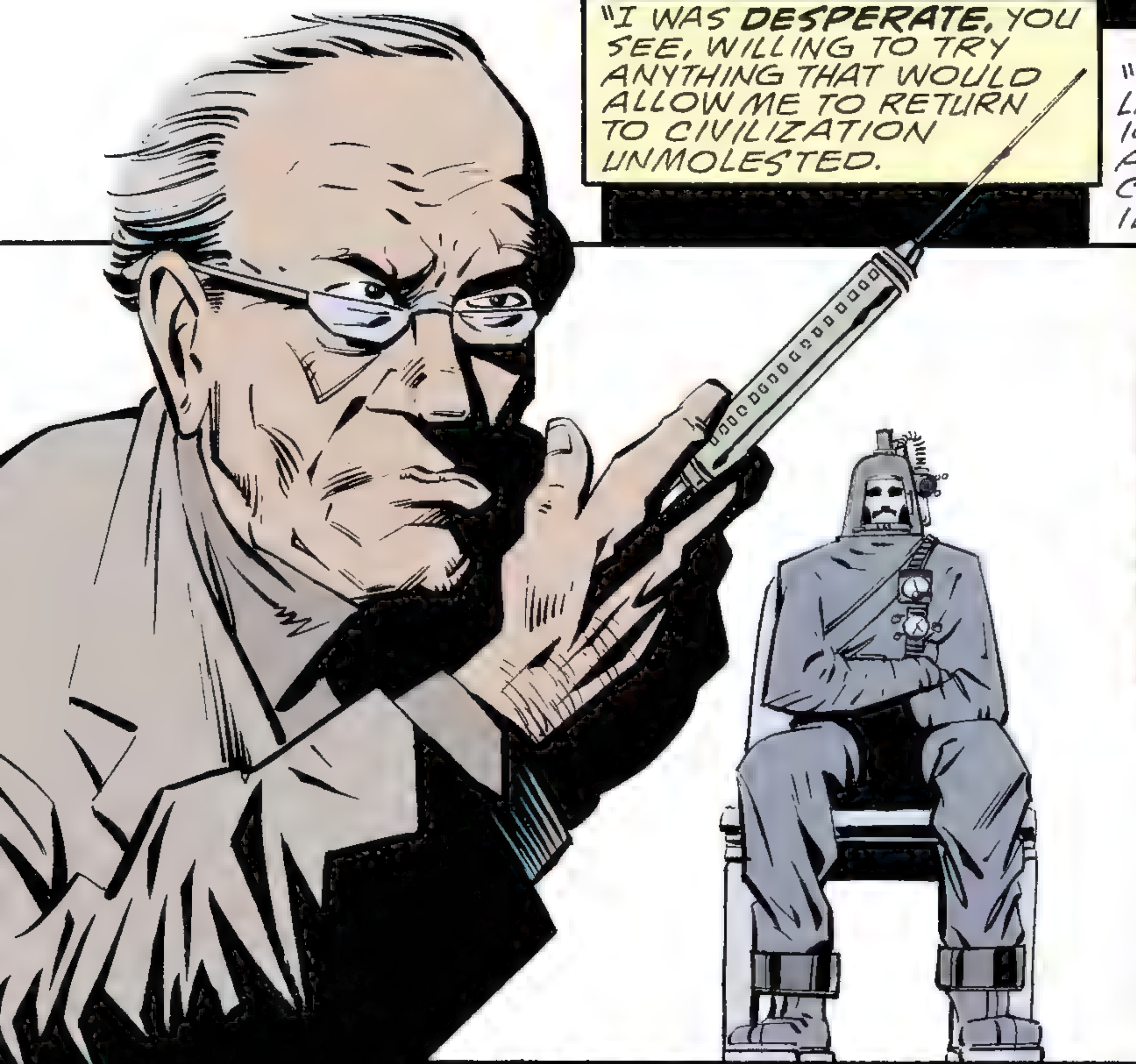
"HE MENTIONED THE INFAMOUS 'WHITE ROOM' OF AUSCHWITZ, GIBBERED IN GERMAN ABOUT HOW, IF I WAS WILLING, HE WOULD TRANSFORM ME INTO A 'NEW MAN.'

"I IMAGINED PLASTIC SURGERY, PERHAPS, THE CAREFUL CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW IDENTITY.

"I IMAGINED FREEDOM.



"AND SO, LIKE A FOOL, I AGREED.



"I WAS **DESPERATE**, YOU SEE, WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING THAT WOULD ALLOW ME TO RETURN TO CIVILIZATION UNMOLESTED.

"ANYTHING.

"THE CHAMBER WASN'T LARGE, BUT IT WAS SPHERICAL AND IT WAS WHITE AND THESE TWO QUALITIES CONFERRED UPON IT THE ILLUSION OF ENDLESS SPACE.

"I WAS STRAPPED INTO A BODY SUIT WHICH INHIBITED BOTH MOVEMENT AND HEARING.

"AND I WAS GIVEN A POWERFUL EPIDURAL INJECTION.

"INTO THE SPINE.

"IT ANESTHETIZED EVERYTHING BELOW THE NECK.

"BY NOW, I MUST ADMIT, I WAS RATHER **REGRETTING** MY EARLIER EAGERNESS.

"IT WAS, HOWEVER, AS IT SO OFTEN IS, TOO LATE FOR REGRETS.

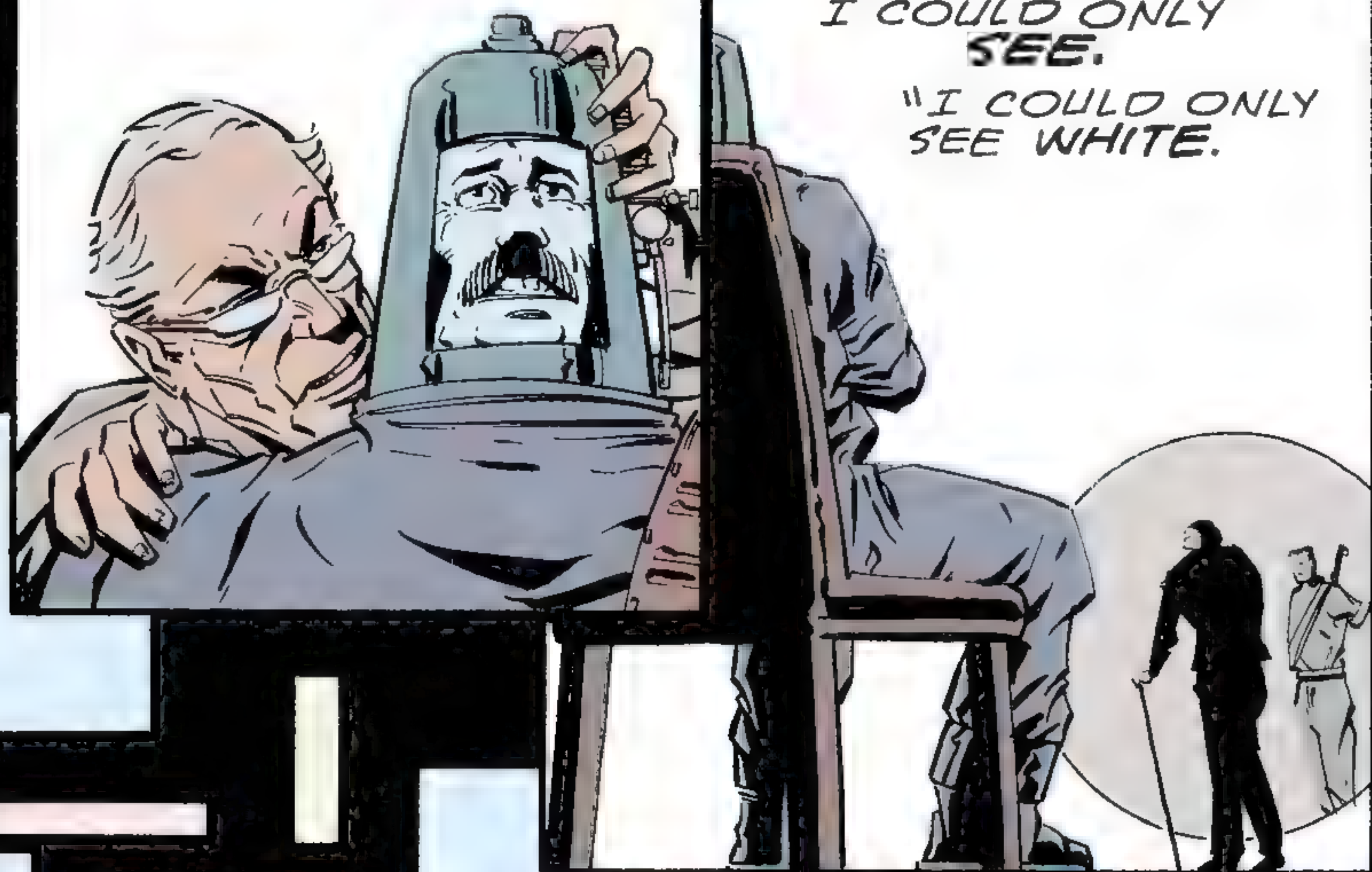
"BRUCKNER MADE HIS EXIT, CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

"I COULD NOT MOVE. COULD NOT SPEAK. COULD NOT HEAR. I COULD ONLY **SEE**.

"I COULD ONLY SEE WHITE.

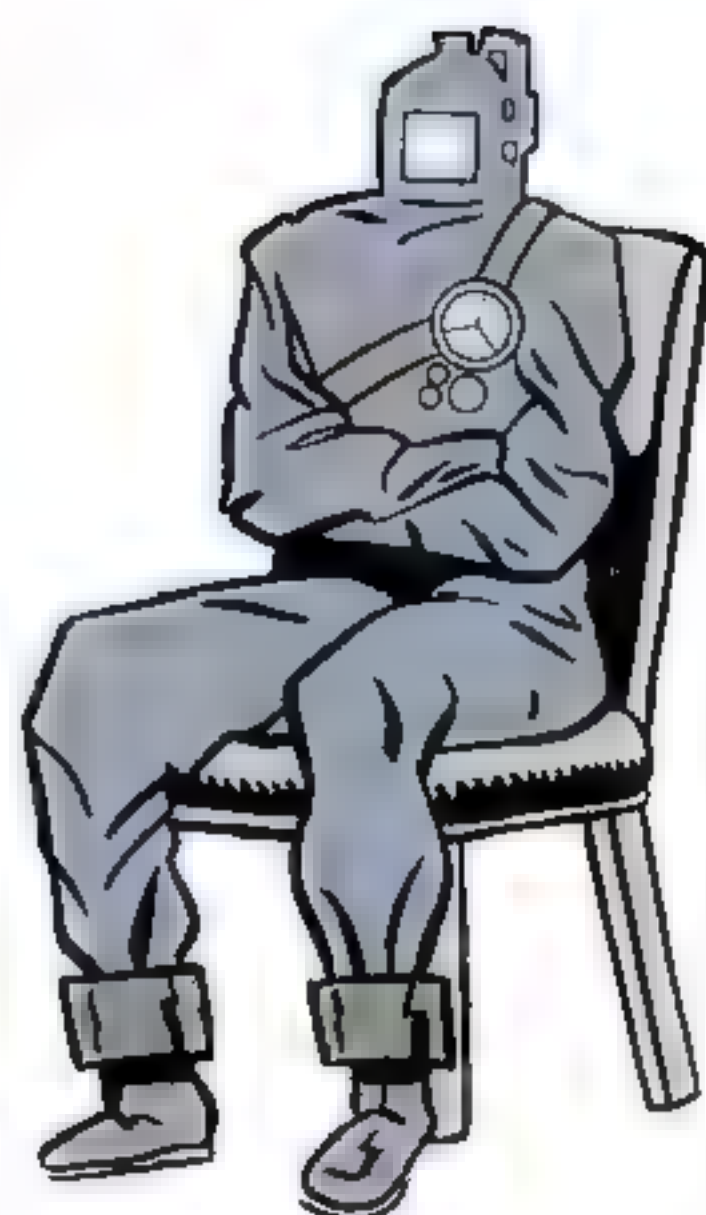
"AND I WAS ALONE.

"ALL ALONE.



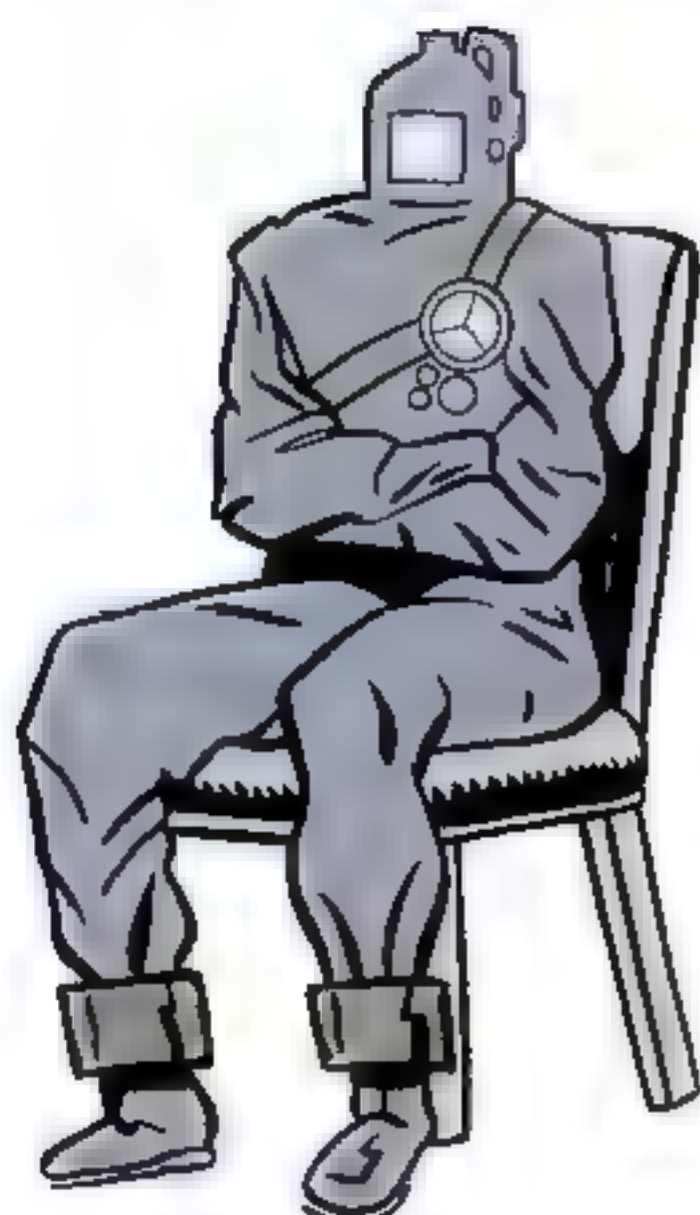
"IN THE WHITE ROOM.

"BY THE END OF THE FIRST DAY, I WAS COMPLETELY INSANE.



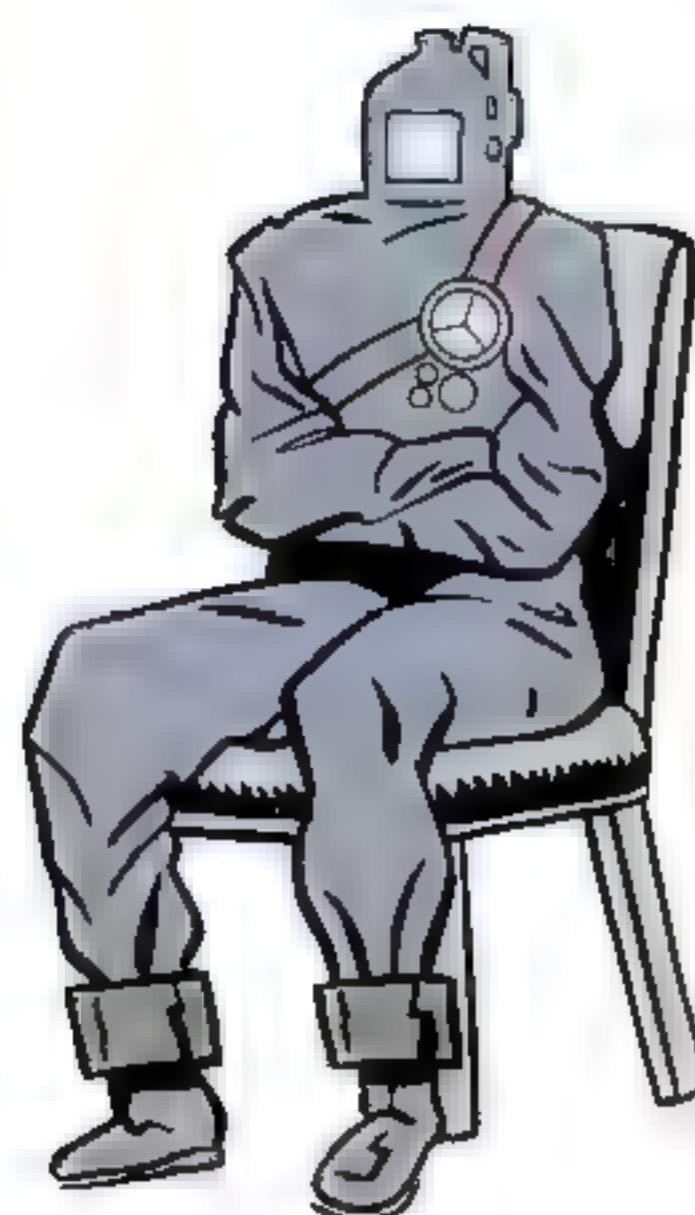
"THOSE INITIAL HOURS WERE VERY BAD. I WAS ASSAILED BY DOUBTS, BY TERRORS AND BY HALLUCINATIONS OF EVERY CONCEIVABLE CONFIGURATION.

"I ENDURED A HORROR-SHOW OF SENSATIONS.

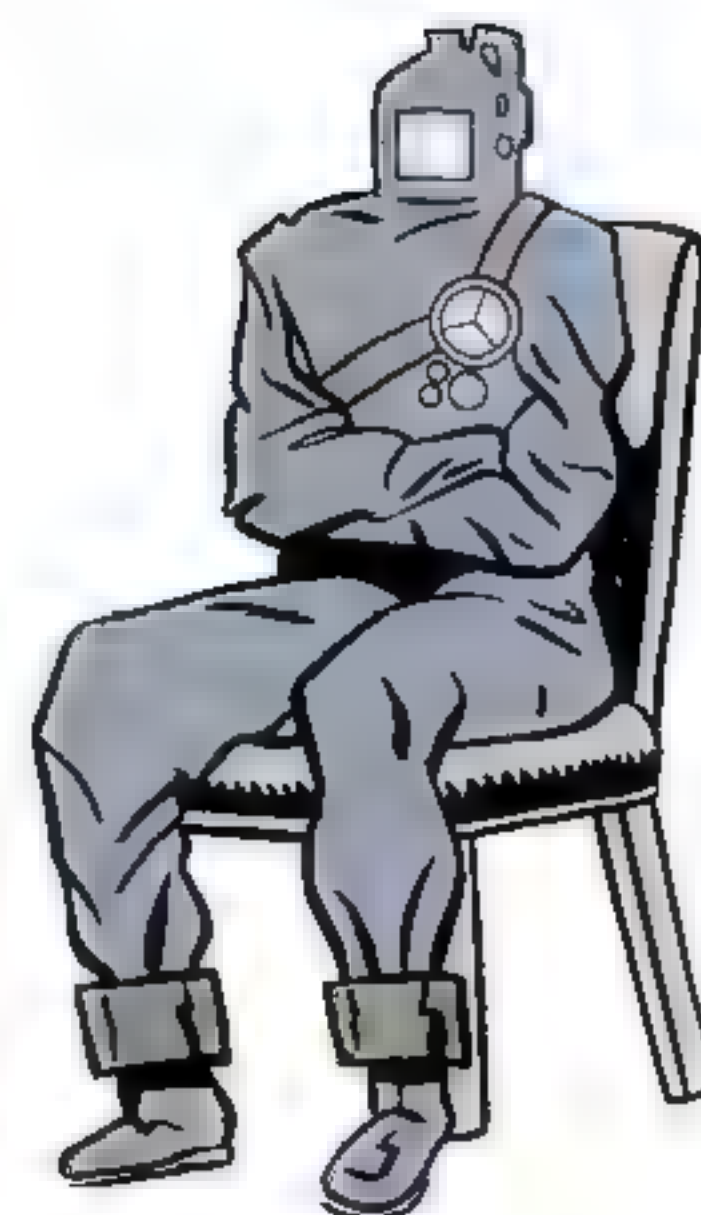


"AND THEN NOTHING. WHITE.

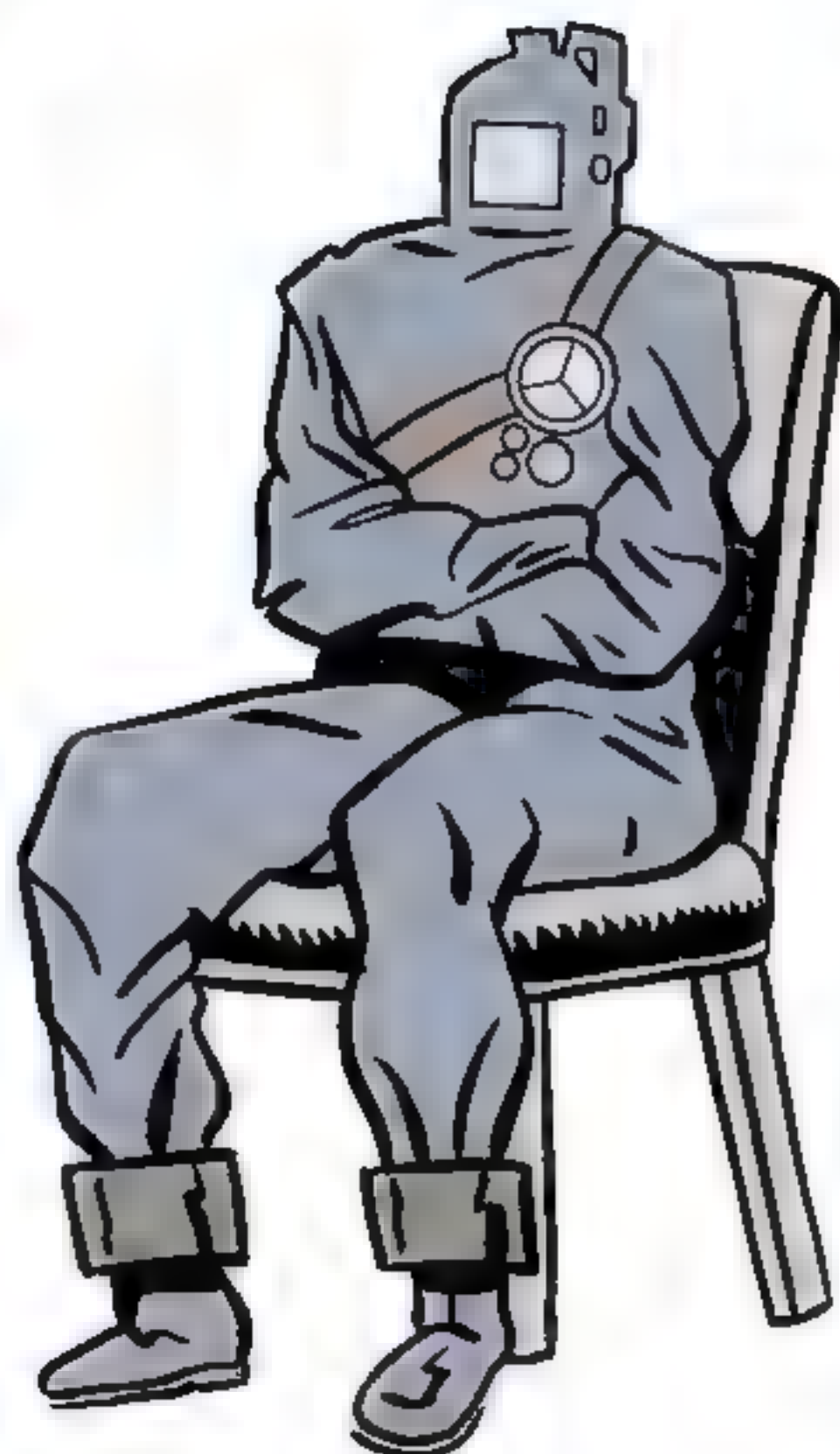
"WHITE FOREVER. IN EVERY DIRECTION.



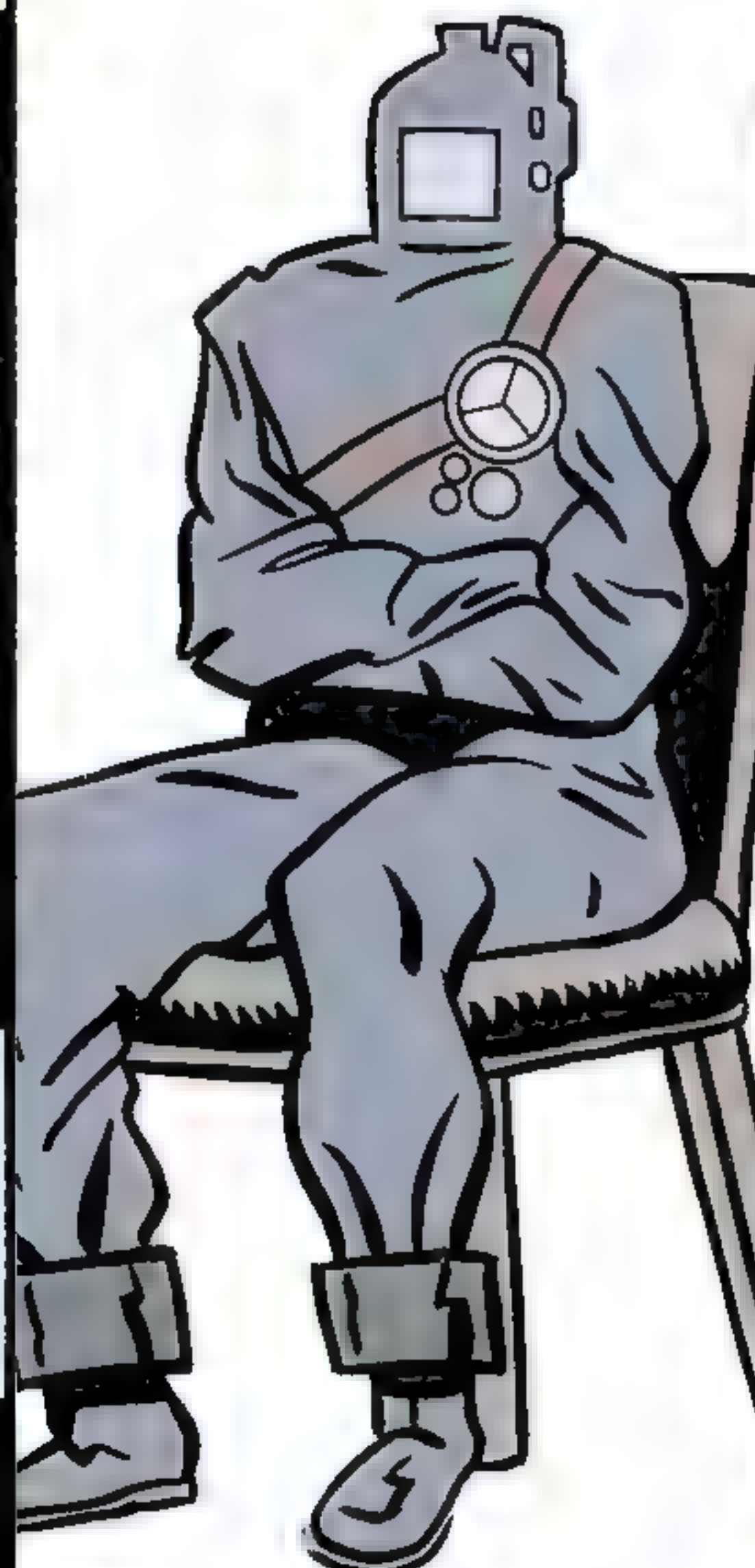
"MINUTES BECAME CENTURIES, BECAME MILLENNIA, BECAME EONS.



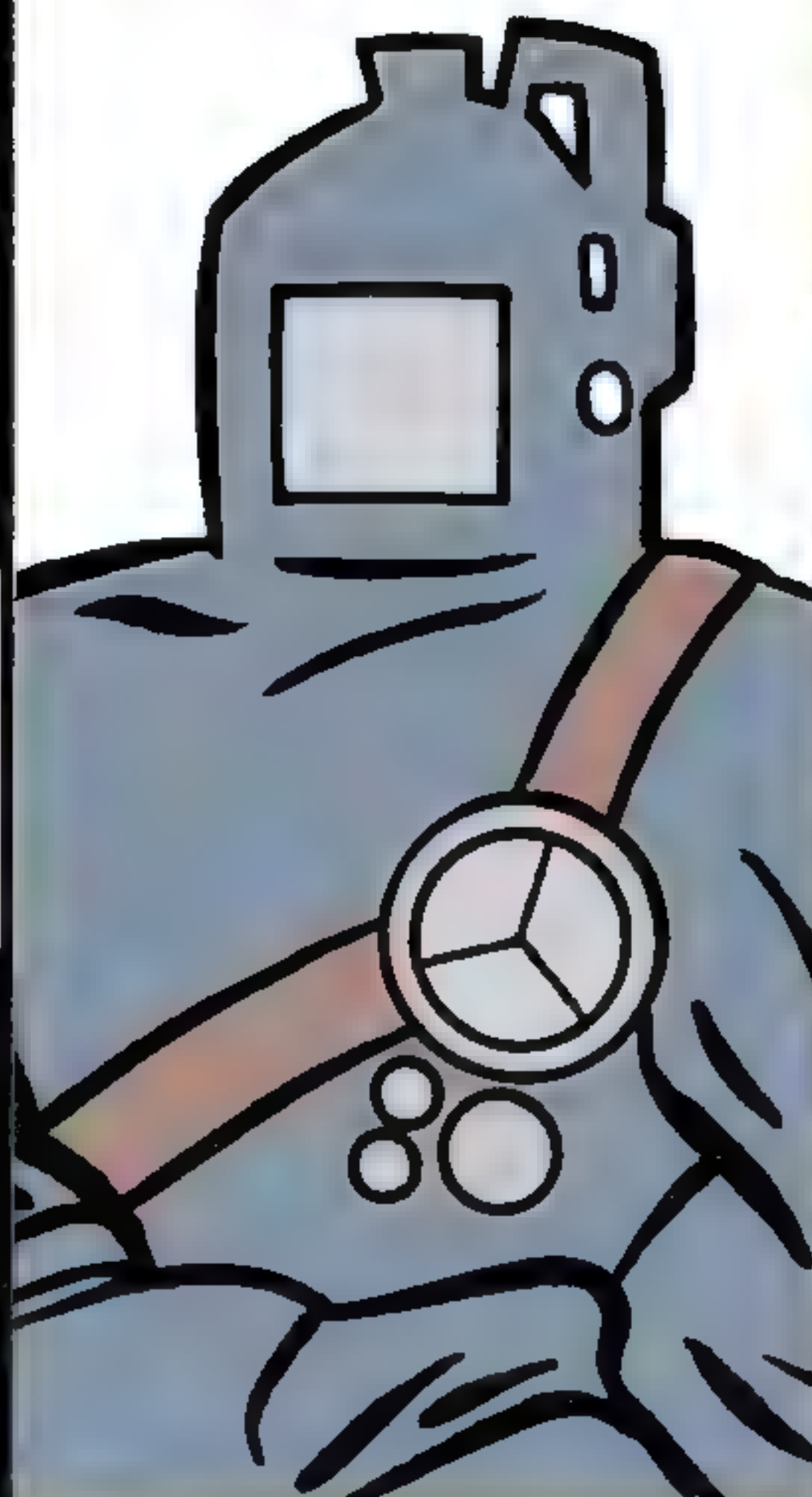
"I LEARNED LATER THAT I WAS IN THERE FOR ONLY THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS—THE TRADITIONAL CELTIC PERIOD OF MYSTICAL TRIAL.



"IT WAS LIKE FOREVER. LIKE FOREVER PILED ON FOREVER AND FOREVER, WORLD WITHOUT END, YAHOO!



"AFTER SEVERAL BILLION CENTURIES, I WAS THOROUGHLY CONVINCED OF MY OWN SERENE DIVINITY.



"LIKE THE ASCENDED BUDDHA, I WAS BEYOND MAYA, BEYOND THE VEIL OF ILLUSION. I KNEW THE PURITY OF INFINITE ABSENCE.

"AND THEN

"ON THE THIRD NIGHT

"SOMETHING HAPPENED.

"JUST A DOT, A
SPECK, A MOTE.

"MOVING.

"RIGHT TO
LEFT, SLOWLY.



"EONS
PASSED.

"THE DOT
MOVED ON.

"IT OCCUPIED ALL
MY THOUGHTS. I
EVOLVED WHOLE
COSMOLOGIES
AROUND THIS
SUPREMELY
MYSTERIOUS
AND GRACEFUL
PRESENCE.



"AND THEN I WAS
STRUCK BY A
TERRIFYING
THOUGHT.

"I WONDERED
IF THE DOT WAS
SOMETHING
SMALL AND
VERY NEAR.

"I BEGAN TO
IMAGINE IT AS
SOME VAST,
BLACK HORROR,
HUNDREDS,
THOUSANDS OF
MILES ACROSS.



"A WORLD-
SIZED
MONSTROSITY
SO FAR
AWAY IN THAT
WHITE VOID
THAT IT SEEMED
MINUTE.

"OR SOME-
THING **BIG**
AND FAR
AWAY.

"AND I BEGAN
TO WONDER WHAT
MIGHT HAPPEN IF
IT CAUGHT SIGHT
OF **ME**.

"MIGHT IT
NOT **TURN**
AND COME
CLOSER,
GROWING
LARGER?

"LARGER.

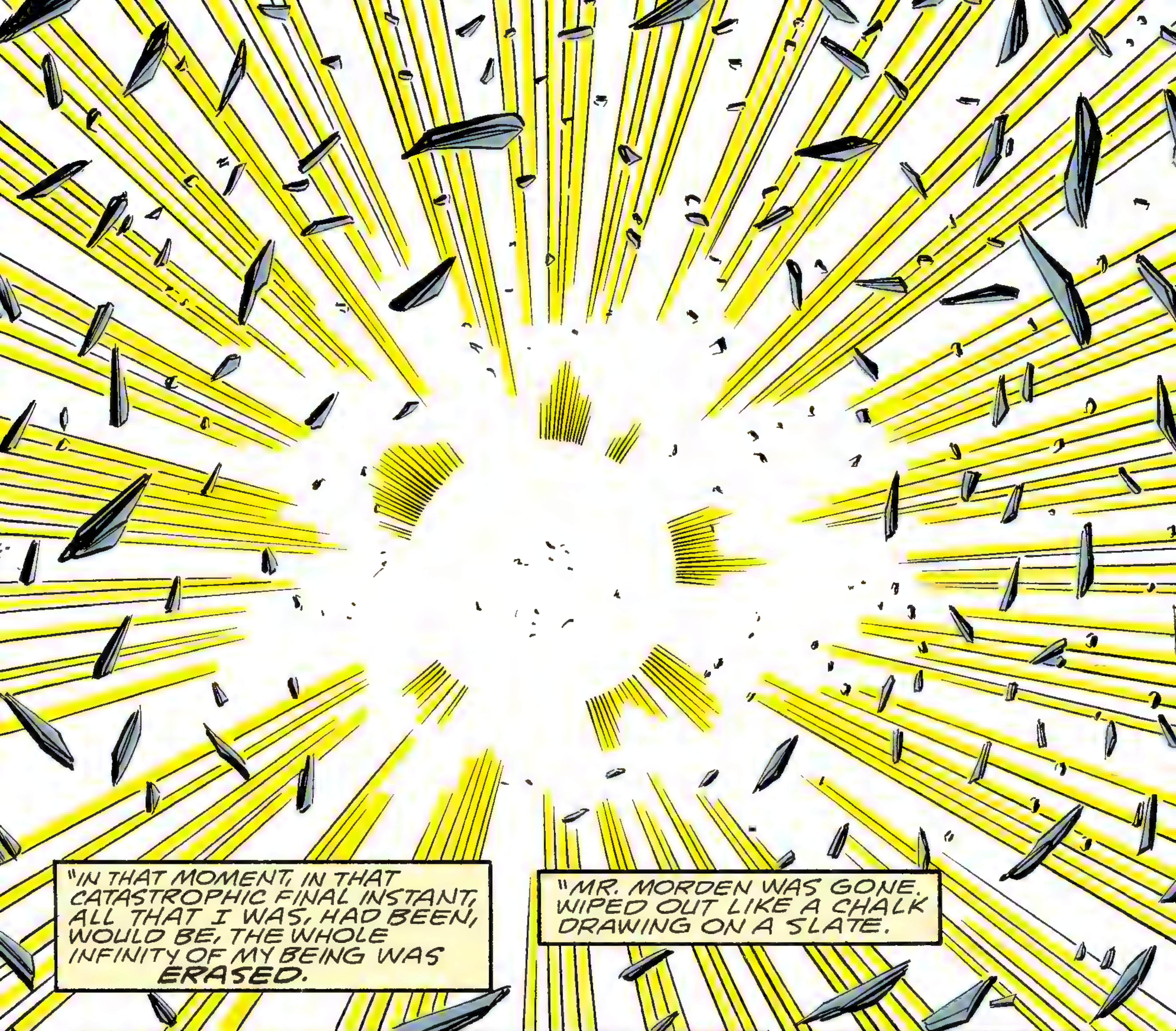
"BLOTTING
OUT THE
INFINITY OF
WHITE WITH
BLACKNESS.



"LARGER.

"AND
LARGER
AND
LARGER.

"AND



"IN THAT MOMENT, IN THAT
CATASTROPHIC FINAL INSTANT,
ALL THAT I WAS, HAD BEEN,
WOULD BE, THE WHOLE
INFINITY OF MY BEING WAS
ERASED.

"MR. MORDEN WAS GONE.
WIPED OUT LIKE A CHALK
DRAWING ON A SLATE.

"I HAD BECOME THE
SPIRIT OF THE TWENTY-
FIRST CENTURY, THE
ABSTRACT MAN.



"THE VIRTUAL MAN.

"THE NOTIONAL MAN.

"OR AS BRUCKNER
HIMSELF SO APTLY
PUT IT..."



...HERR
NIEMAND...

"MR.
NOBODY."

I KILLED THEM ALL, NATURALLY,
AND THEN I MADE MY WAY ACROSS
THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD,
COLLECTING THE DEBRIS OF
SOCIETY, THE HUMAN DETRITUS
CAST ASHORE IN THE WAKE
OF THE GENE BOMB. A
WHOLE NEW GENERATION
OF SUPER-POWERED
OUTCASTS.

I'M
REFERRING
TO YOU,
BY THE
WAY,

MY DEAR,
LUDICROUS
FRIENDS,
STANDING
THERE LIKE LOST
PROPERTY NO ONE
WANTS TO CLAIM,
WITH STUPID
NAMES AND...
AND EVEN MORE
STUPID COSTUMES.

SLEEPWALK!

THE
FOG!

FRENZY!

THE
QUIZ!

GOD
BLESS THEM
EVERY ONE!

SO WHAT
(LET ME OUT!)
ARE WE GOING
TO BE NOW?
(I'VE A WIFE AND
FAMILY TO)
QUIET!

THE NEW
BROTHERHOOD
OF EVIL?

NO!





LONG
LIVE THE
BROTHERHOOD
OF DADA!

AND THE PANTS
OF THE VICAR ARE
CLOSING RATAPLAN
RATAPLAN



27
NOV 89

DOOM PATROL™



GRANT MORRISON
RICHARD CASE
JOHN NYBERG

dom PATROL



"We have now taken over the world.
What are you going to do about *that*?"

WHY IS?

WHO IS?

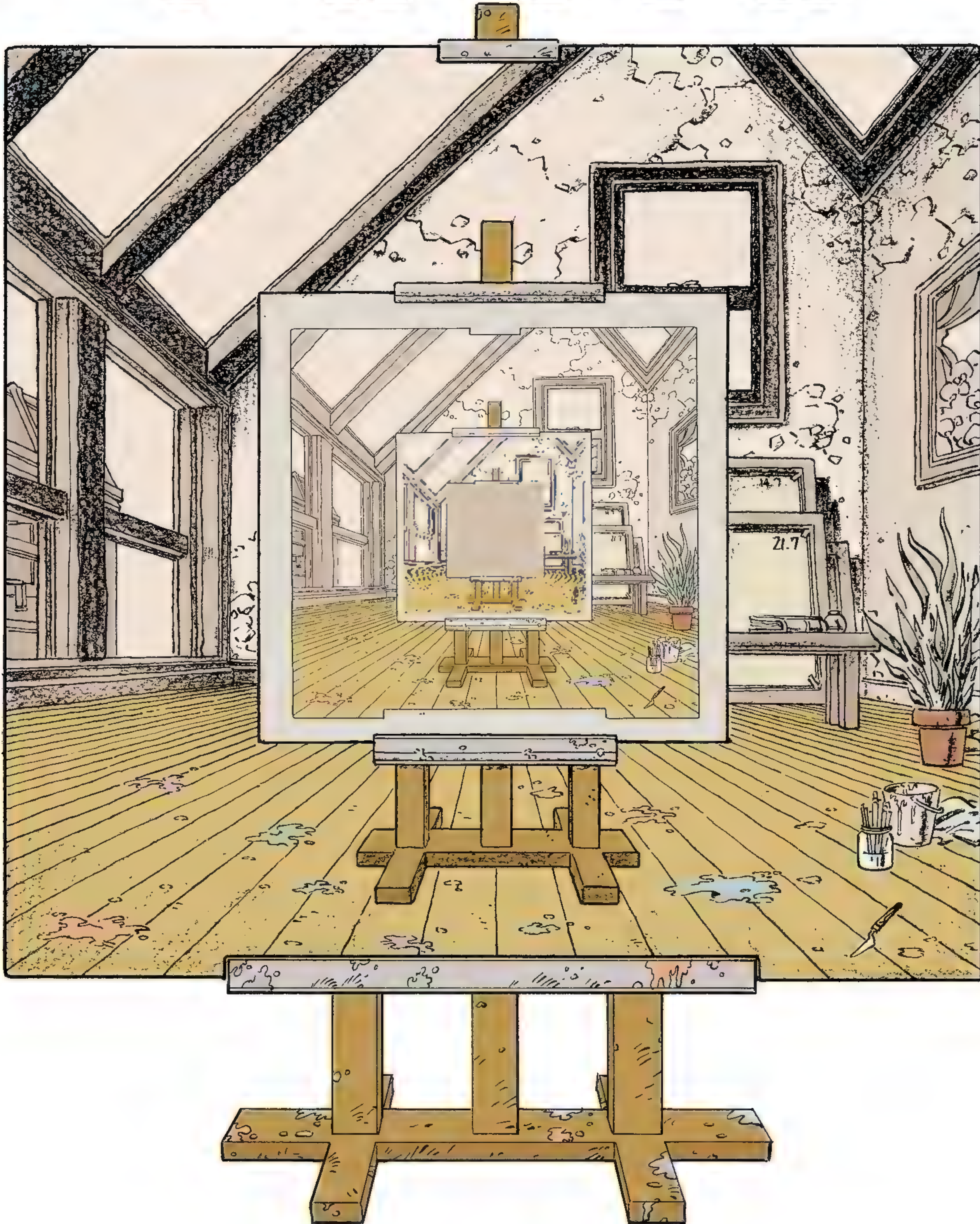
WHERE IS?

HOW IS?

WHEN IS?

WHAT IS?

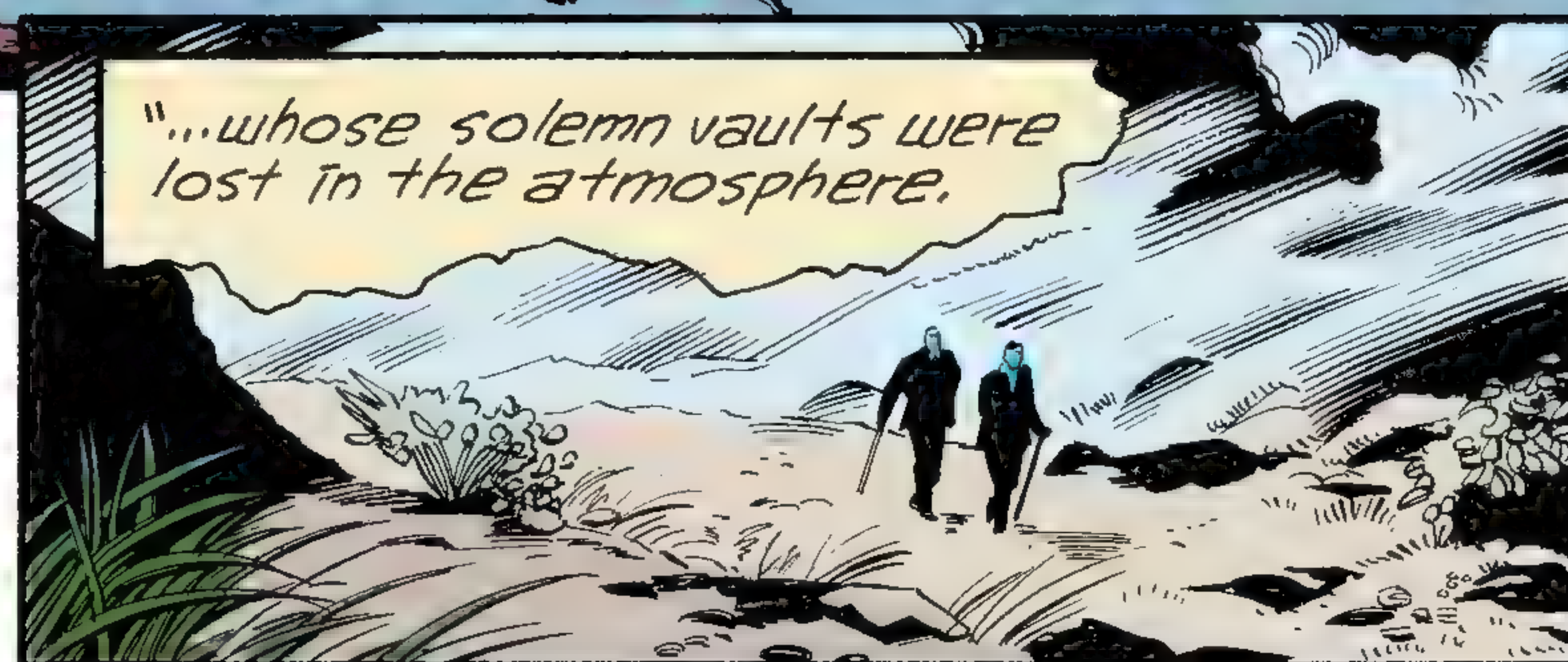
THE PAINTING THAT ATE PARIS



Meantime-if I might resume the thread of my wandering narrative-on this most exquisite summer evening of 1808, in the noble company of Mr. Coleridge, I continued my slow ascent of Rydal Fell.



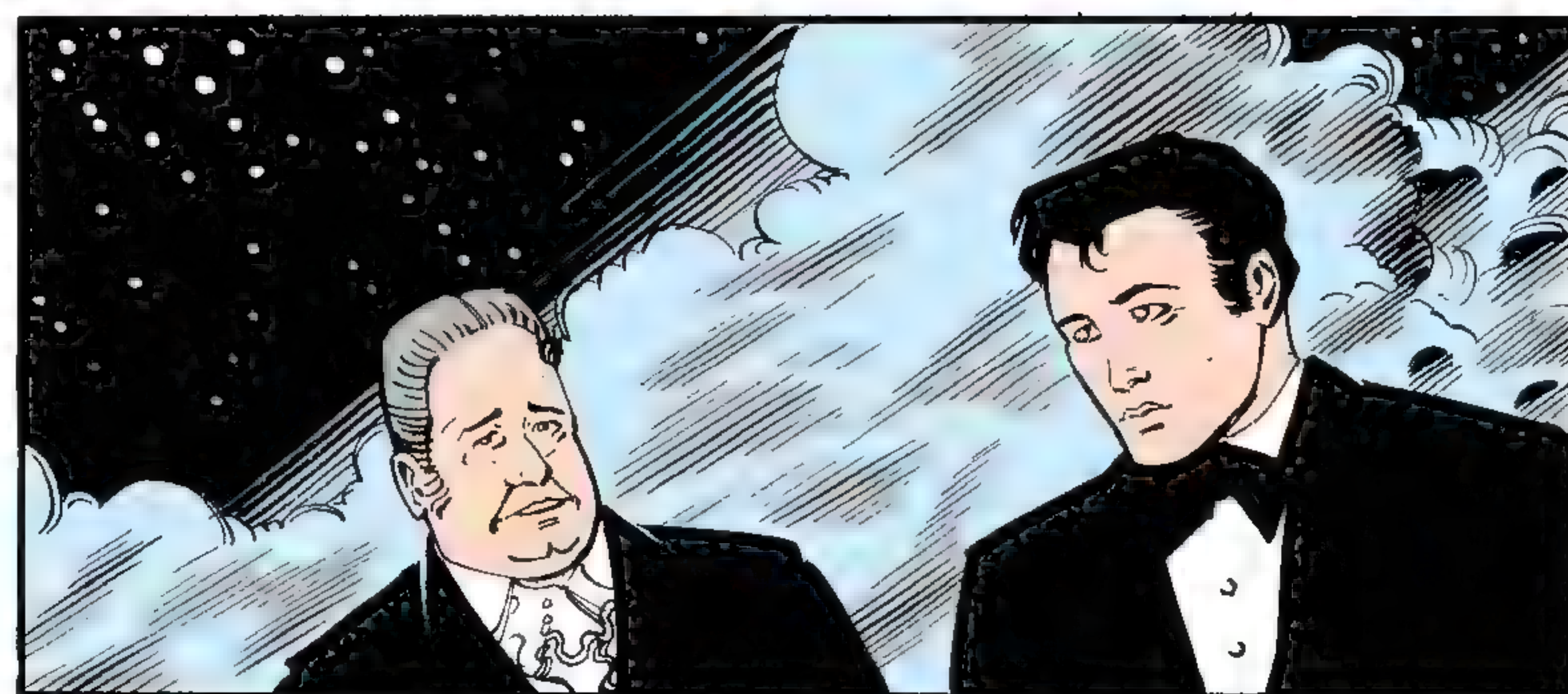
"About us, the stars of the Northern constellations trembled in the blue, immeasurable chambers of the central heavens and silence and solitude prevailed as in some lofty cathedral..."



"In such circumstances of repose and rest from the world's strife, my thoughts, *suspiriosae cogitationes*, were turned naturally to the contemplation of the infinite mystery of God's creation.



"In that same moment, I chanced to see the weight of dejection which sat upon Coleridge's shoulders suddenly lift as though all his gloom and despondency had taken flight on invisible wings.



"It seemed to me that the solitary, majestic splendor of that prospect over which we now spread our gaze, had somehow contrived to lift from his spirit the chains which opium had set there.

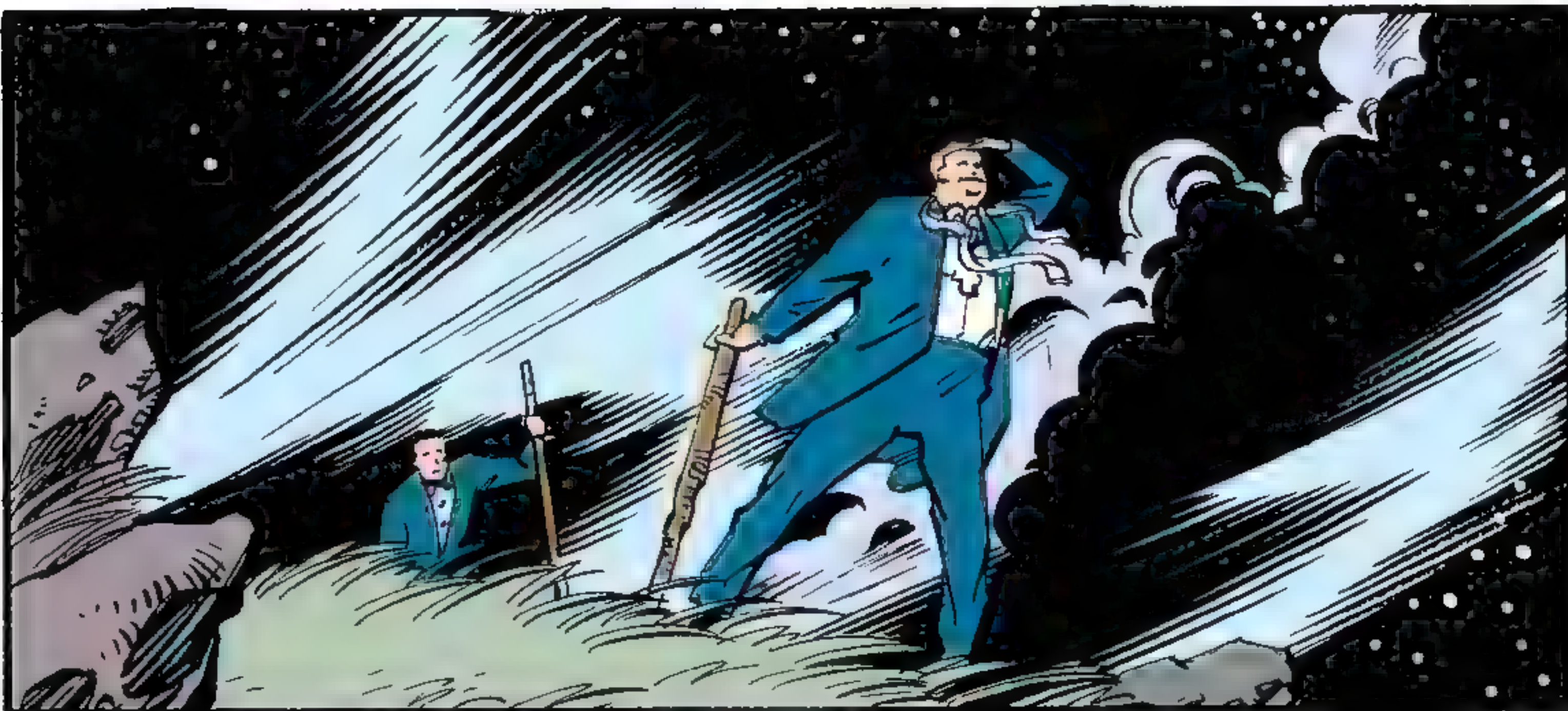


"This sublime evening had become a *φαινακον νιντενθες* and like a man inspired, Coleridge began to speak.

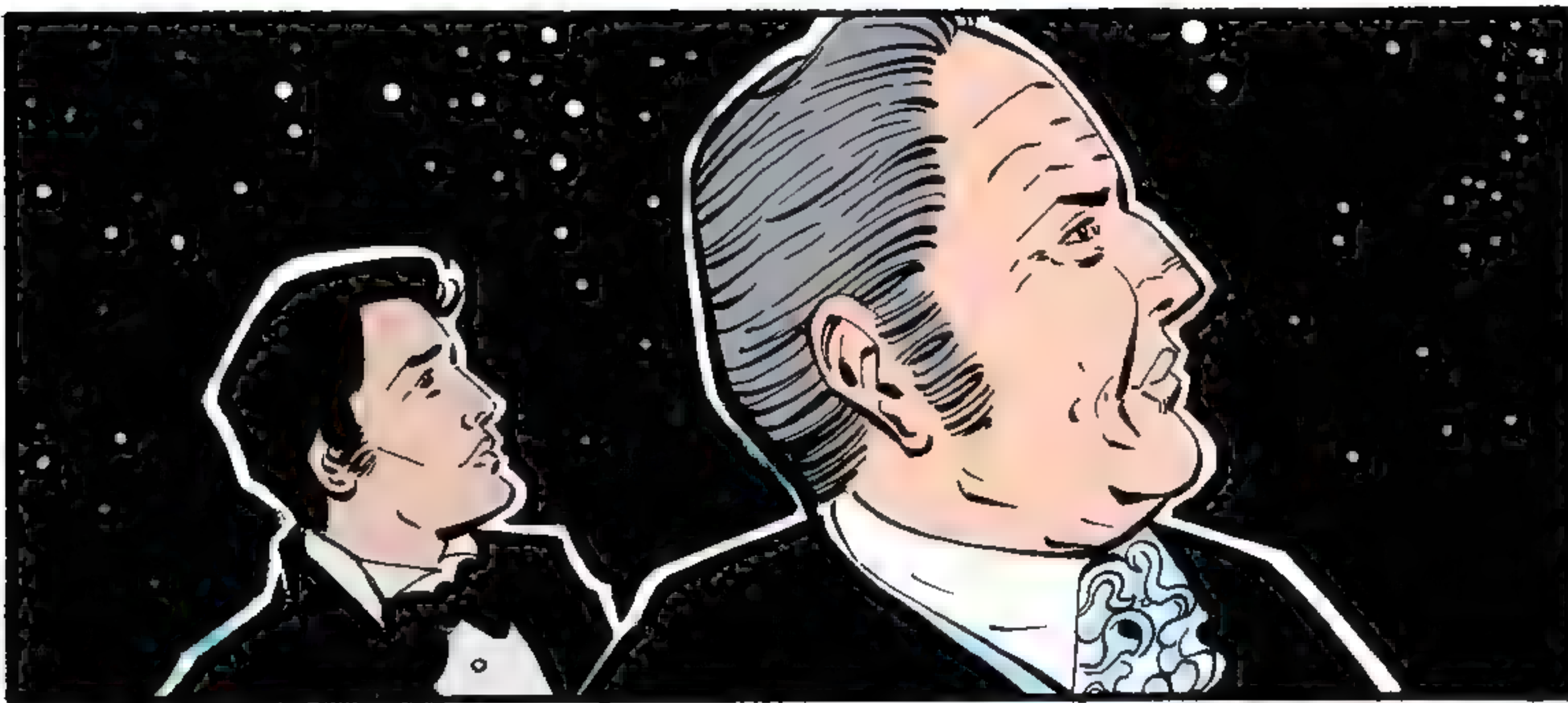
"...but one aspect of our conversation has remained fixed in my thoughts for many years - viz., that there exists in Italy a certain painting:

"He spoke of a great many things and I do not wish to bore my reader with details..."

"a painting which, it is said, possesses the power to physically devour those who behold it."



"This painting, as Coleridge described it, is the work of Piranesi, that same artist whose delirious visions of vast engines, splendid stairs, abysmal chasms, &c. &c. have so haunted my own dreams."

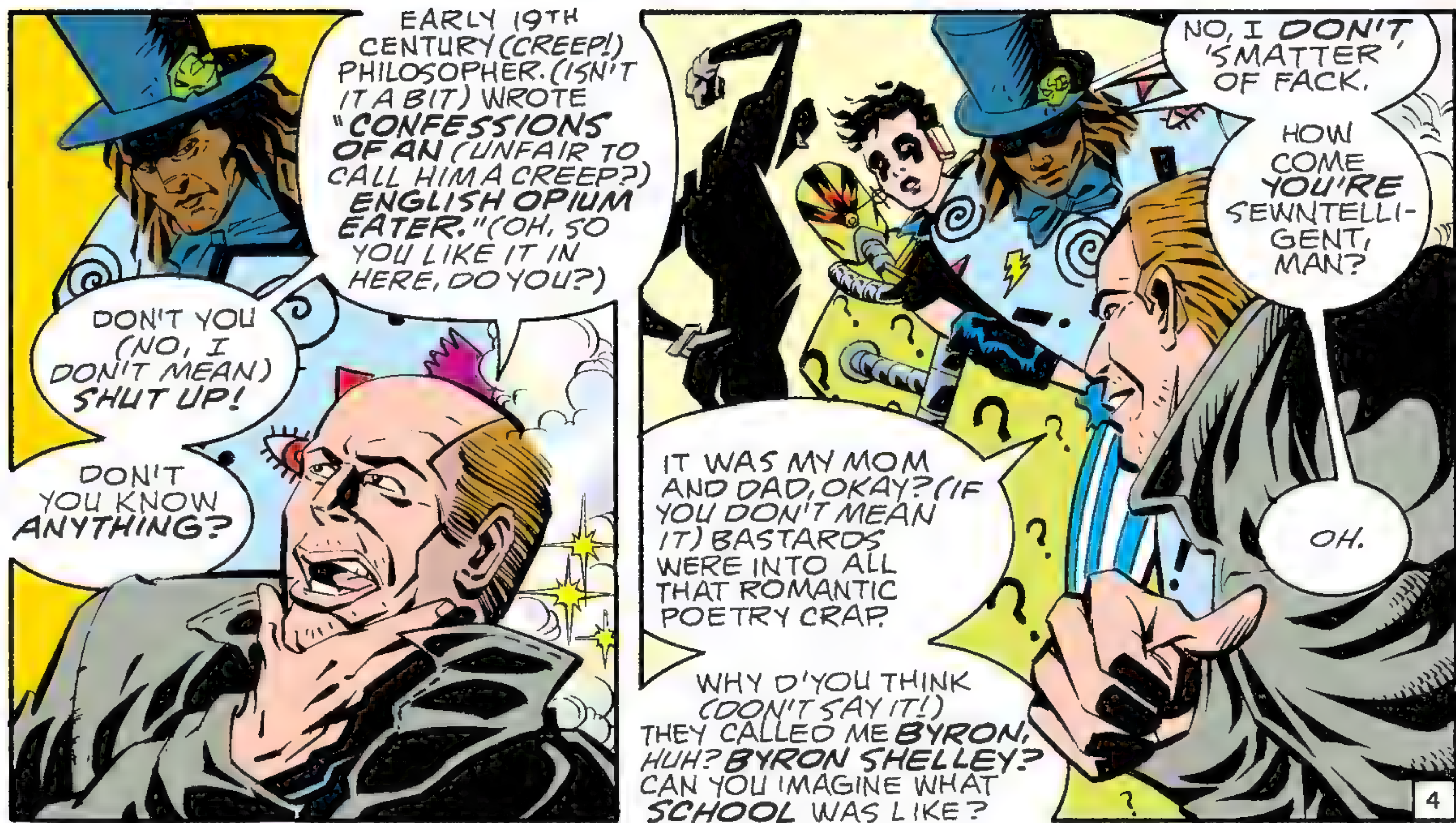


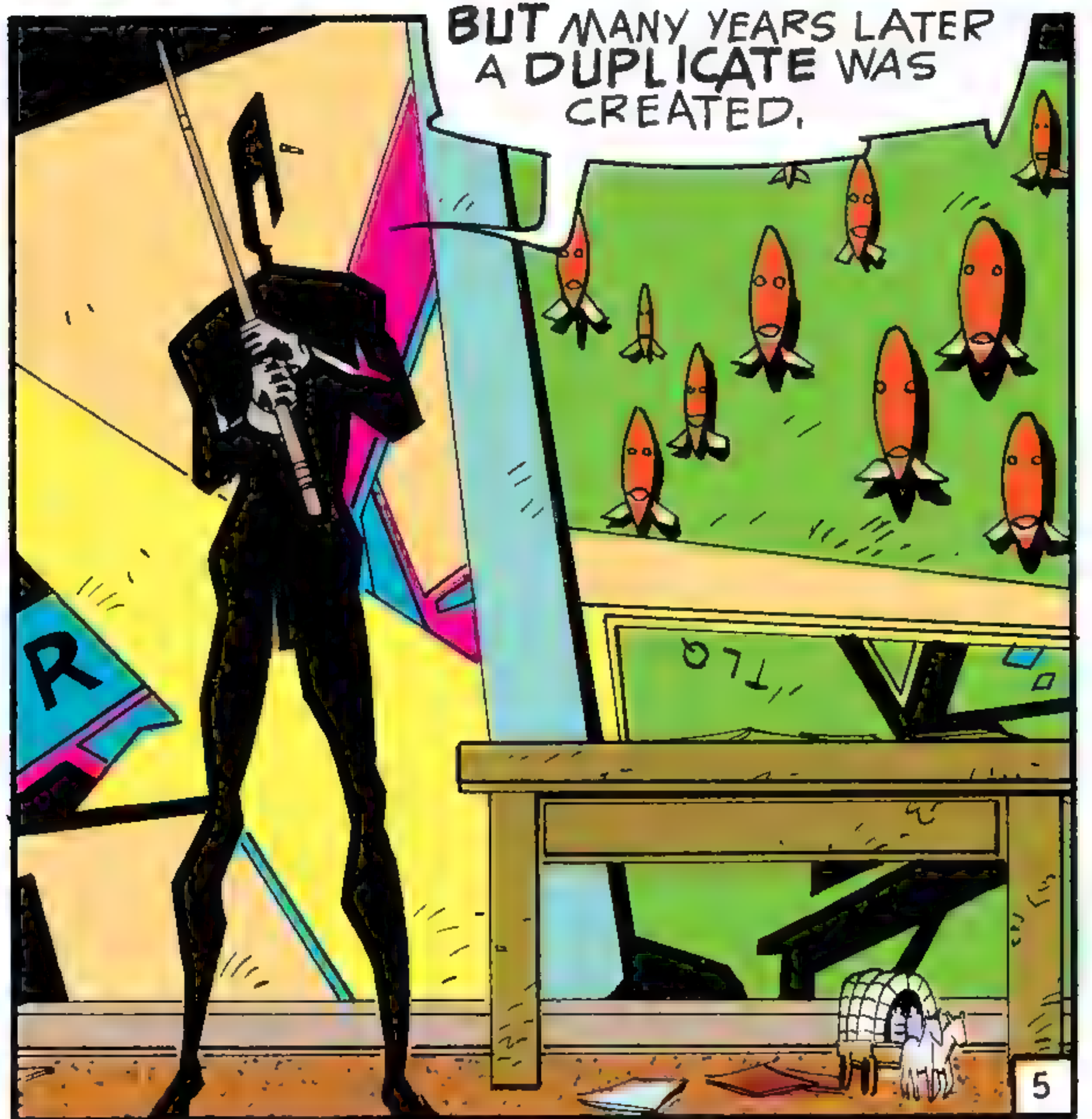
"For my own part, I could scarcely believe that the story contained any truth, but Coleridge had it in mind to commence a long poem based on the subject."



"On that evening of cloudless beauty, with 'the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them' laid out before our eyes..."

"...these images swept Coleridge into such a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, that I imagined myself come into the company of angels."

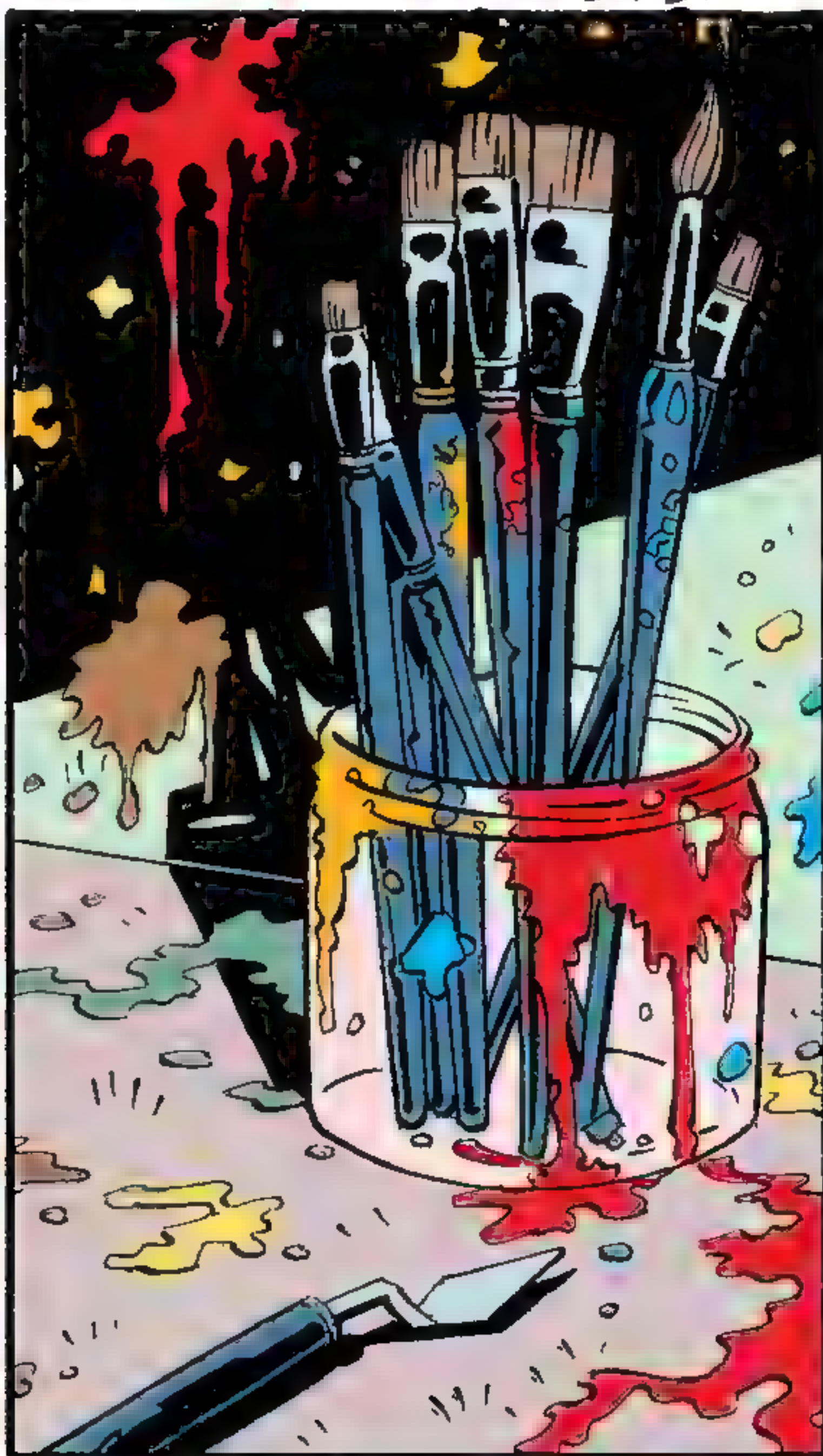




"AS AN INTERESTING ASIDE, **OSCAR WILDE** MENTIONS THE STORY OF THE PAINTING IN HIS UNPUBLISHED '**CONFESSIONS OF SEBASTIAN MELMOTH**,' IN WHICH HE CLAIMS THAT IT INSPIRED HIM TO WRITE '**THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY**.'

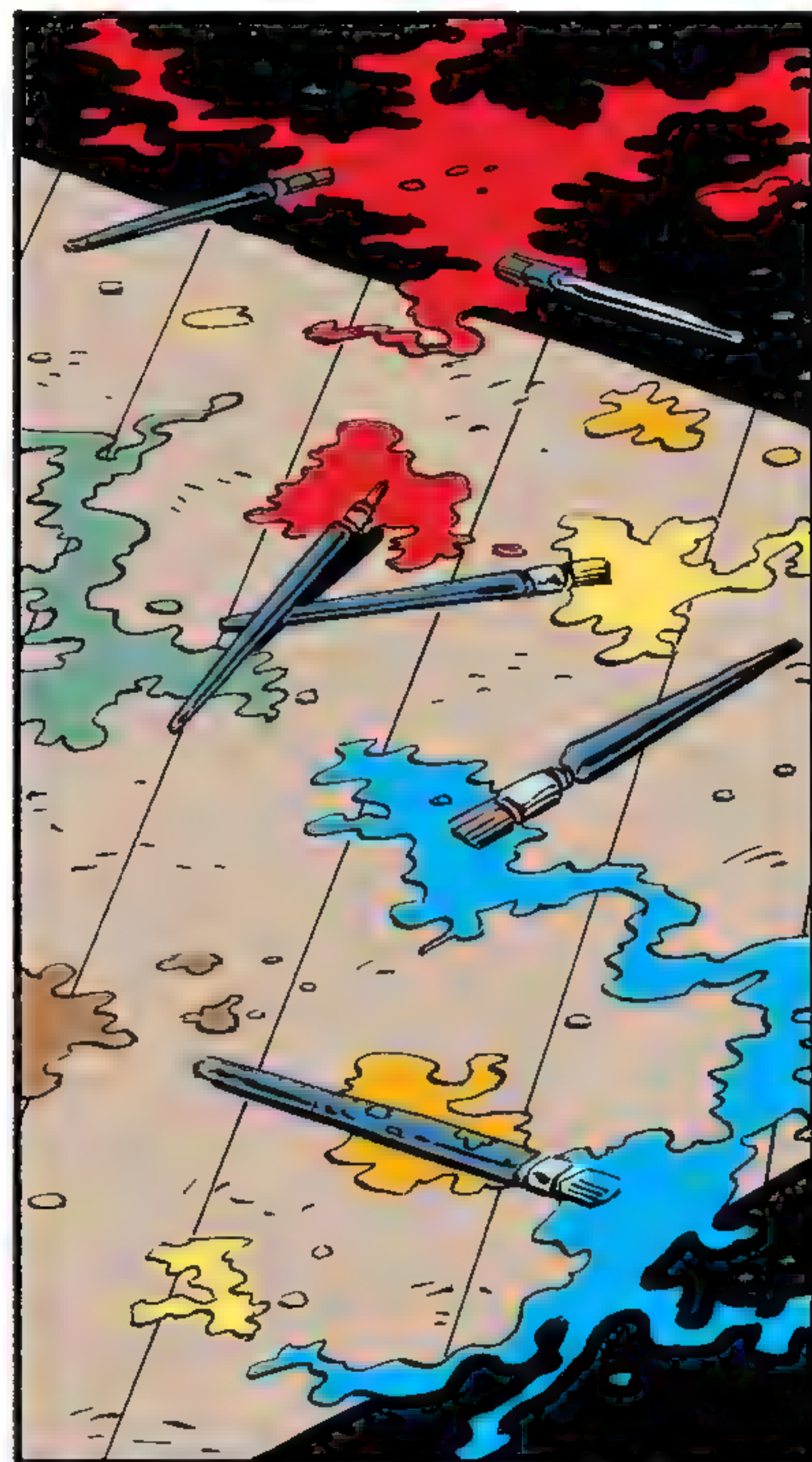


"THE SECOND PAINTING, HOWEVER, WAS THE WORK OF THE BRILLIANT, UNSTABLE **MAX BORDENGHAST**. 'THIS YOUNG ICELANDIC ARTIST HAD A CERTAIN CULT FOLLOWING IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THIS CENTURY AND WAS WELL-KNOWN FOR HIS ESOTERIC INTERESTS.



"THE STORY GOES THAT HE LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS GARRET ROOM AND, USING SHAMANISTIC TECHNIQUES WHICH, THEY SAY, DATE BACK TO MAN'S INFANCY, EMERGED AFTER SEVERAL DAYS WITH A... HOW CAN I PUT IT?

"WITH A **HUNGRY PAINTING**.



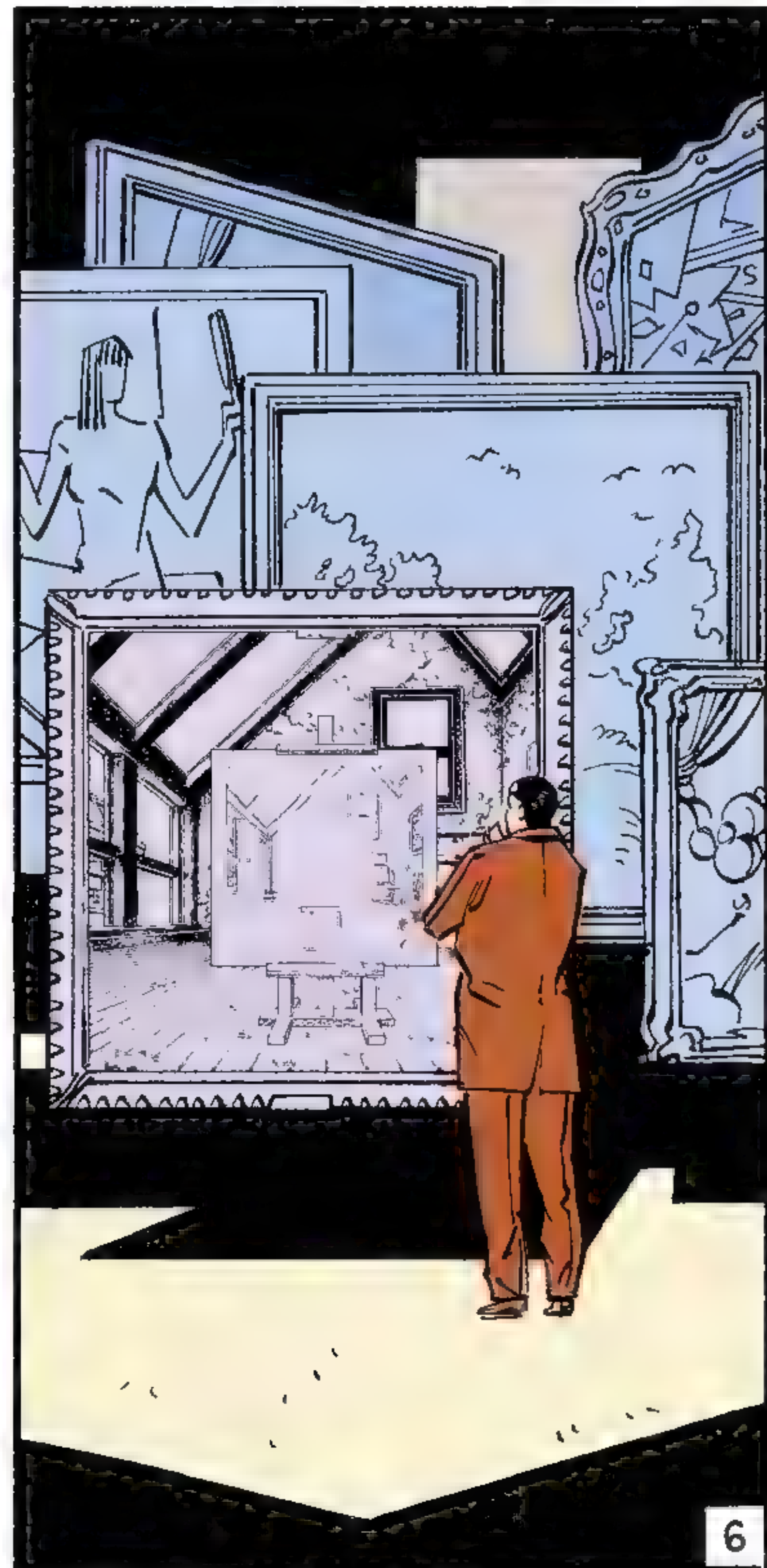
"IN THE END, EXPERIMENTS LIKE THESE SENT HIM ABSOLUTELY **LOOPY** AND HE SPENT THE REST OF HIS SHORT LIFE SCRIBBLING ON THE WALLS OF A LUNATIC ASYLUM. 'THE PAINTING, ALONG WITH MUCH OF BORDENGHAST'S OTHER WORK, VANISHED COMPLETELY.



"IT IS NEXT REFERRED TO BY THE ENGLISH OCCULTIST **AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE**. USING HIS 'AUTOMATIC DRAWING' TECHNIQUE, SPARE ATTEMPTED TO PRODUCE A **SIMILAR PAINTING**. 'NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE ATTEMPT FAILED.



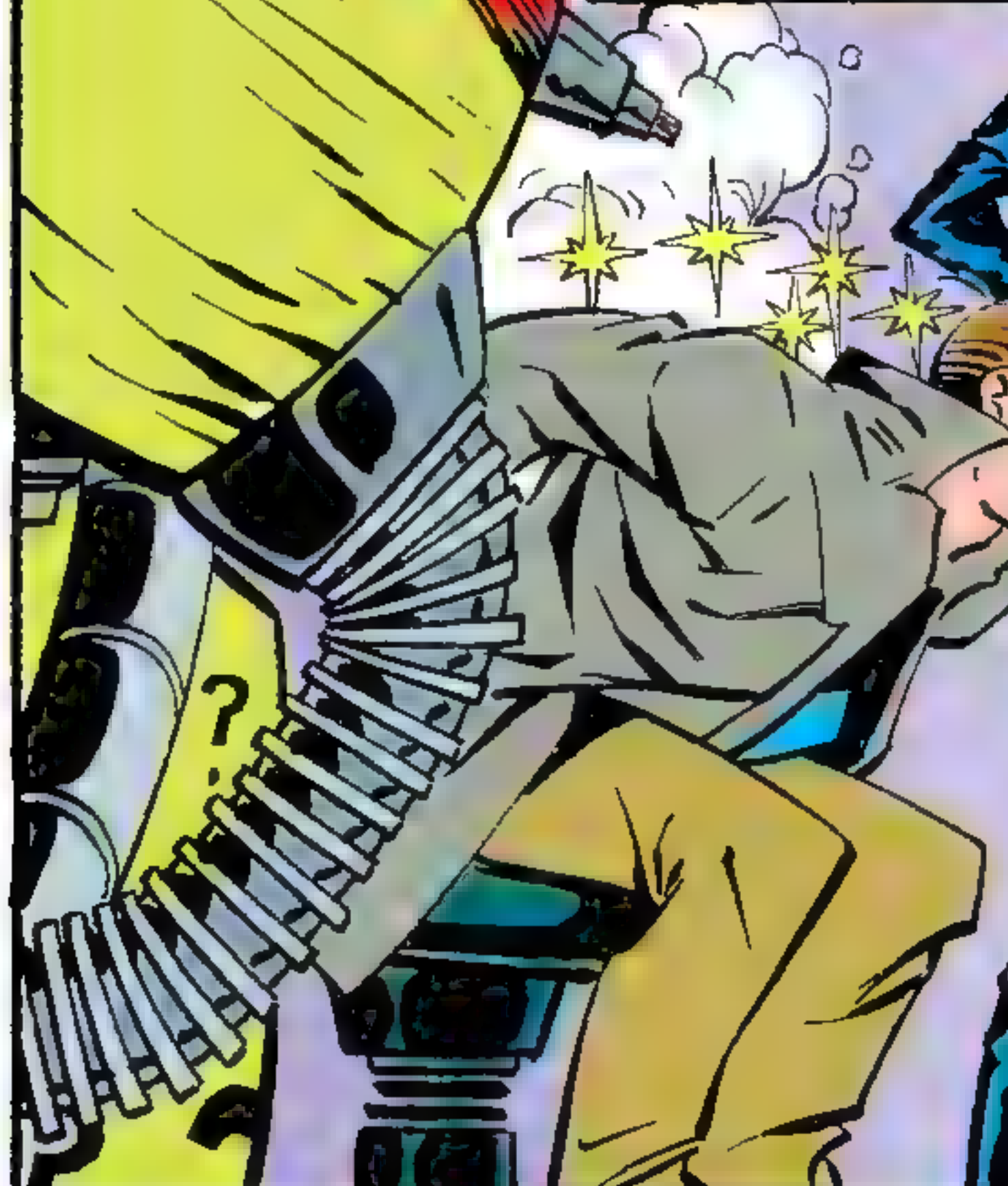
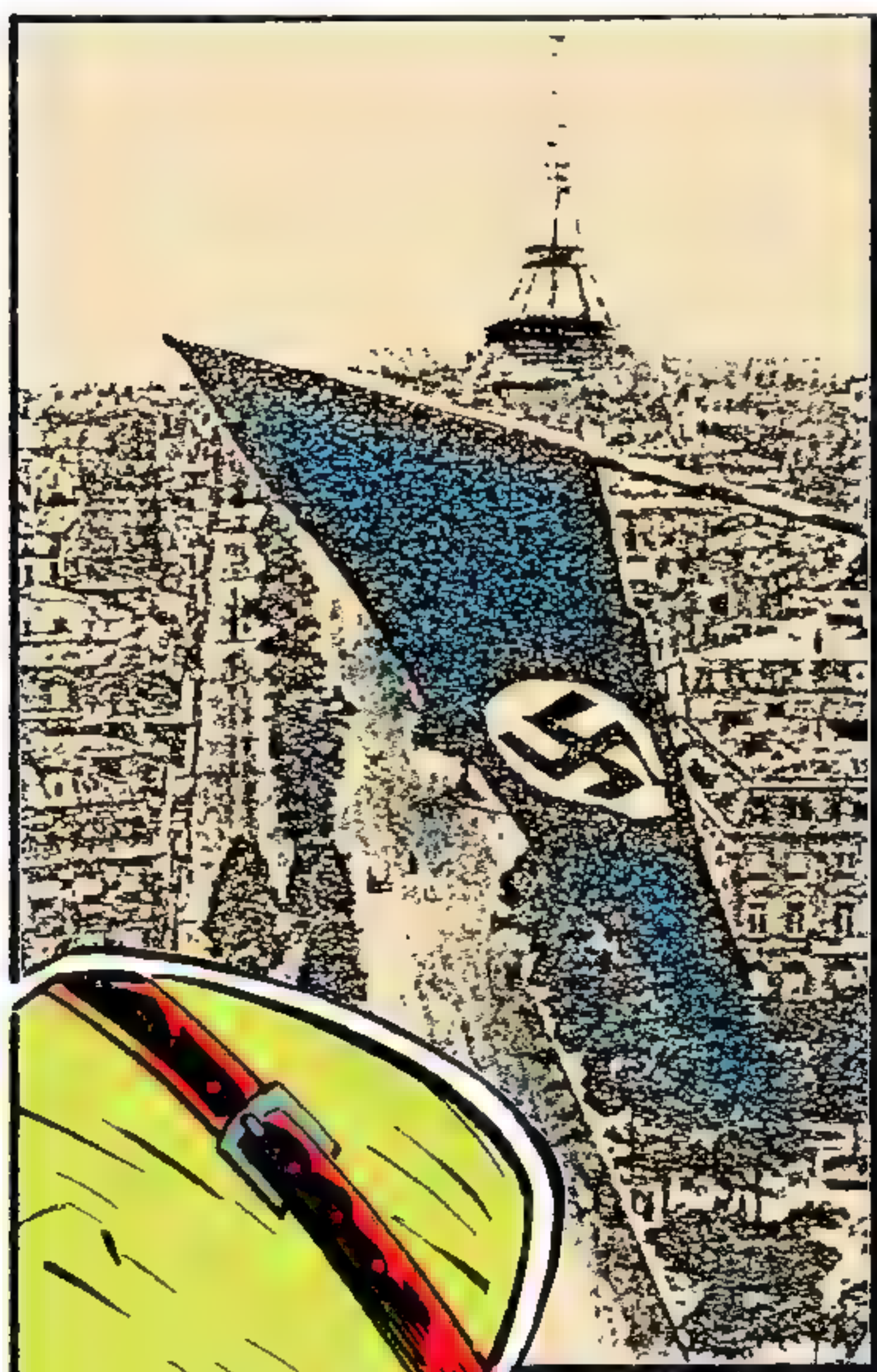
"FINALLY, IN 1923, THE PAINTING SURFACED AS PART OF THE COLLECTION OF THE ENIGMATIC AND SADISTIC **COMTE D'AGUILLE**.



"IT WAS SEIZED BY THE NAZIS WHEN THEY OCCUPIED FRANCE IN 1940 AND FROM THERE PASSED INTO THE HANDS OF ONE HORST EISMANN, SO-CALLED 'SCIENTIST OF THE STRANGE.'"

"EISMANN IS A MULTI-BILLIONAIRE ARMS DEALER, A PALE, FRAIL ASTHMATIC WHO'S SPENT THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS COLLECTING BIZARRE ARTIFACTS FROM ALL AROUND THE GLOBE."

"THIS COLLECTION OF WEIRD RELICS AND MYSTERIOUS, FORBIDDEN BOOKS IS CURRENTLY STORED IN A CONVERTED OBSERVATORY, HIGH IN THE FRENCH ALPS."



AND YOU WANT US TO STEAL THE PAINTING, RIGHT?

BRAVO, MR. SHELLEY!

NOBODY CAN ACCUSE YOU OF BEING A COMPLETE SPAZ!



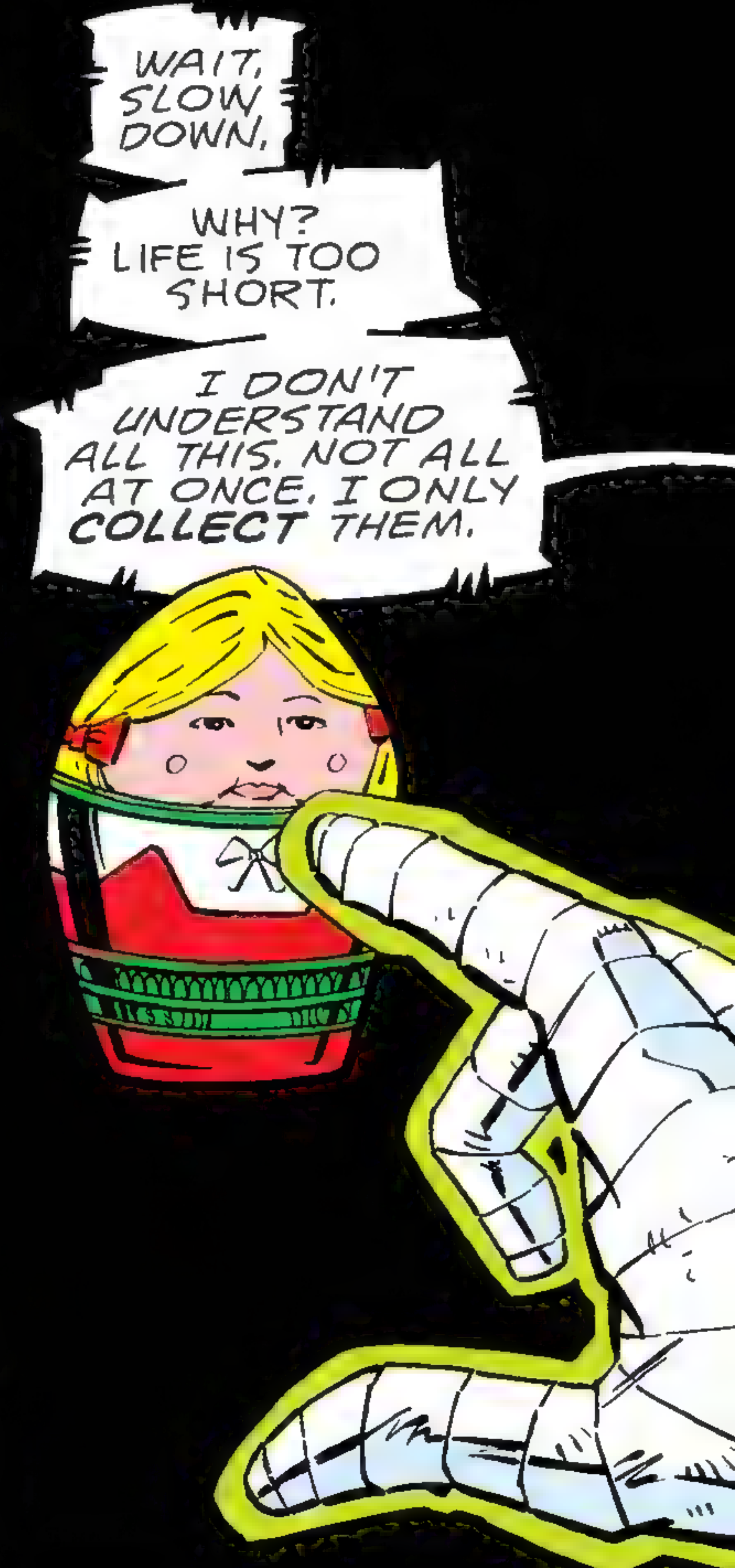
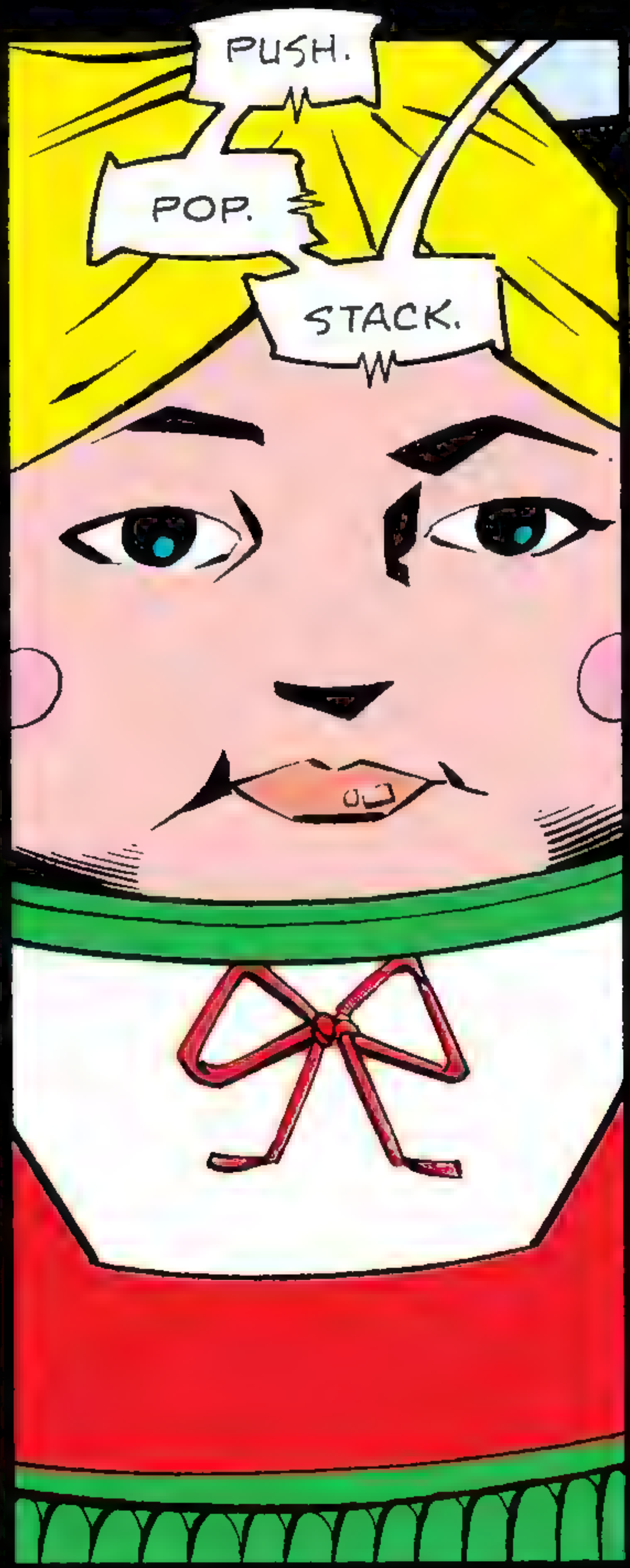
OH, YES! TIME TO TAKE YOUR SLEEPING PILLS, HOLLY! TIME TO POP A BARRY MANILOW TAPE INTO YOUR HEADSET.

I WANT YOU OUT FOR THE COUNT!

BbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJjKkLlMm

BUT FIRST, GATHER 'ROUND...

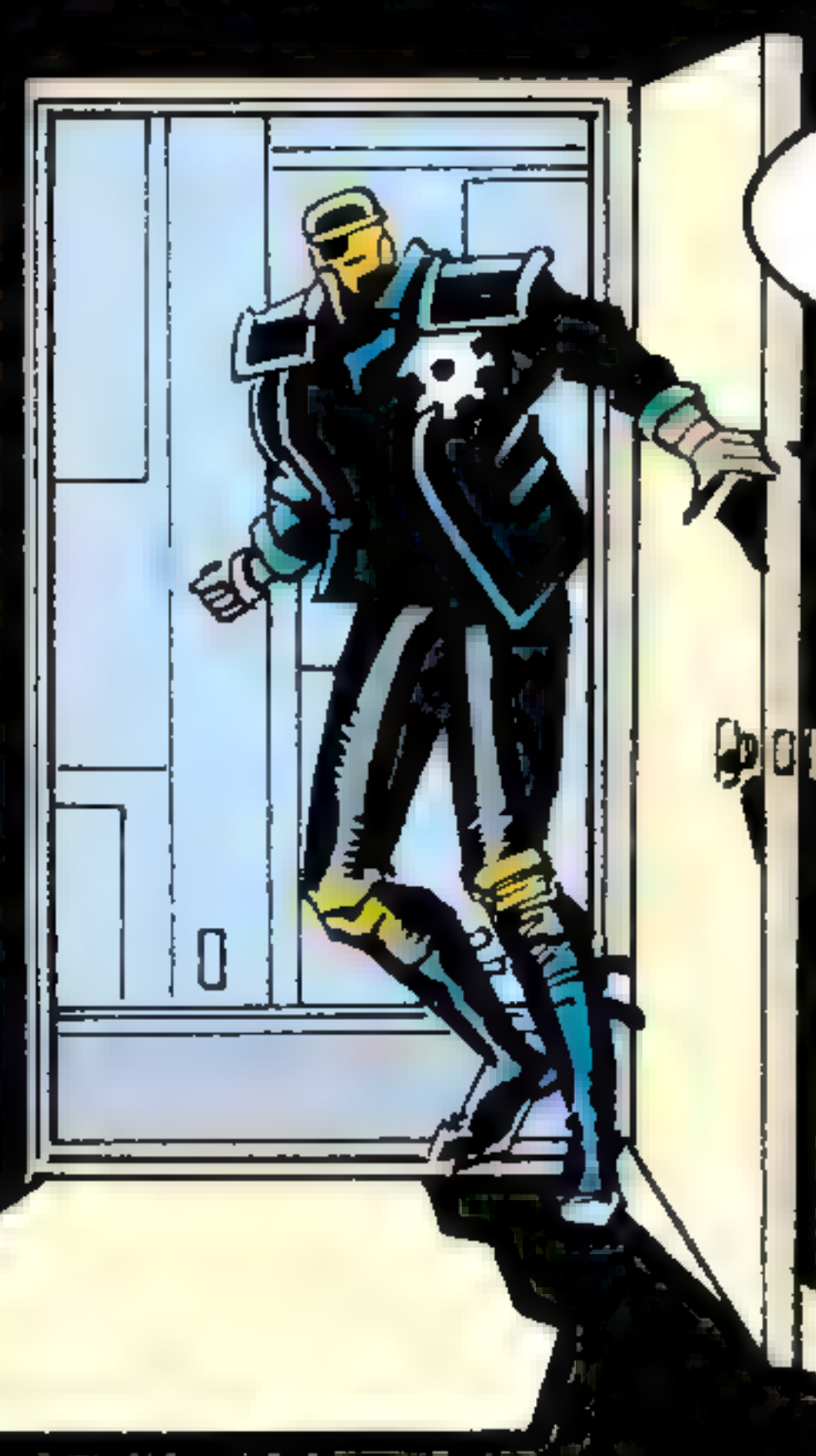
HERE'S THE PLAN...



WE COLLECT. YES. REMEMBER. ELECTRONS PROPAGATING... EMISSION AND RE-ABSORPTION OF VIRTUAL PHOTONS, DECAYING INTO ANNIHILATING ELECTRON-POSITRON PAIRS...



WHAT? WE INHABIT A VIRTUAL UNIVERSE. RECURSION AT THE LEVEL OF...



LARRY?

I KEEP
TELLING
YOU, CLIFF,
I'M...

...NOT
LARRY
ANY
MORE. I
KNOW, I
KNOW.

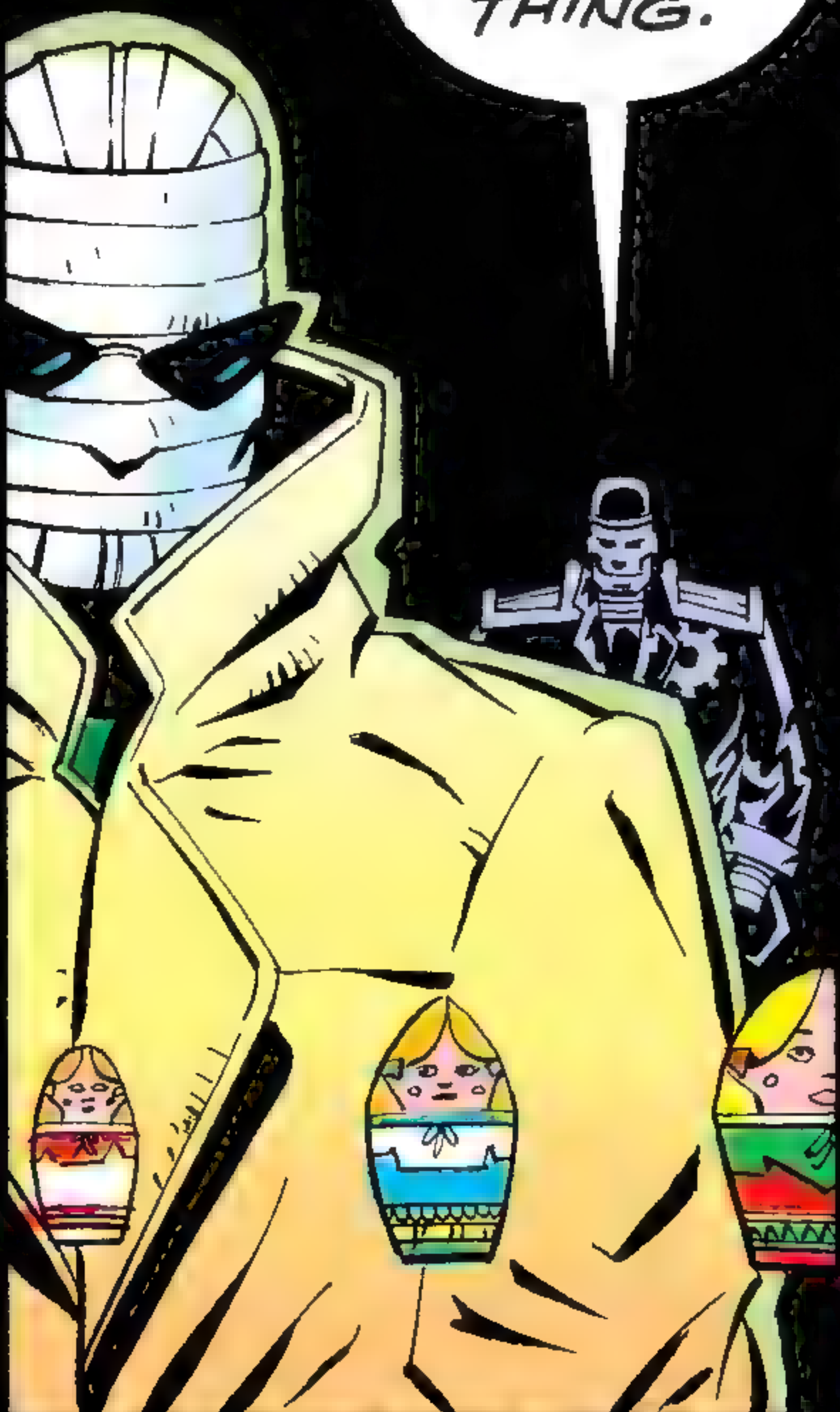
I'VE GOT
TO CALL YOU
SOME-
THING.

LOOK, I JUST WANT TO
TALK TO YOU, MAN! I
MEAN, WE'VE KNOWN
EACH OTHER FOR
YEARS!

I WORRY
ABOUT YOU,
THAT'S ALL.

YOU TALK
TO YOUR-
SELF ALL
THE TIME,
THERE'S NO
FURNITURE
IN YOUR
ROOM...

WHAT'S
GOING ON
UNDER THOSE
BANDAGES,
LARRY?



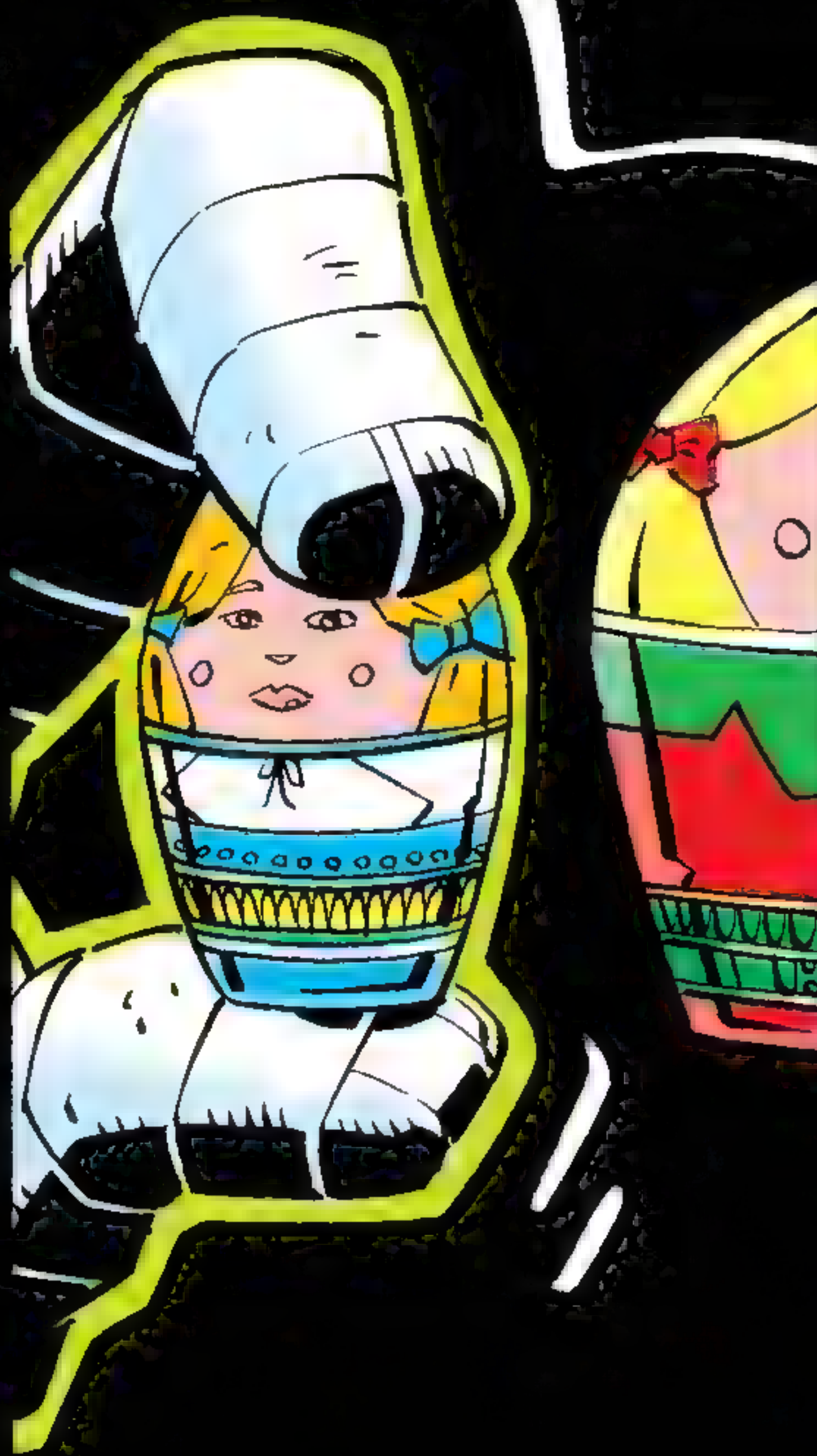
...AND
TO TELL
THE TRUTH,
YOU'RE
STARTING
TO SMELL
FUNNY...



NOTHING.



NOTHING
YOU WOULD
UNDER-
STAND.



DON'T
PATRONIZE
ME!

I GET
ENOUGH OF
THAT FROM
ORDINARY
PEOPLE!

I DON'T
MEAN TO.
I'M SIMPLY
TELLING YOU
THE TRUTH.

EVEN I... EVEN WE...
HAVE DIFFICULTY
UNDERSTANDING
ALL THE CHANGES
THAT ARE TAKING
PLACE.

THESE NEW
PERCEPTIONS...
SYNAESTHETIC
FLOOD OF
IDEAS.
I...

THIS BODY... PART MAN,
PART WOMAN... THIS BODY
IS **PERFECT**. THIS
PERFECT, GLORIOUS
BODY.

ONLY THE **MIND** RE-
MAINS FRAGMENTED
SOMETIMES. DISORGAN-
IZED. THERE ARE
THREE OF US IN HERE,
AND THE INTEGRATION
IS SLOW.

BUT
PLEASE,
CLIFF...
PLEASE
DON'T
WORRY...

...ABOUT
ME.

THE
AENIGMA
REGIS IS
ABOUT TO
UNFOLD.

I'M
VERY
HAPPY.

DID I TELL YOU
THAT SOMETIMES
I SEE THROUGH
TIME AS THOUGH
THROUGH A CLEAR
WINDOW? MY BRAIN
IS LIT BY
MANTIC
FIRE.

IT'S
HAPPENING
NOW.

"AS I WAS GOING
UP THE STAIR
I MET A MAN
WHO WASN'T THERE.
HE WASN'T THERE
AGAIN TODAY.
I WISH, I WISH
HE'D STAY AWAY."

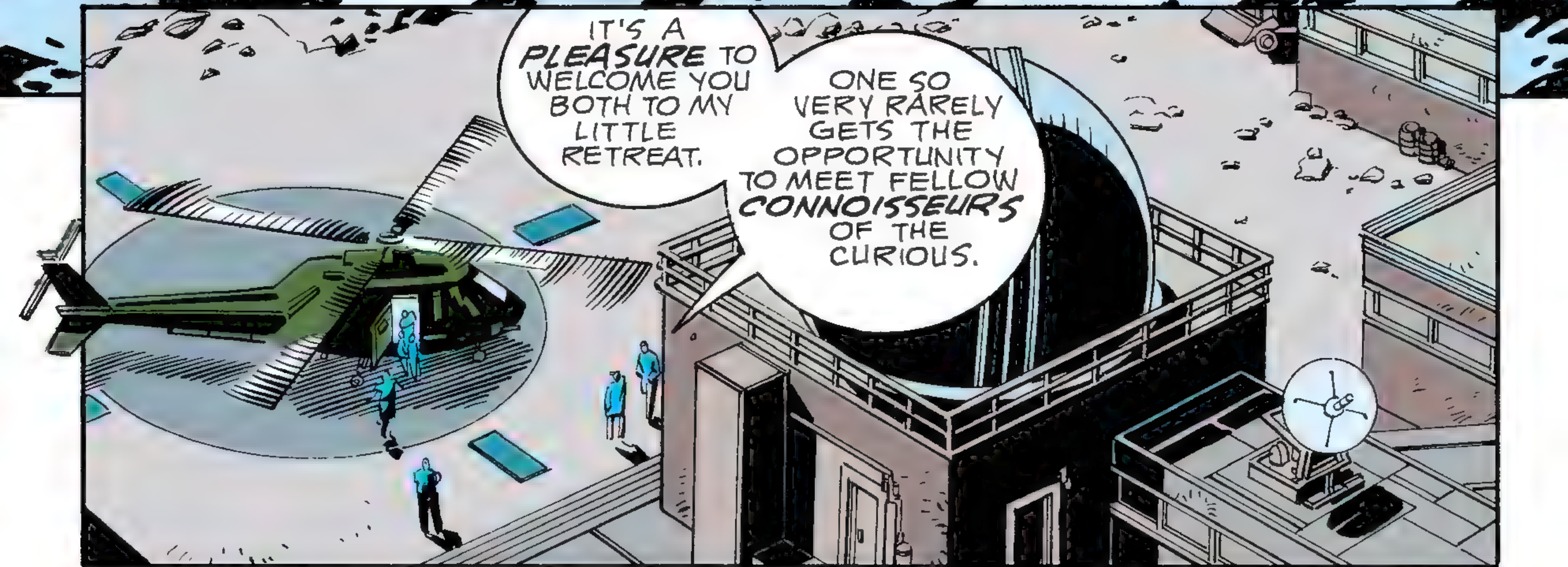
WE MUST
BEWARE
OF MEN WHO
AREN'T
THERE.

THAT VERSE
WAS WRITTEN
BY HUGHES
MEARNS.



MR.
BALLARD!

DOCTOR
SILENCE!



IT'S A
PLEASURE TO
WELCOME YOU
BOTH TO MY
LITTLE
RETREAT.

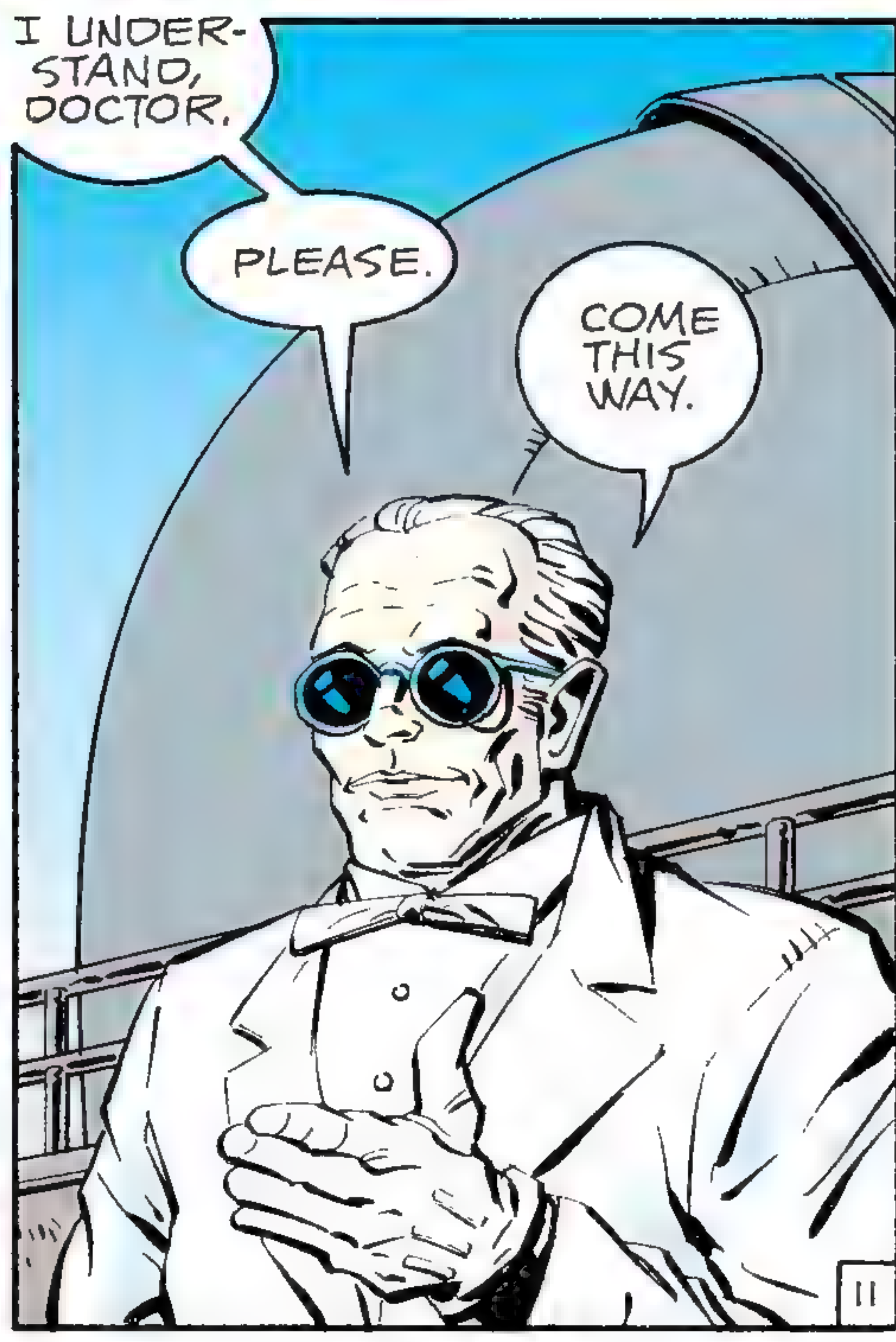
ONE SO
VERY RARELY
GETS THE
OPPORTUNITY
TO MEET FELLOW
CONNOISSEURS
OF THE
CURIOUS.



THE FEELING'S
MUTUAL.

YOU MUST
EXCUSE MY
MASK-I
SUFFER FROM
A RATHER
UNUSUAL
DISEASE.

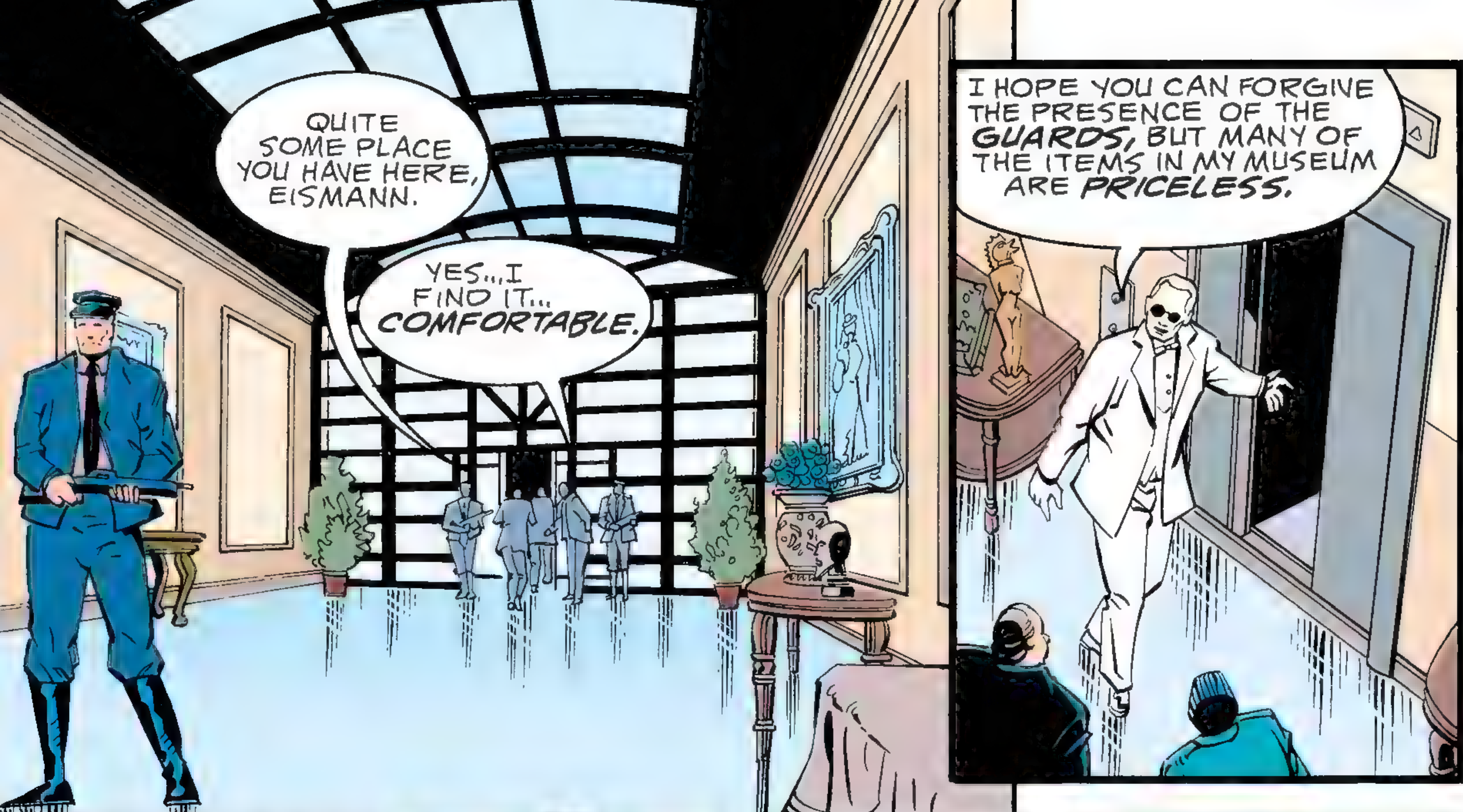
SUCH IS THE
NATURE OF MY
CONDITION THAT
WERE I TO SEE
ANY *REFLECTION*
OF MY NAKED
FACE, I WOULD
IMMEDIATELY CEASE
TO *EXIST*...



I UNDER-
STAND,
DOCTOR.

PLEASE.

COME
THIS
WAY.



QUITE
SOME PLACE
YOU HAVE HERE,
EISMANN.

YES...I
FIND IT...
COMFORTABLE.

I HOPE YOU CAN FORGIVE
THE PRESENCE OF THE
GUARDS, BUT MANY OF
THE ITEMS IN MY MUSEUM
ARE **PRICELESS**.



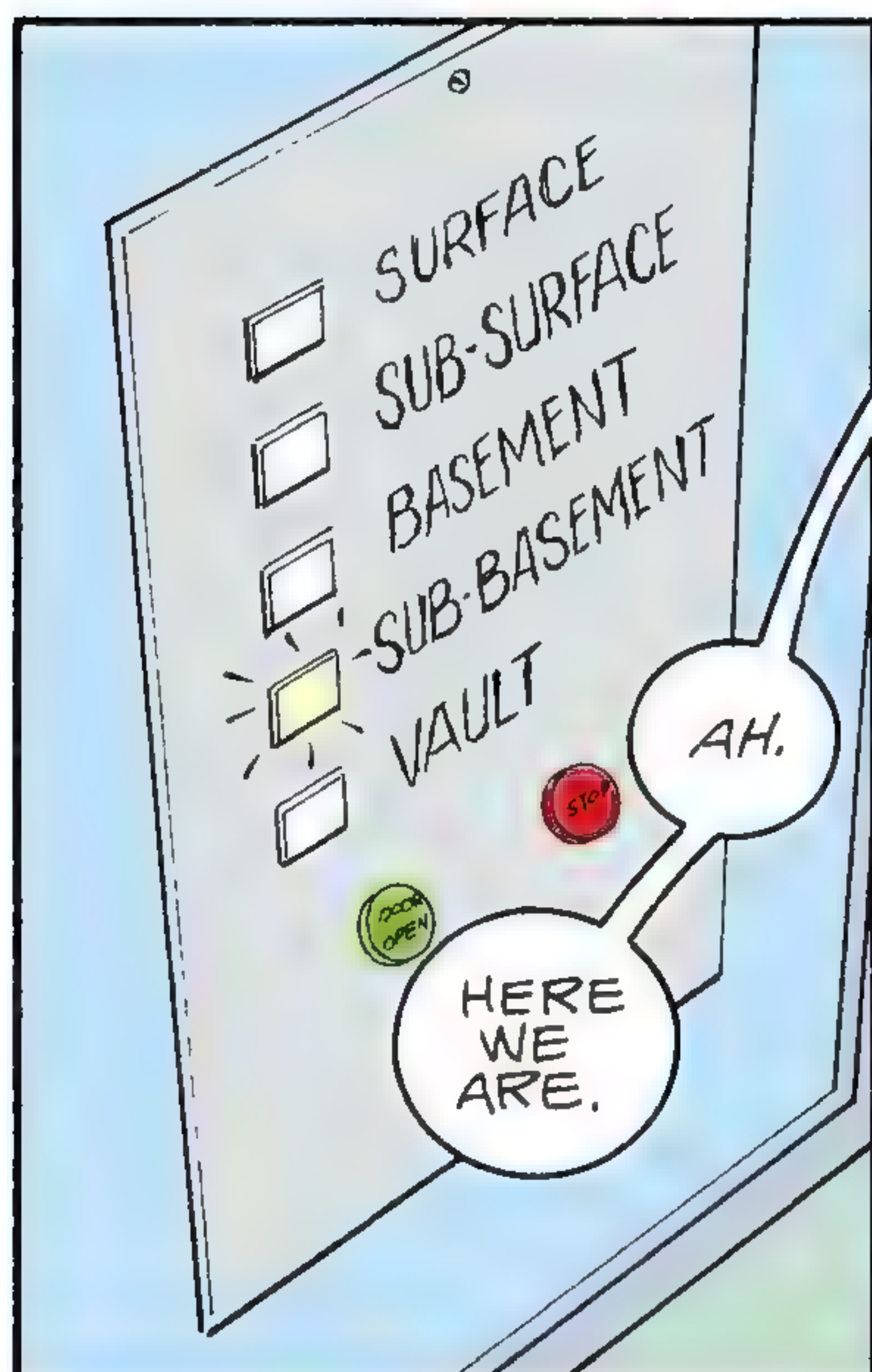
YES, WE'VE HEARD
RUMORS... DARE
I MENTION THE
GHOST-SKIN SHIRT,
THE FOURTH
SECRET OF
FATIMA...

...THE
YODELLING
SKULL OF
TAVISTOCK?...



YOU MAY INDEED
MENTION THEM
BUT NOT, I WOULD
ADVISE, IN POLITE
COMPANY.

HA
HA HA.



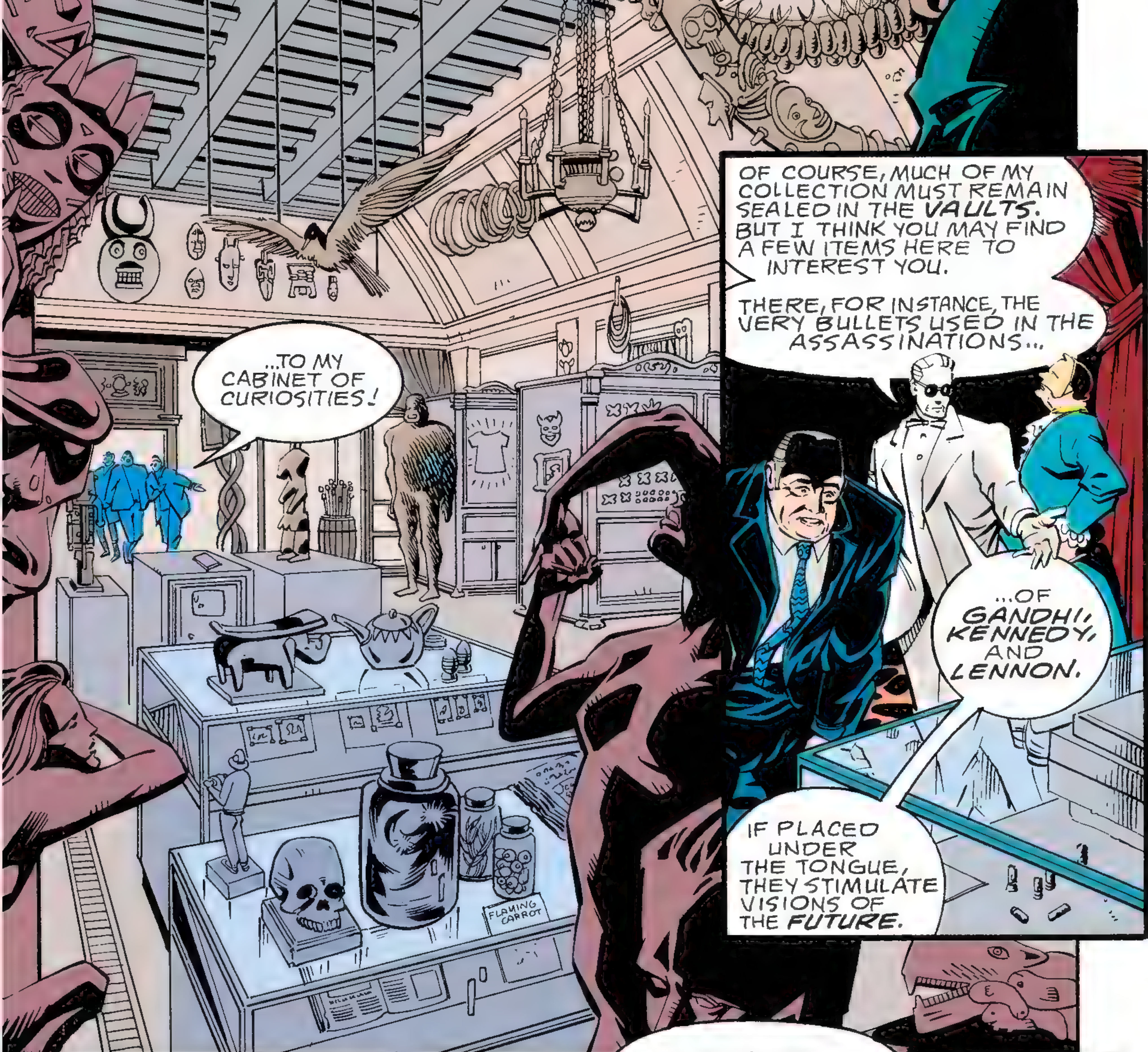
☐ SURFACE
☐ SUB-SURFACE
☐ BASEMENT
☐ SUB-BASEMENT
☒ VAULT

AH.

HERE
WE
ARE.



I BID YOU
WELCOME.



...TO MY
CABINET OF
CURIOSITIES!

OF COURSE, MUCH OF MY
COLLECTION MUST REMAIN
SEALED IN THE **VULTS**.
BUT I THINK YOU MAY FIND
A FEW ITEMS HERE TO
INTEREST YOU.

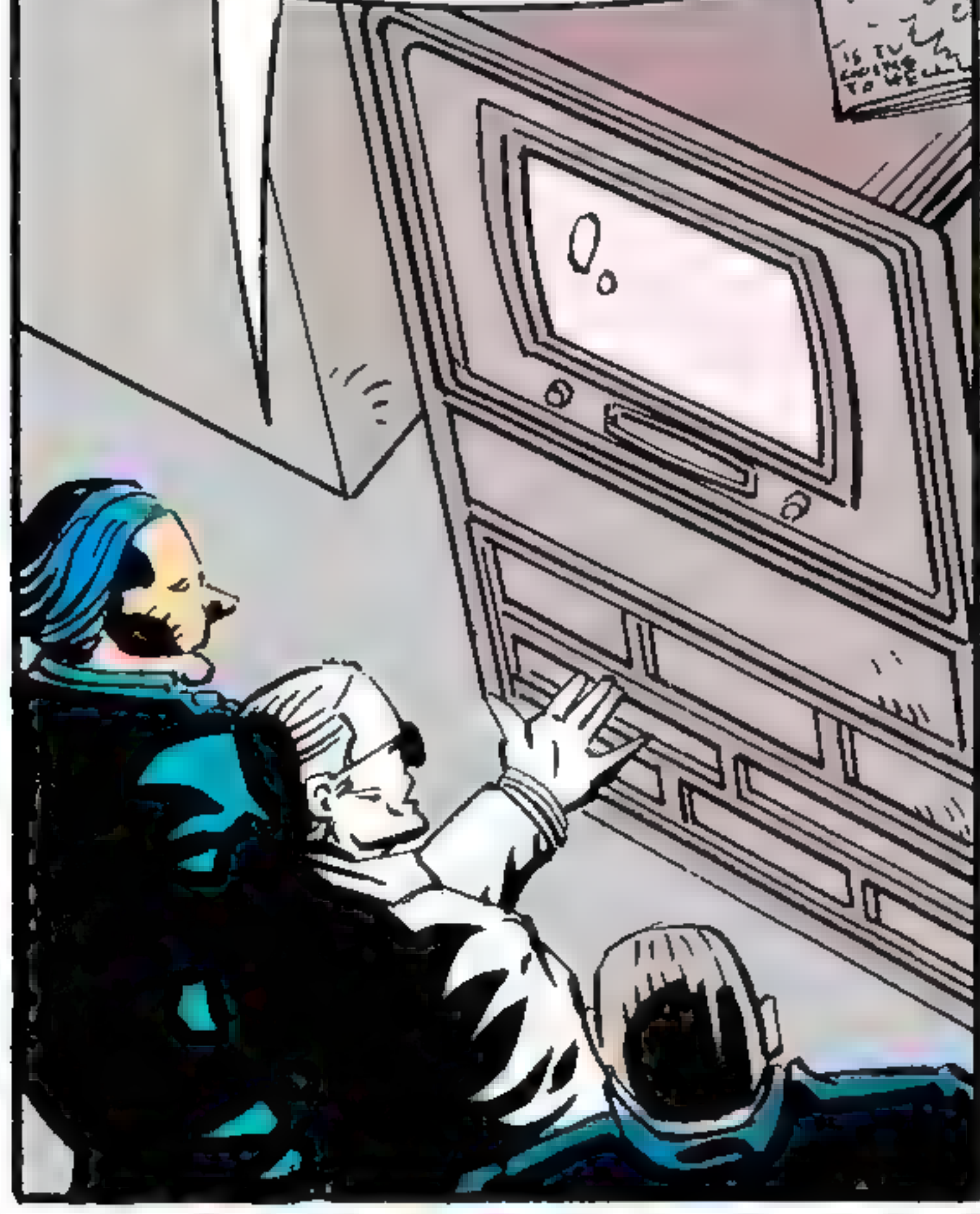
THERE, FOR INSTANCE, THE
VERY BULLETS USED IN THE
ASSASSINATIONS...

...OF
**GANDHI,
KENNEDY,
AND
LENNON.**

IF PLACED
UNDER
THE TONGUE,
THEY STIMULATE
VISIONS OF
THE **FUTURE**.

THERE, A TELEVISION SET
ON WHICH ONE CAN VIEW
BROADCASTS FROM
HELL.

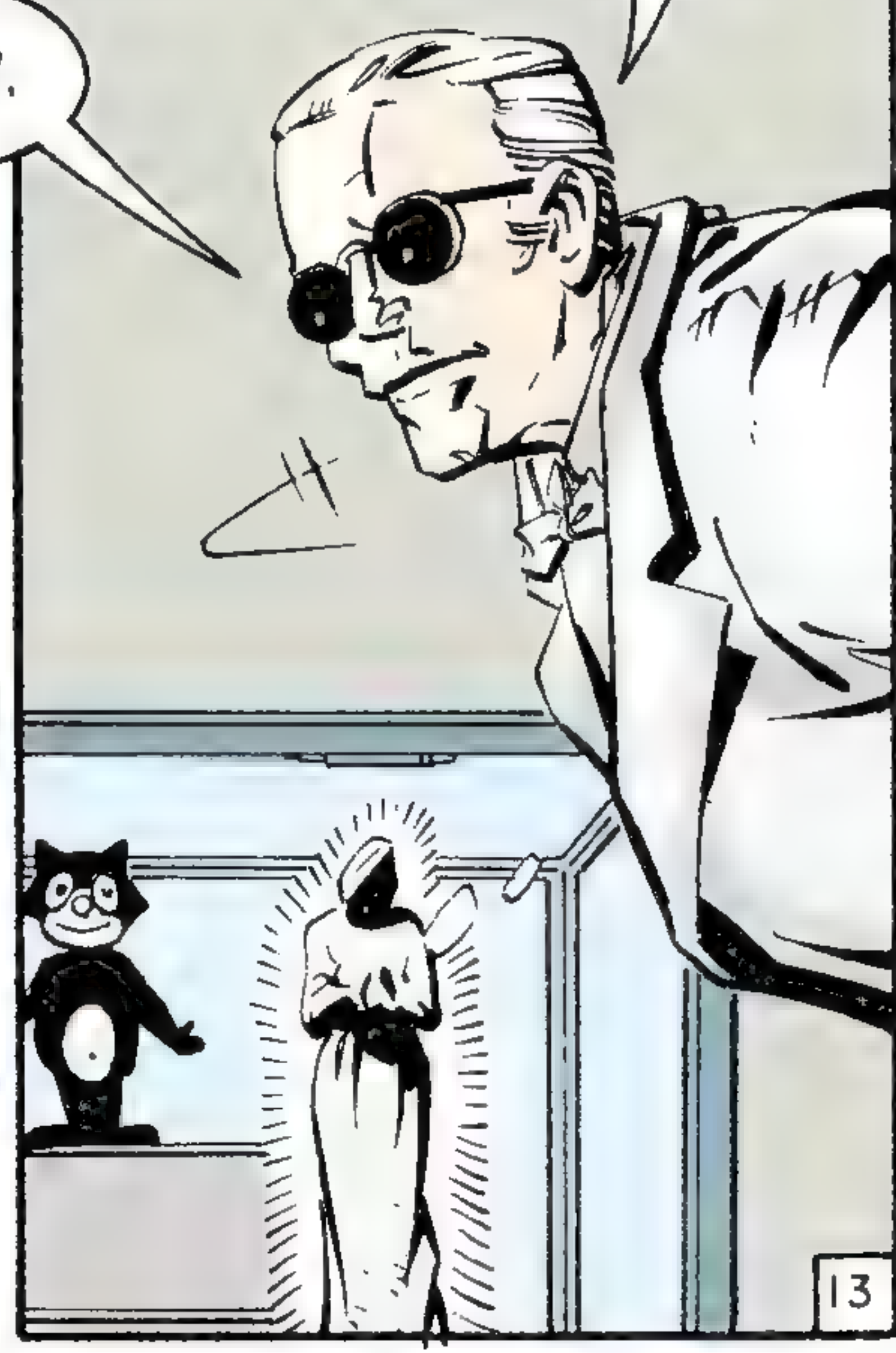
THE PREVIOUS OWNER
CUT HER OWN THROAT
WITH A SHARPENED **KEY**
AND THE KEY ITSELF IS
NOW RUMORED TO PRO-
VIDE ACCESS INTO THE
DREAMS OF **CHILDREN**.

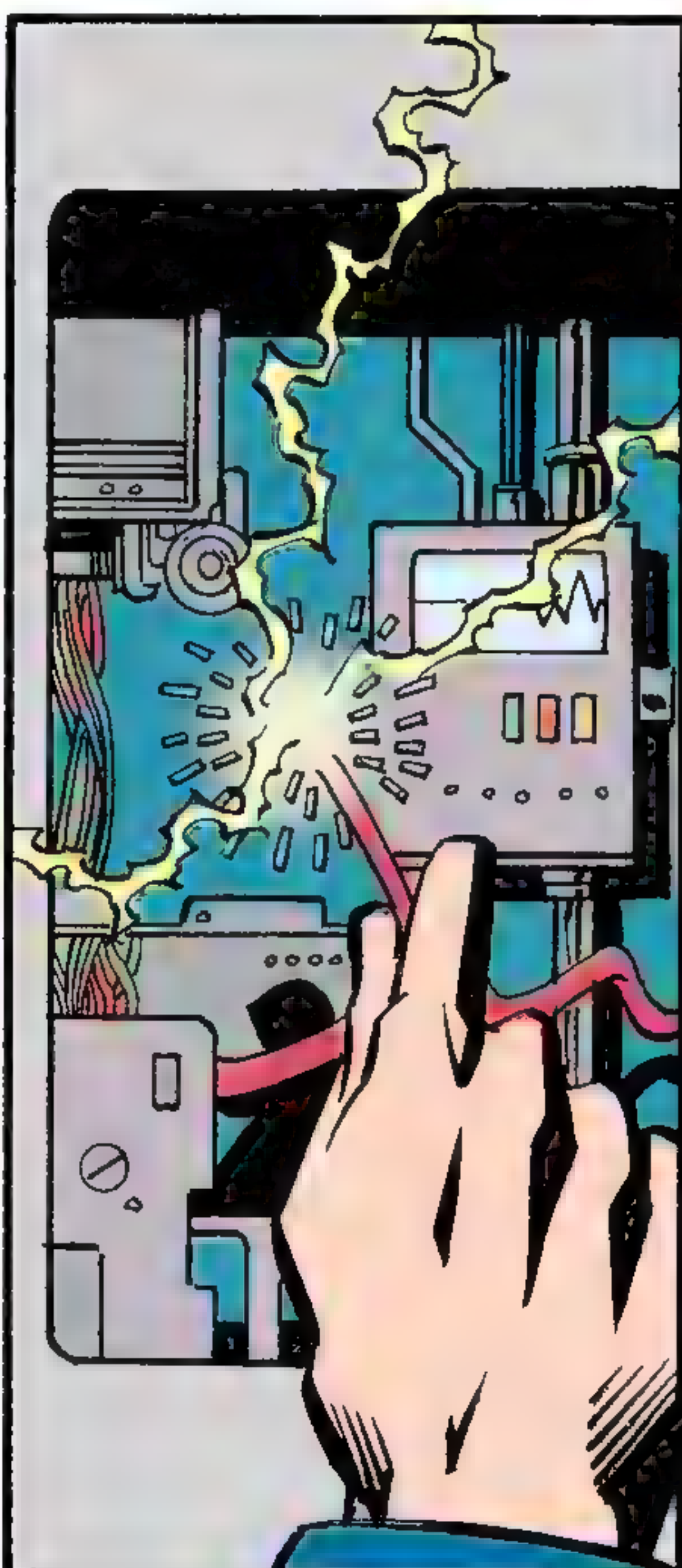


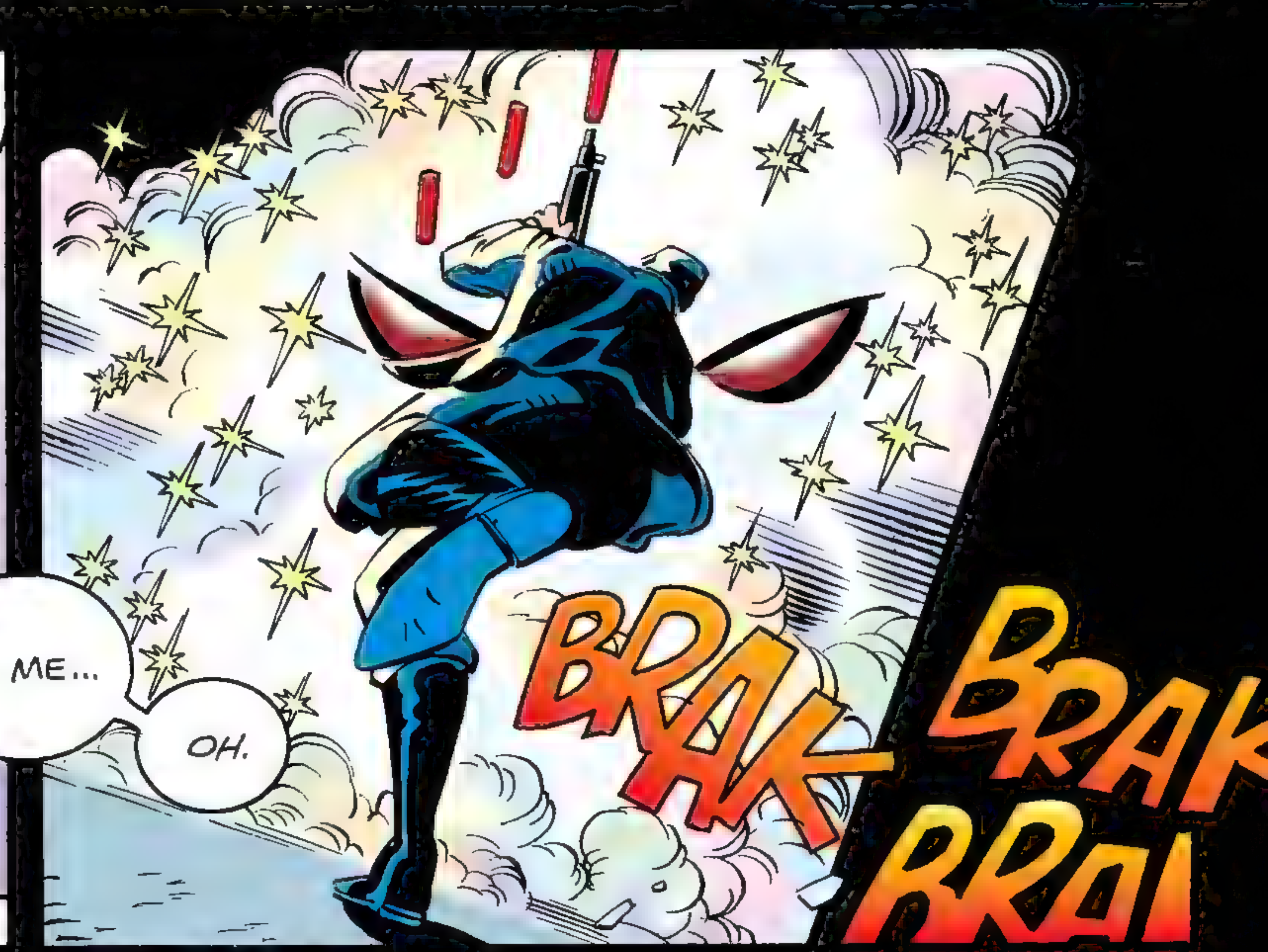
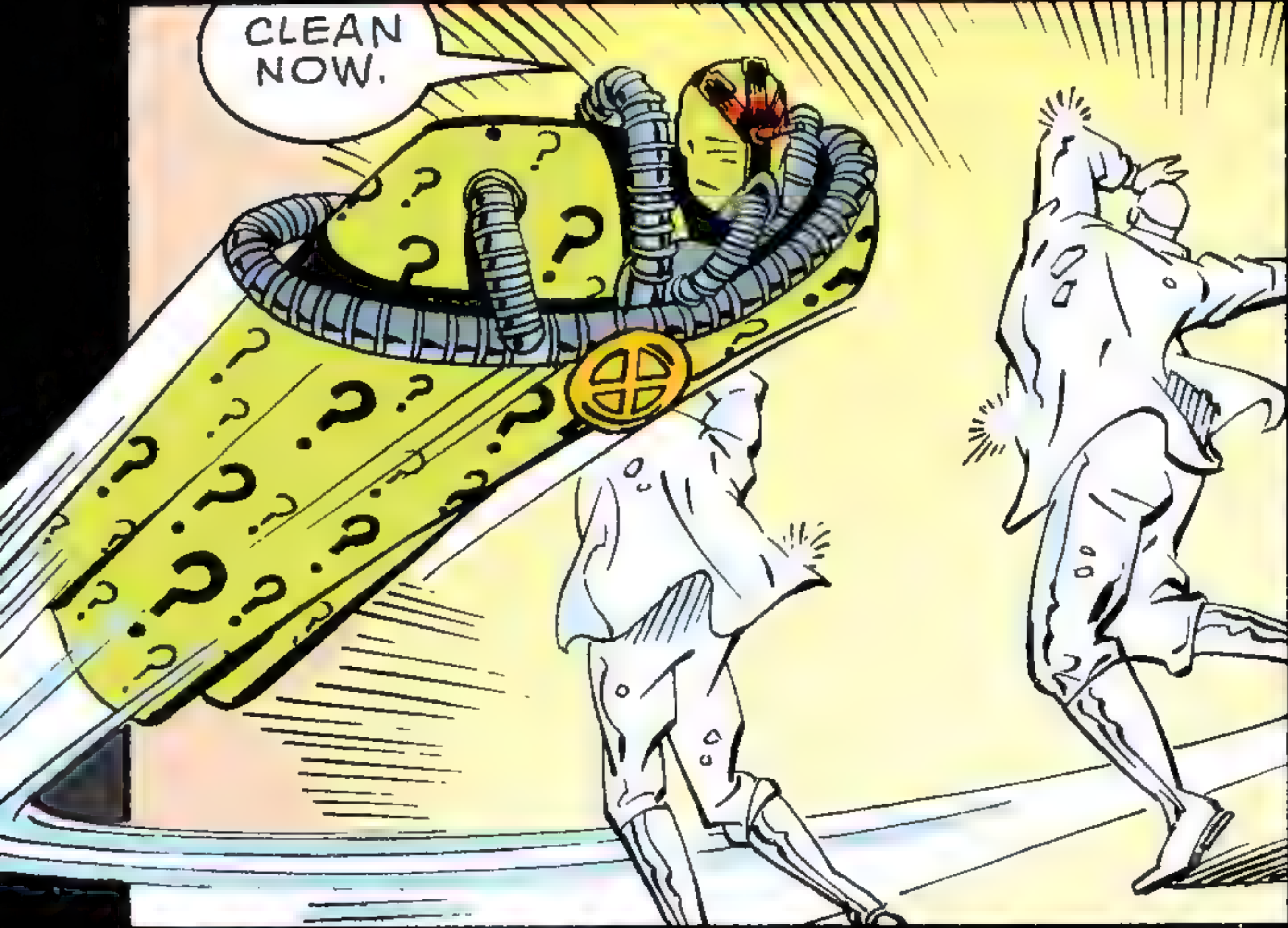
HERE, ALSO,
THE INFAMOUS
DRESDEN MADONNA,
WHICH BLEEDS SOUR
MILK EVERY TWENTY-
EIGHT DAYS.

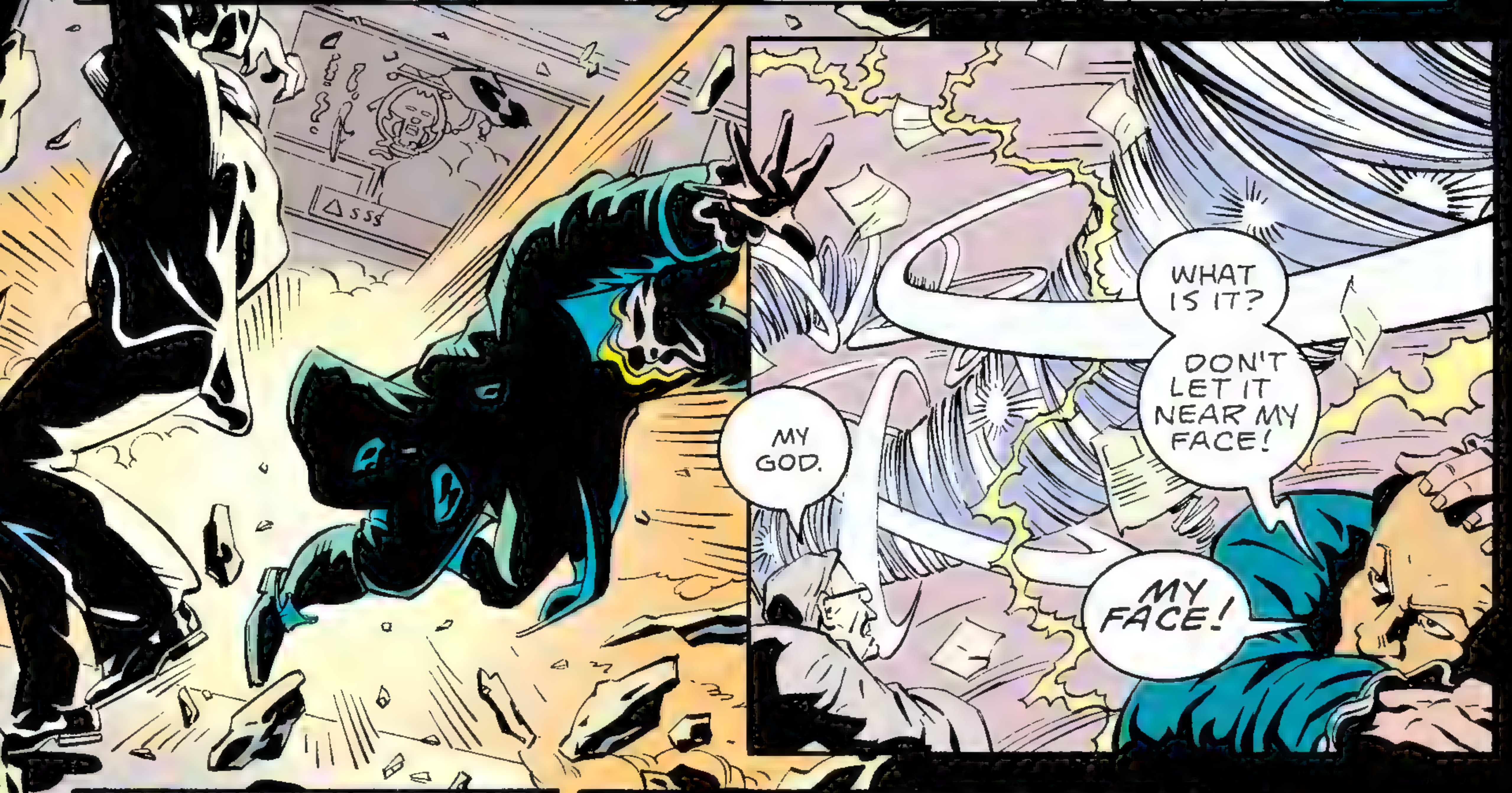
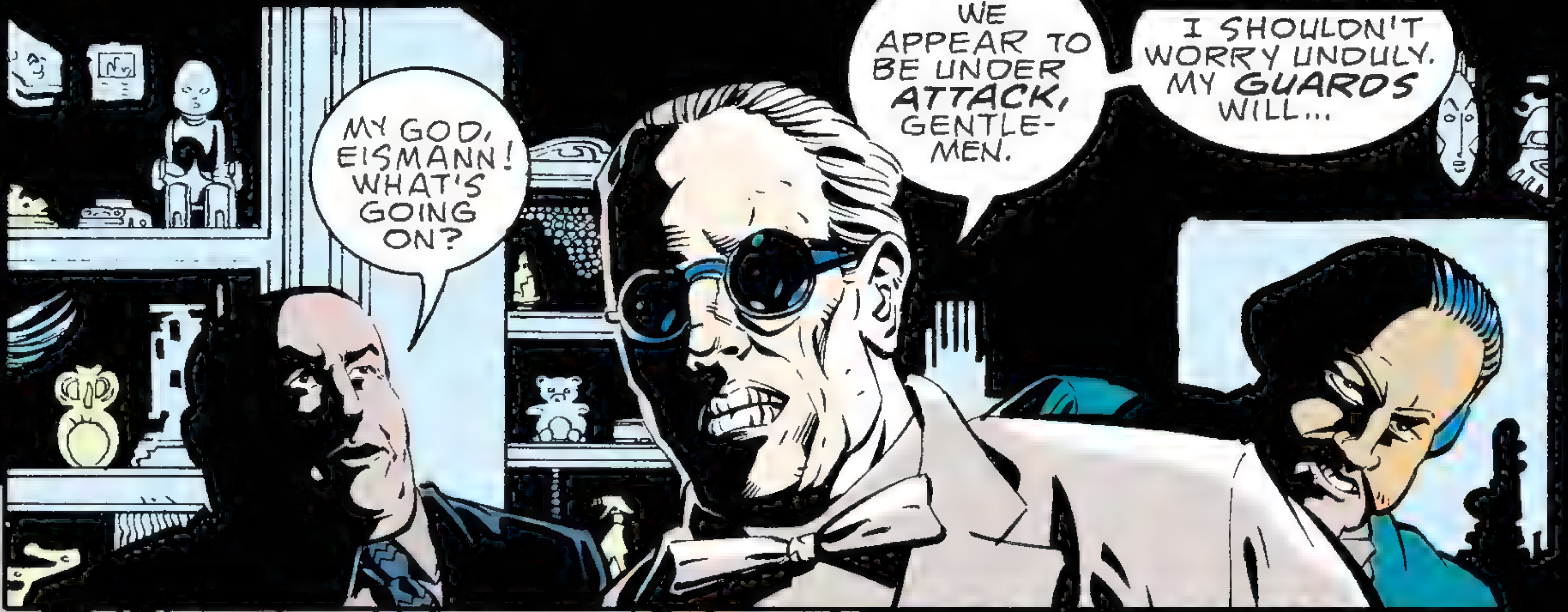
YOU SAY
YOU MAY BE
INTERESTED
IN
TRADING?

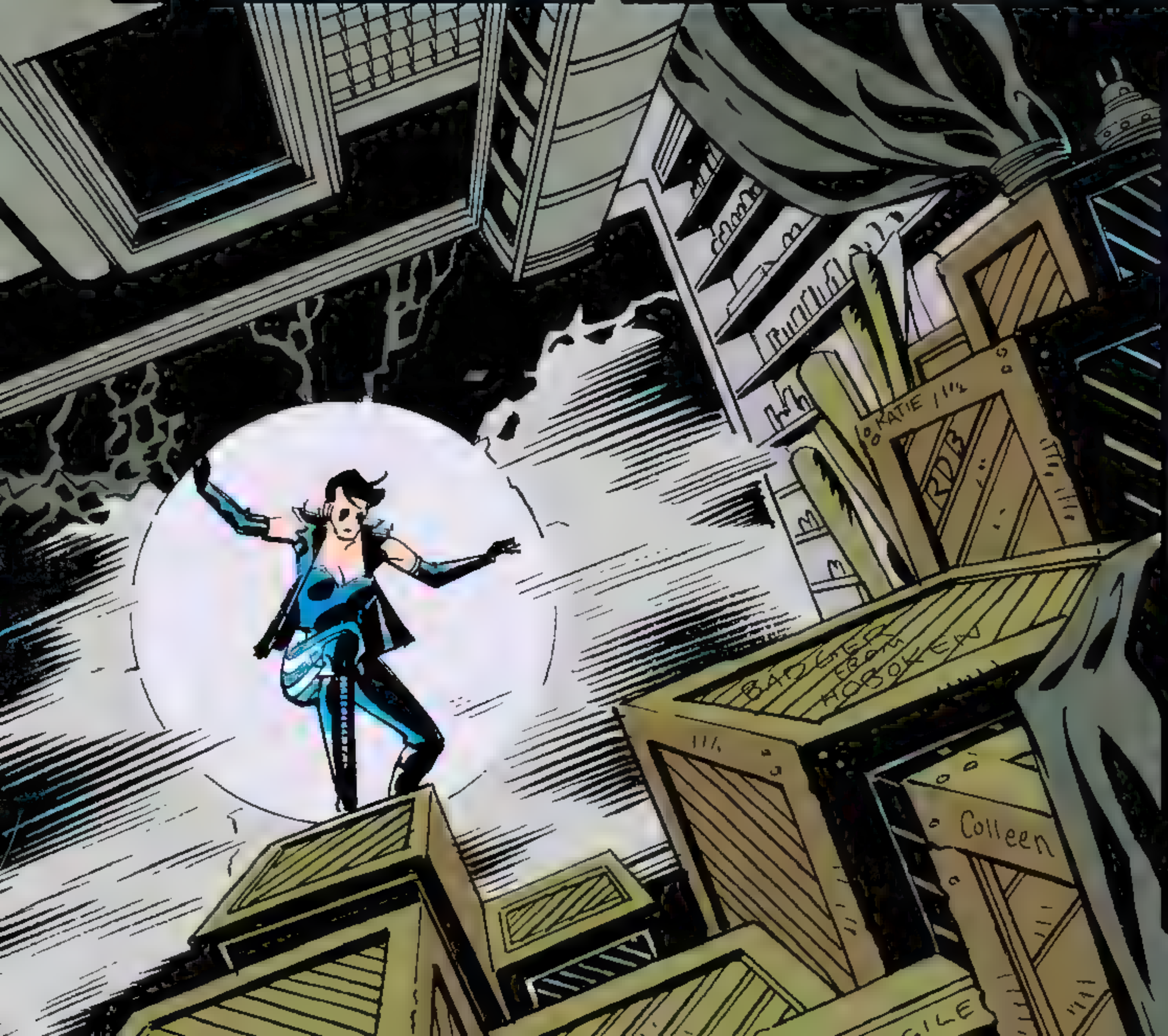
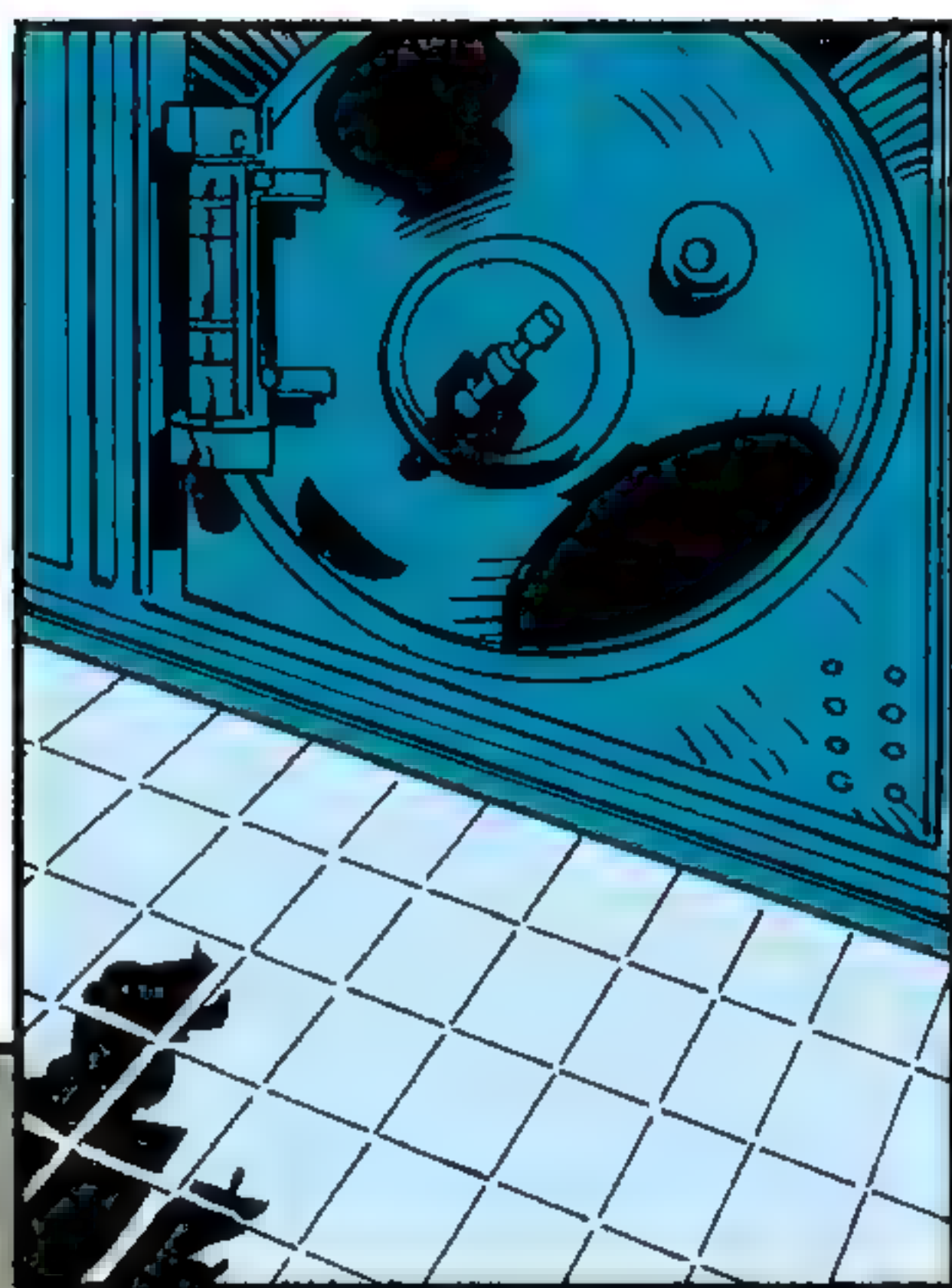
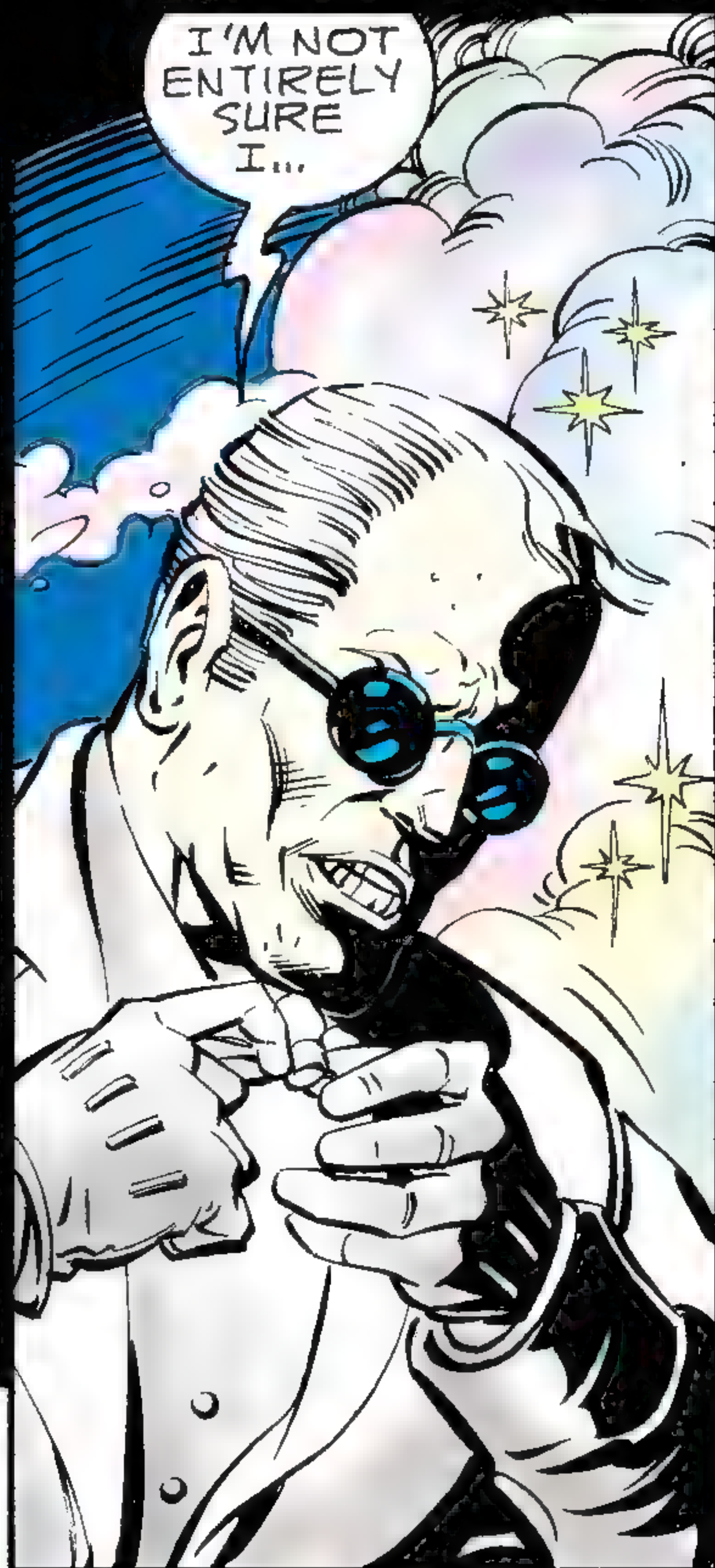
NOW.

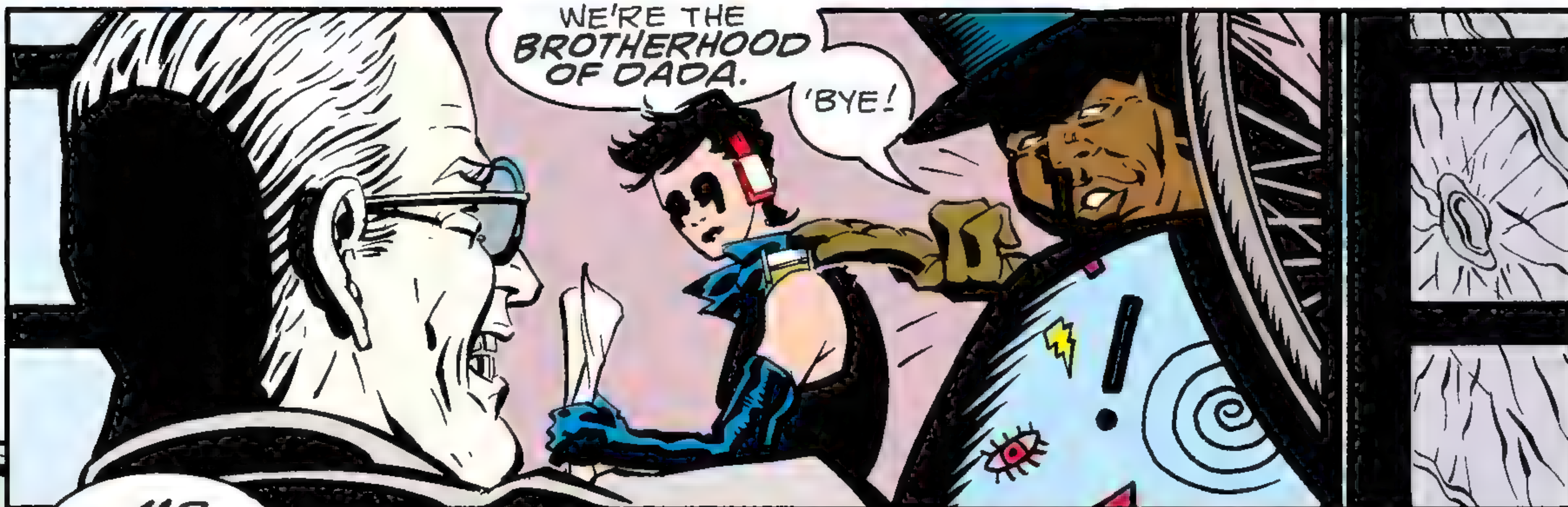














AND NOW!
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN,
CHILDREN AND
MICROBES AND
ALL LISTENING
GODS!

THE
BROTHER-
HOOD OF
DADA BIDS
YOU
WELCOME!



BUT WHAT IS
DADA, I HEAR
YOU SAY?

DADA IS A STATE
OF MIND. DADA APPLIES
ITSELF TO EVERYTHING
AND YET IT IS NOTHING;
IT IS THE POINT AT WHICH
YES AND NO AND ALL
OPPOSITES MEET.

DADA IS
USELESS, LIKE
EVERYTHING
ELSE IN
LIFE.

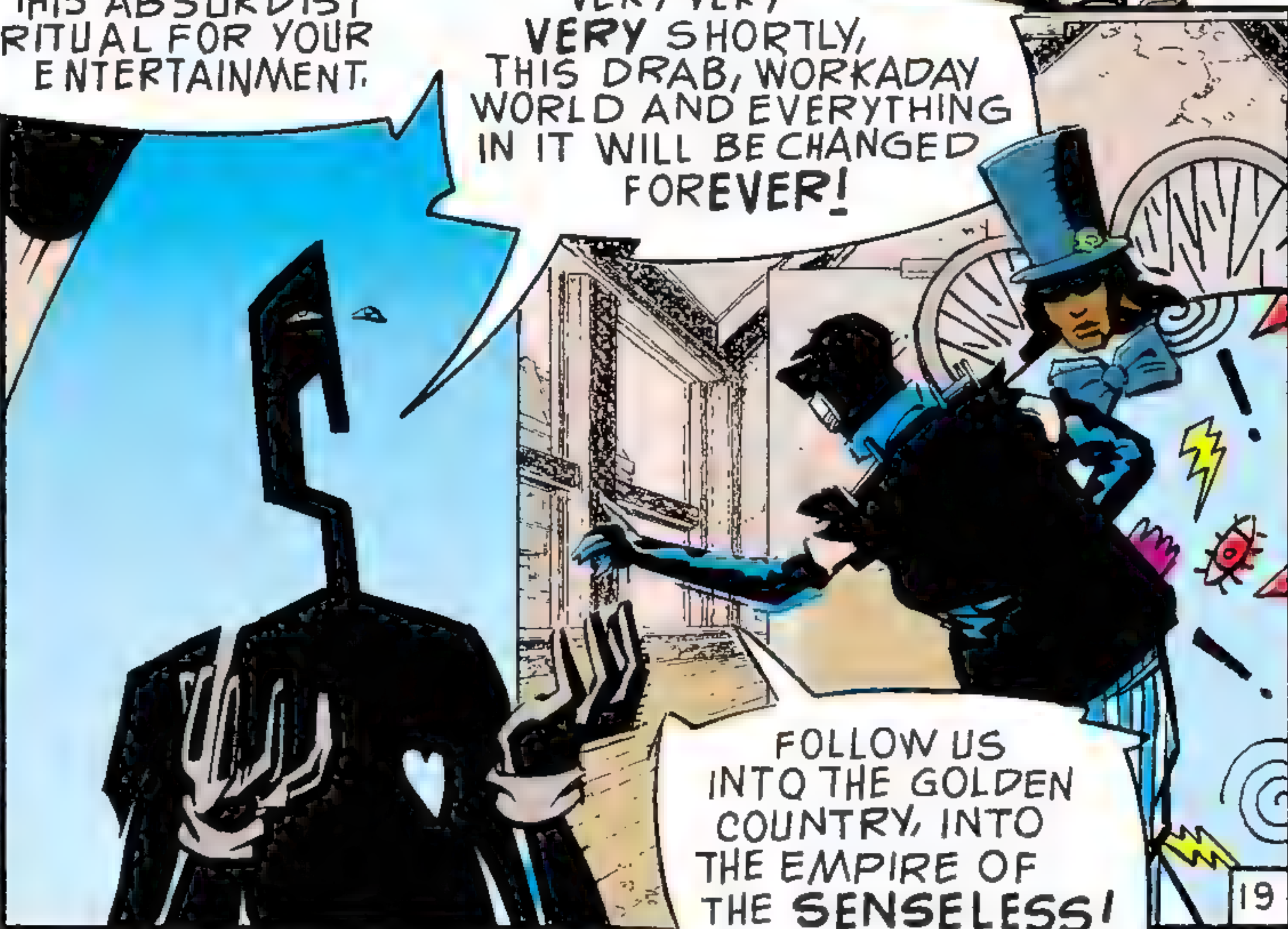
AND DADA HAS
NO PRETENSIONS,
JUST AS LIFE
SHOULD HAVE
NONE.



THUS DO WE PRESENT
THIS ABSURDIST
RITUAL FOR YOUR
ENTERTAINMENT.



VERY VERY
VERY SHORTLY,
THIS DRAB, WORKADAY
WORLD AND EVERYTHING
IN IT WILL BE CHANGED
FOREVER!

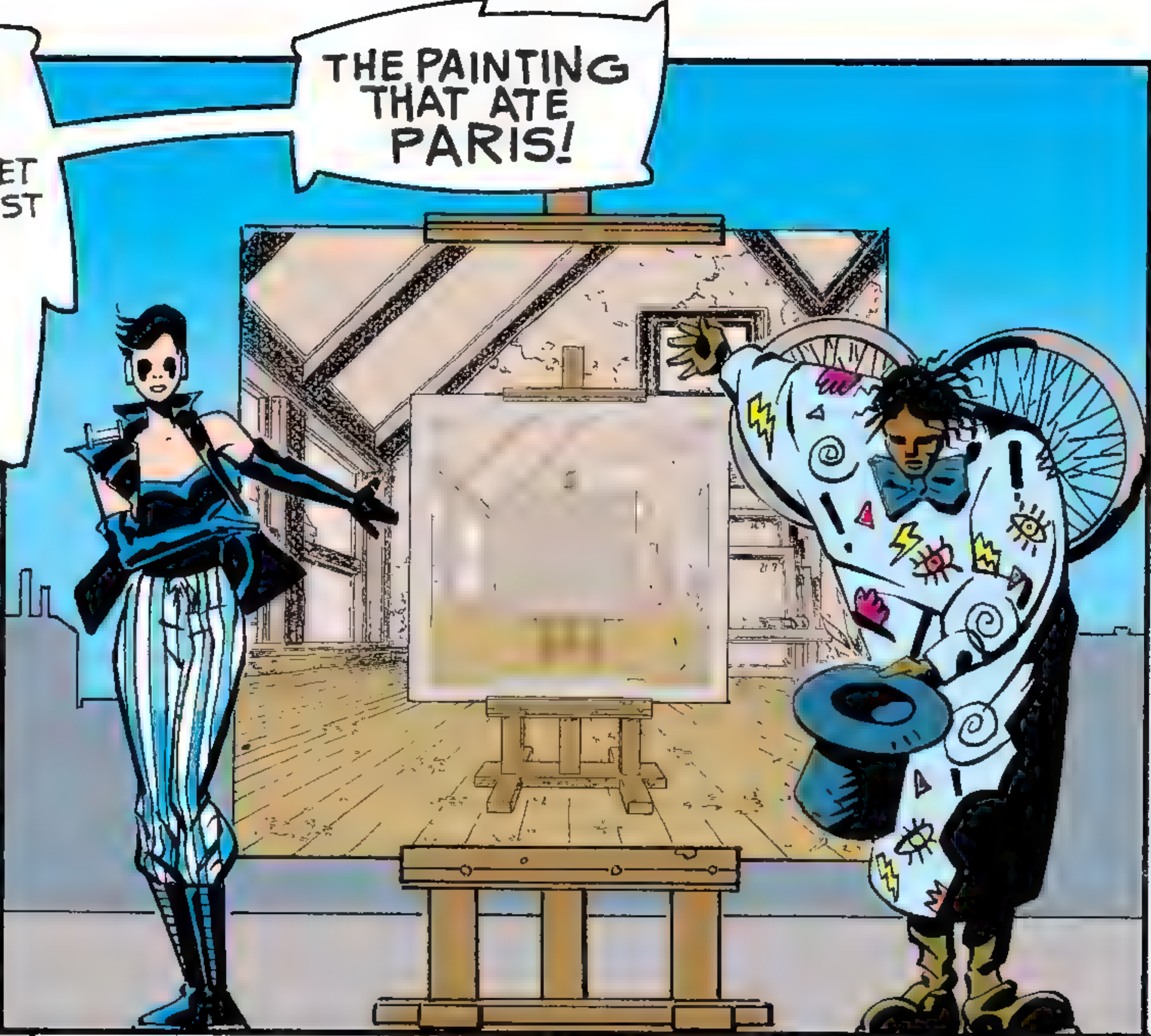


FOLLOW US
INTO THE GOLDEN
COUNTRY, INTO
THE EMPIRE OF
THE **SENSELESS!**

YES
INDEED!

IN THE NAME OF
DUCHAMP AND TZARA
AND BRETON, IN ALL
THE NAMES OF THAT SWEET
CELESTIAL HOST BUT MOST
OF ALL IN THE BLESSED
NAME OF SAINT
ARTHUR CRAVAN,
THE NIHILIST
MARTYR, WE
OFFER YOU...

THE PAINTING
THAT ATE
PARIS!



I PLAN NOW TO
COMPOSE AN INSTANT...

OKAY, THAT'S
ENOUGH.

BREAK
THIS UP!

YOU!
I WANT
TO SEE
YOUR...



THERE! WE HAVE
NOW TAKEN OVER
THE WORLD.

WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
ABOUT THAT?

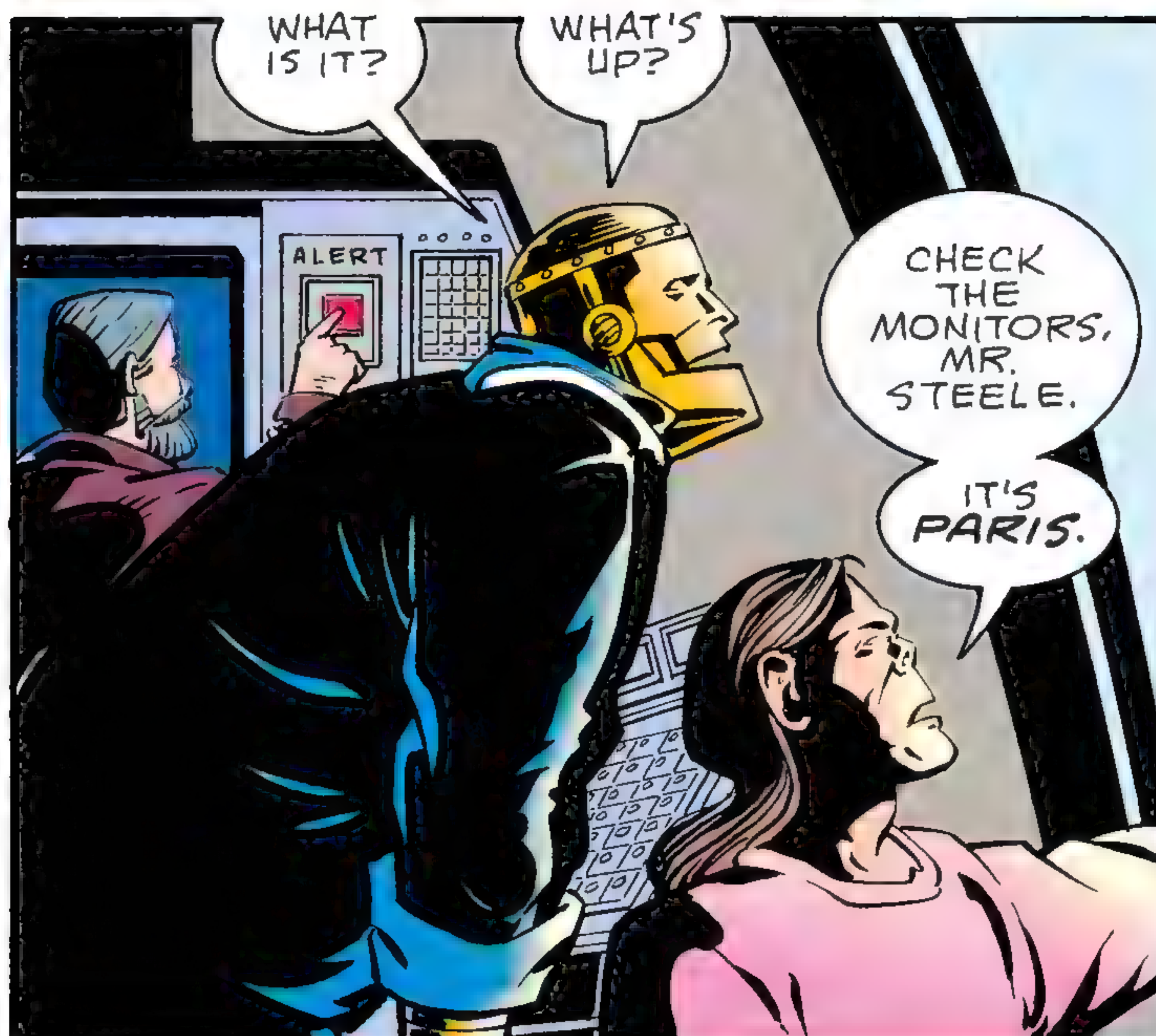


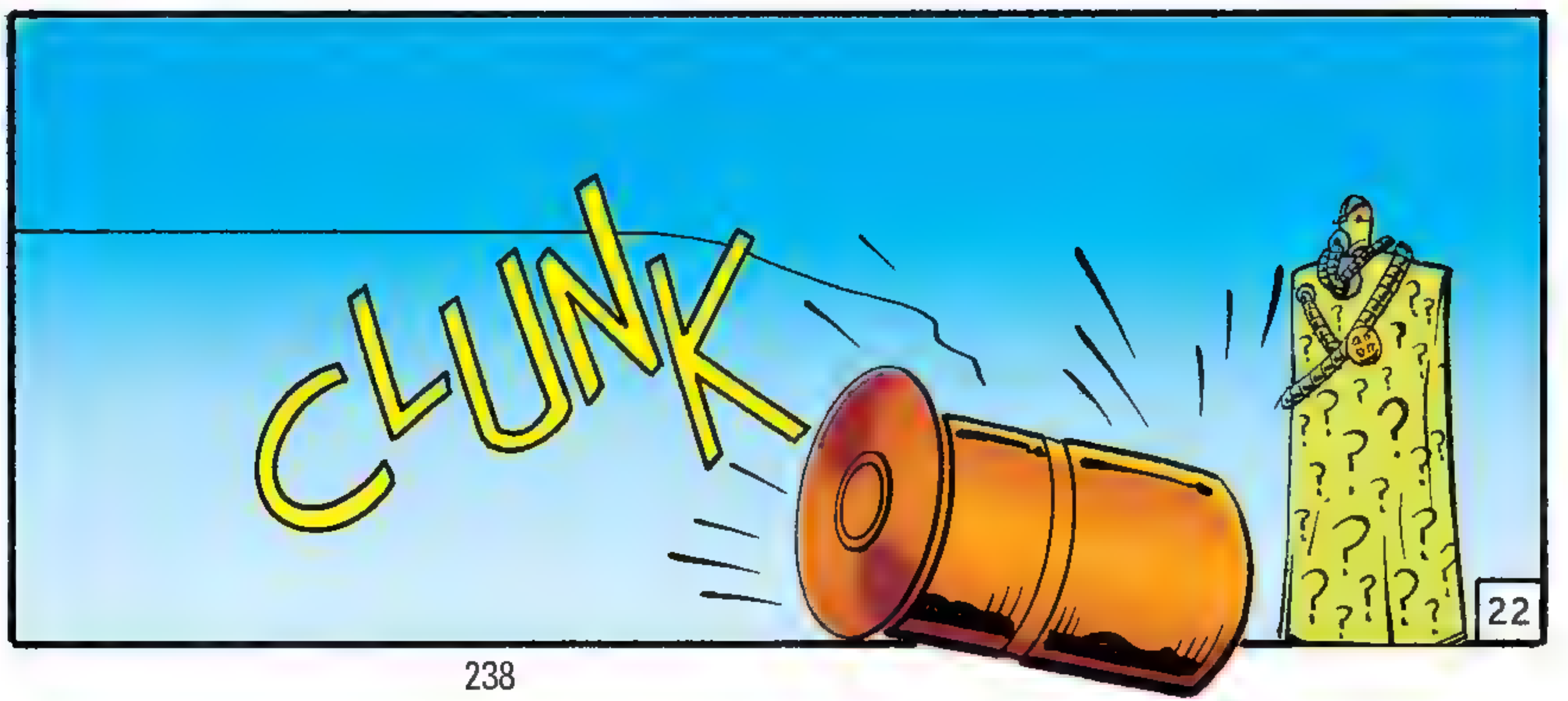
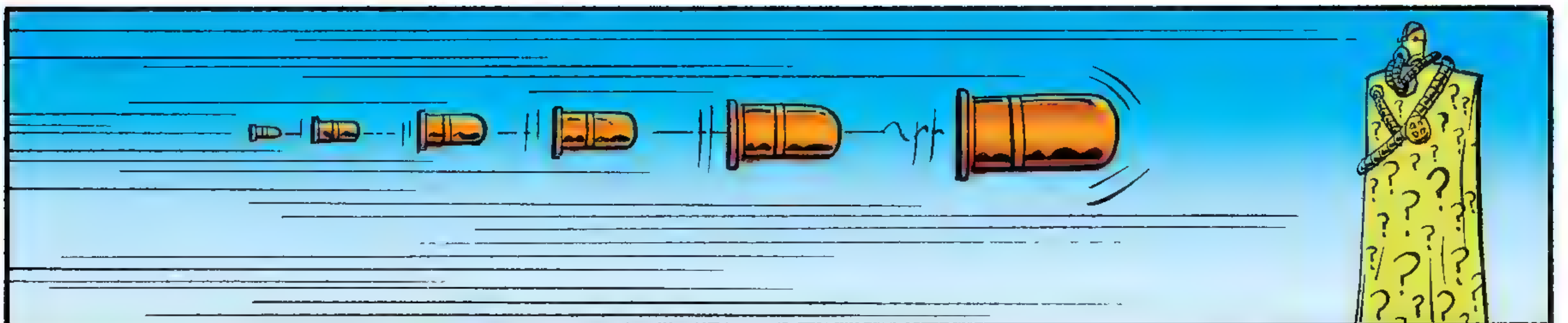
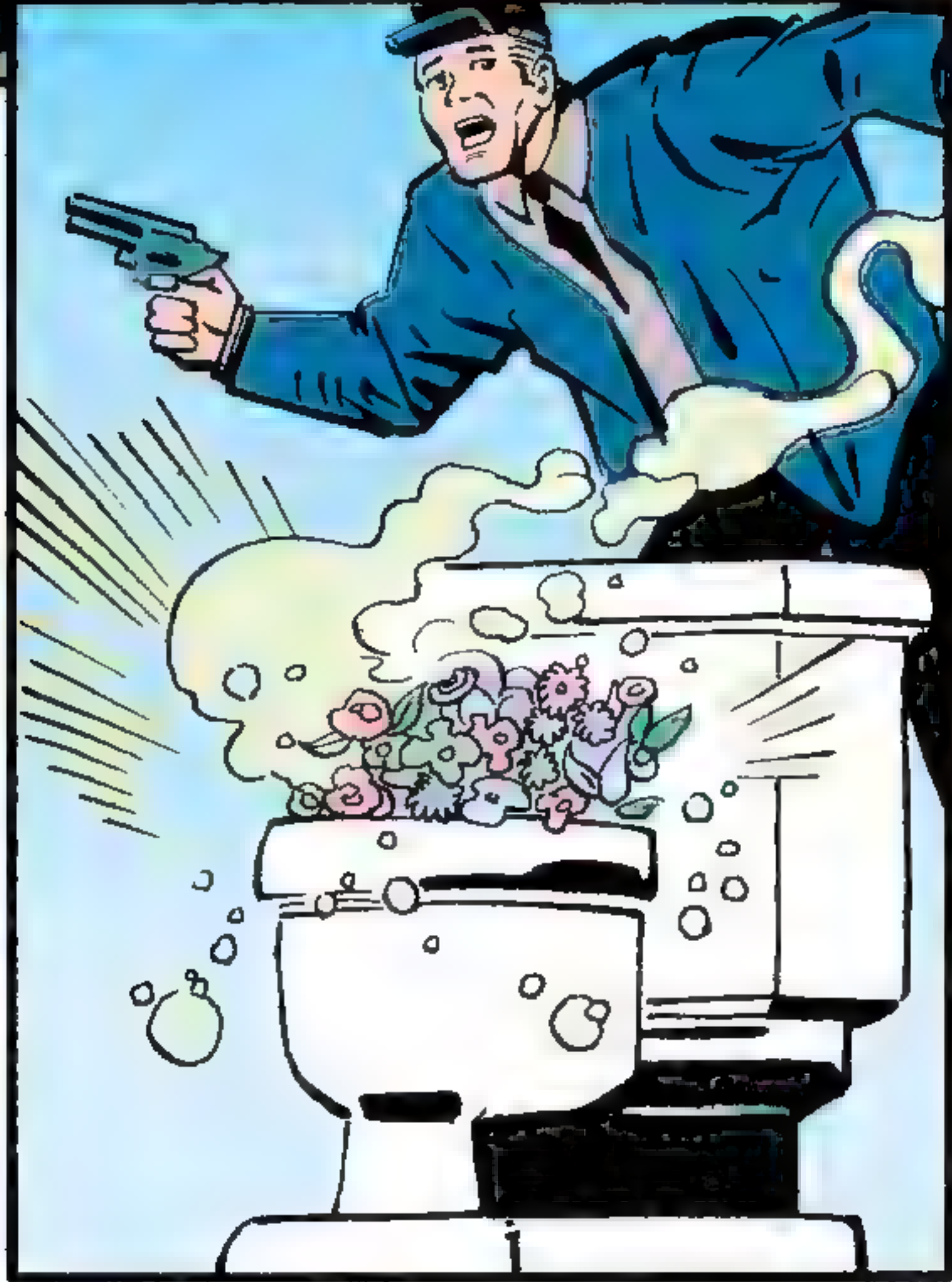
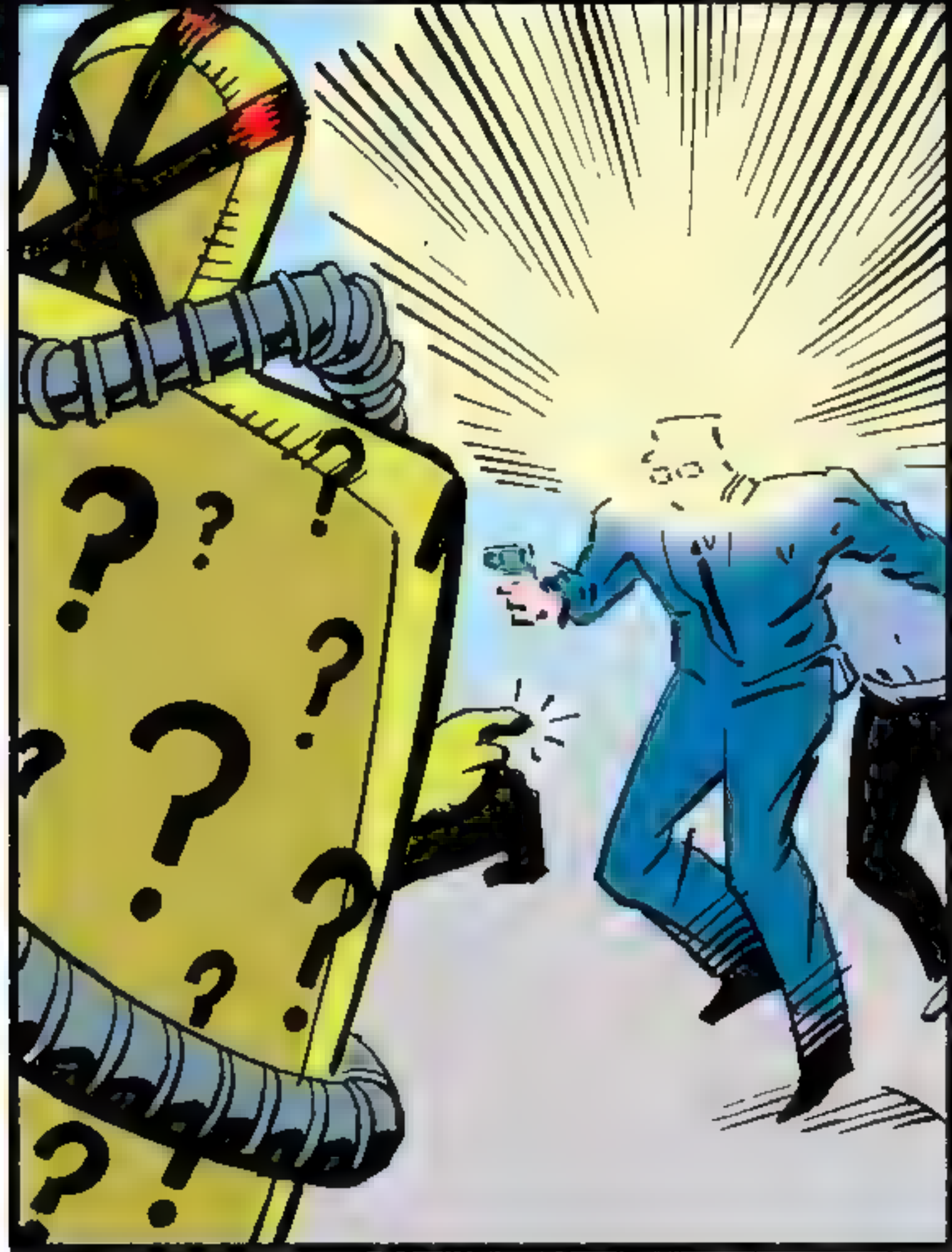
...WHAT?...

YOU
THINK
THAT'S
FUNNY,
EH?

WELL,
I'M NOT
LAUGHING.

I'M NOT
LAUGHING
AT ALL.





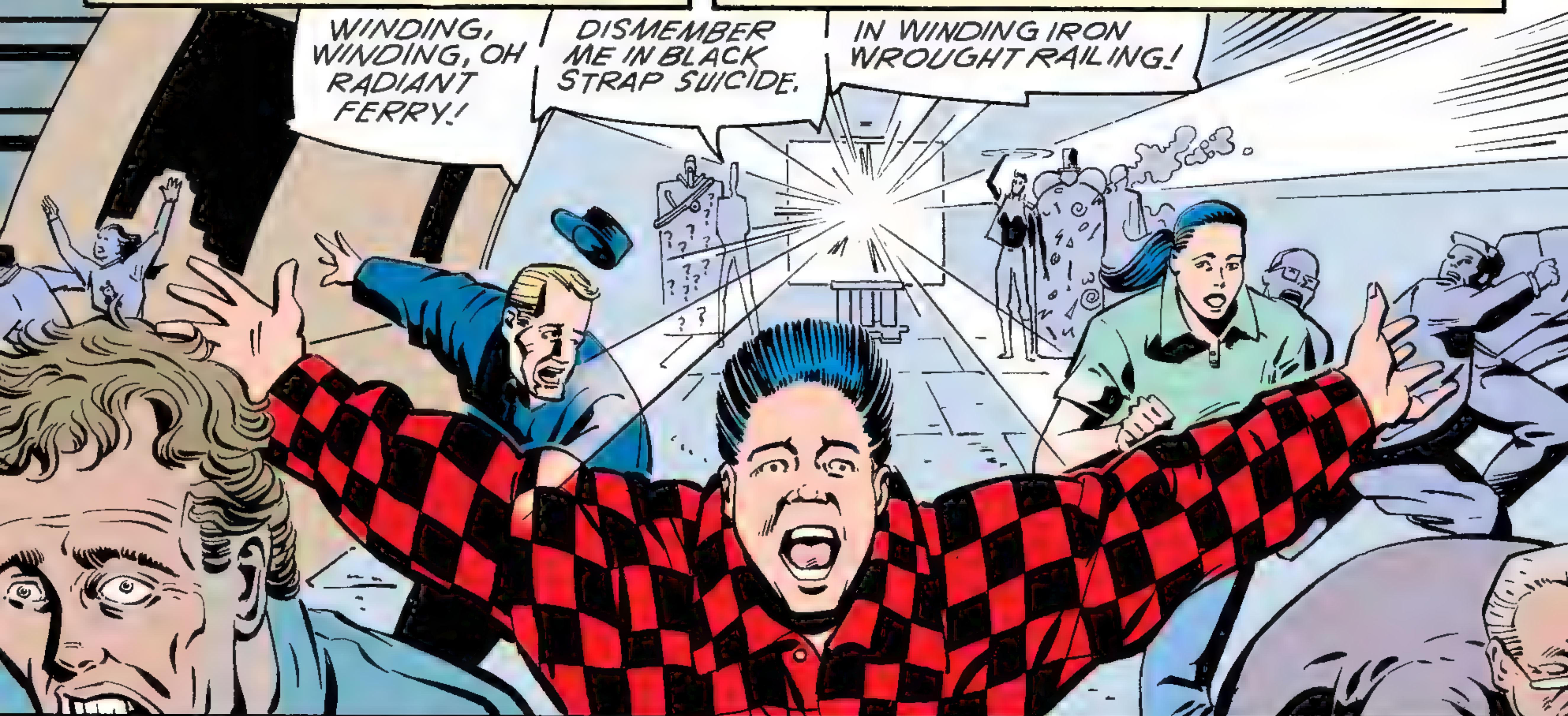
AS I WAS SAYING, I AM ABOUT TO COMPOSE AN AUTOMATIC POEM TO ACTIVATE THIS MARVELOUS PAINTING.

AH, POETRY!
THE LANGUAGE OF PARADISE!

I SHALL CALL IT
"THE PERSIAN
RED RAILWAY!"

THE PERSIAN RED
RAILWAY BOUND IN
CHAINS OF SIGHT-
LESS HARMONY.

SUDDEN CLAMOR
THREATENS THE
SWEATING
WINDMILLS!



WINDING,
WINDING, OH
RADIANT
FERRY!

DISMEMBER
ME IN BLACK
STRAP SUICIDE.

IN WINDING IRON
WROUGHT RAILING!

THIS SICK
CIRCUMFERENCE
BOUND IN CHAINS,
BOUND IN EGG
WHITE!

COLLIDING
BISHOP!
CUDDLE MY
BRAIN!

IT
WORKS!

IT
WORKS!

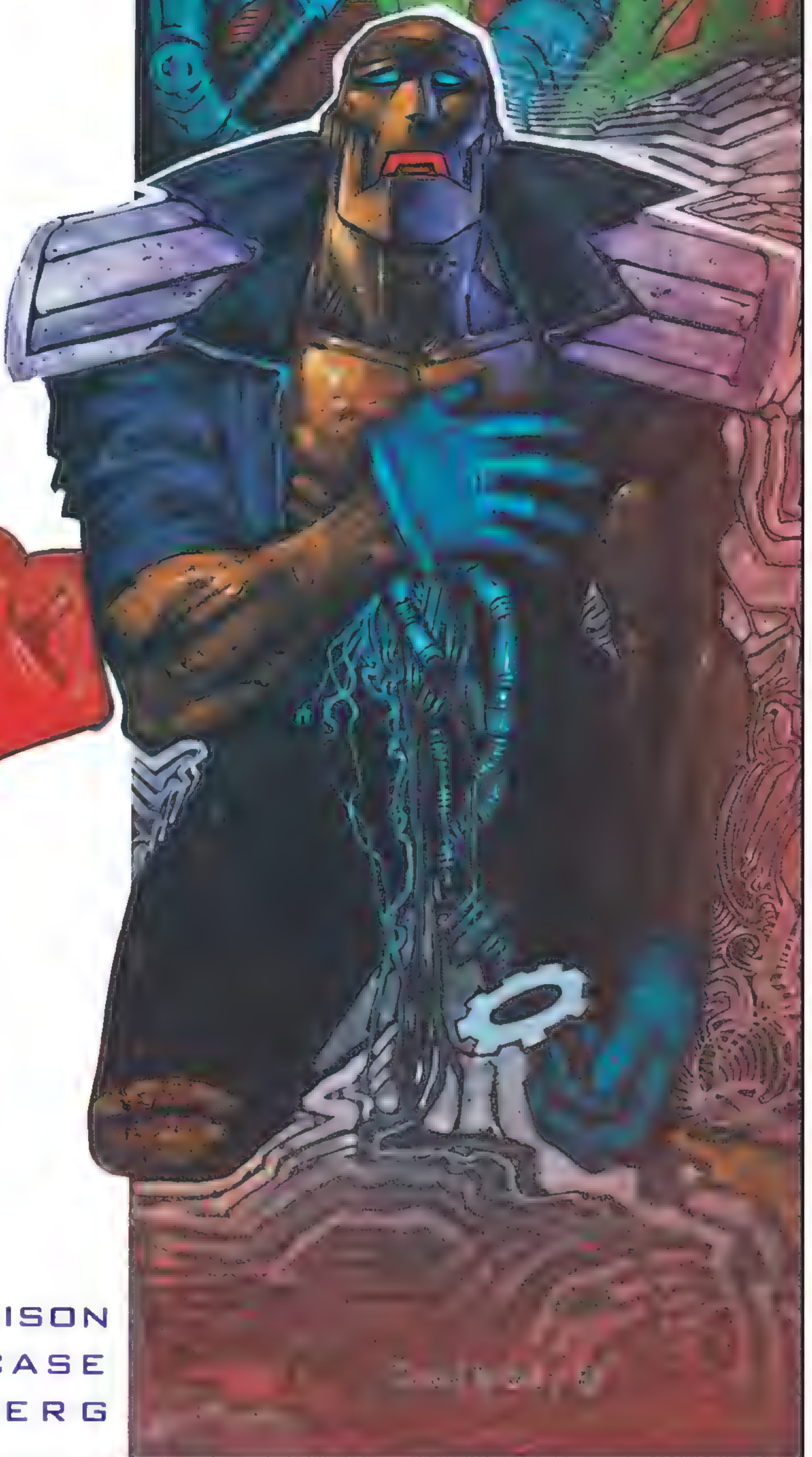
IT
WORKS!





28
DEC 89

dom PATROL™

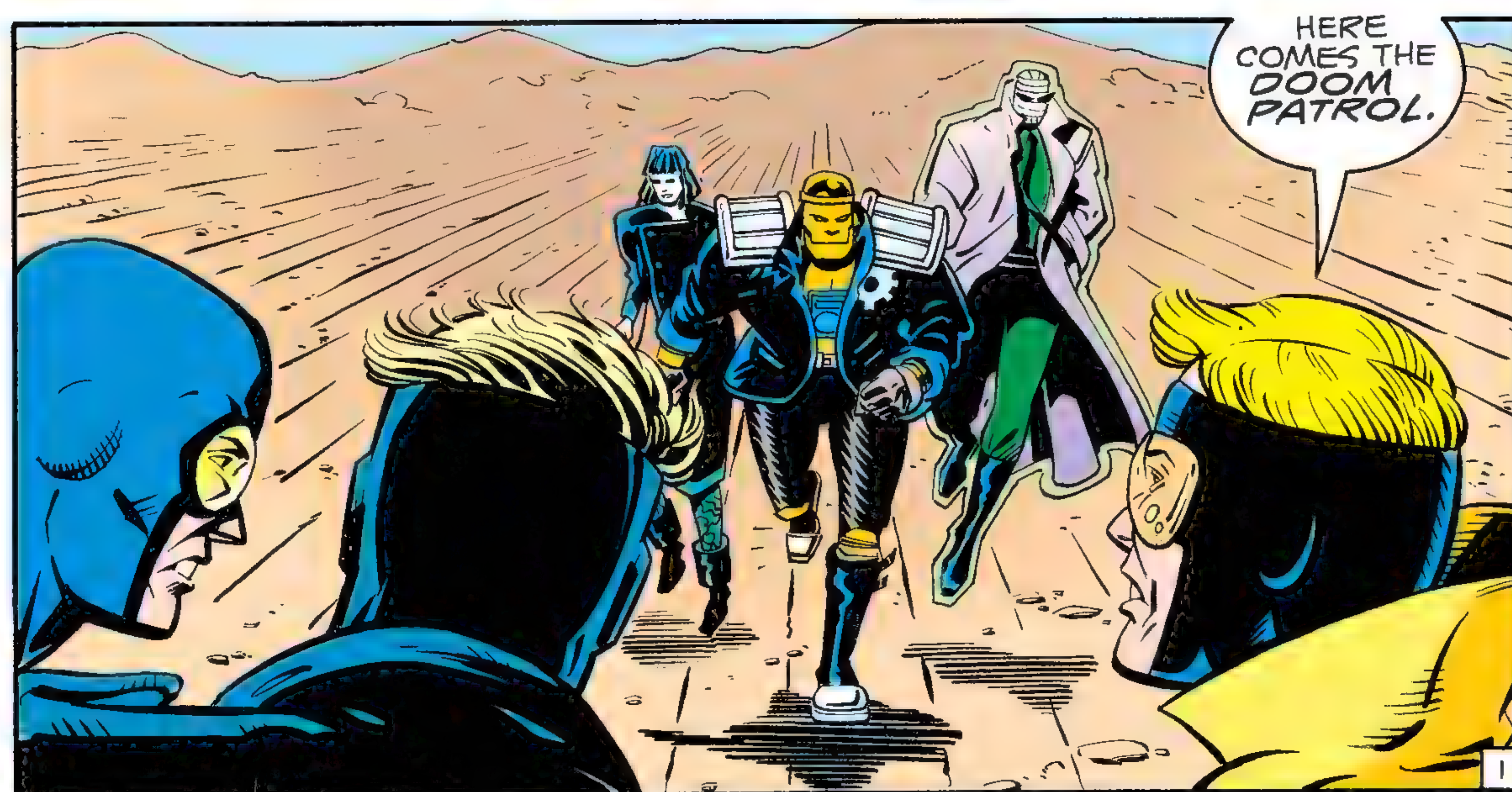
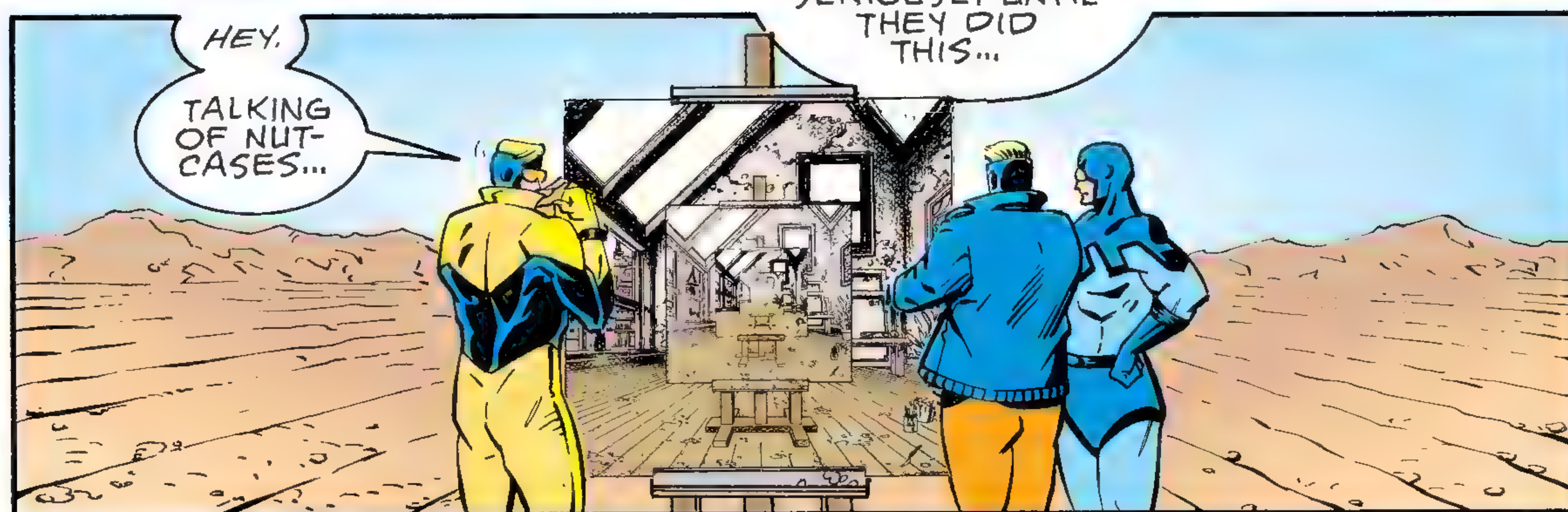
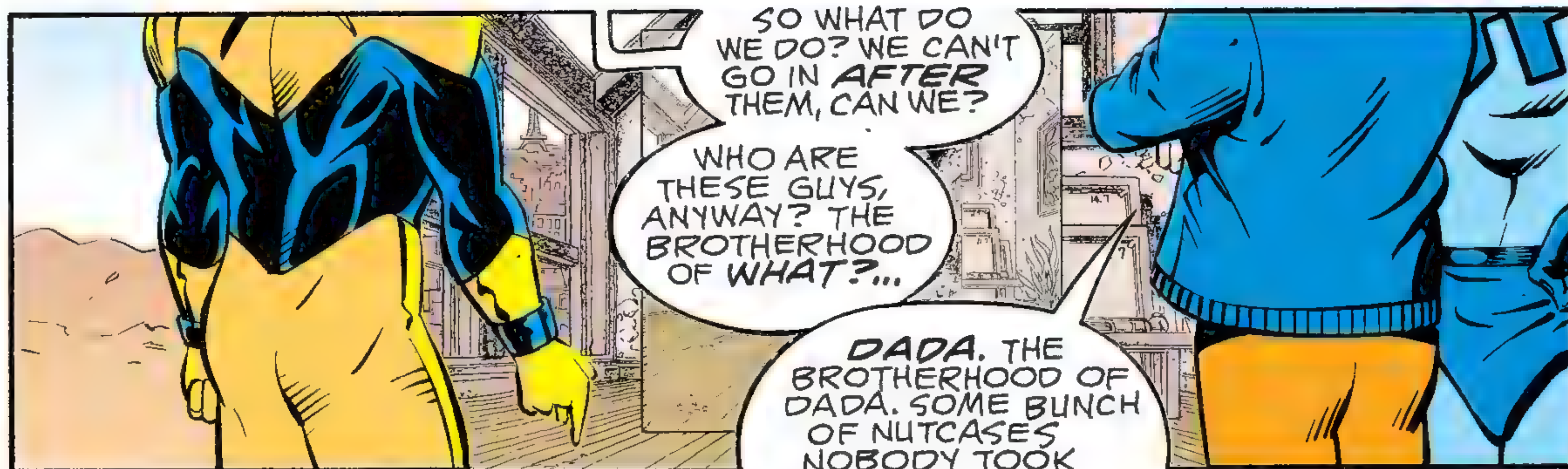
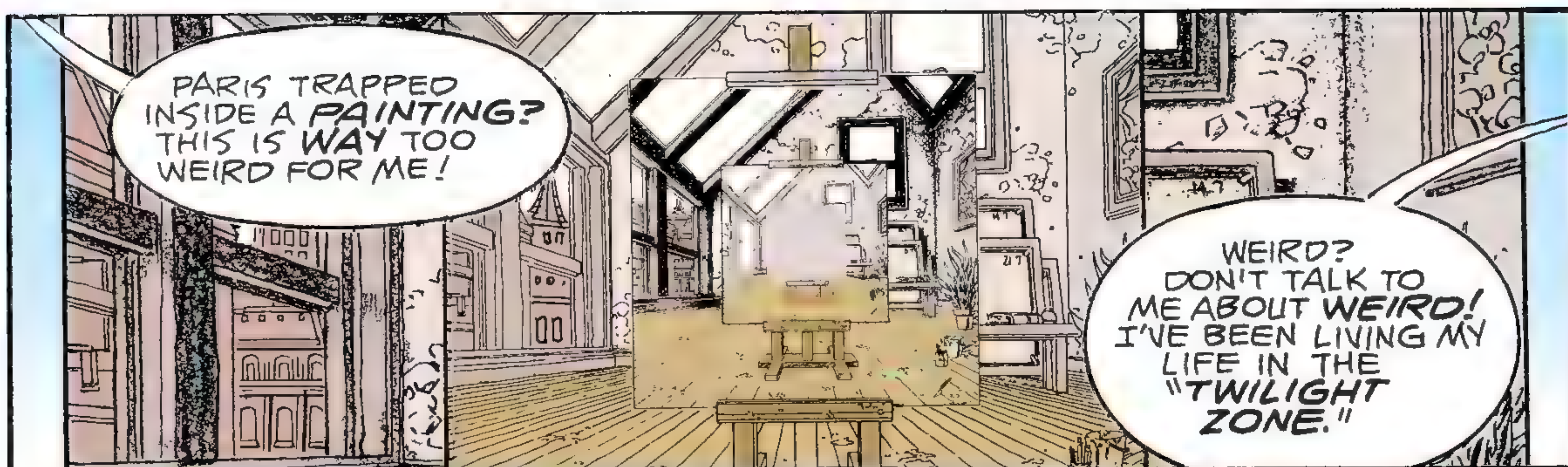


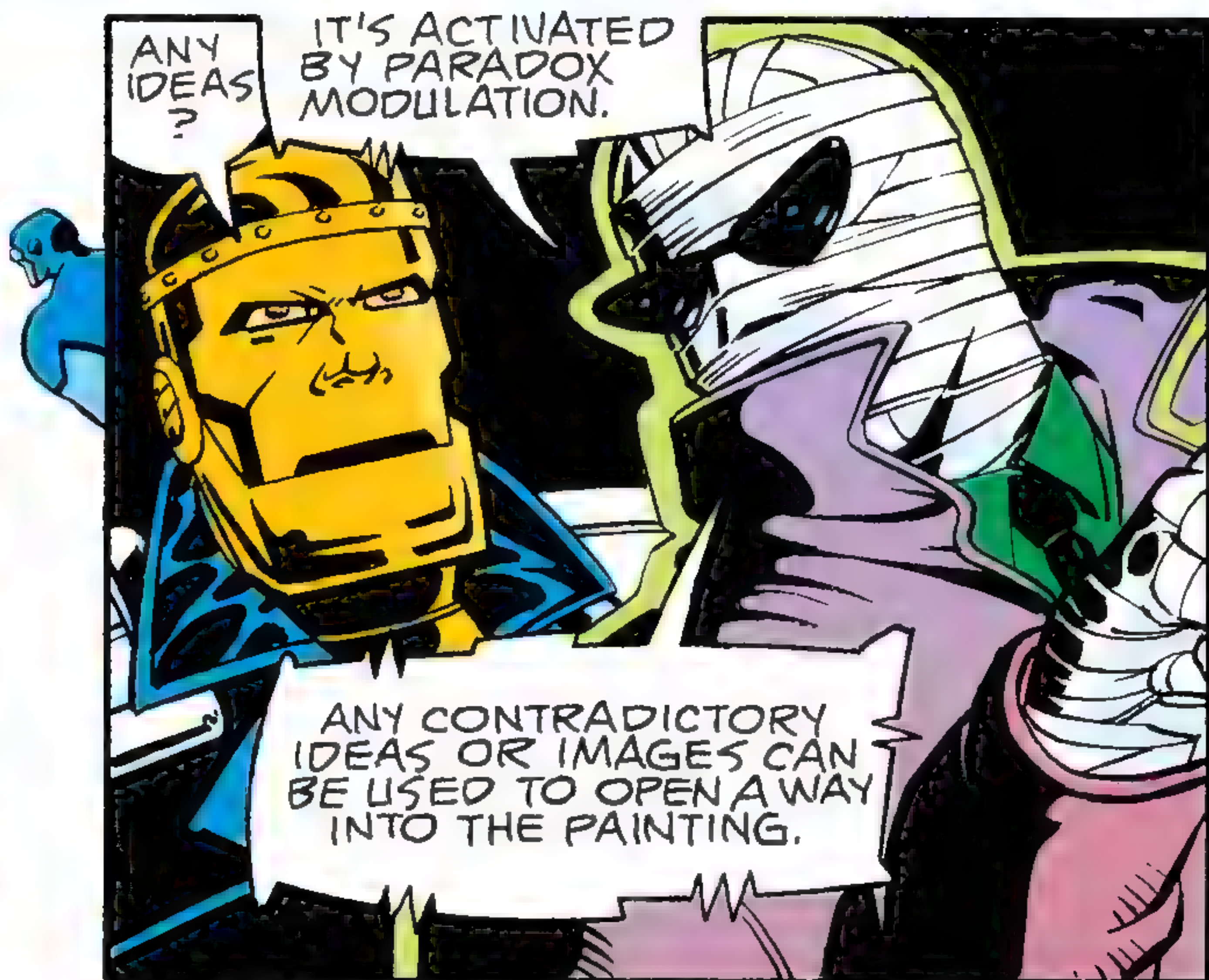
MORRISON
CASE
NYBERG

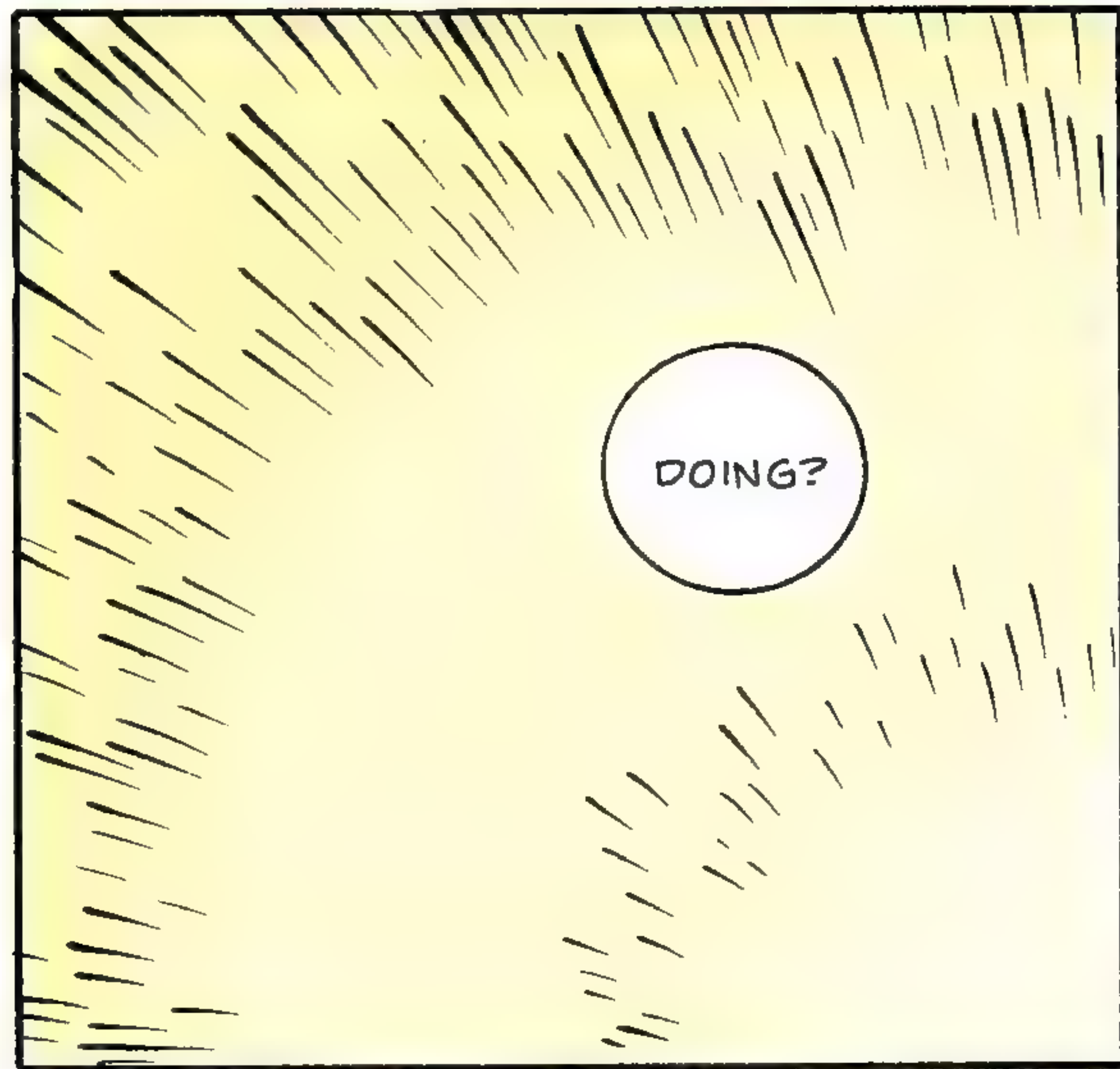
dom PATROL



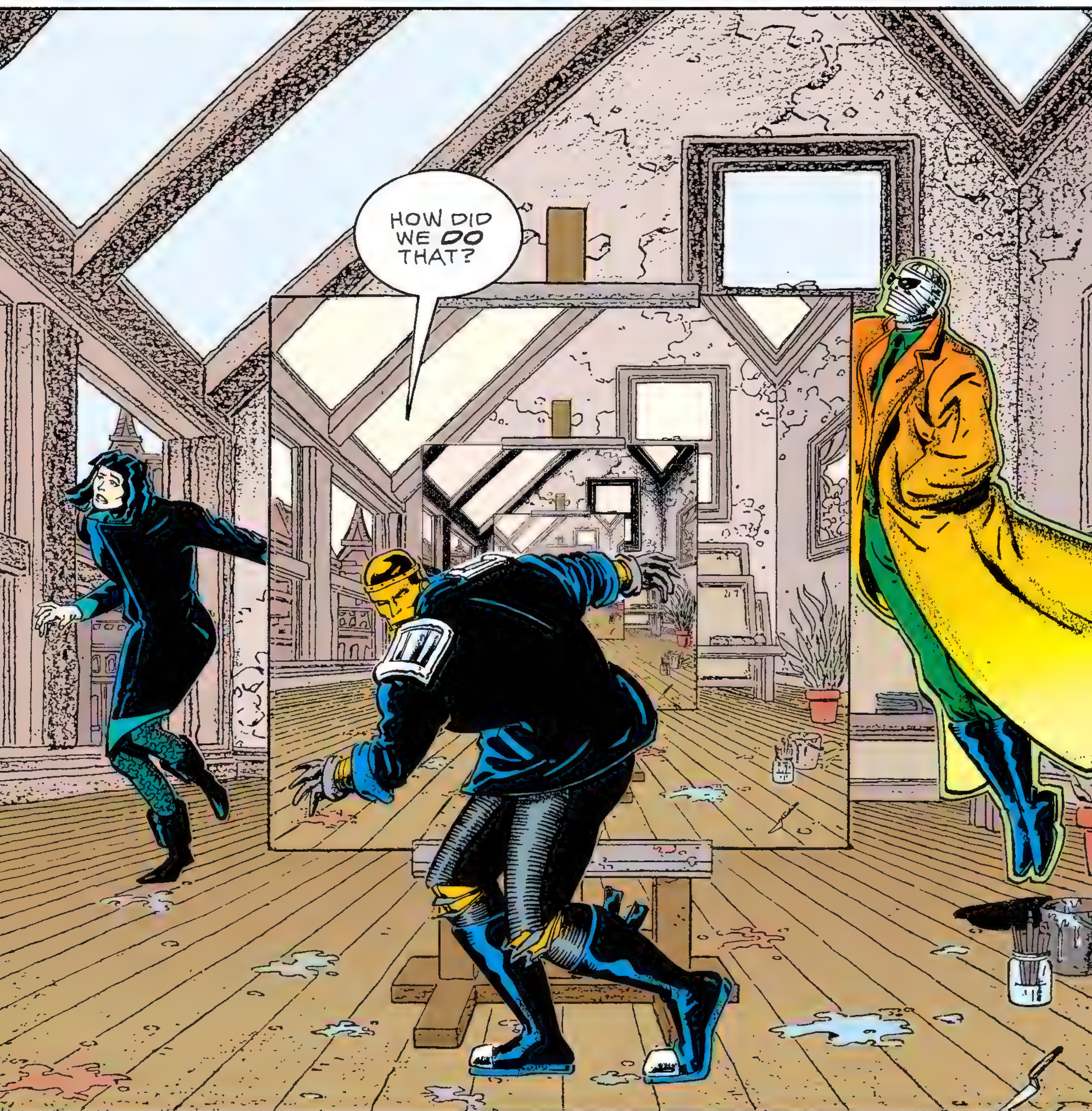
"Those guys give me the *creeps*."

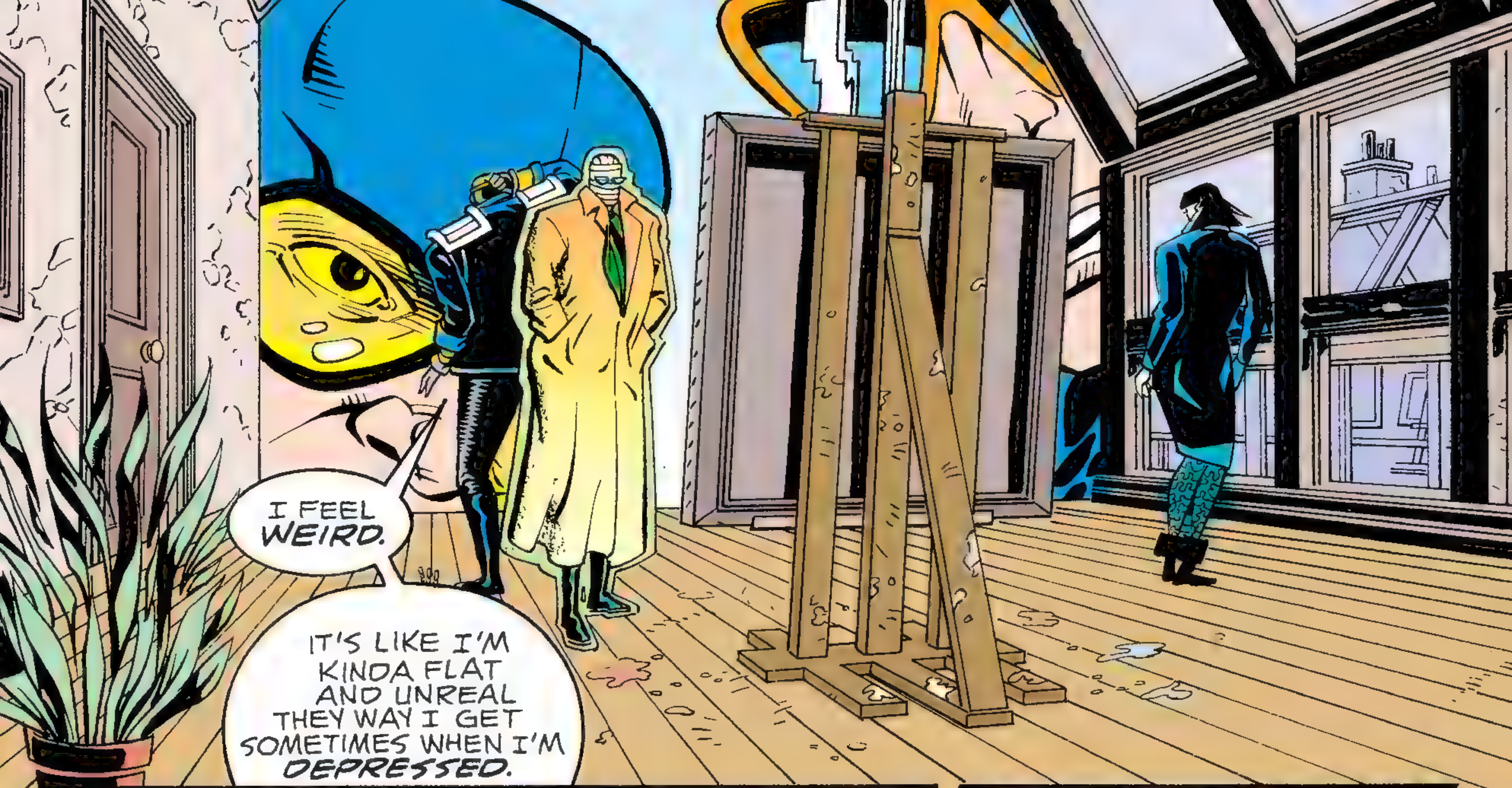






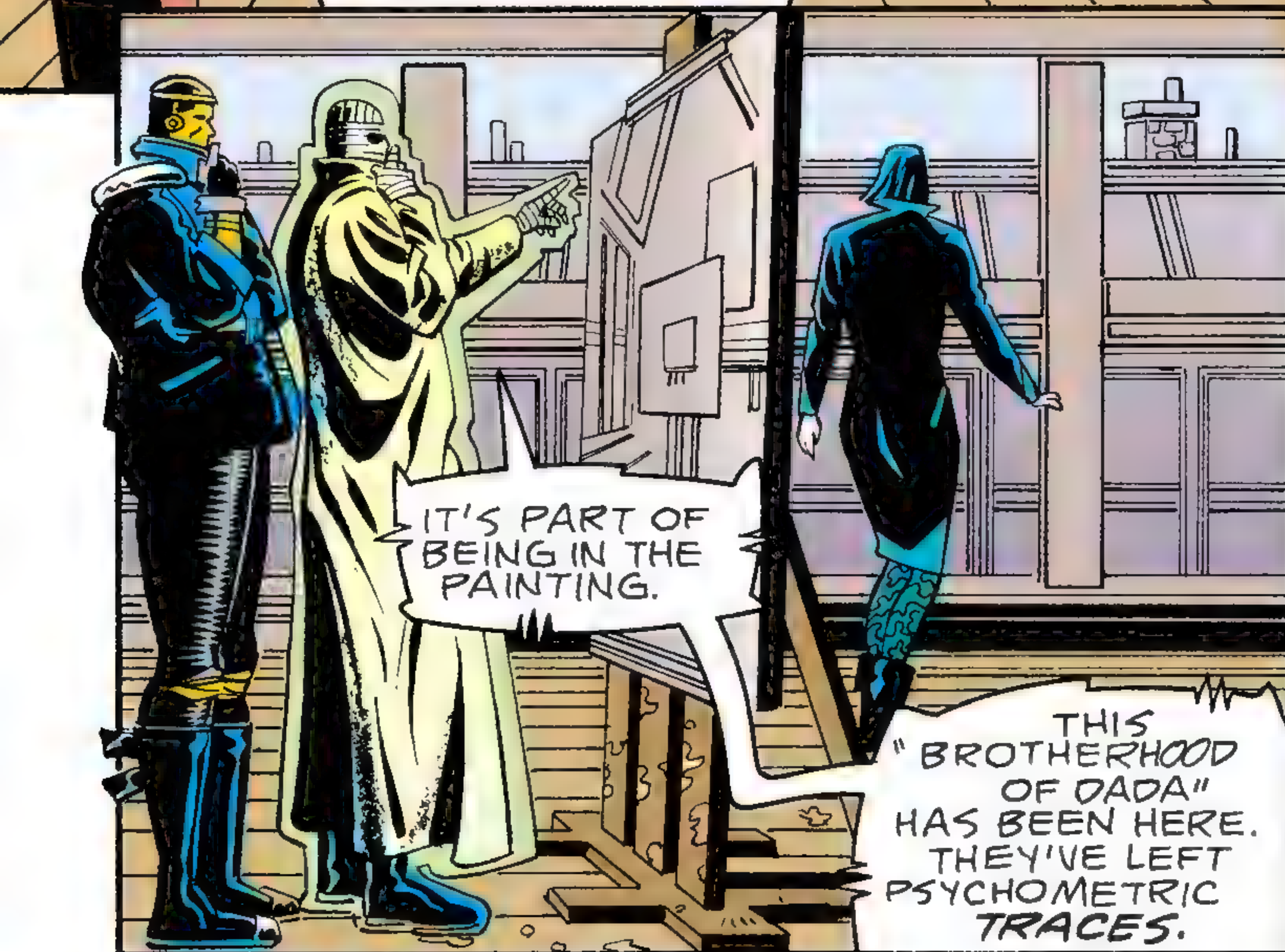
LABYRINTHS





I FEEL WEIRD.

IT'S LIKE I'M KINDA FLAT AND UNREAL THE WAY I GET SOMETIMES WHEN I'M DEPRESSED.



IT'S PART OF BEING IN THE PAINTING.

THIS "BROTHERHOOD OF DADA" HAS BEEN HERE. THEY'VE LEFT PSYCHOMETRIC TRACES.

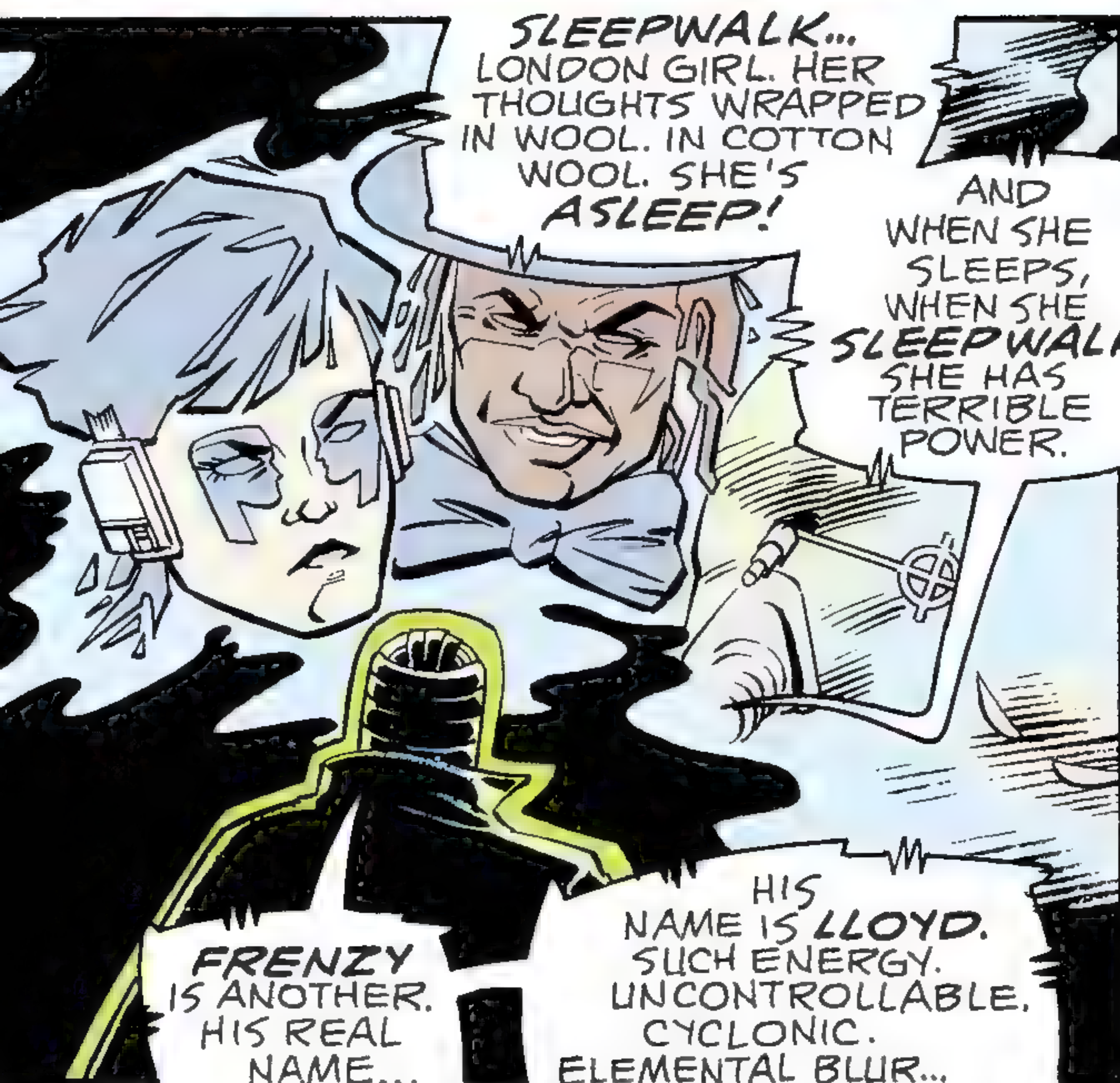


VIBRATIONS. SUBTLE SCENTS. TRAUMATIC AFTER-IMAGES.

THERE WERE FOUR OF THEM.

FIVE?

ONE OF THEM IS... VAGUE...



SLEEPWALK... LONDON GIRL. HER THOUGHTS WRAPPED IN WOOL. IN COTTON WOOL. SHE'S ASLEEP!

AND WHEN SHE SLEEPS, WHEN SHE SLEEPWALKS, SHE HAS TERRIBLE POWER.

HIS NAME IS LLOYD. SUCH ENERGY. UNCONTROLLABLE. CYCLONIC. ELEMENTAL BLUR...

FRENZY IS ANOTHER. HIS REAL NAME...

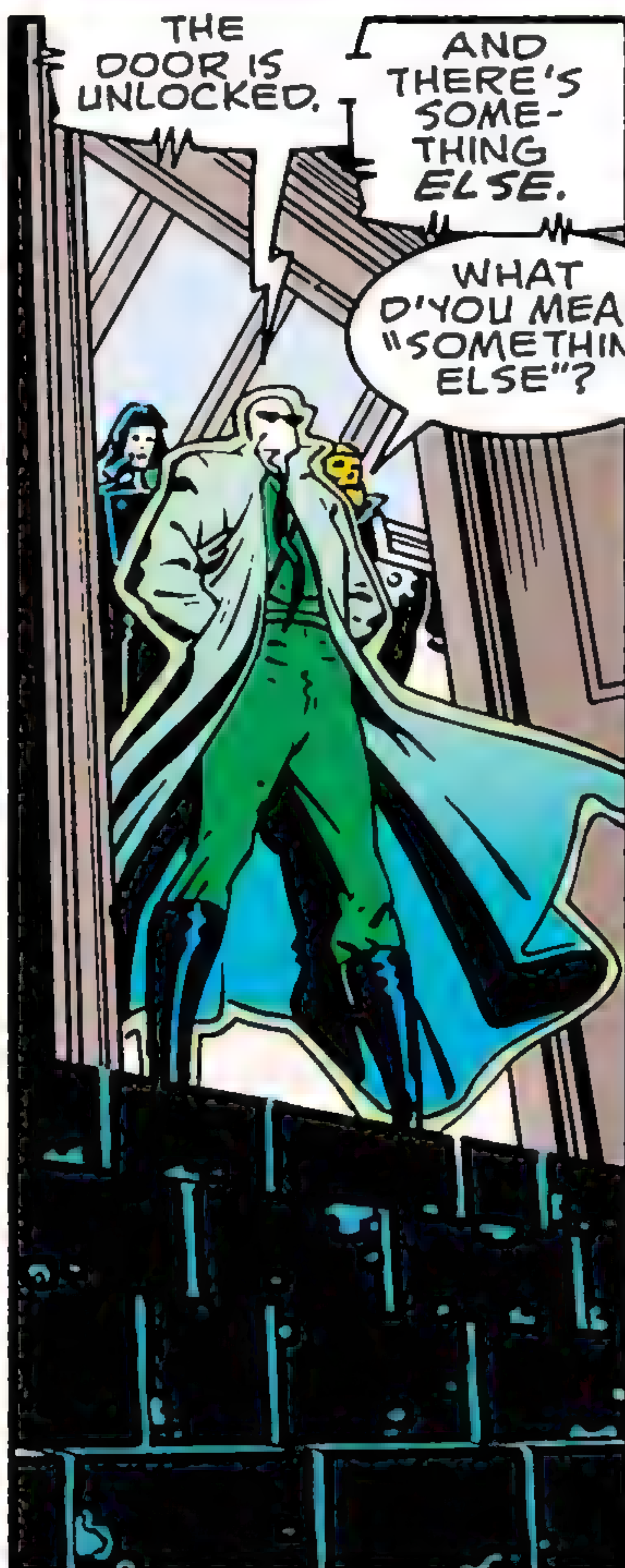
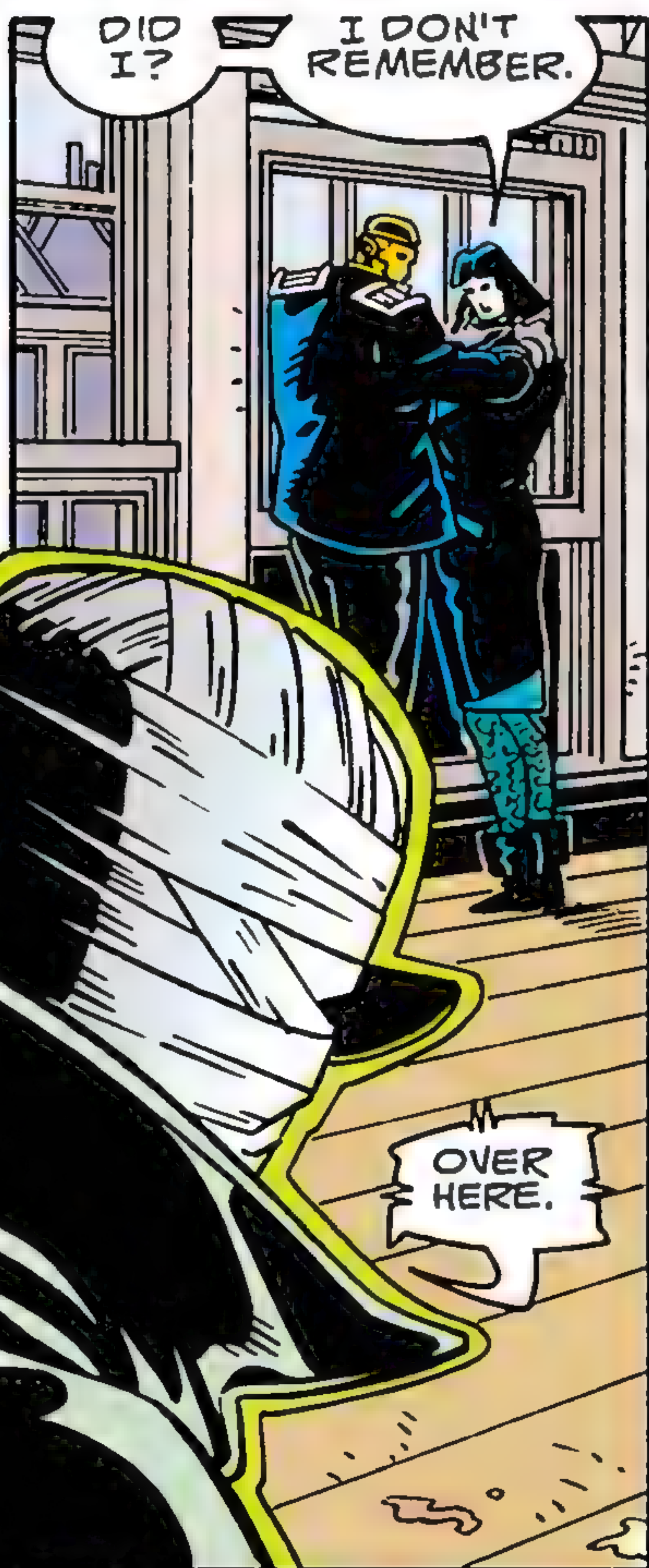
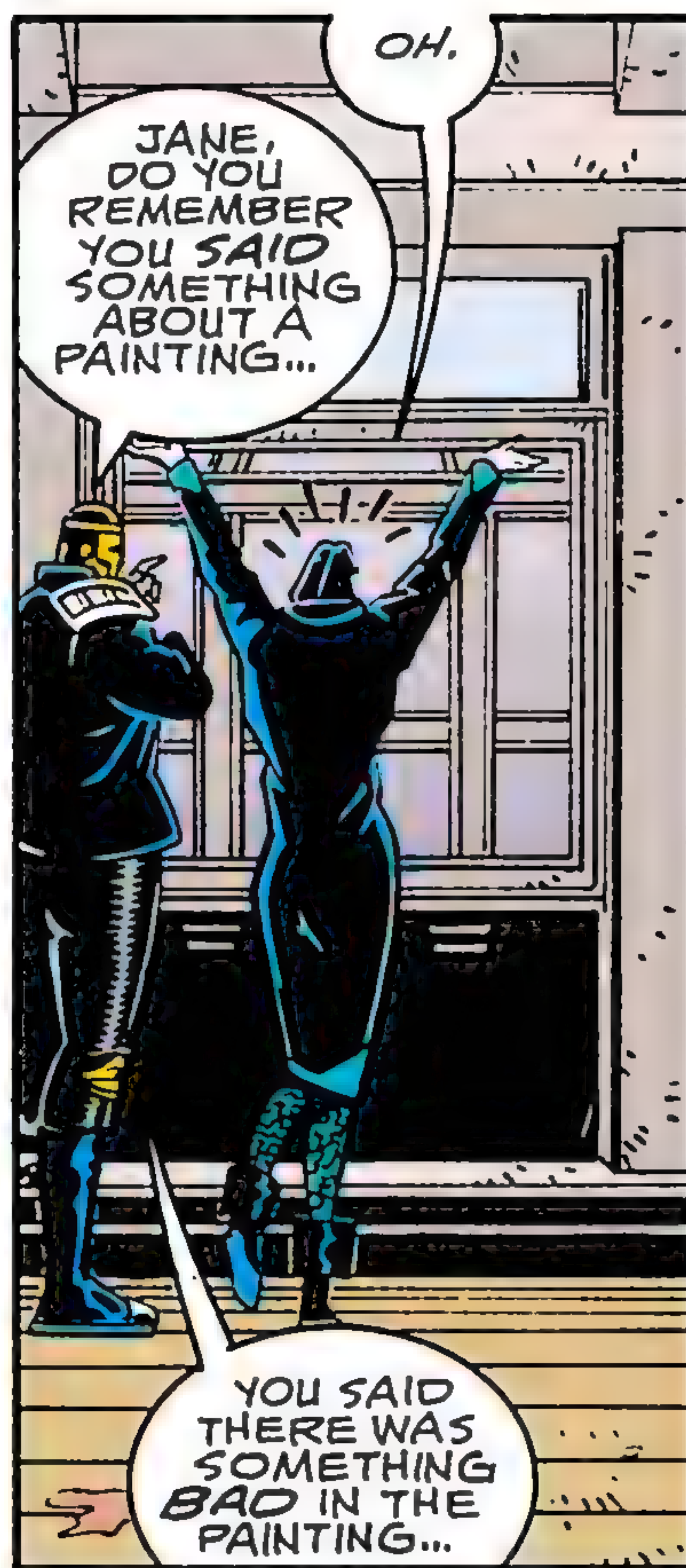
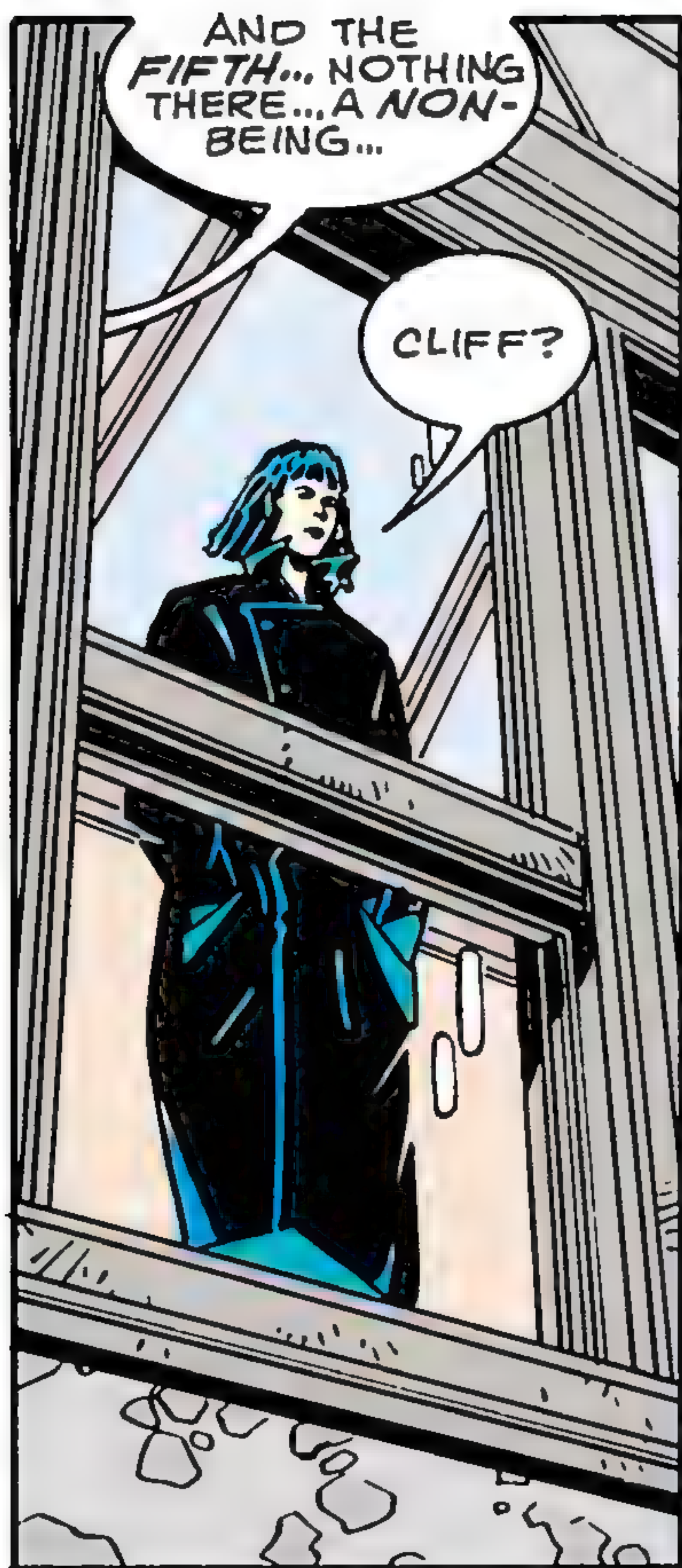


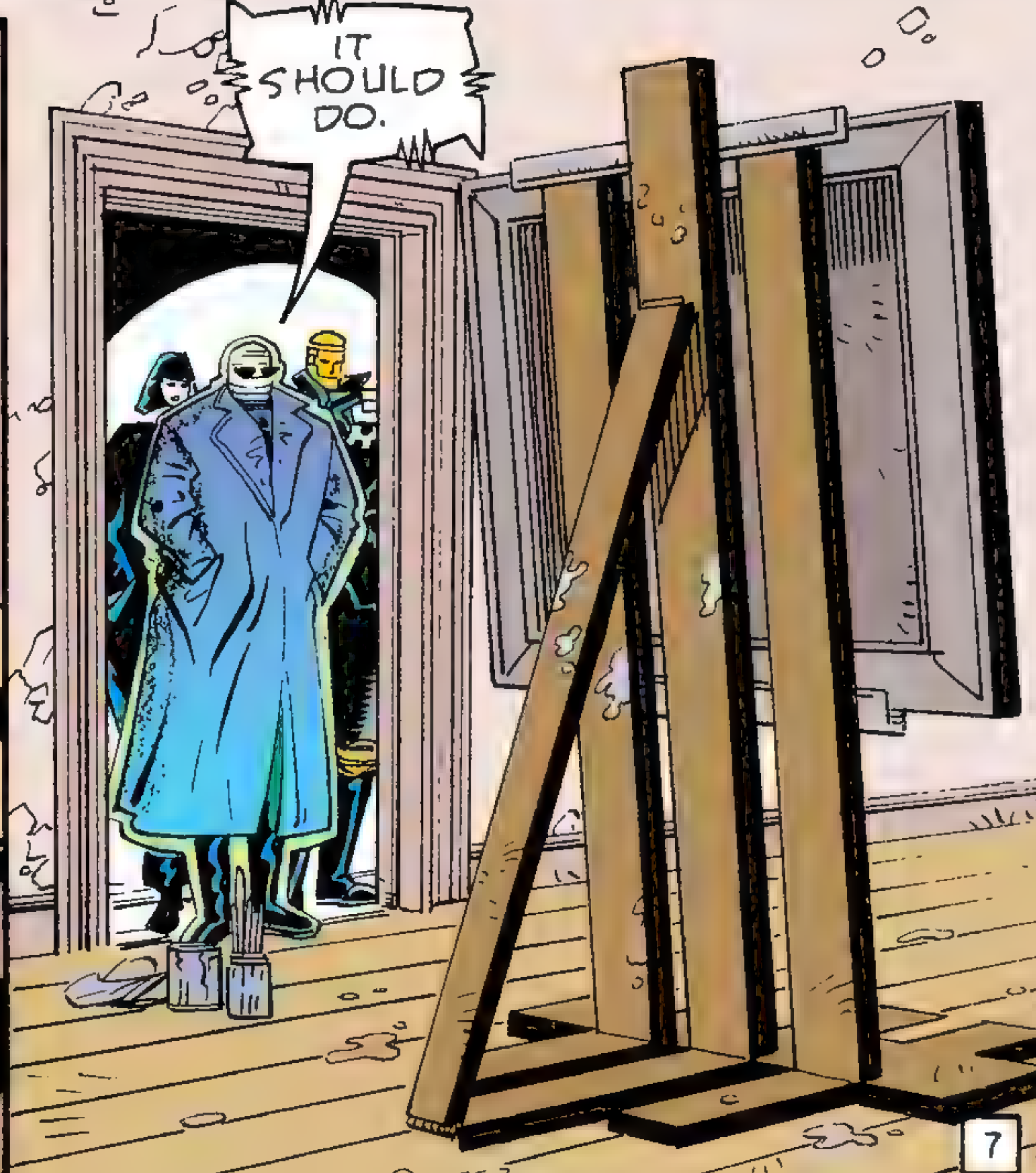
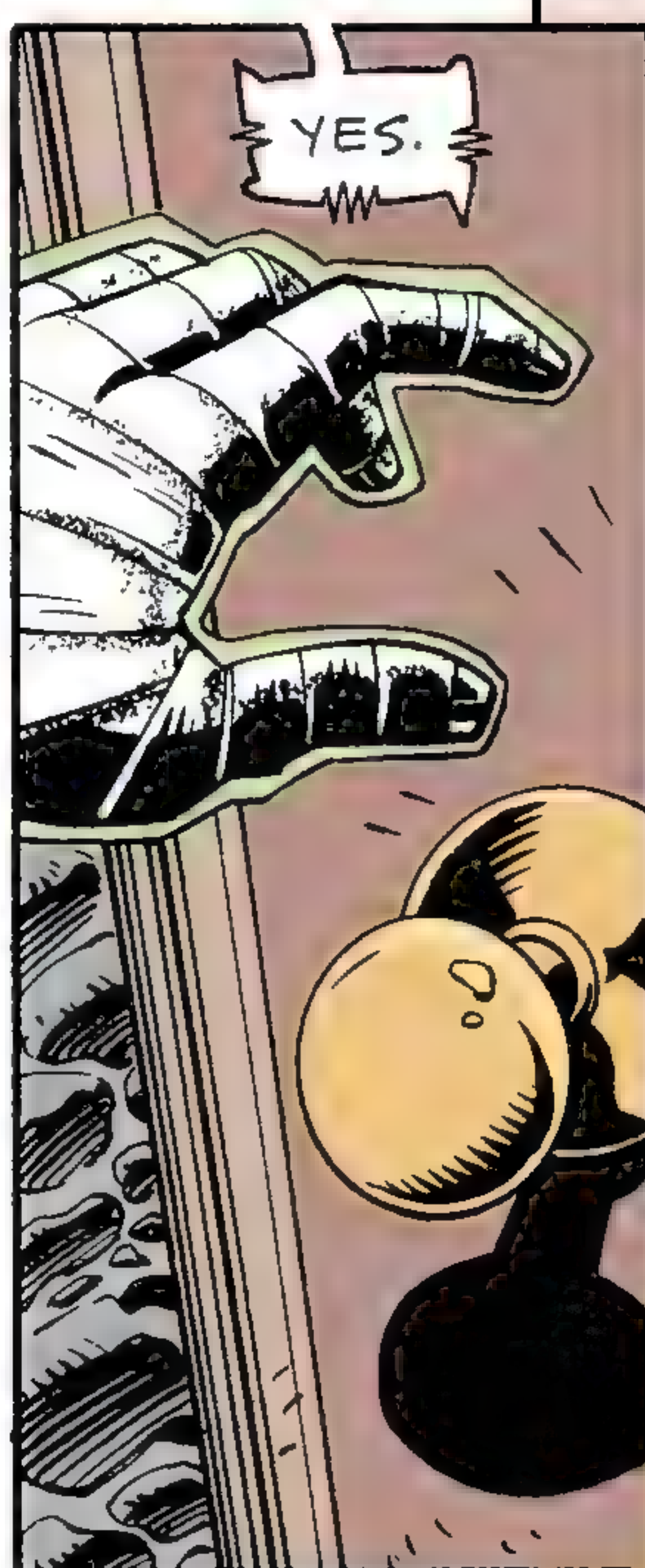
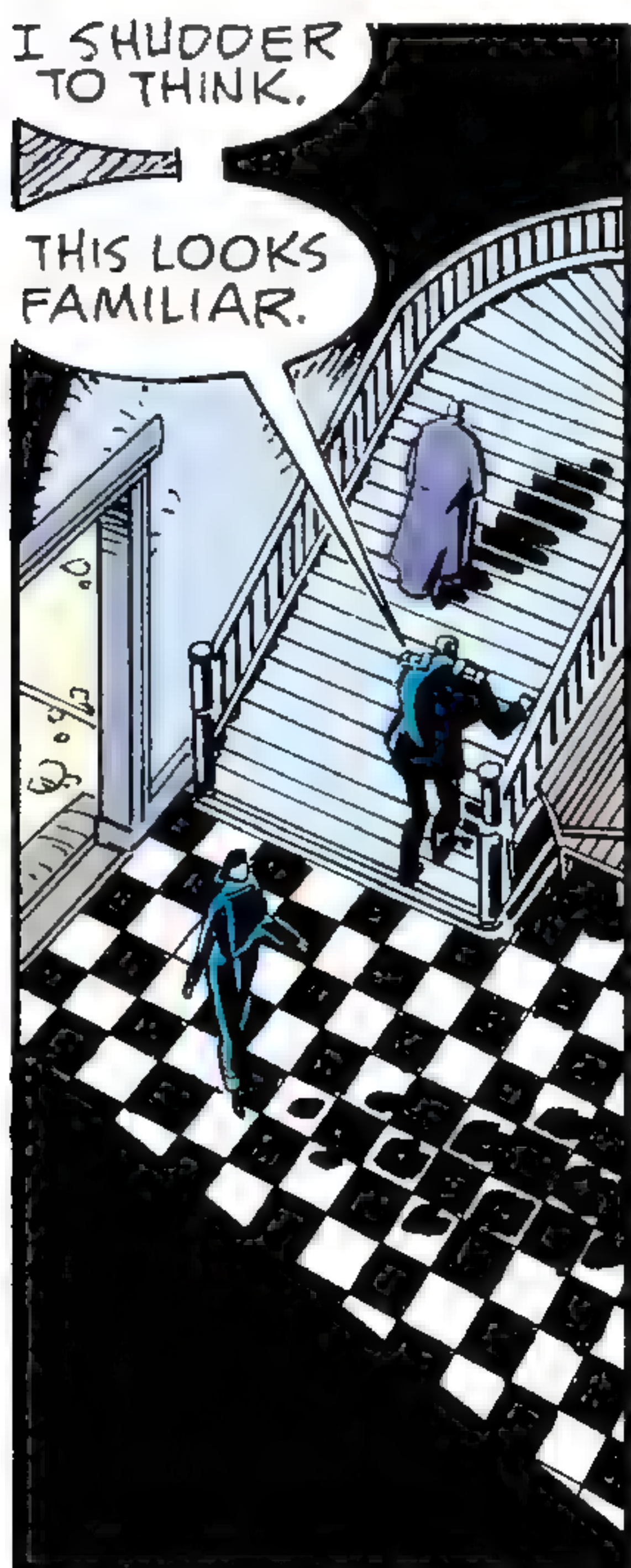
IS THAT?...YES... QUIZ. THE QUIZ. AFRAID OF DIRT. SO MUCH. CONTAMINATION. SO MUCH POWER. SHE. SHE HAS EVERY SUPER-POWER YOU HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF.

AND THE FOG. PSYCHE-DELIC DEATH CLOUD. ABSORBS ENEMIES.

HIS MIND A SEETHING TURMOIL OF CAPTURED, RESTLESS SOULS.

AH.







I
KNEW
IT!

I KNEW
THIS WASN'T
GOING TO BE
EASY.



HOW
FAR DOWN
DOES THIS
THING
GO?



IT'S
INFINITE.

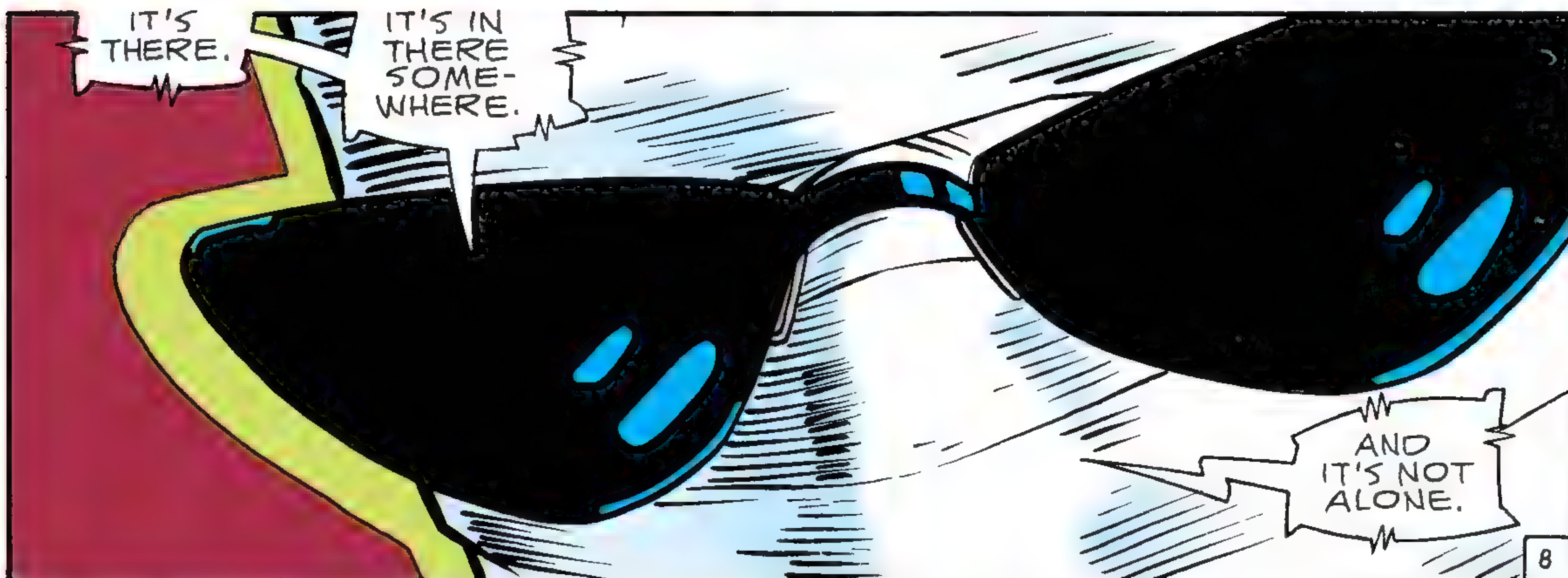
AN
INFINITE
RECURSIVE
STRUCTURE.

BEAUTIFUL.



WHAT
D'YOU MEAN,
"BEAUTIFUL"?
WE COULD BE
LOST IN THERE
FOREVER.

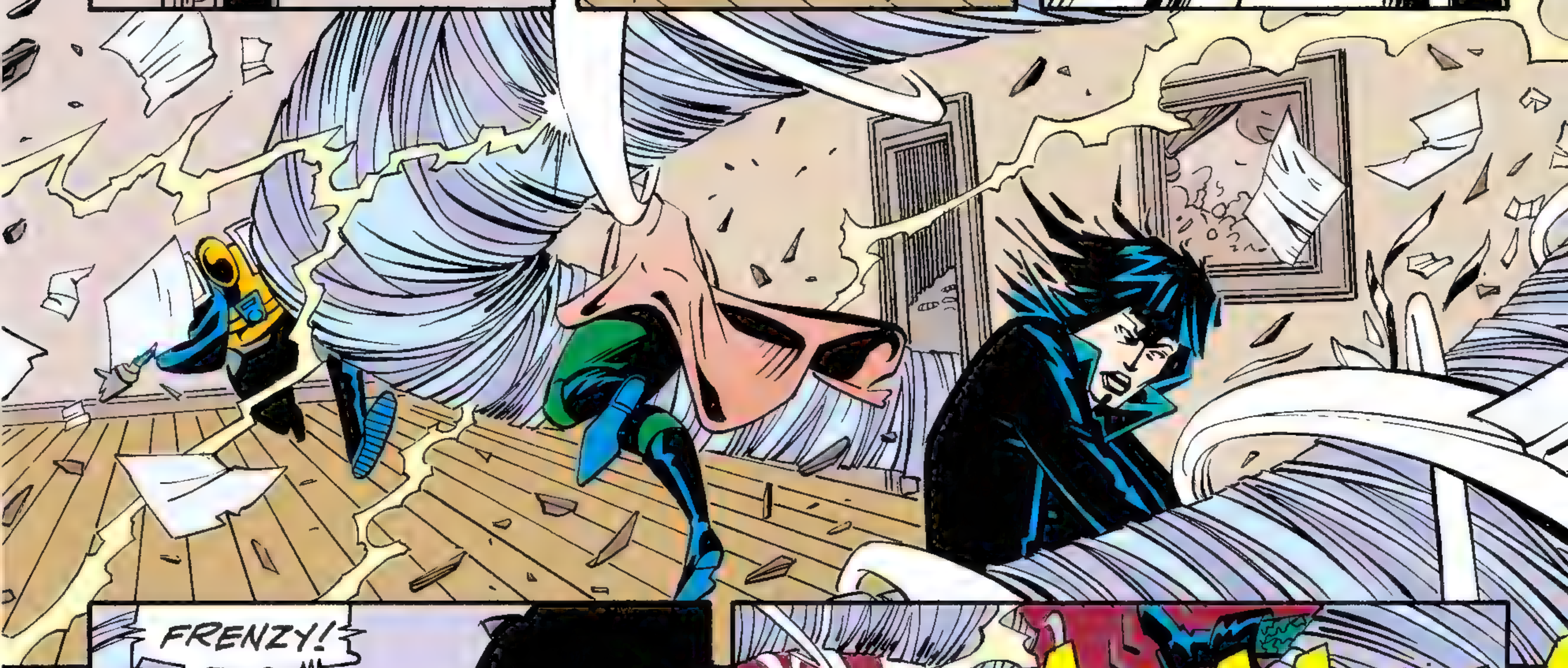
AND WHAT
ABOUT PARIS?
THE **REAL**
PARIS. WHERE'S
PARIS?

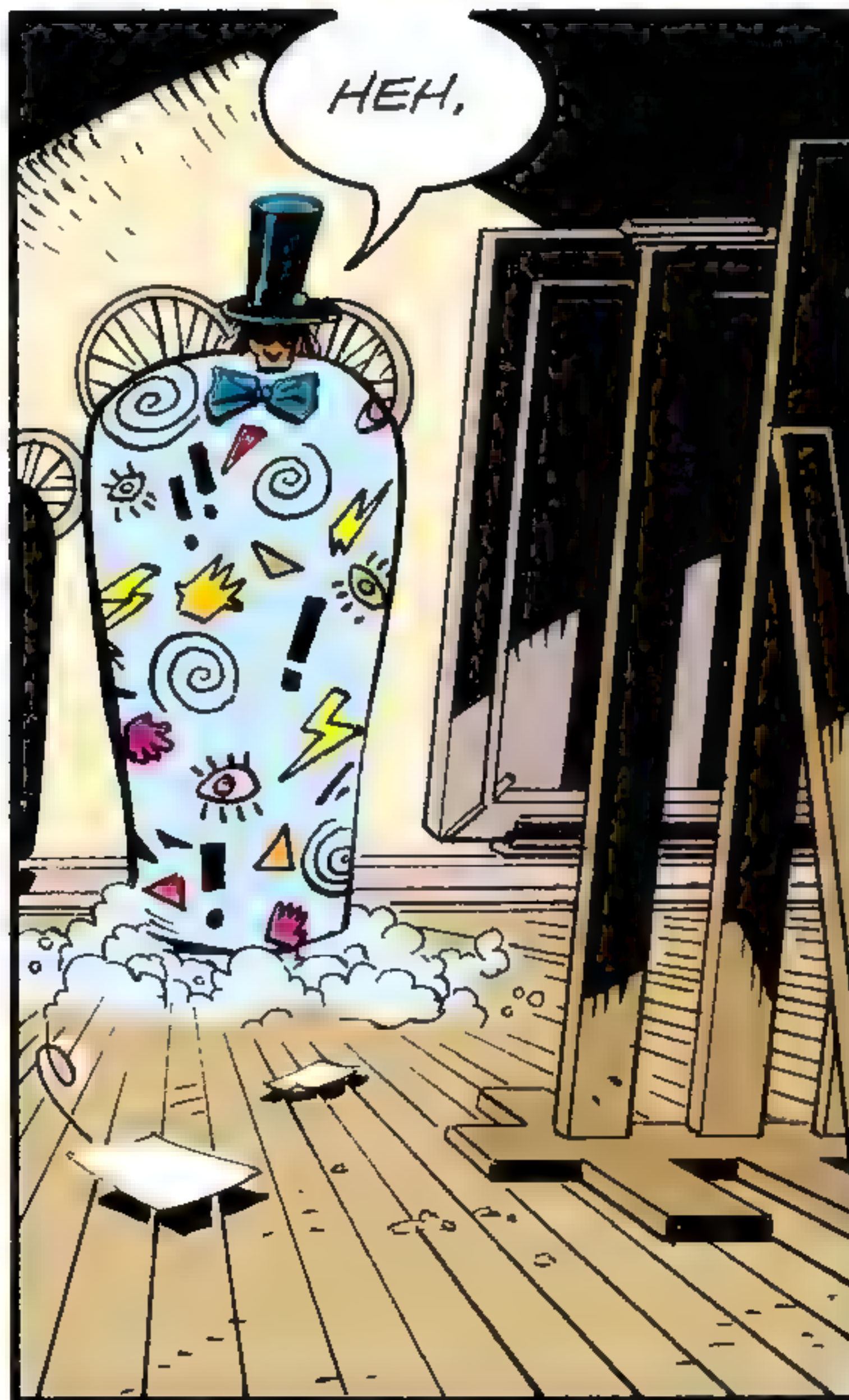
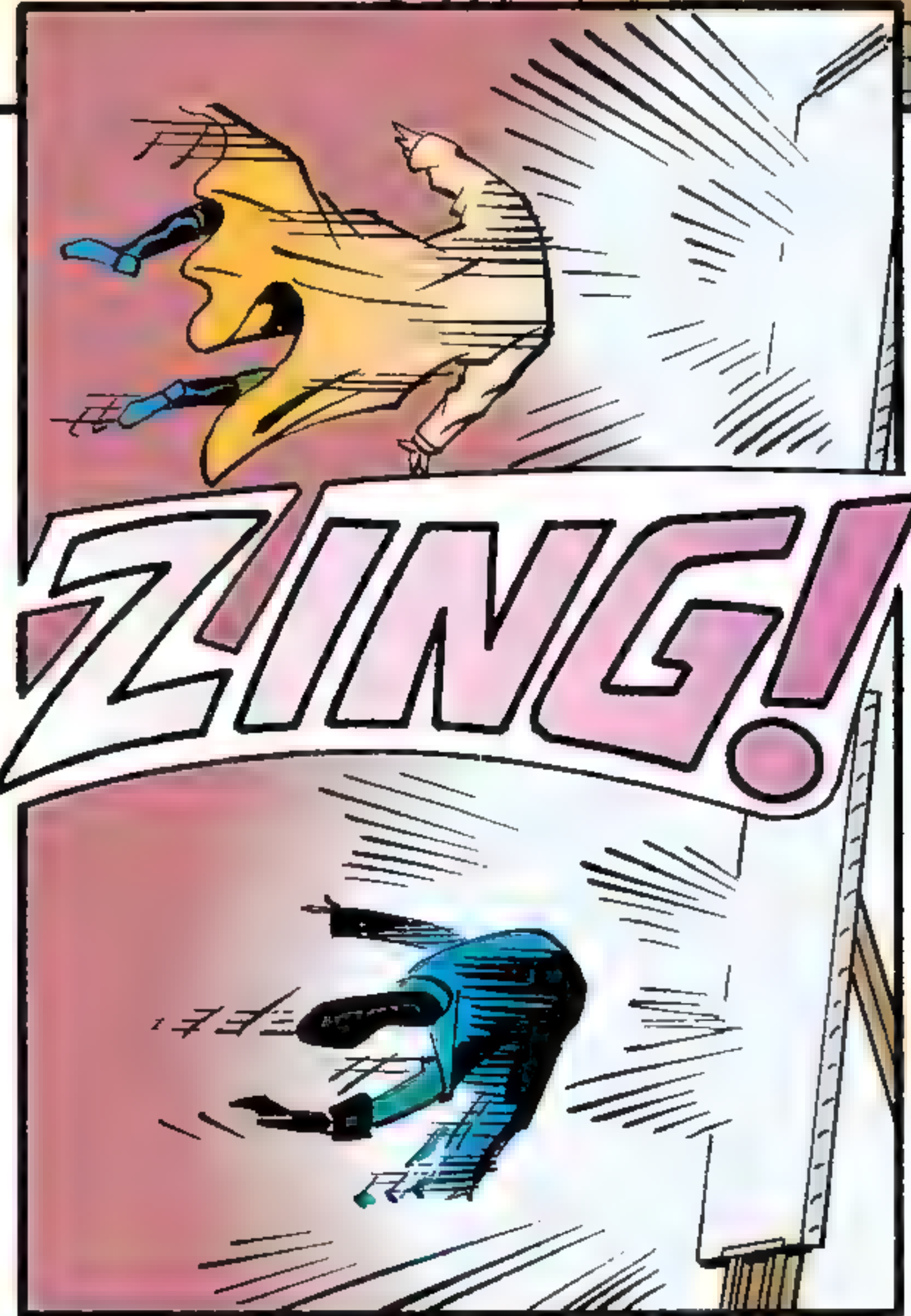
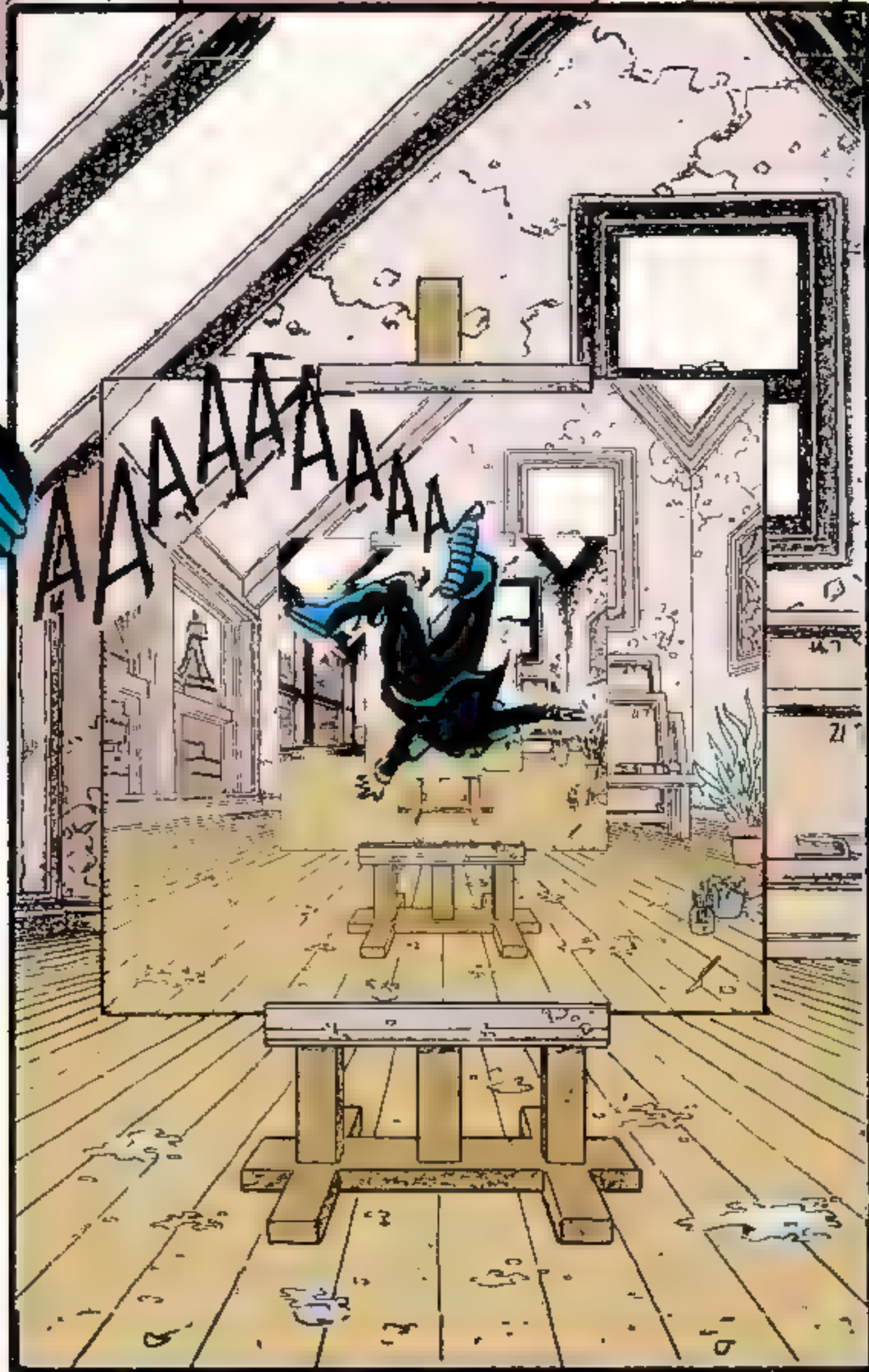
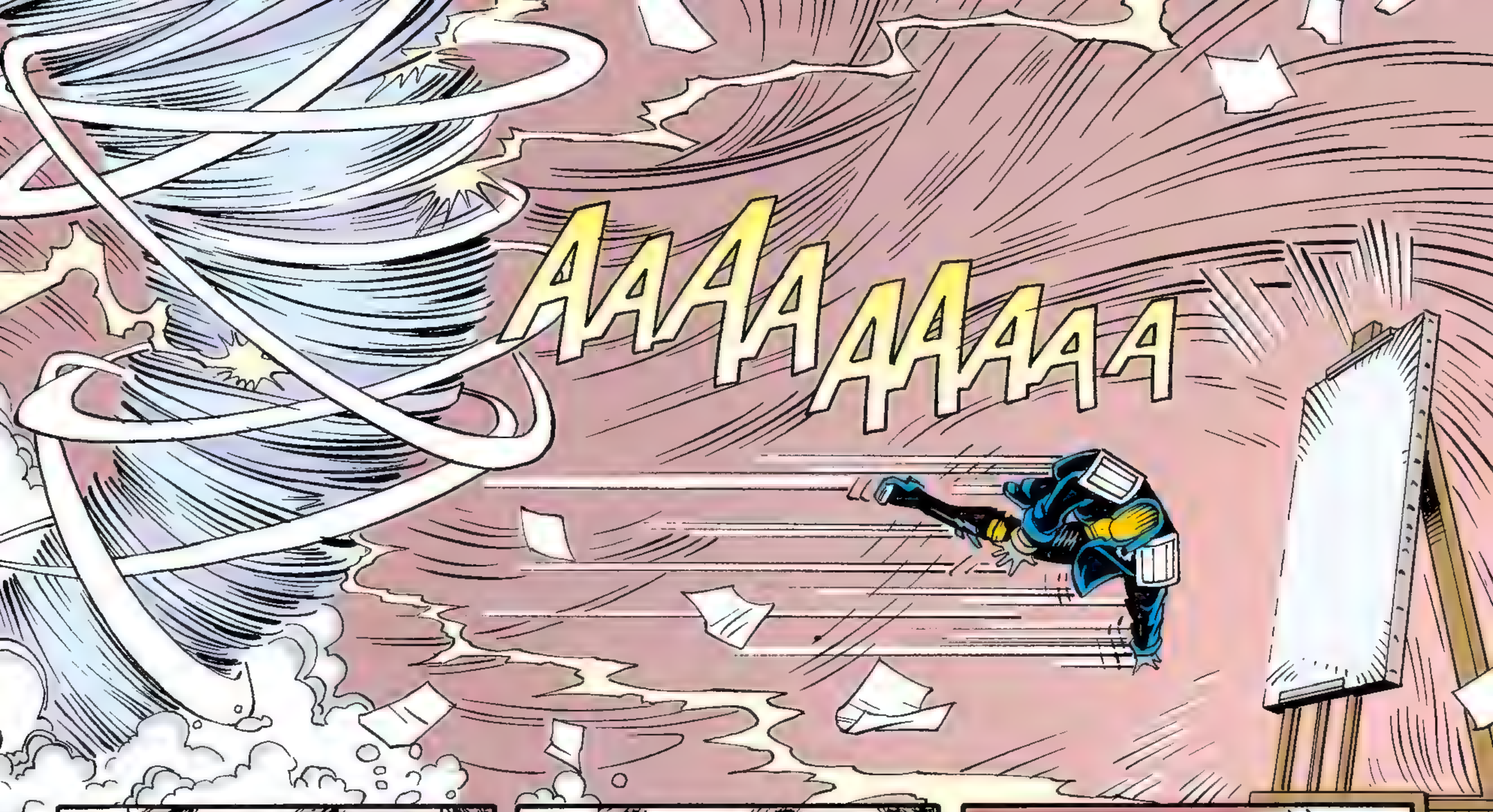


IT'S
THERE.

IT'S IN
THERE
SOME-
WHERE.

AND
IT'S NOT
ALONE.





PERFUMED AIR
AND LIGHT ON
THE LEAVES.

LIGHT FALLING LIKE
SNOW, LIKE
CHAMBER MUSIC.

OHHH

LIGHT AS
SNOW.

...WHAT'S
GOING ON?...

I CAN'T
SEE YOU
PROPERLY.

OF COURSE YOU CAN'T.
I'M MR. NOBODY. I'M
NOT REALLY HERE.

AND EVERYONE
HAS THEIR
OWN WAY OF
SEEING ME.

YOU MIGHT
REMEMBER ME
FROM WHEN I WAS
BORING OLD
MR. MORDEN.

NO. YOU
PROBABLY DON'T.
NOBODY DOES.

ANYWAY, HERE
YOU ARE IN OUR
SECRET WORLD,
OUR MAZE OF
POSSIBILITIES.

THIS IS THE IMPRESSIONIST
DEPARTMENT, BUT THERE ARE
OTHERS.

WHY DON'T I SEND
YOU ON A SIGHT-
SEEING TOUR?

YOU'D
LIKE THAT,
WOULDN'T YOU?

WELL?

WOULDN'T
YOU?

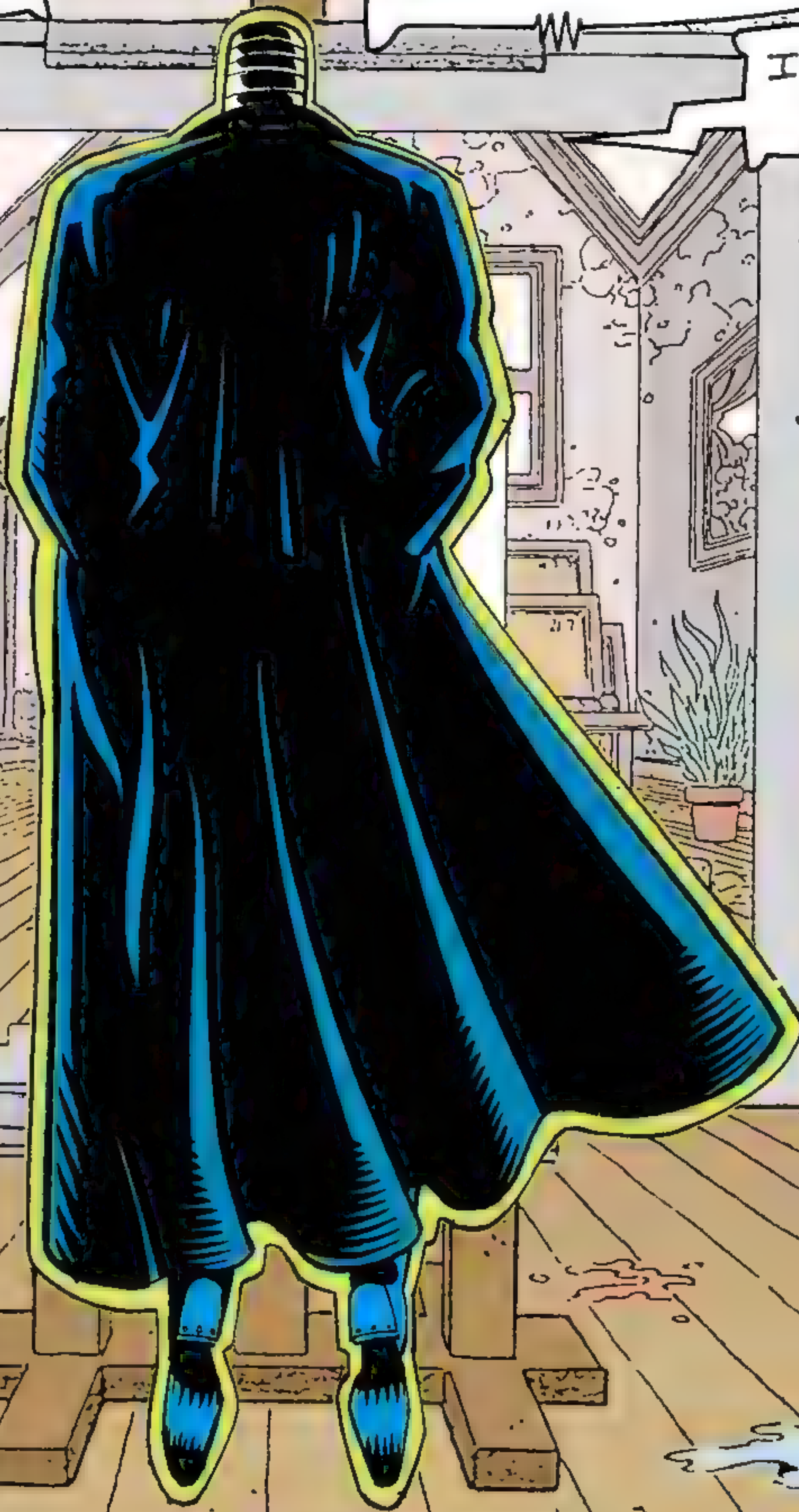


INTERESTING.

HOW FAR DOWN
ARE WE? HOW DEEP
INTO THE
STRUCTURE?

I DON'T
KNOW.

HOW
MANY
LEVELS?



HOW ABOUT
TAKING A LOOK
OUTSIDE?

GOOD
IDEA.

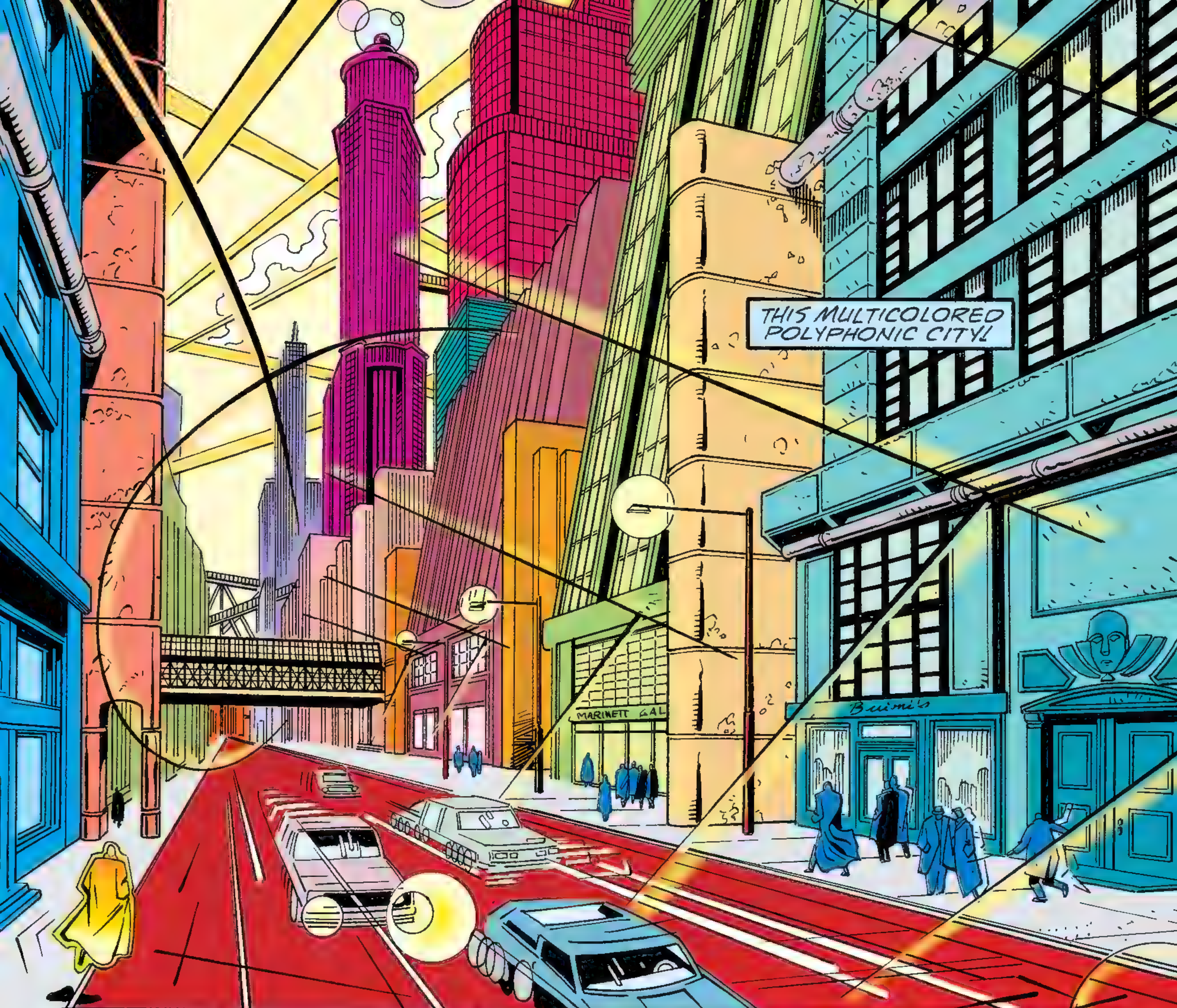
THE CLASHING, VIOLENT
MUSIC OF CEASELESS
TRAFFIC AND DISTANT
THUNDER OF VAST AIR-
CRAFT IN SMOKE-
FILLED SKIES.

THE SIZZLE AND
SHOCK OF MOLECULAR
MOTION. HAMMERS
AND PISTONS AND
STROBING, MULTIPLYING
IMAGES OF VELOCITY.

FROM THE STREET, THE
SOUND OF GREAT
ENGINES, OF SHINING
FACTORIES IN UNTIRING
LABOR.

TIME BECOMES
SPACE.

ELECTRICITY SINGS
IN THE POWER LINES.



THIS MULTICOLORED
POLYPHONIC CITY!



ECONOMY.

UTILITY.

ENGINEERING
PRECISION.

FUNCTION.

EXPEDIENCY.

SPATIAL
CONSTRUCTION.

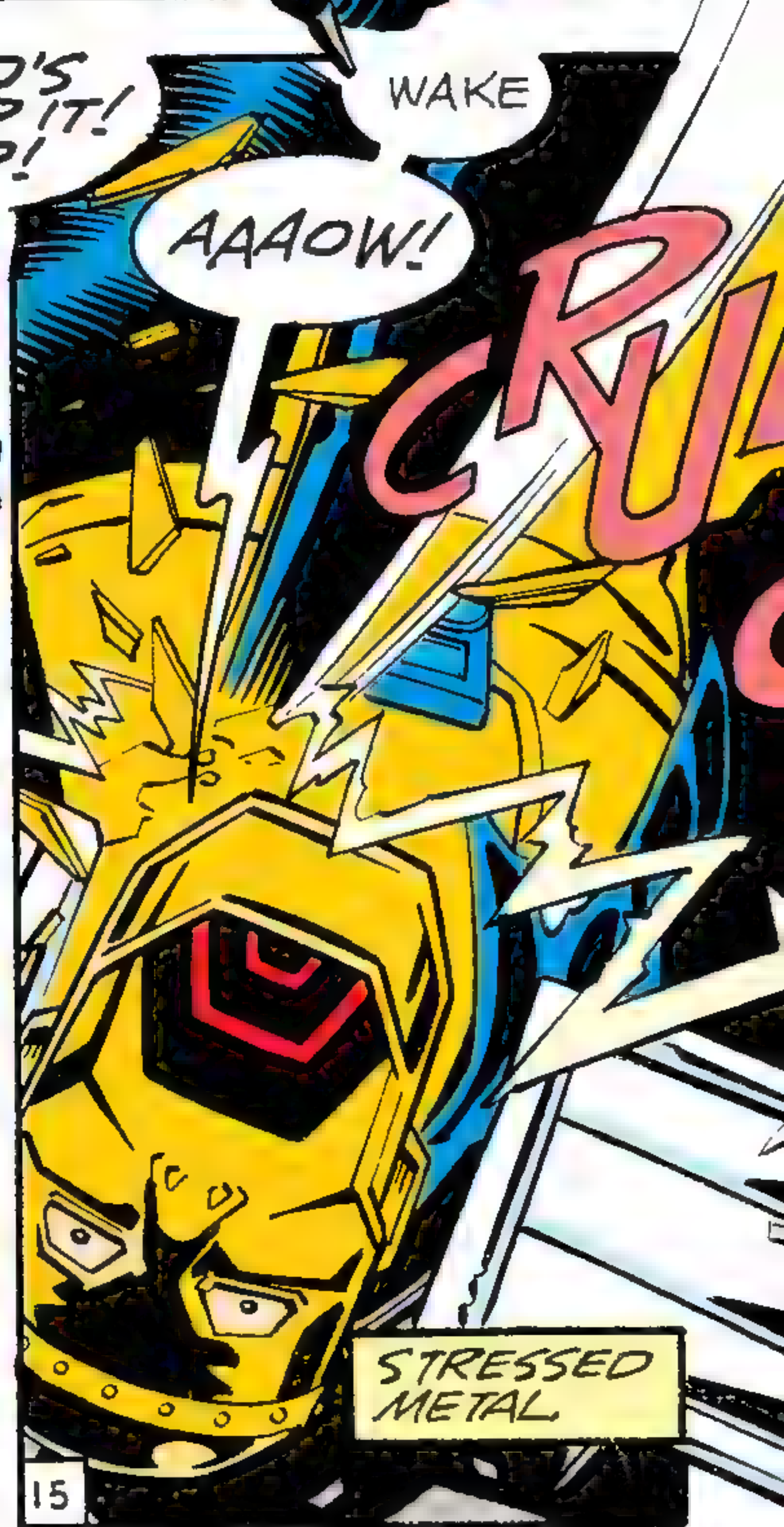
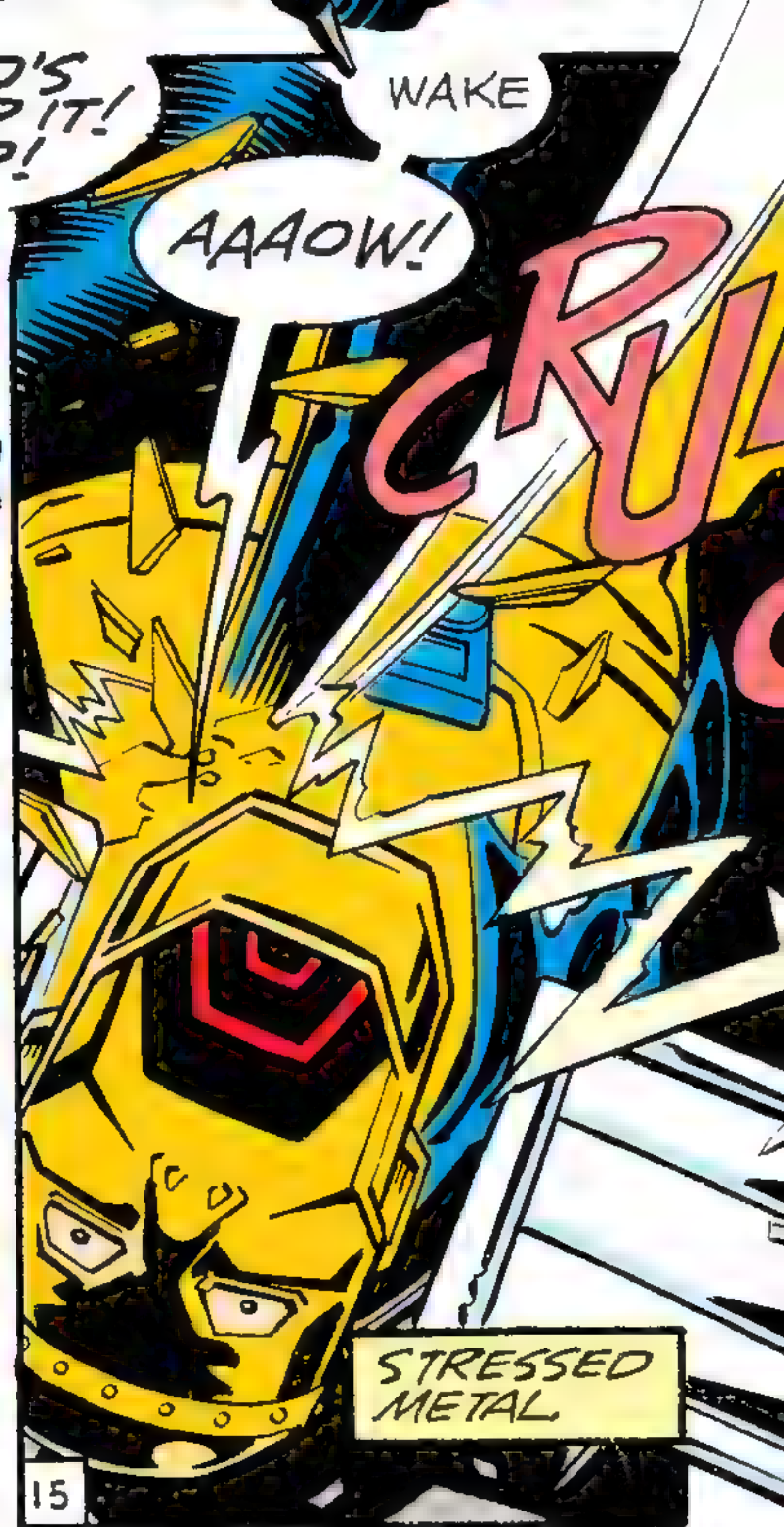
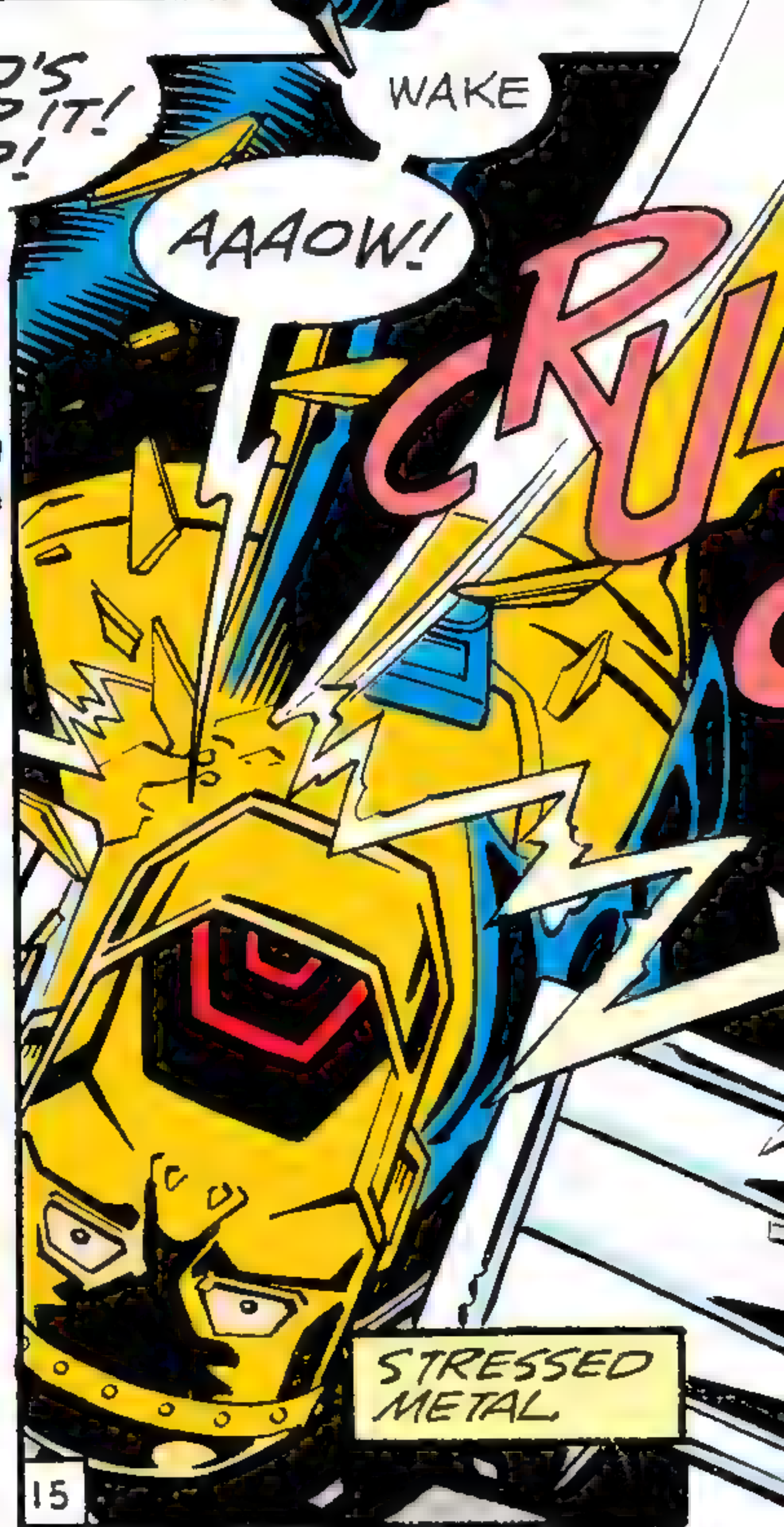
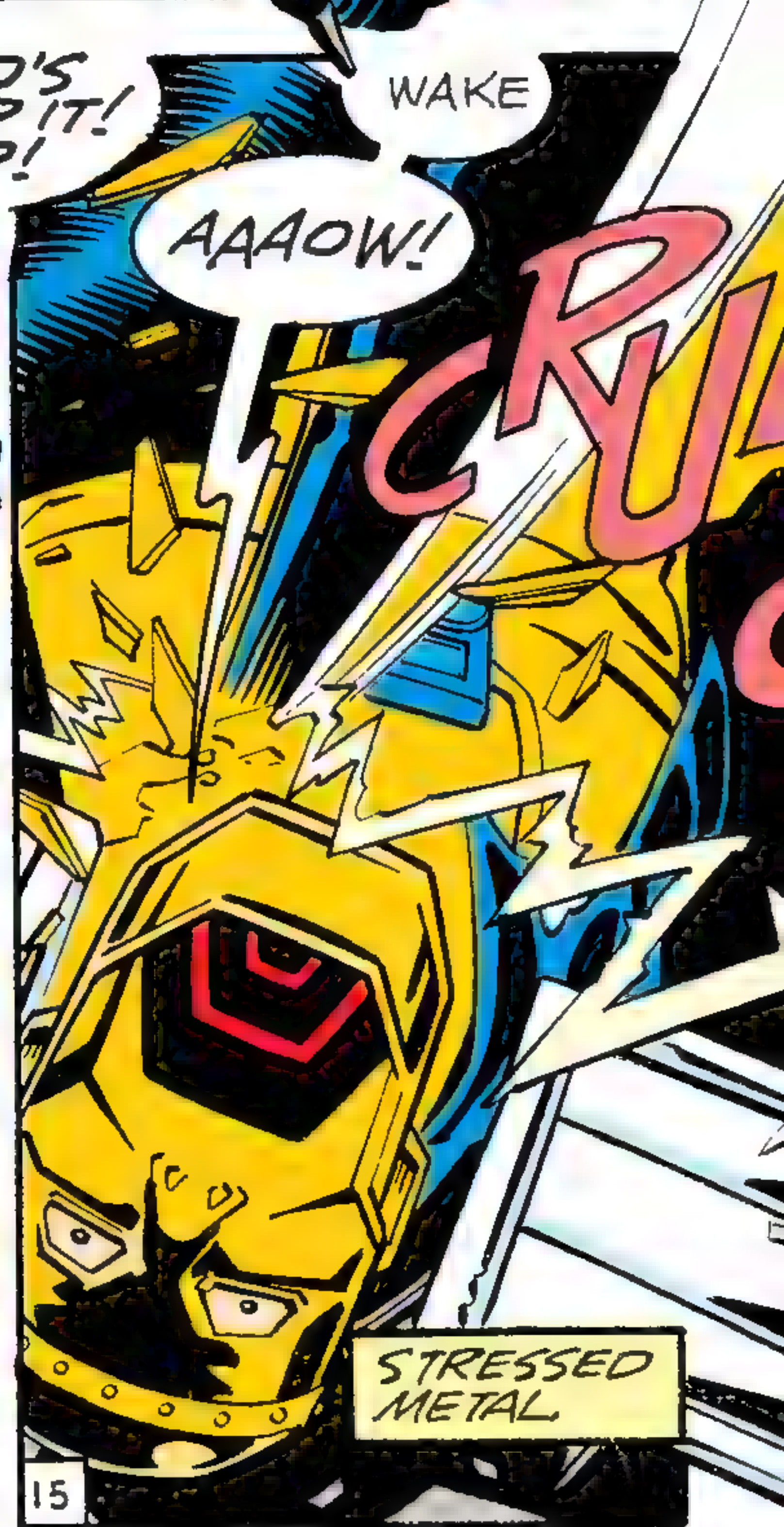
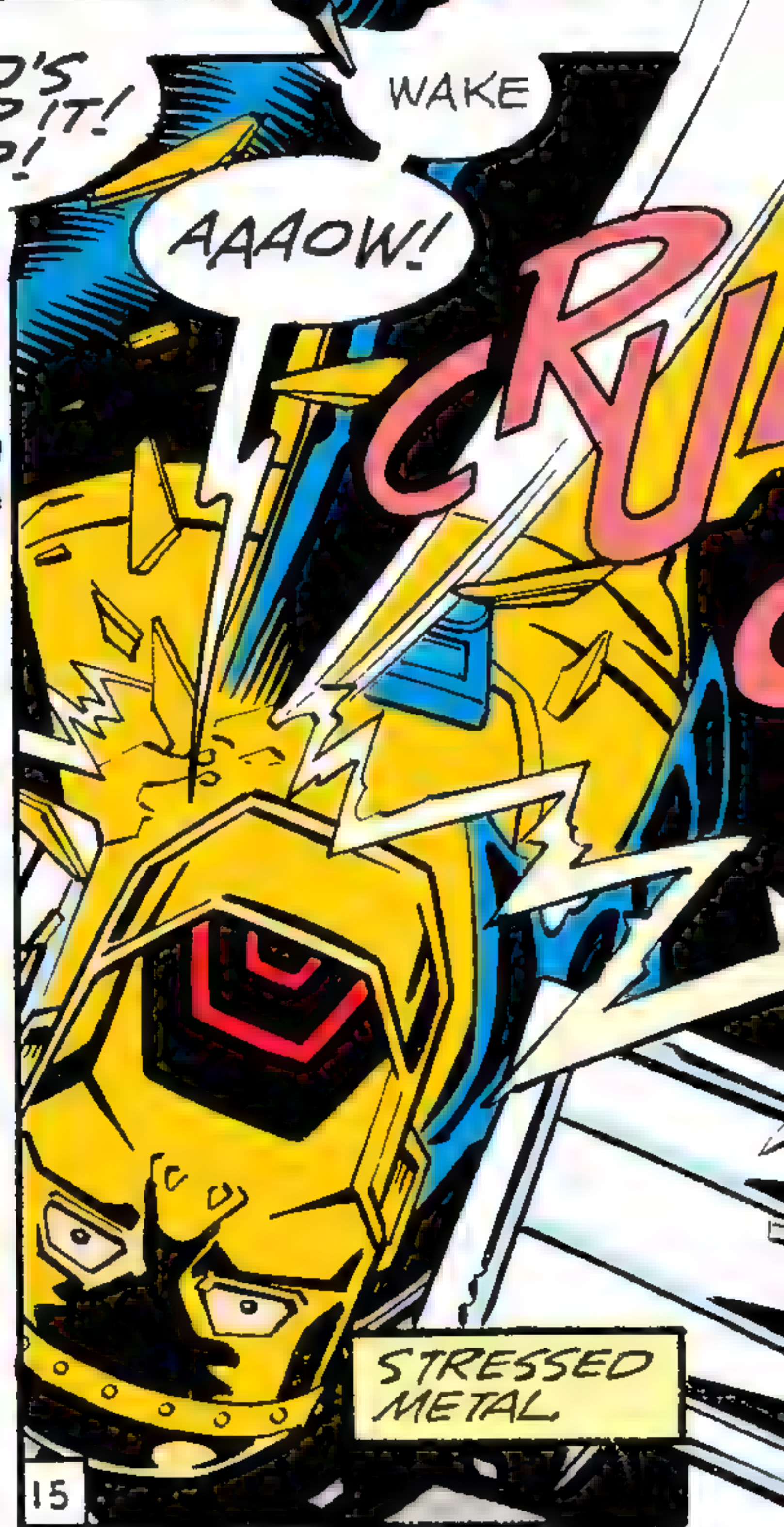
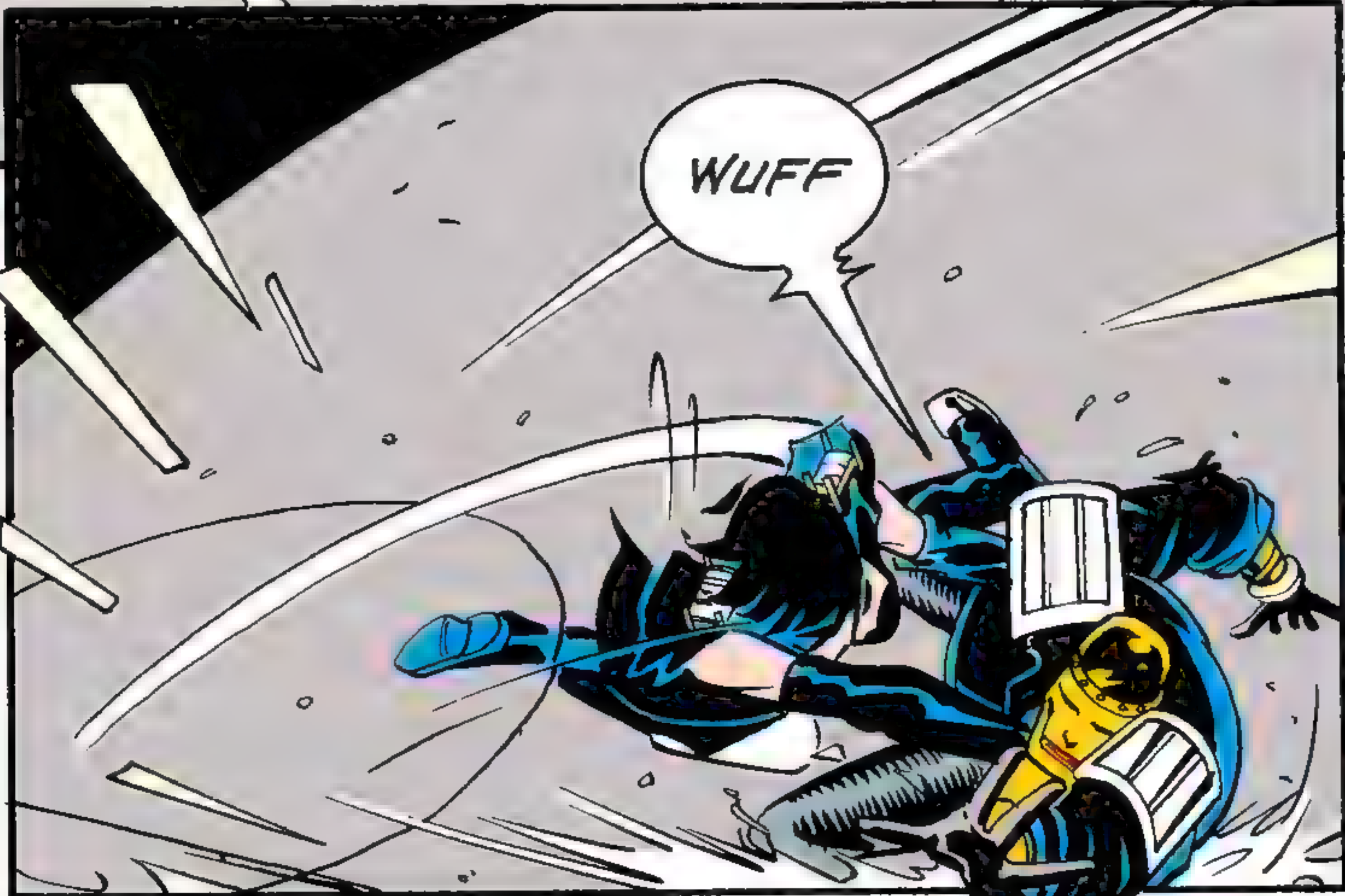
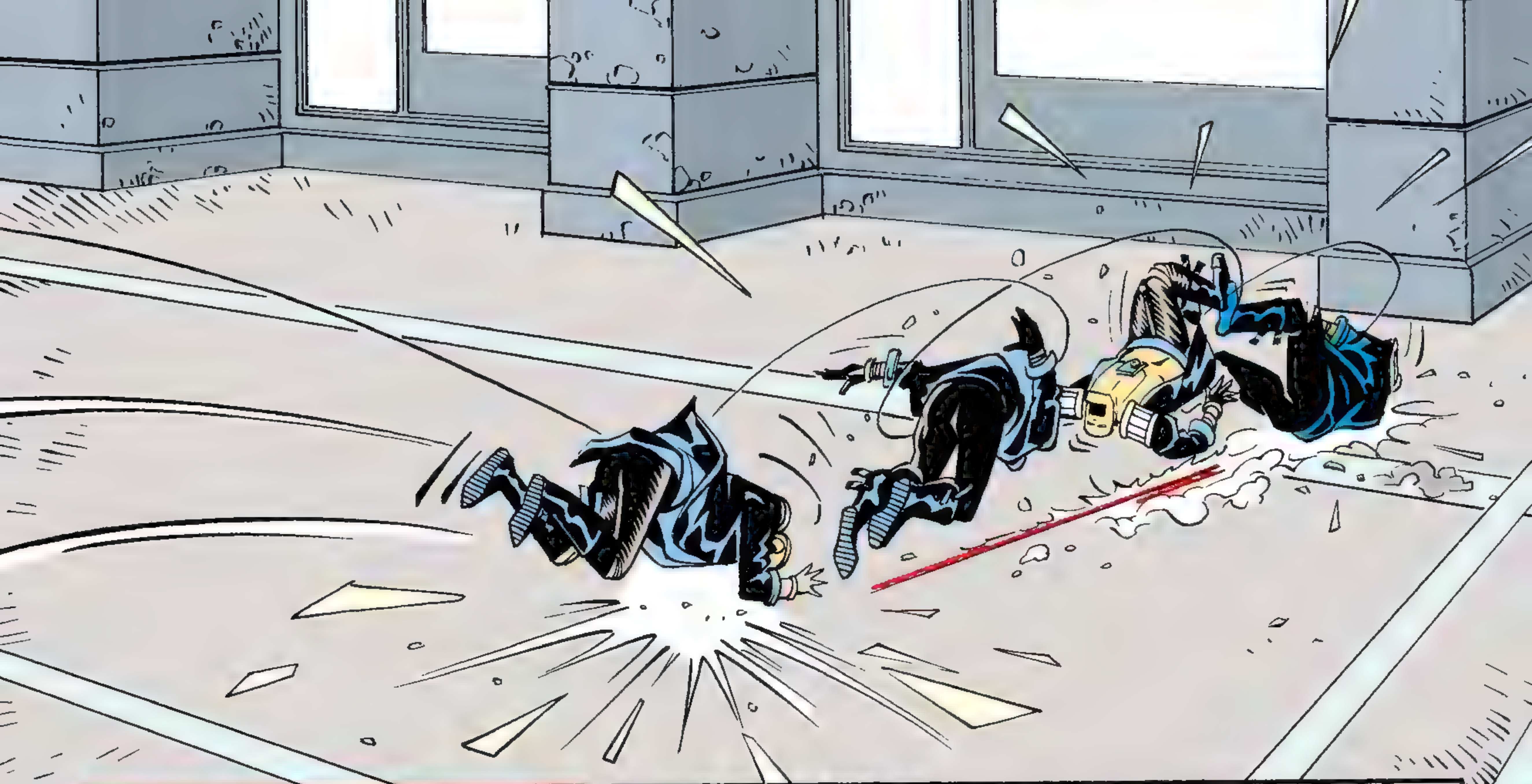
OH,
TERRIFIC.

SOUND.

HUH?

ARE YOU
ASLEEP?

YOU'RE...

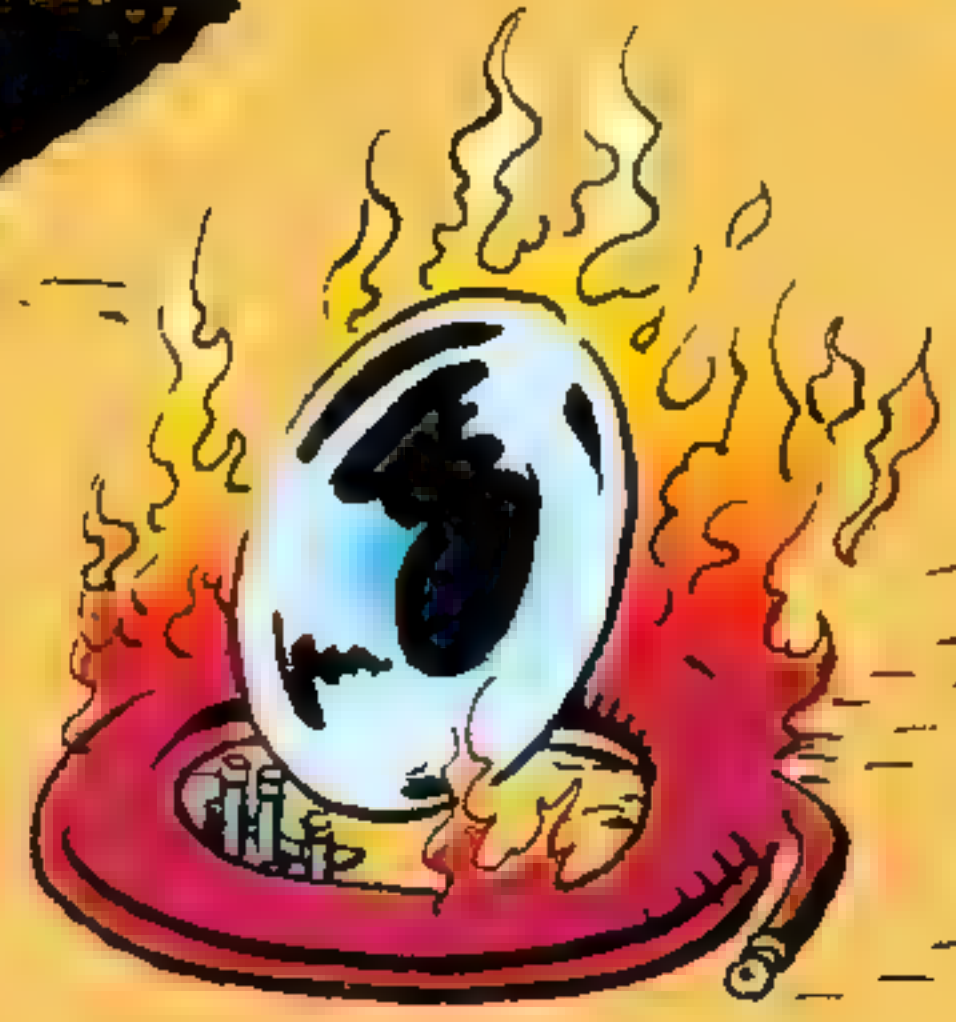
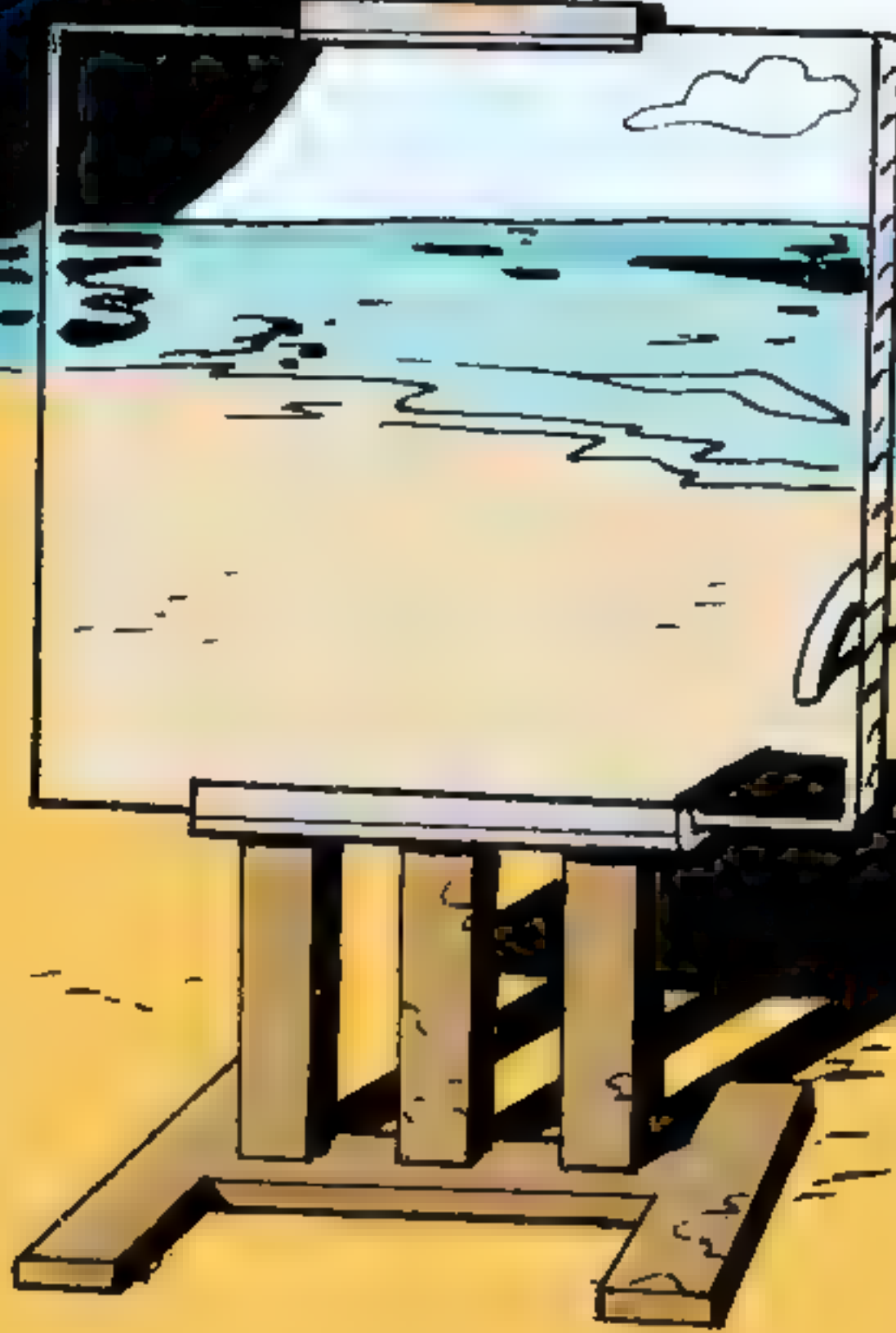
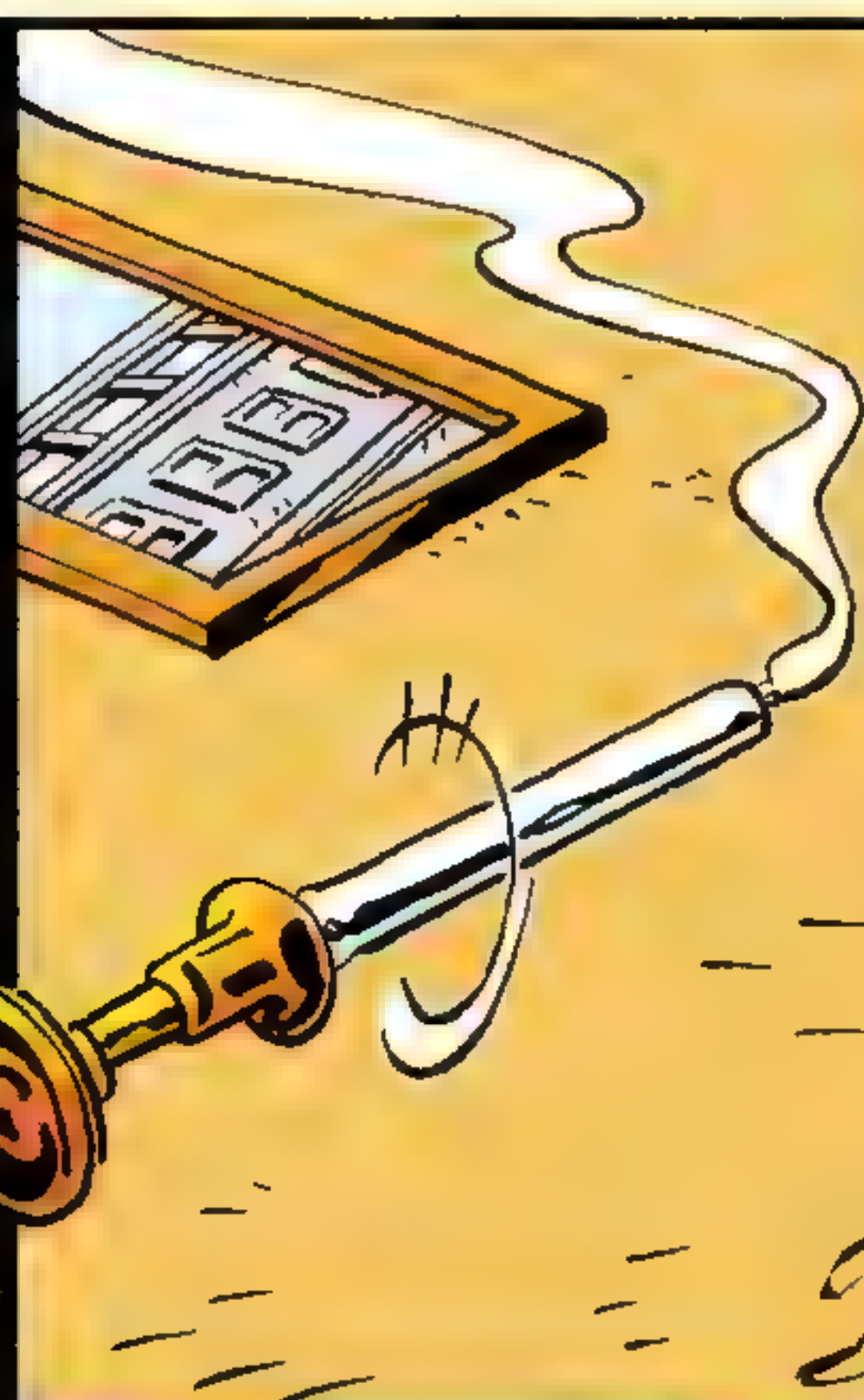


THE SOUND A KEY MAKES
WHEN HOVERING.



THE BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE
OF NAKED AMNESIA.

CRAZY JANE ON A
HAUNTED BEACH.



THE VOICE OF
MELANCHOLIC
SPIRIT GUM.

JANE?

CRAZY
JAAANE



DISORIENTING,
ISN'T IT?

HARD TO
(OH, DON'T BE
SUCH A) THINK.
(BULLY!)

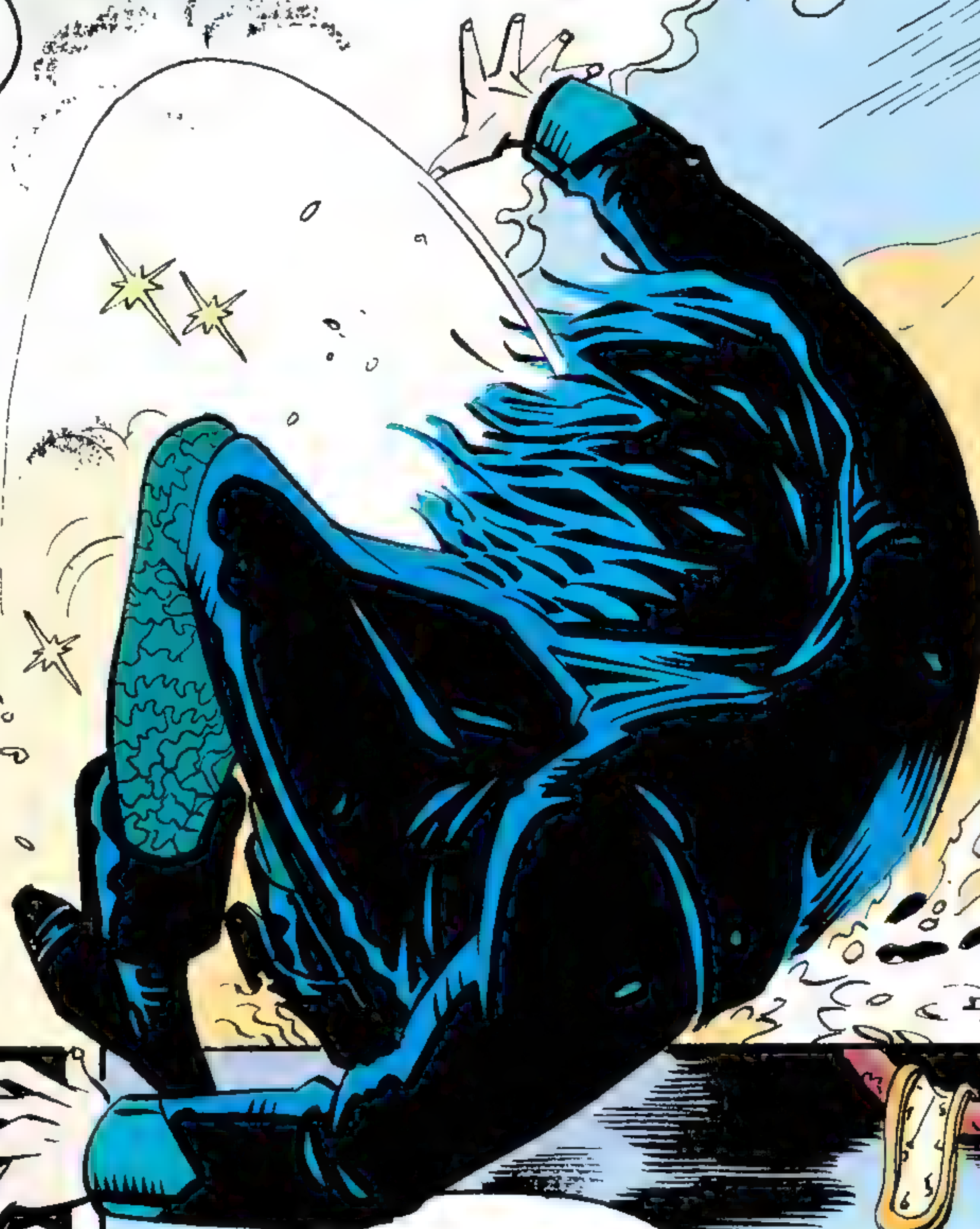
SHUT
UP IN
THERE!

YOUR THOUGHTS
(CREEP!) ARE ALL
SURREALIST
IMAGES.



YOUR... (LISTEN,
ARE WE EVER GOING
TO GET OUT OF HERE?)
SHUT UP!

YOU CAN'T
(I ONLY ASKED)
CONCENTRATE,
CAN YOU,
CRAZY
JANE?



YOU JUST
DON'T (I THINK
HE'S) KNOW WHAT
(ASKING A
PERFECTLY
REASONABLE)
TO DO NEXT.
(QUESTION.)

WILL YOU ALL
BE **QUIET**, FOR
GOD'S SAKE! I'M
TRYING TO (CREEP!)
I'M TRYING TO BE
MENACING HERE.

THERE'S
NOWHERE
TO RUN. ("NOWHERE
TO RUN!" WHAT A
CLICHÉ!) I'M GOING
TO SWALLOW YOU (OH,
NOT ANOTHER ONE!)
WHOLE.

DON'T YOU
FEEL (ISN'T IT)
LIKE YOU'RE RUNNING
IN A **DREAM**? YOU GET
SLOWER AND (CROWDED
ENOUGH) SLOWER, NO
MATTER HOW HARD
YOU TRY. (IN HERE?)

AND I'M
RIGHT
BEHIND
YOU.

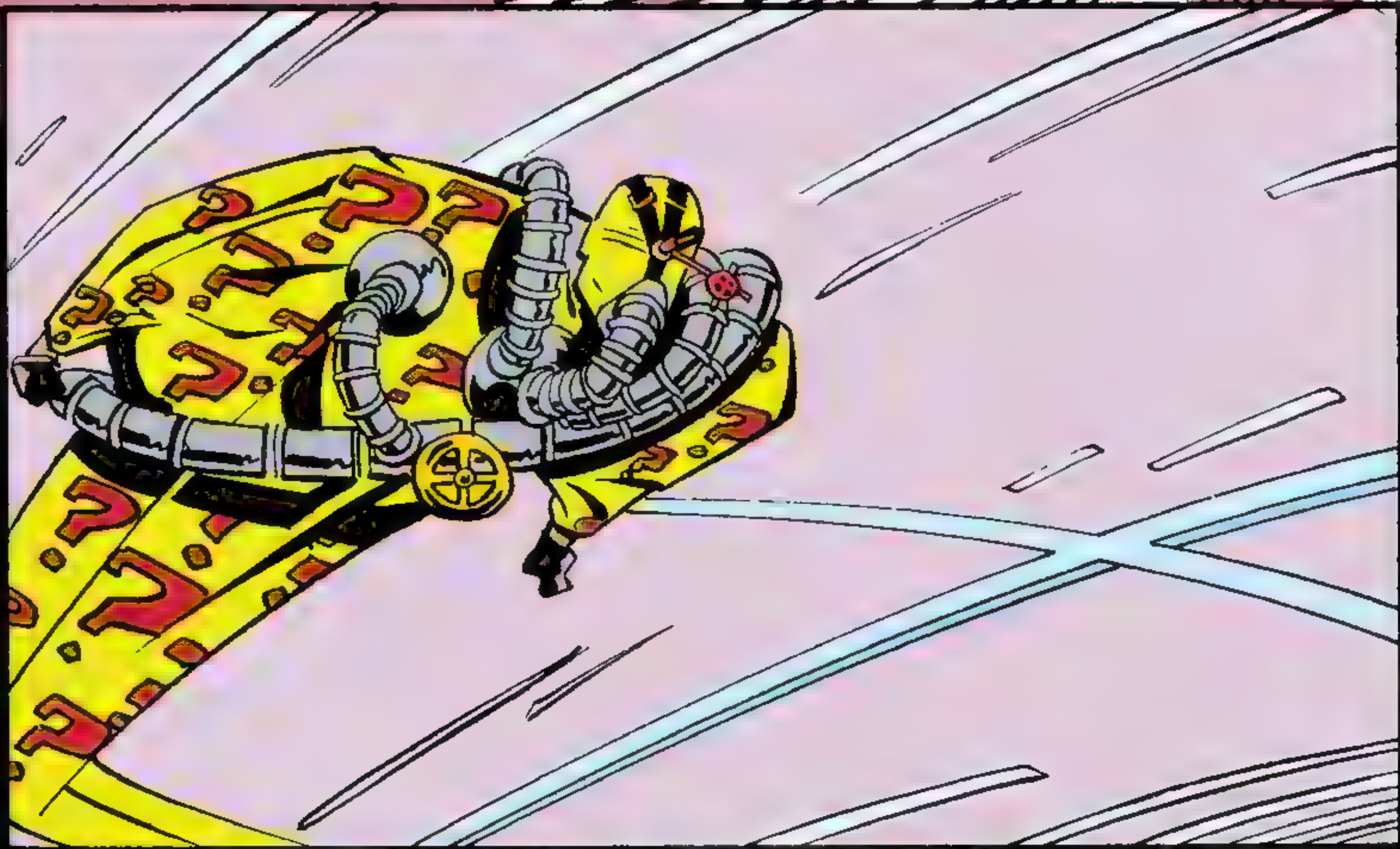
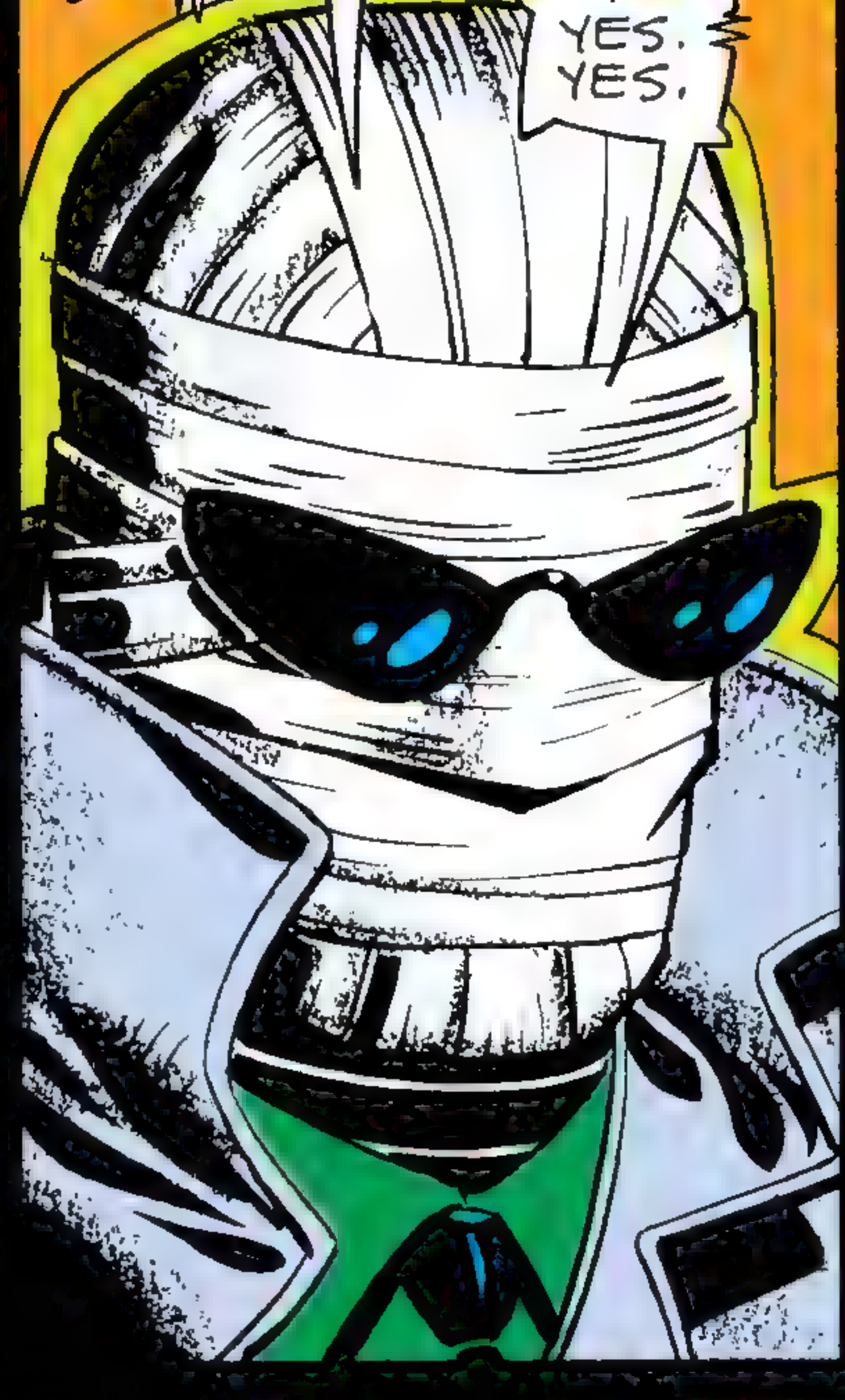
SLOWER
AND
SLOWER.

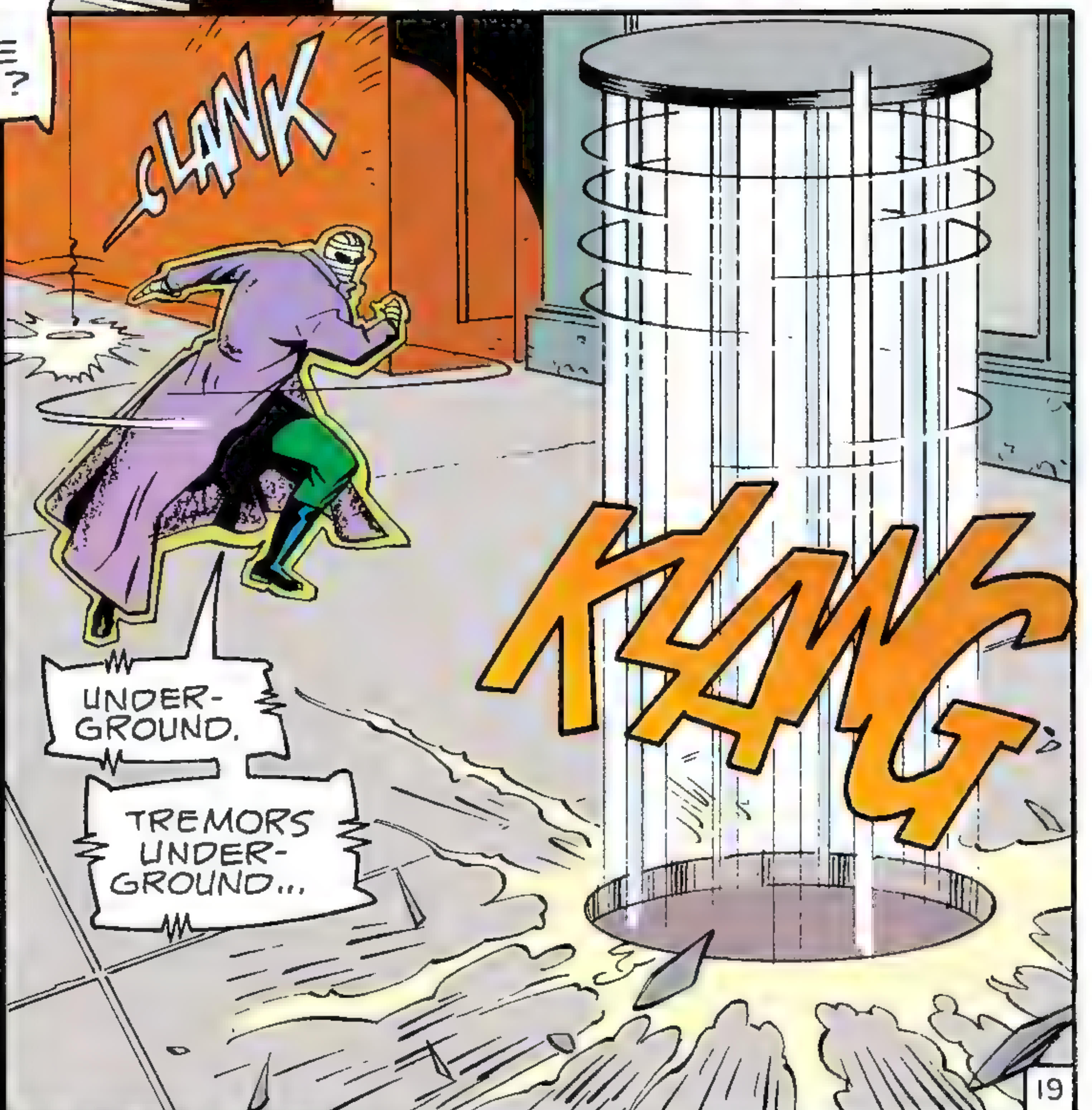
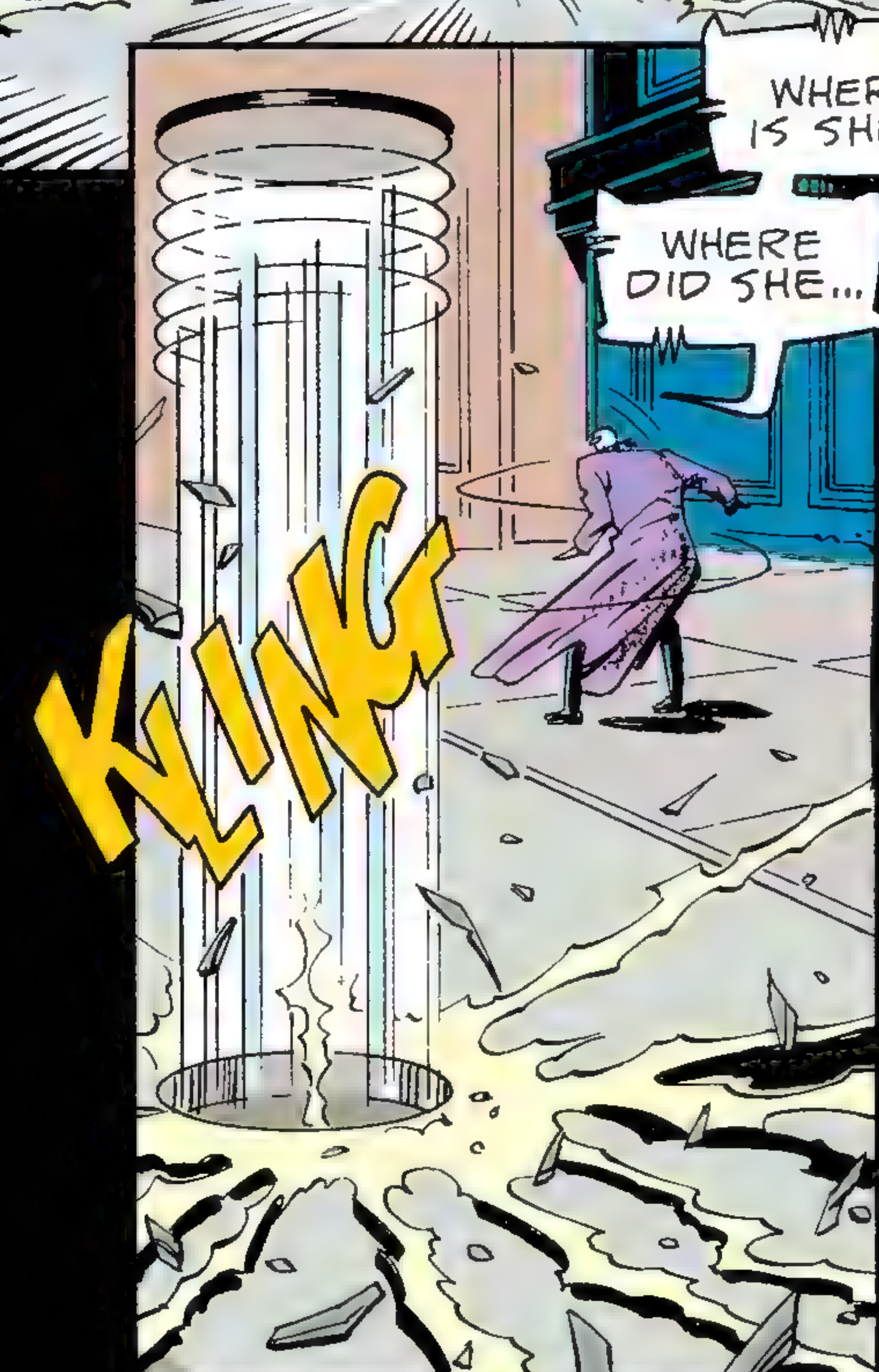
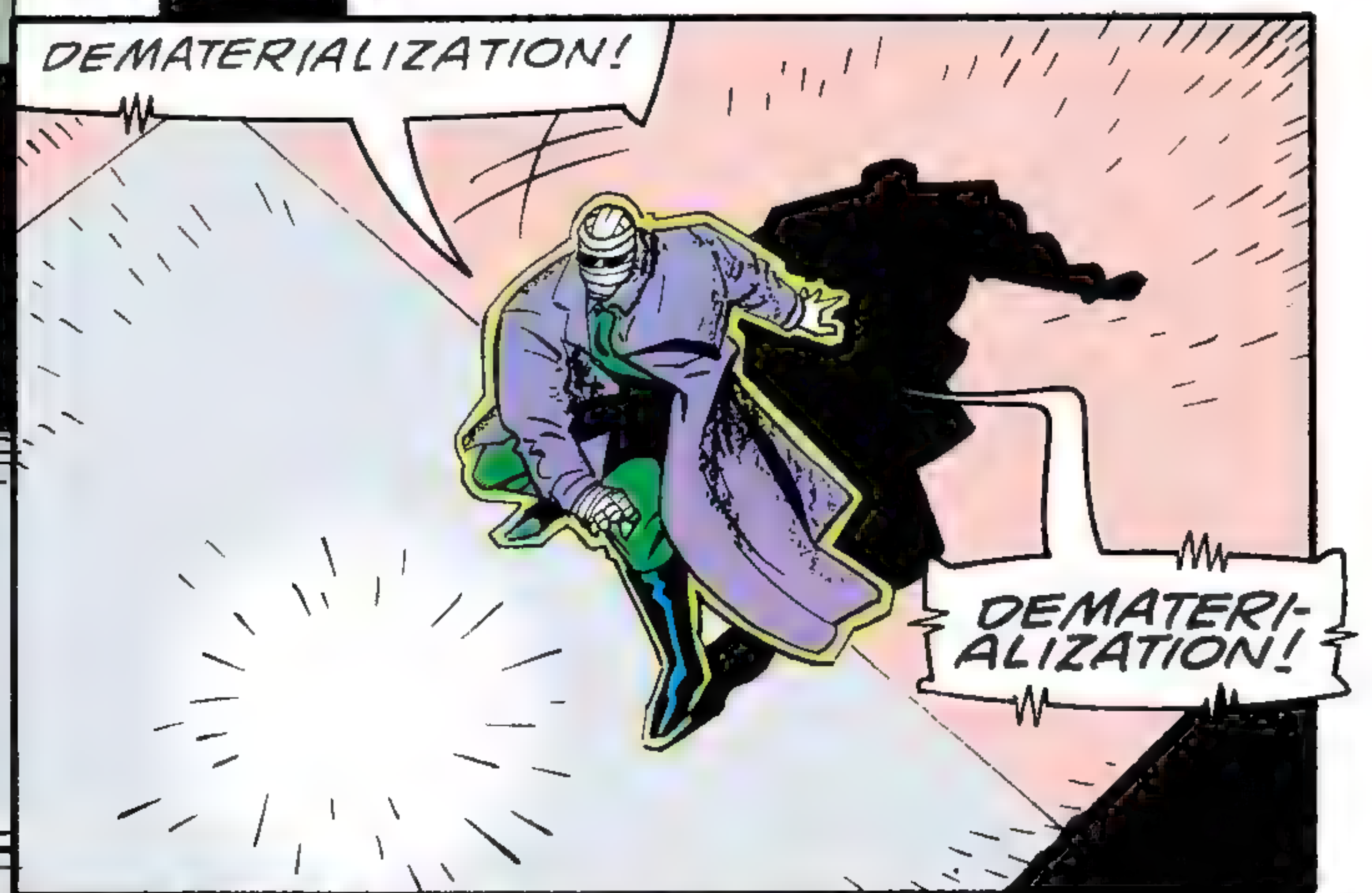
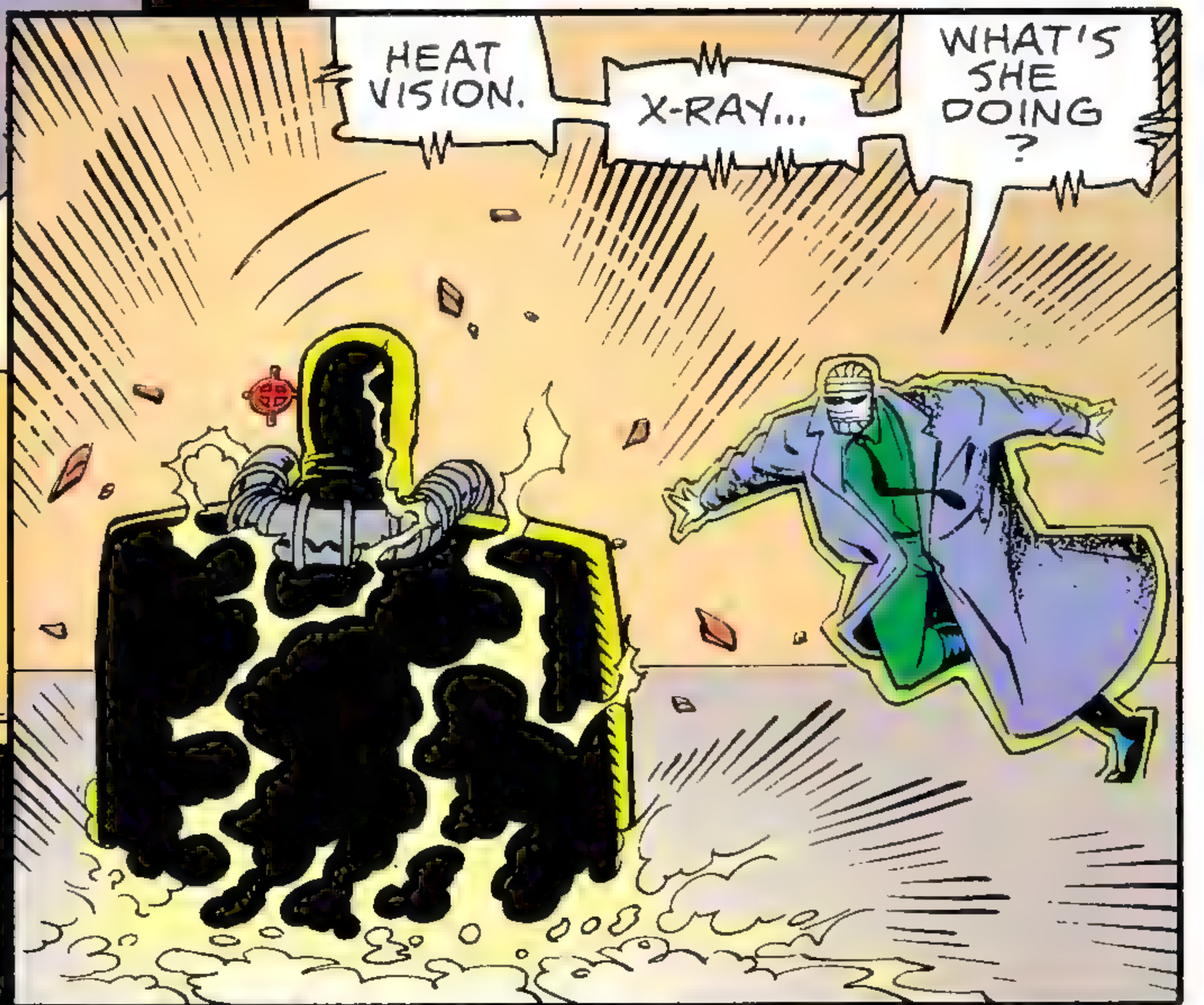


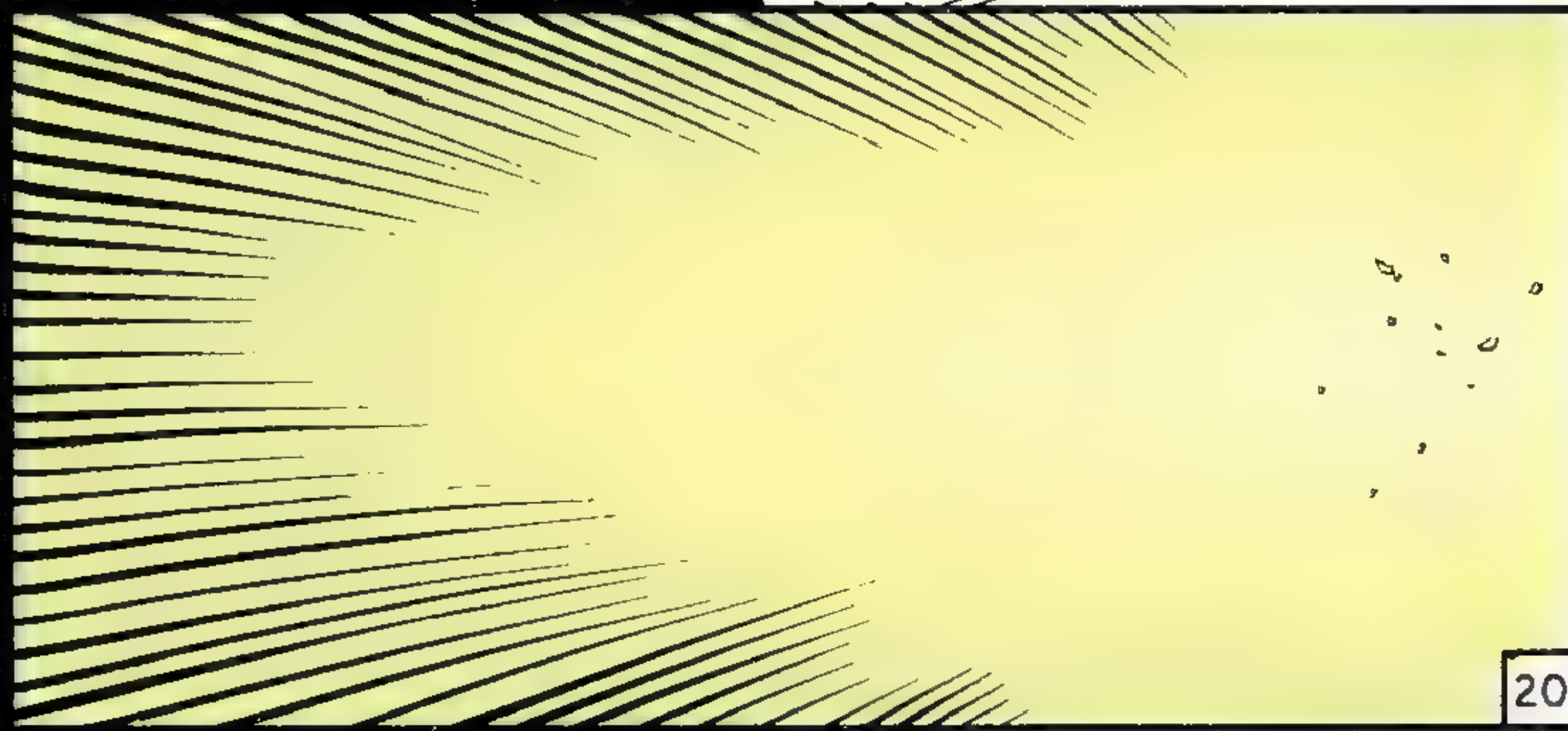
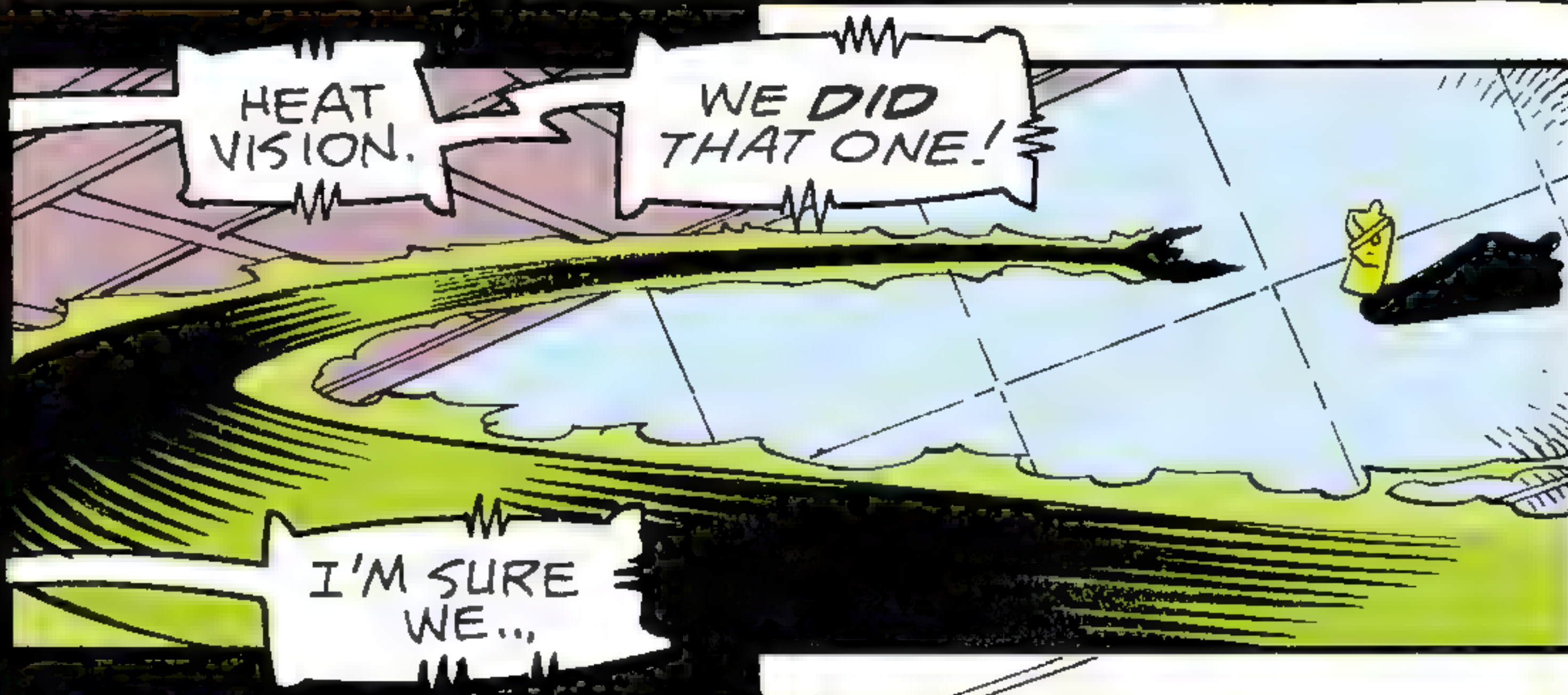
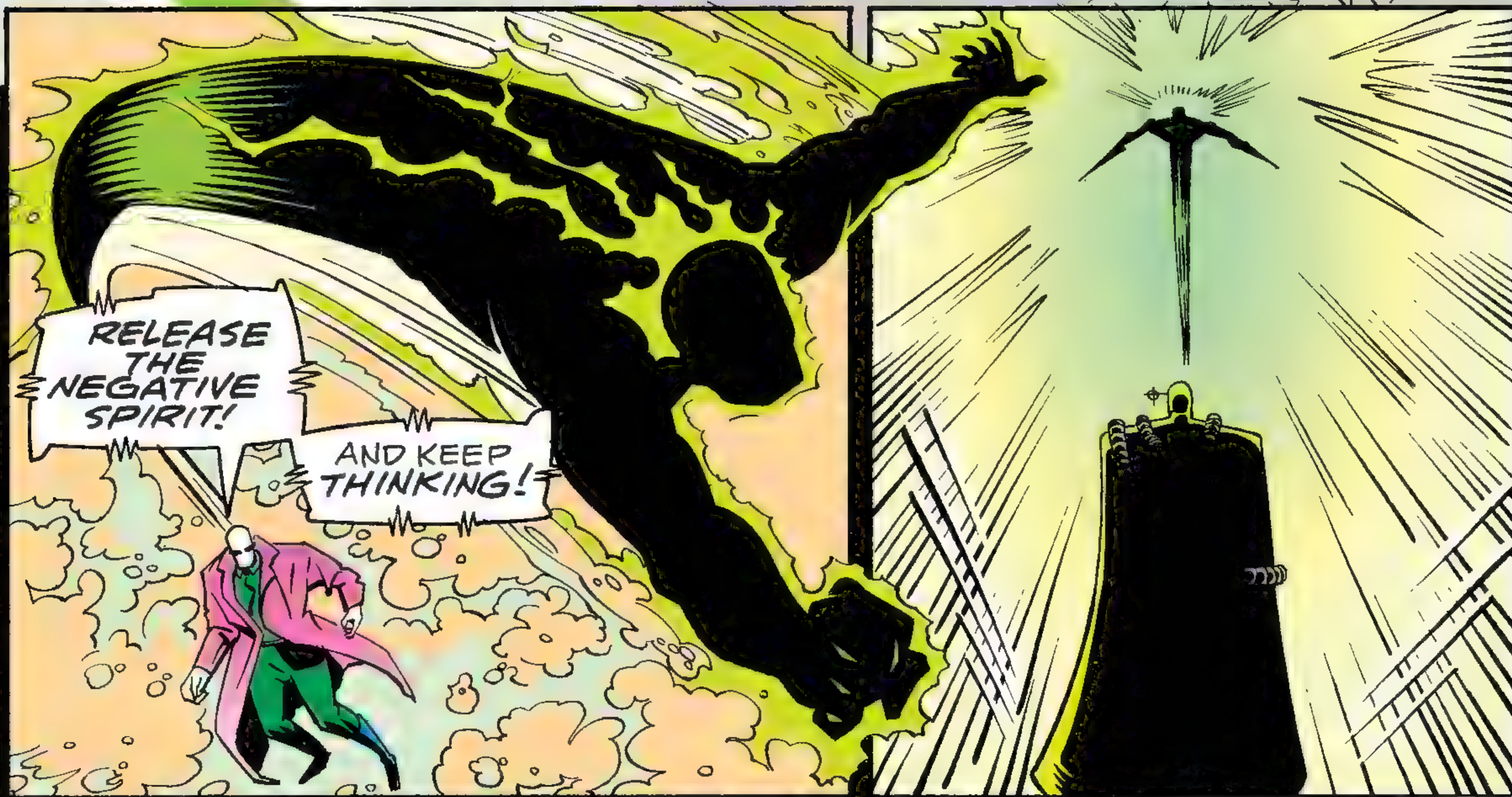
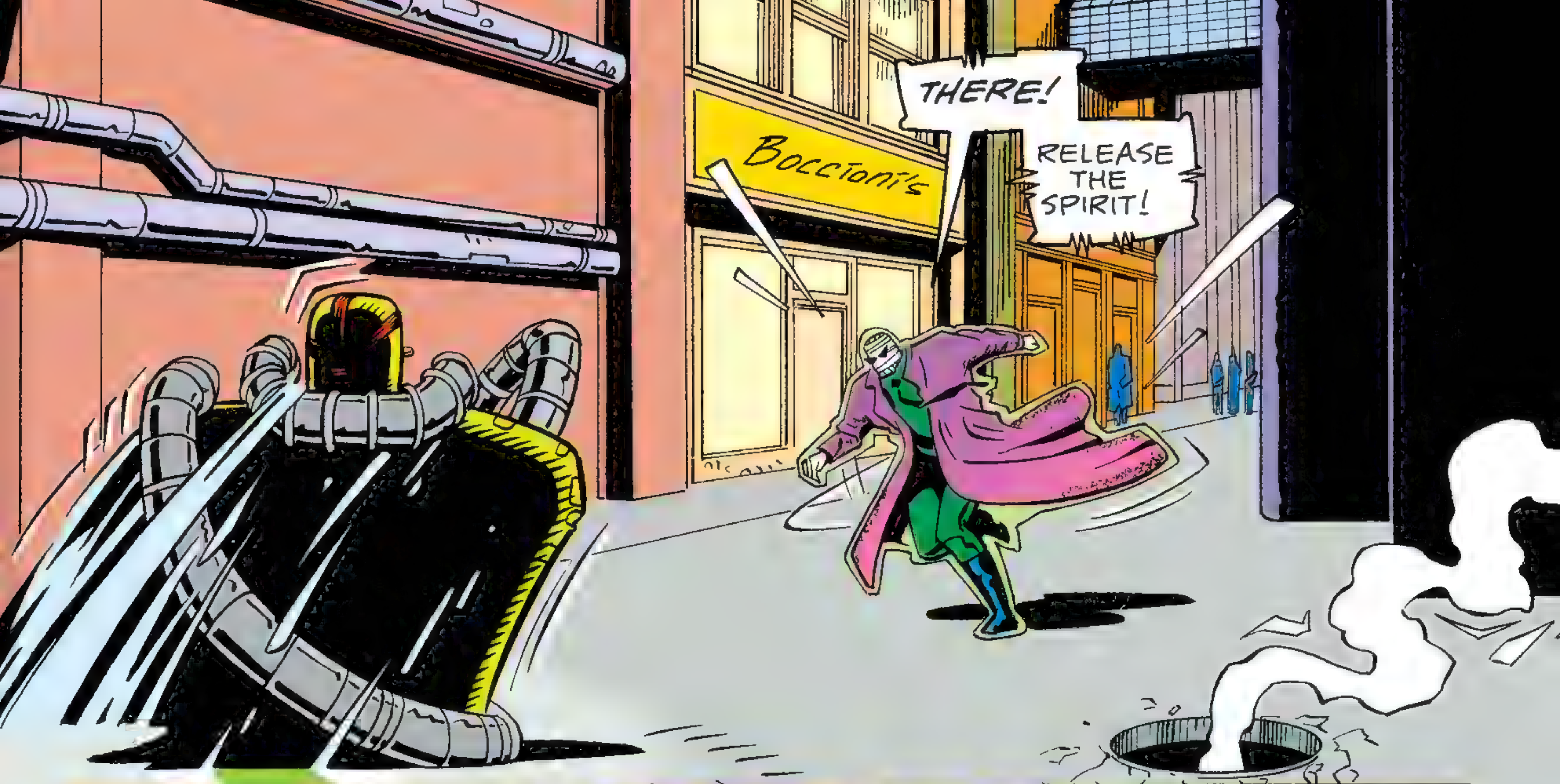


REMEMBER,
SHE ONLY HAS
EVERY SUPER-POWER
WE HAVEN'T
THOUGHT OF.

IF WE CAN
THINK IT,
SHE LOSES
IT.









"THE DOOM PATROL." PATHETIC.

I WONDER WHAT IT'LL BE LIKE TO ABSORB YOUR...

KEEP WONDERING, ASSHOLE!

YOU'LL NEVER NEVER

EVER EVER

RIVER RUN RIVER

RUN AROUND A ROLLER OLLER

WHAT ARE YOU (HAHA) DOING? (THAT'S PISSED YOU, OFF, HASN'T--)

SHUT UP IN THERE!

ALL RIGHT, SO I CAN'T TOUCH YOU IN THAT ABSTRACT STATE,

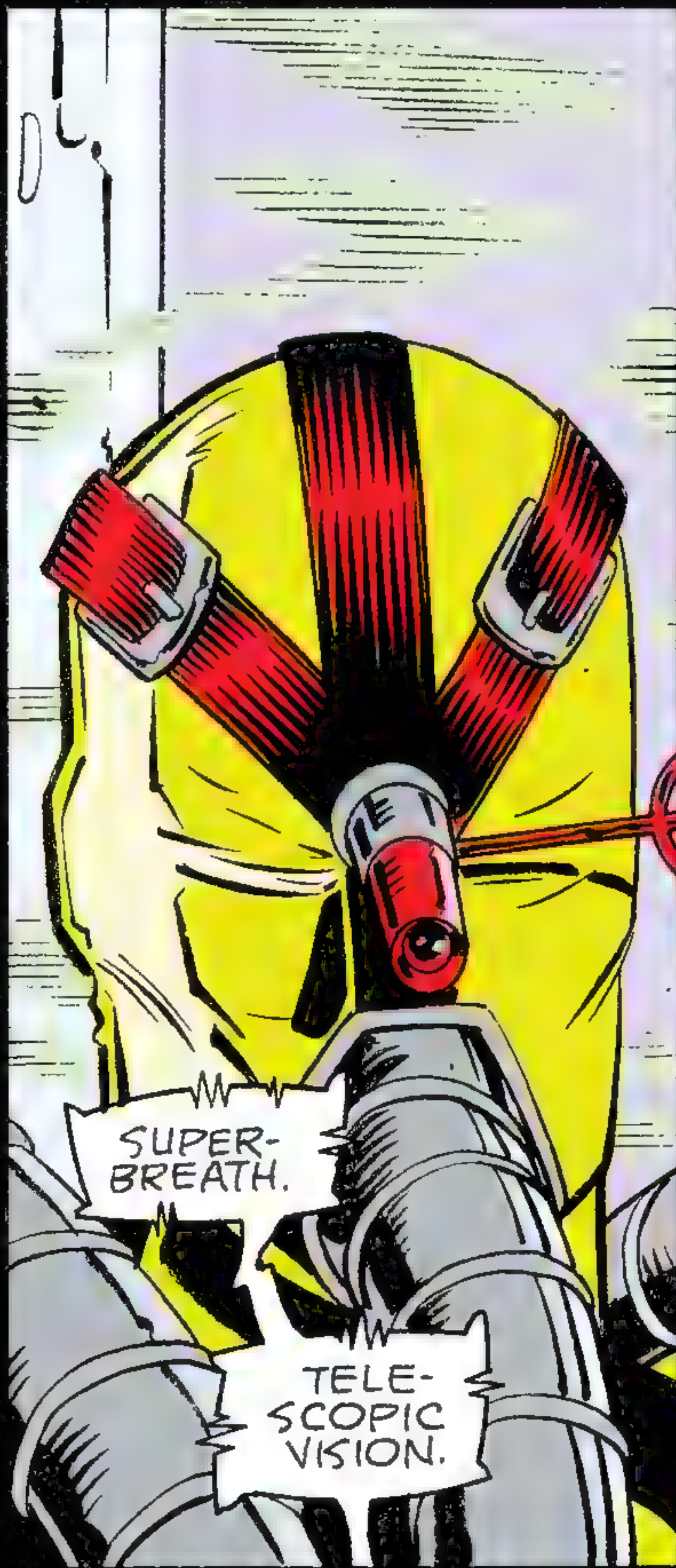
I DON'T (YES YOU) CARE. (DO!)

BOWLER POLLAPOLAR COLASHOALASHELLASEA SHELL SHE SELLSSHE SAYS

I DON'T MIND.

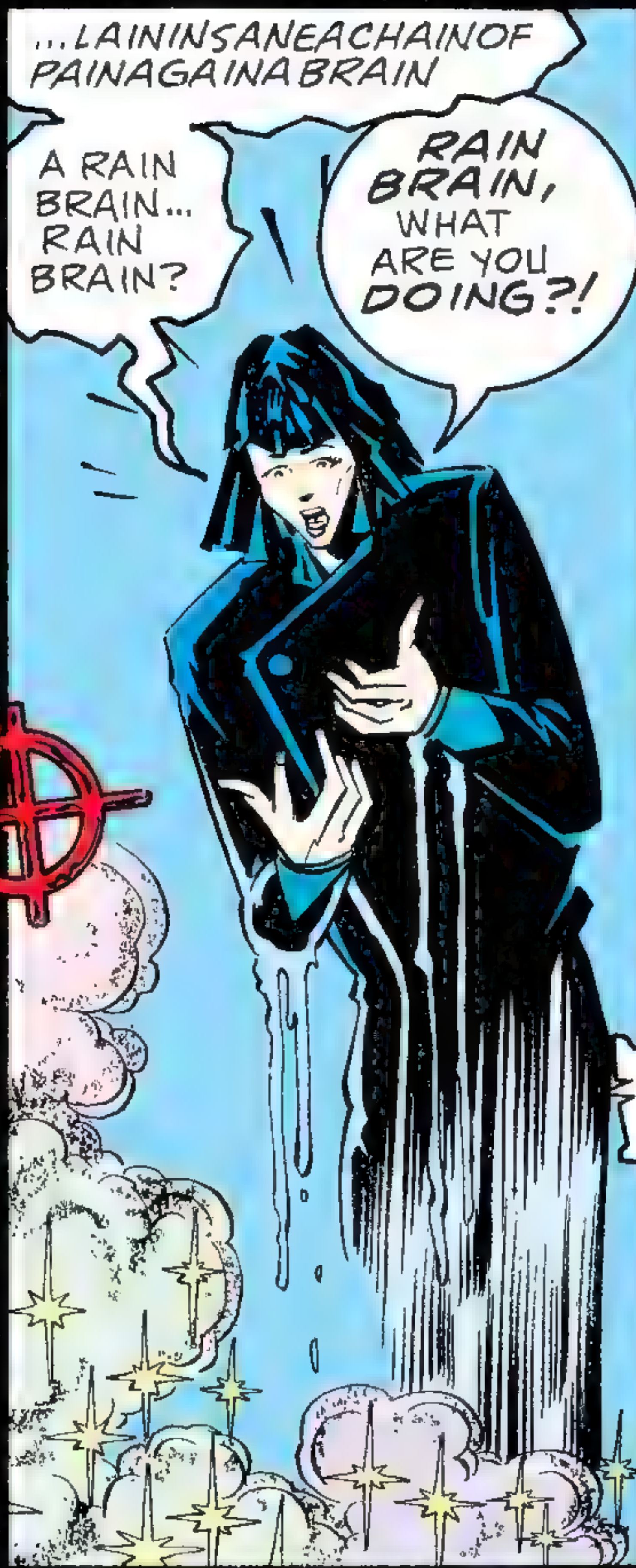
YOU'LL HAVE TO CHANGE BACK SOME-TIME.

I CAN WAIT.



SUPER-BREATH.

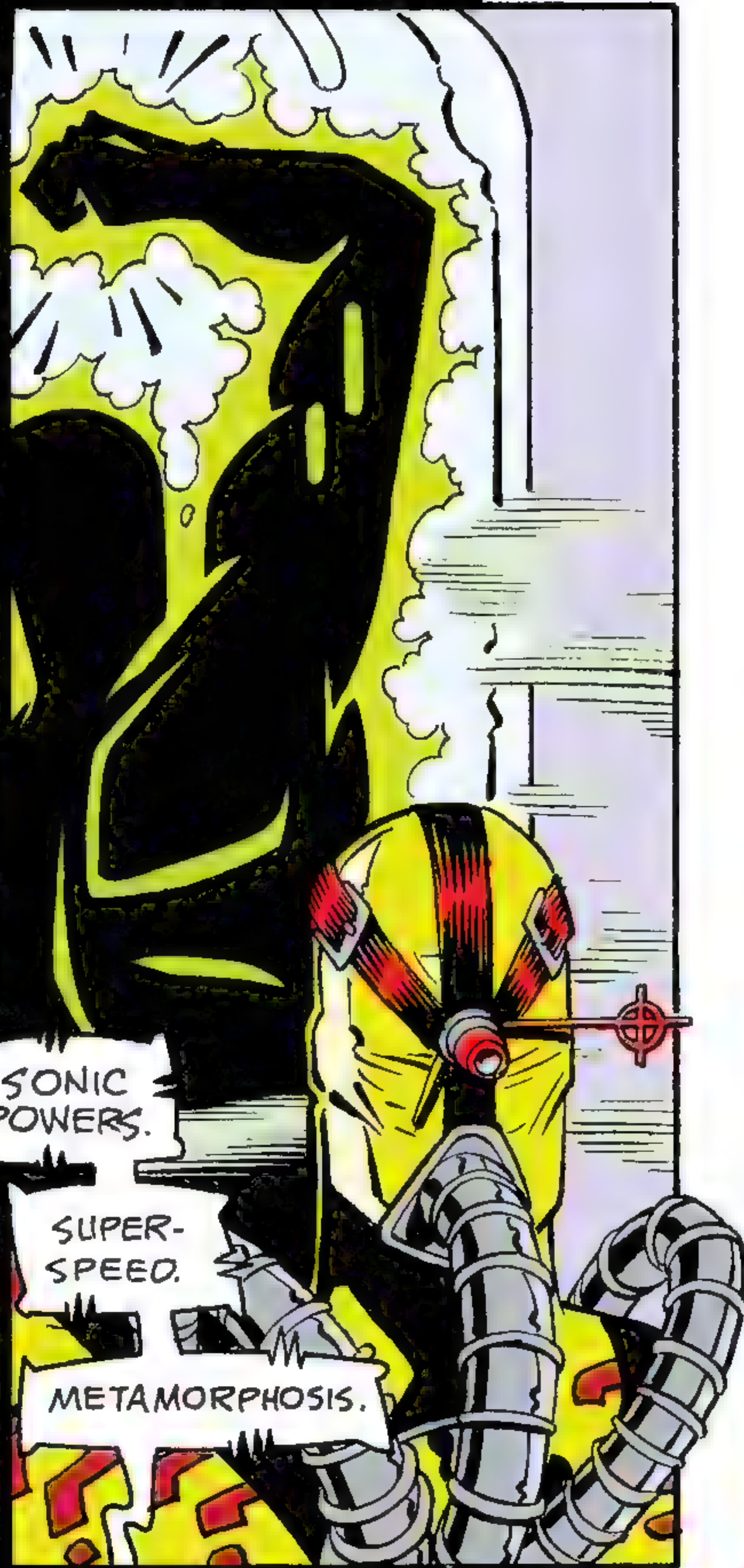
TELE-SCOPIC VISION.



...LAIN IN A CHAIN OF PAIN AGAIN A BRAIN

A RAIN BRAIN... RAIN BRAIN?

RAIN BRAIN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!



SONIC POWERS.

SUPER-SPEED.

METAMORPHOSIS.

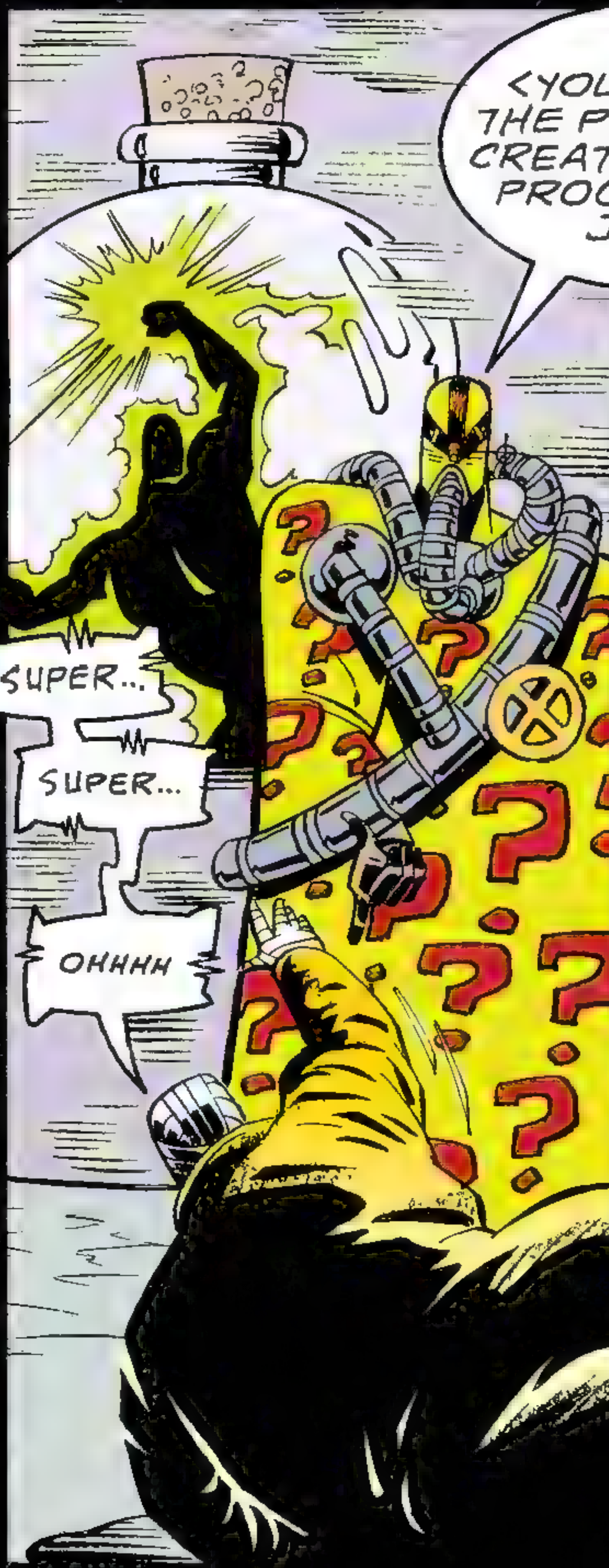


RAIN BRAIN, DON'T LEAVE ME!

COME BACK!

COME BACK!

YUM YUM.



SUPER...

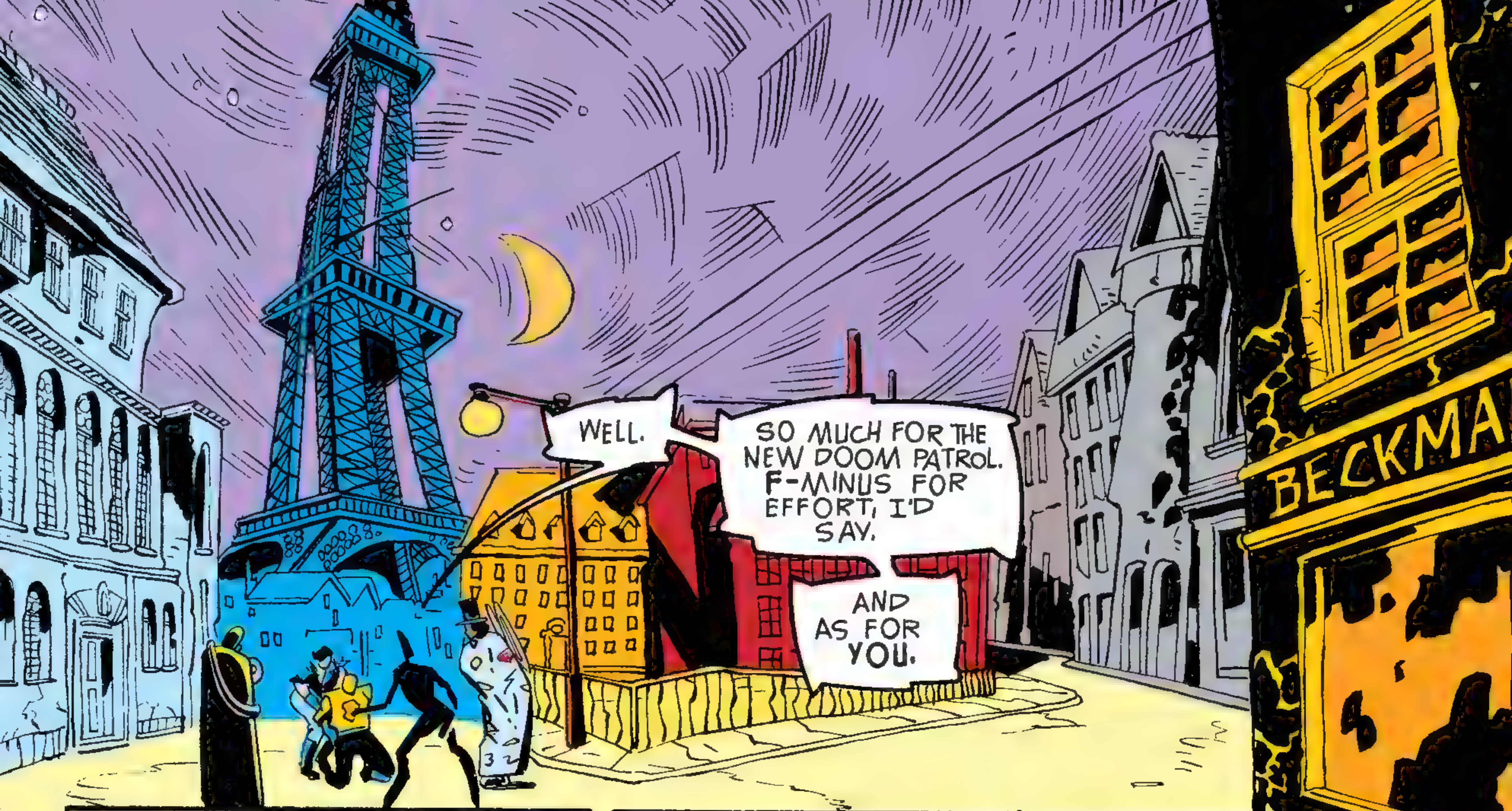
SUPER...

OHhhh

<YOU FORGOT THE POWER TO CREATE ESCAPE-PROOF SPIRIT JARS.>



YUM YUM YUM!



WELL.

SO MUCH FOR THE
NEW DOOM PATROL.
F-MINUS FOR
EFFORT, I'D
SAY.

AND
AS FOR
YOU.



WHY ARE
YOU DOING
THIS?

WHY?

WHY?

BECAUSE I
LOVE YOOOO"

AND SINCE YOU AND THE
DOOM PATROL ARE THE
ONLY SUPER-HEROES MAD
ENOUGH TO FIGHT US, WE
REALLY **MUST** GET YOU OUT
OF THE PICTURE AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE.

NOW...

THAT UGLY JAM JAR IS, I
TAKE IT, THE NUTRIENT
TANK THAT FEEDS YOUR
HUMAN BRAIN?

WITHOUT IT, YOU WILL
DIE, AM I RIGHT?

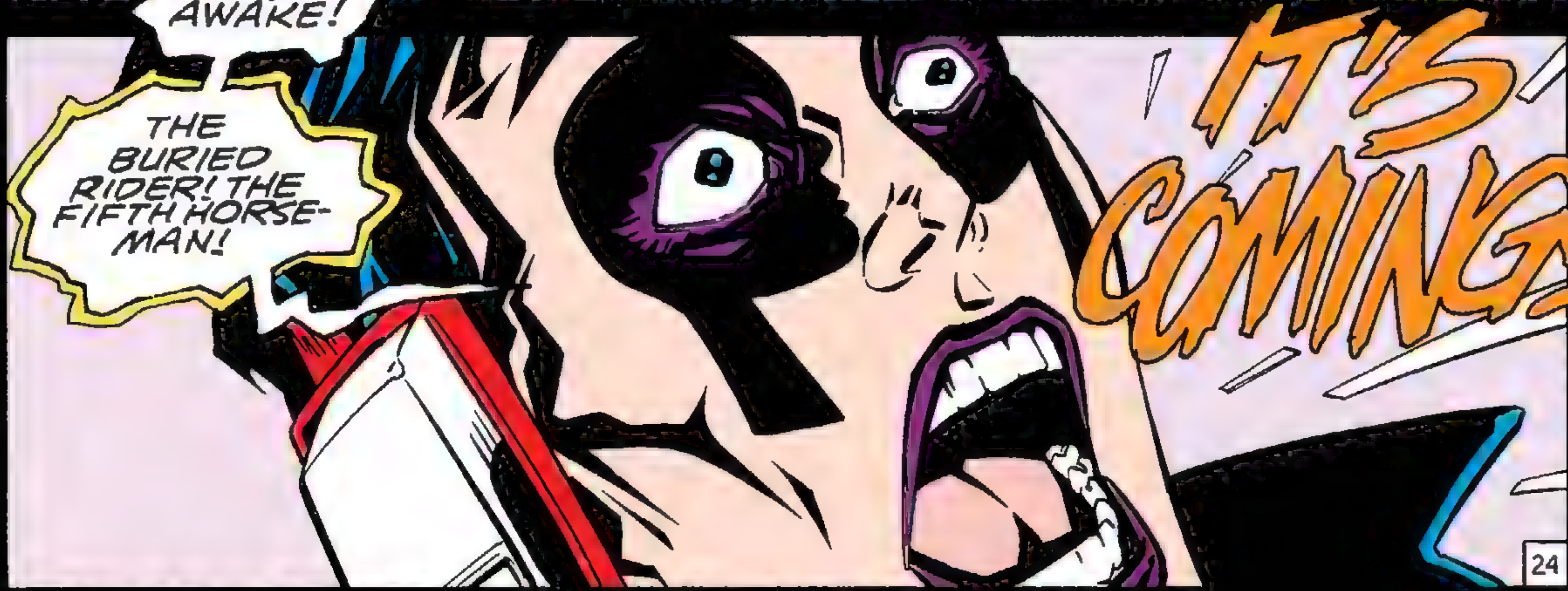
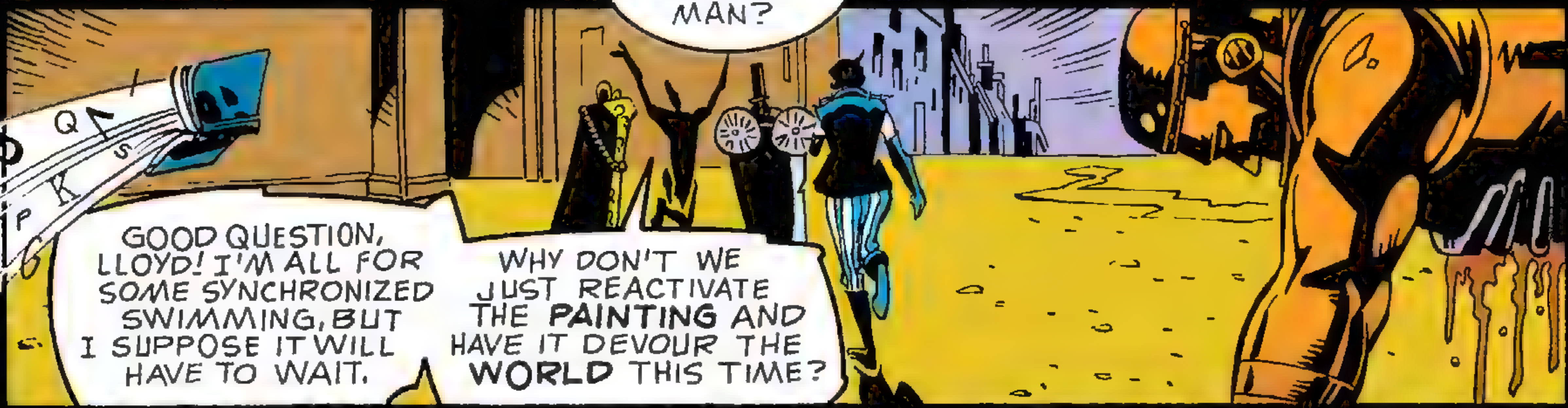
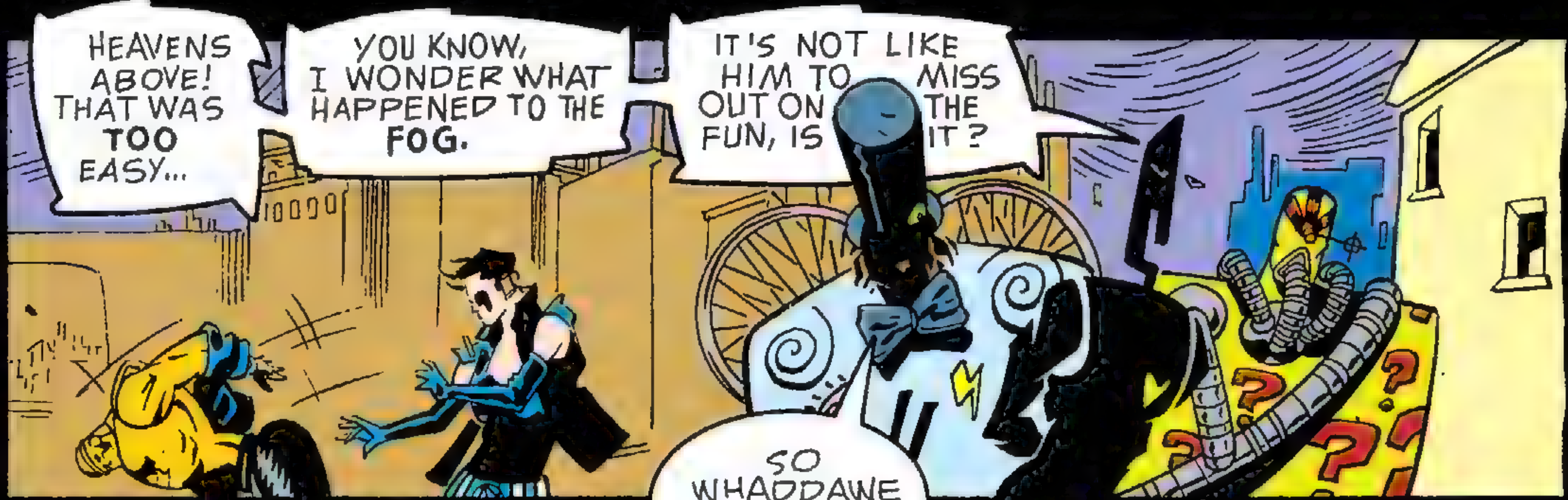
QUIZ.



UUNNNH!



AWWW
NO...



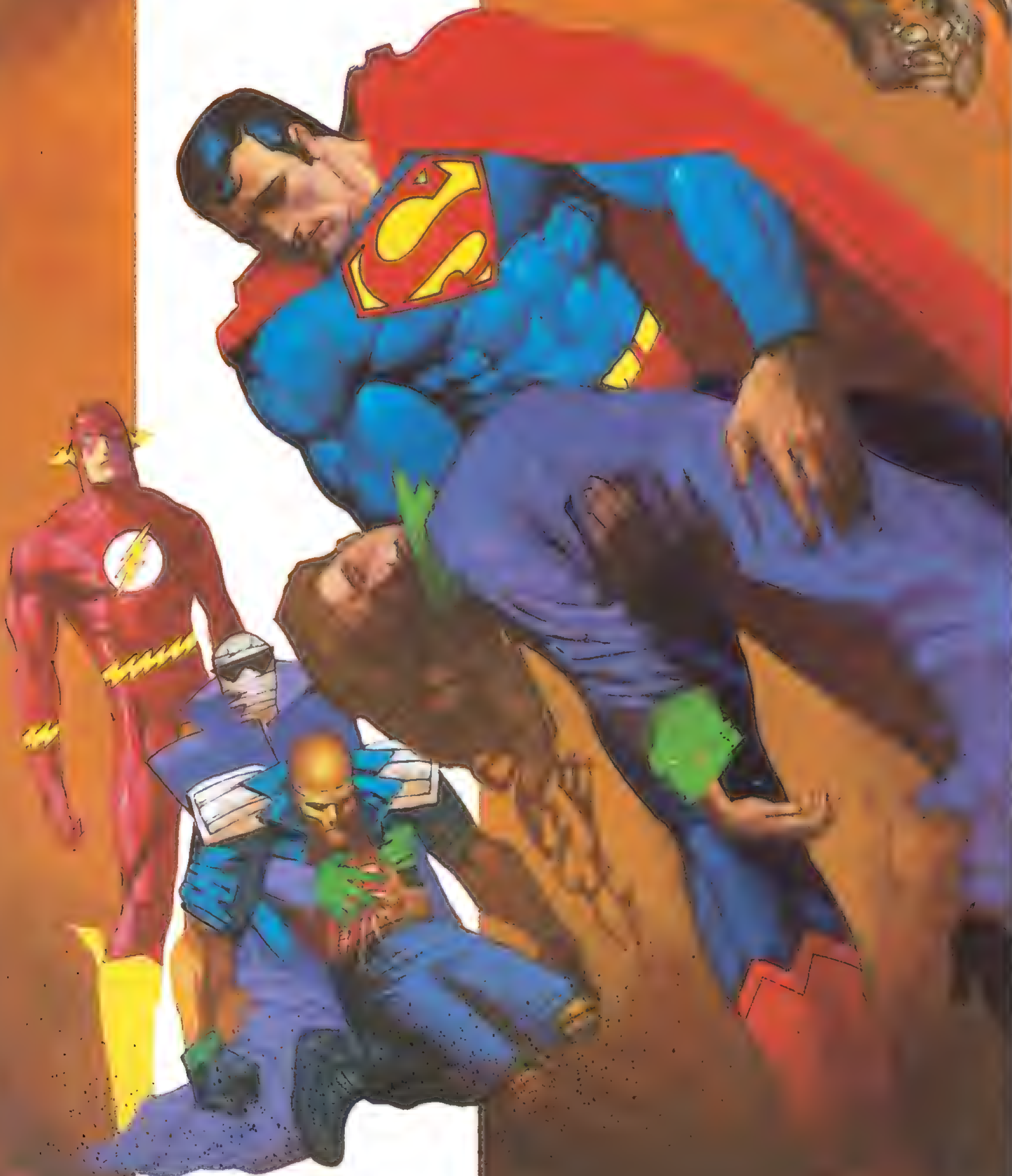


DOOM
PATROL

29
JAN 90

DOOM PATROL™

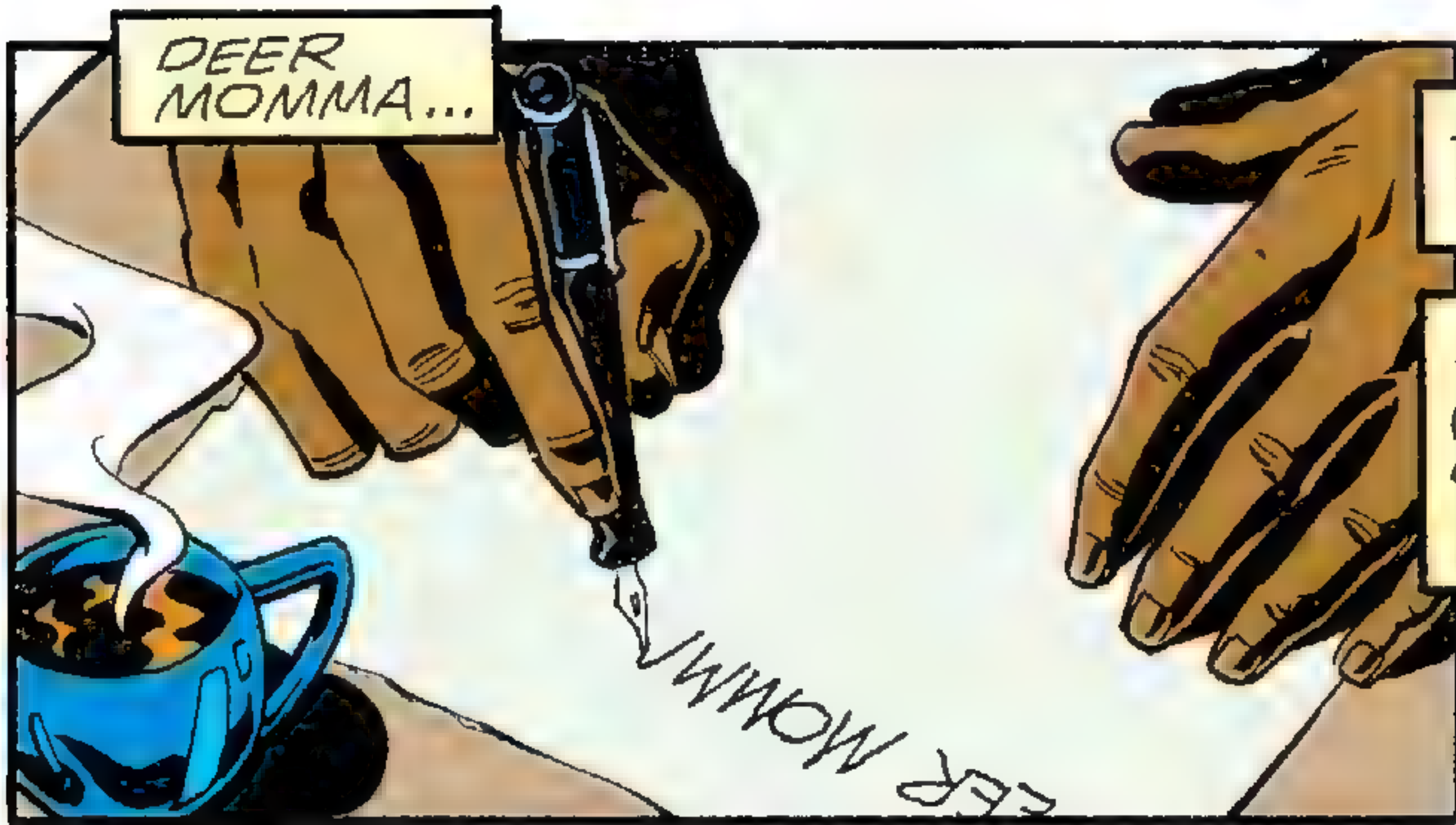
GRANT MORRISON
RICHARD CASE
JOHN NYBERG



dom PATROL



"If we're all going to die,
we may as well be thinking
about something stupid."

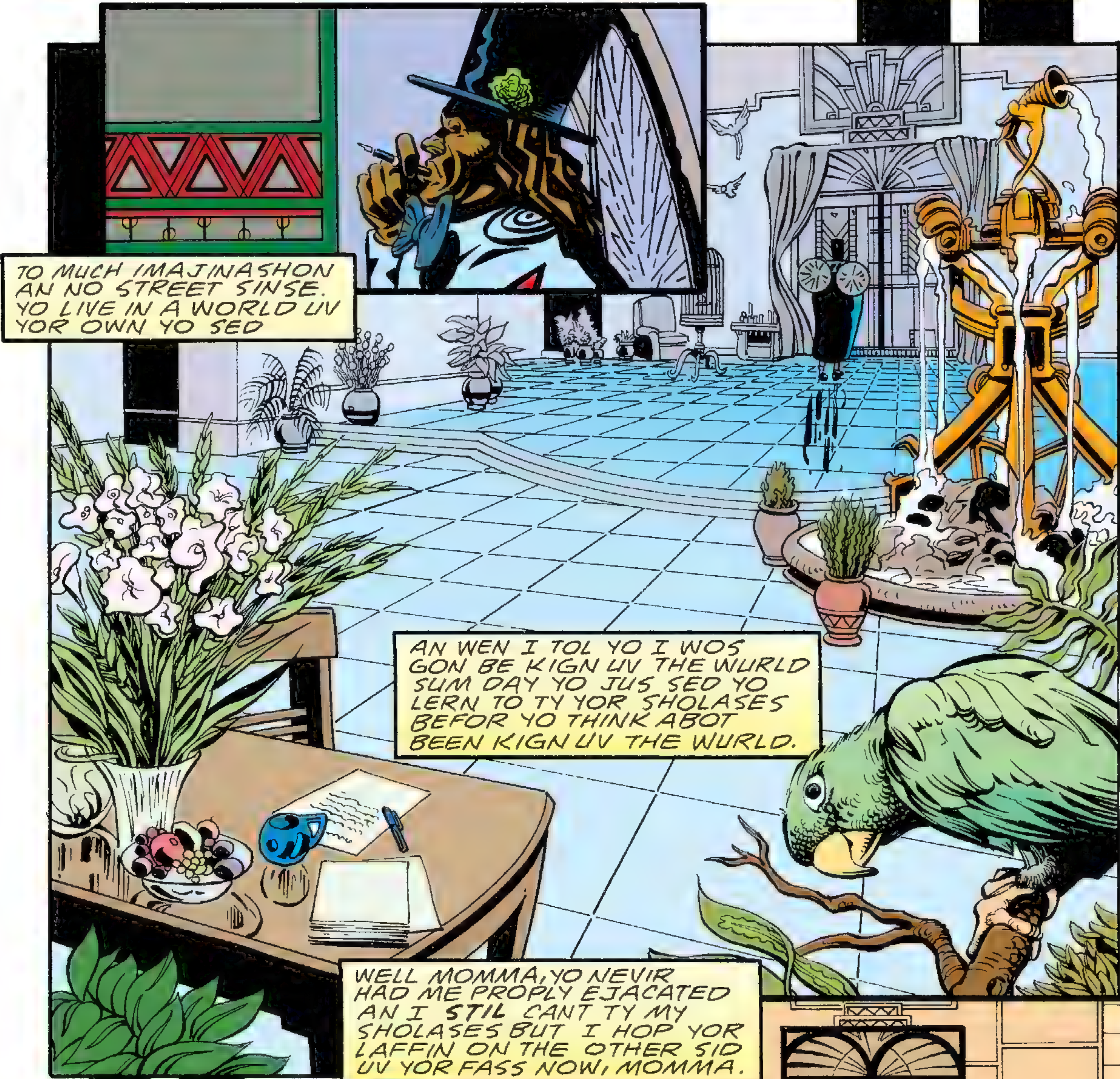


DEER
MOMMA...

I NO YO AIN HEER TO
REED THIS BUT ENYHO
HEER IT IS

YOR MY MOMMA AN I LOV
YO (EVN THO YO RAN AWAY
WITH THAT ROCH EKS
EXTERMINATOR) BUT I'M
RITIN THIS TO PROV YO
OLWAS DID TOK CRAP

YO USE TO TELL ME I WODNT
EVR MAK IT **BIG**. YO SPEN TO
MUCH TIM AT THE MOOVIS
YO USE TO SAY



TO MUCH IMAJINASHON
AN NO STREET SINSE.
YO LIVE IN A WORLD UV
YOR OWN YO SED

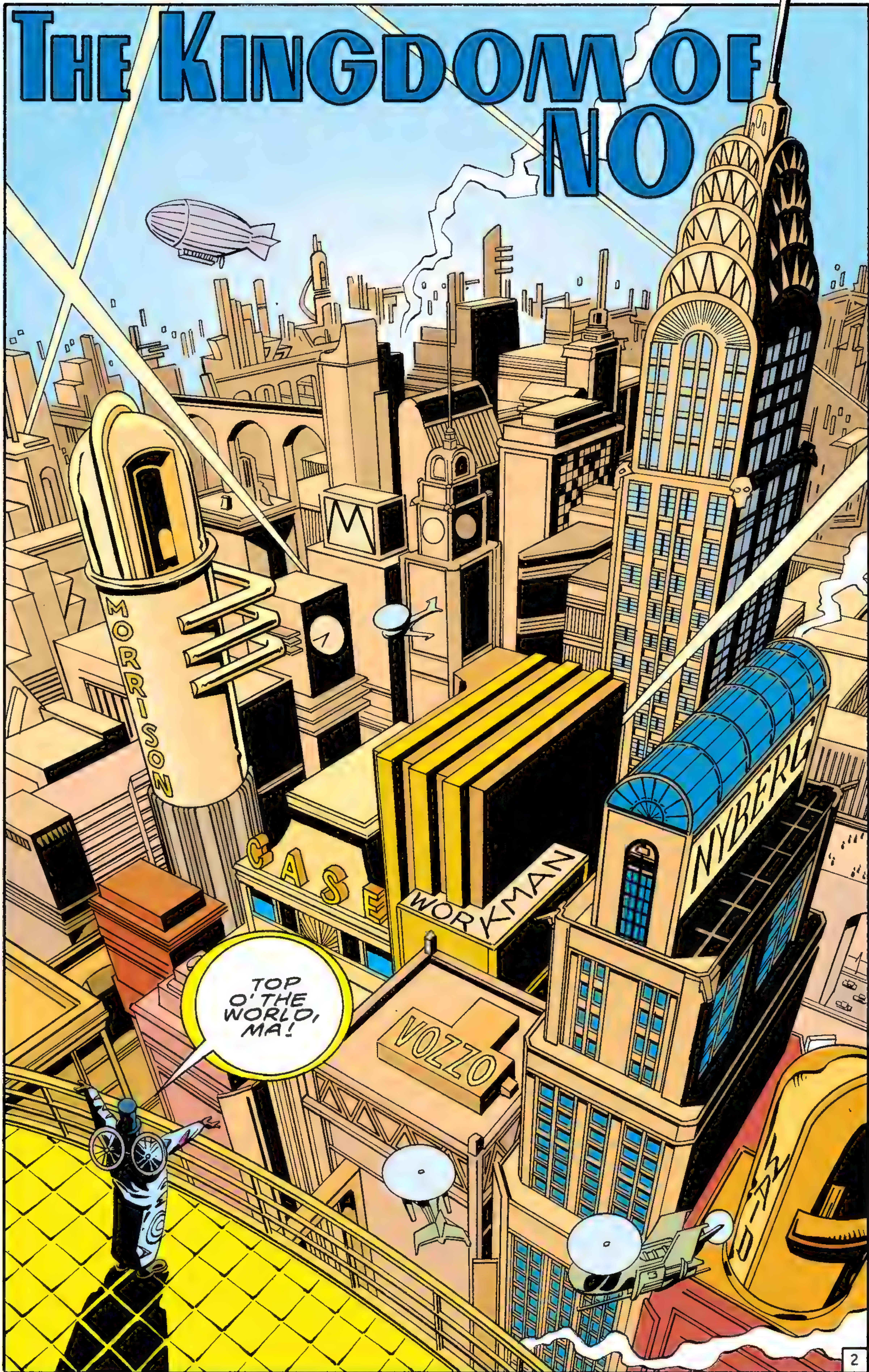
AN WEN I TOL YO I WOS
GON BE KIGN UV THE WURLD
SUM DAY YO JUS SED YO
LERN TO TY YOR SHOLASES
BEFOR YO THINK ABOT
BEEN KIGN UV THE WURLD.

WELL MOMMA, YO NEVIR
HAD ME PROPLY EJACATED
AN I **STIL** CANT TY MY
SHOLASES BUT I HOP YOR
LAFFIN ON THE OTHER SID
UV YOR FASS NOW, MOMMA.



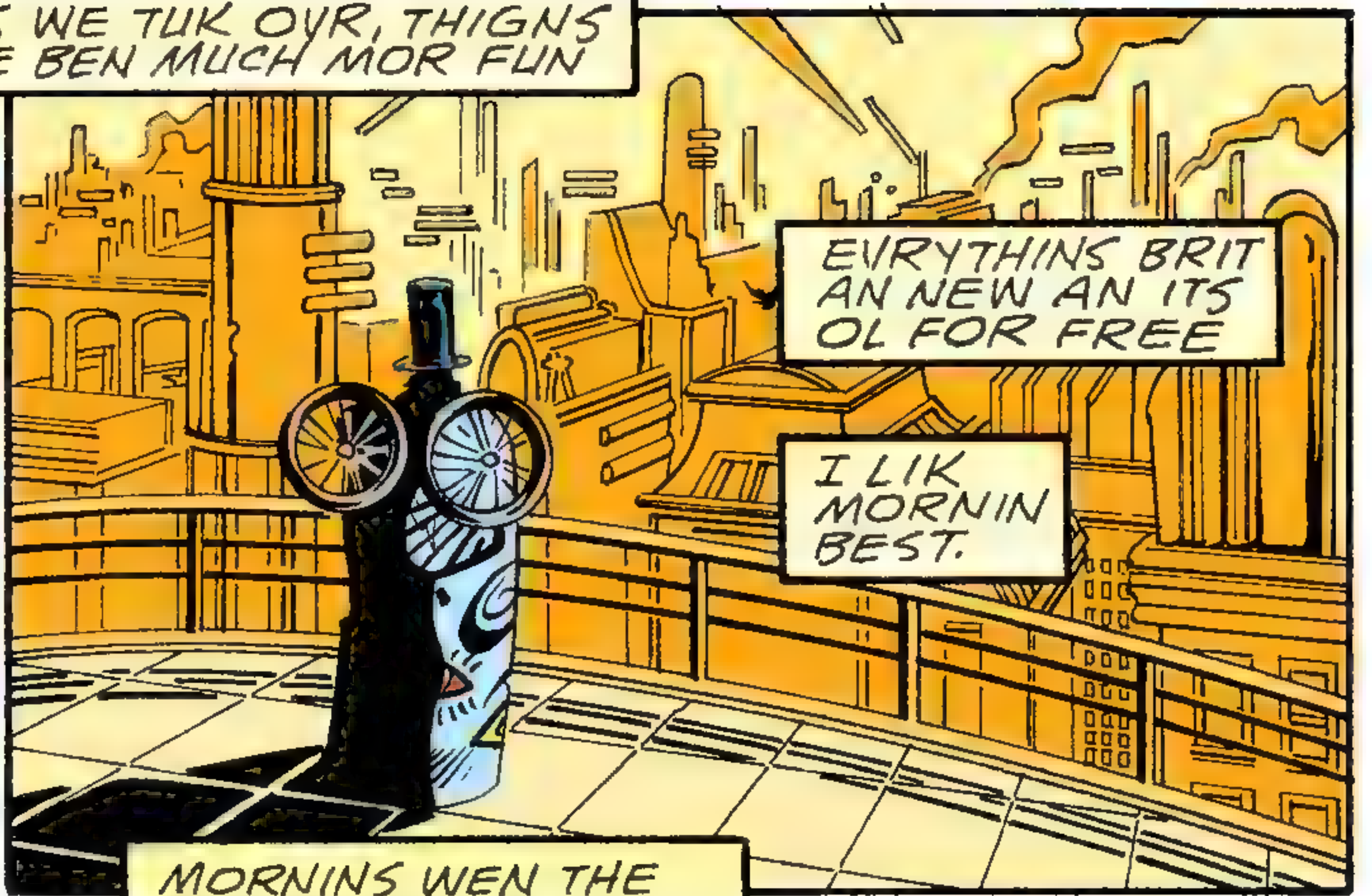
COS I
DID IT.

ITS OL
MIN! I
DID IT!



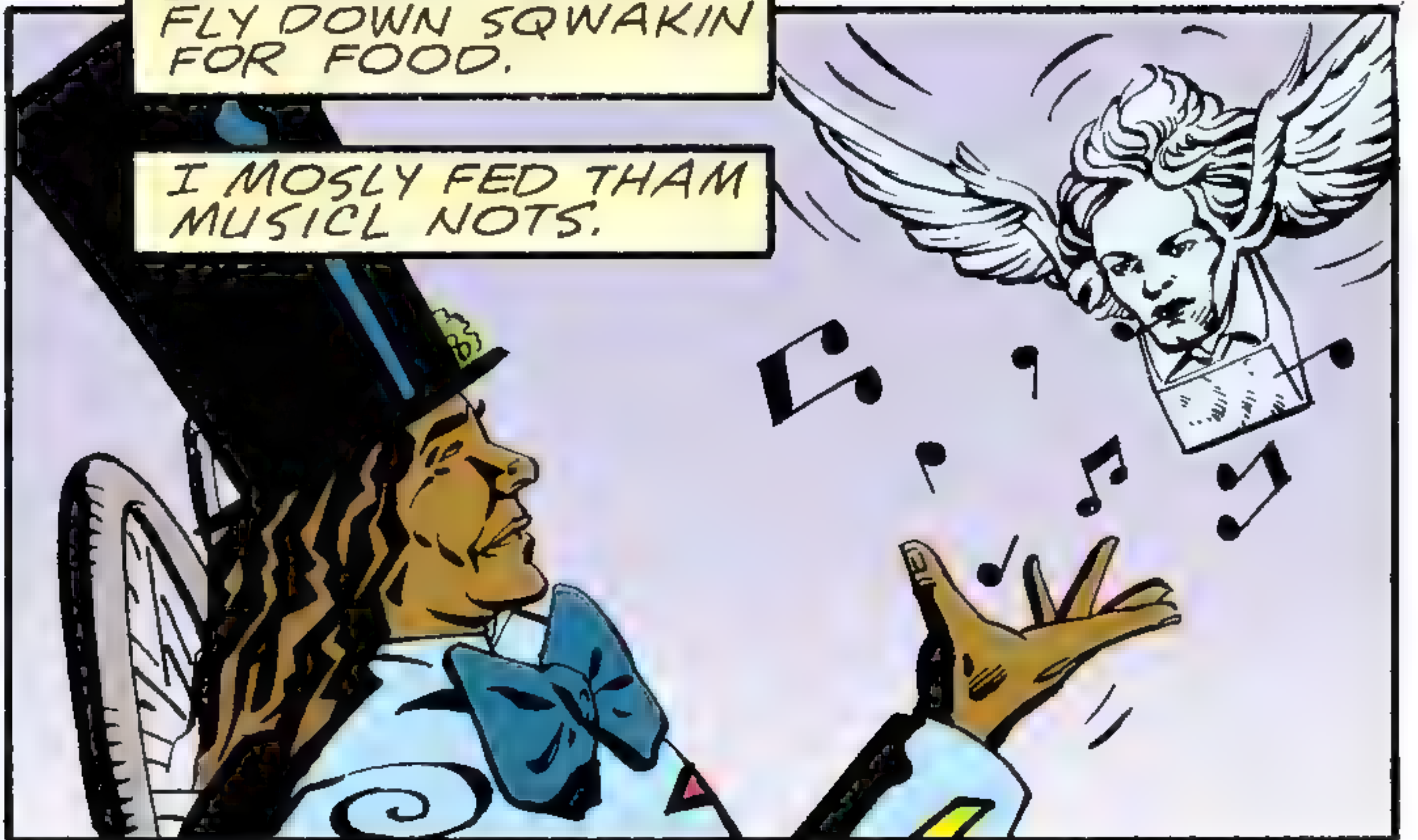


SINS WE TUK OVR, THIGNS
HAVE BEN MUCH MOR FUN



MORNINS WEN THE
BATHOVEN BURDS
FLY DOWN SQWAKIN
FOR FOOD.

I MOSLY FED THAM
MUSICL NOTS.



THEY EAT THE NOTS
AN TERN THAM INTO
BUOTIFUL MUSIC.



WHY DON'T I JUST START AT THE END AND SEE WHERE WE GET FROM THERE?

SO WE STOLE A PAINTING. SO WE TURNED A POLICEMAN INTO A TOILET.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN EVERY DAY IN EL SALVADOR.

THE PAINTING'S FALLING APART, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WE JUST WANTED--

--TO BREAK THE CRUSHING MONOTONY OF LIFE!

EVERY MAN HIS OWN MASTER WITH THE FREEDOM TO SAY "NO."

AND YOU CALL US CRIMINALS?

TO SET THE WORLD FREE! TO MAKE EACH MOMENT AN EVENT INSTEAD OF A DRUDGERY.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! IT ALL STARTED OFF SO WELL."

"DIDN'T WE STEAL BORDENGHAST'S INFAMOUS HUNGRY PAINTING?"

"THERE WE WERE: THE BROTHERHOOD OF DADA. APOSTLES OF ABSURDITY. DISCIPLES OF THE DAFT."

"WELL, DIDN'T WE?"

"AND THEN WHEN THE DOOM PATROL ATTEMPTED TO RESCUE PARIS FROM THE PAINTING, DIDN'T WE FIGHT THEM AND WIN?"

"YES, WE DID."

IT'S AWAKE!

THE BURIED RIDER! THE FIFTH HORSEMAN!

"AND THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE END OF IT, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR SLEEPWALK WAKING SUDDENLY FROM HER SUPERPOWER TRANCE."

IT'S COMING!

"OH, YES! THERE'S NO SHORTAGE OF EXCITEMENT WHEN WE'RE AROUND."

"SO WE HURRIED ON DOWN THROUGH THE WORLDS NESTED WITHIN THE PAINTING'S STRUCTURE AND THIS IS WHAT WE FOUND..."



WHAT IS IT?

IT'S A HOOFPRIINT, MAN. A TOTALLY HUMONGOUS HOOFPRIINT.

WELL, WE ARE IN THE SURREALIST LEVEL OF THE PAINTING.

YOU EXPECT THAT SORT OF THING HERE.

NO, IT'S THE THING FROM MY DREAM!

I TOLD YOU, DIDN'T I? IT'S BEEN IN HERE FOR YEARS AND NOW WE'VE WOKEN IT UP!

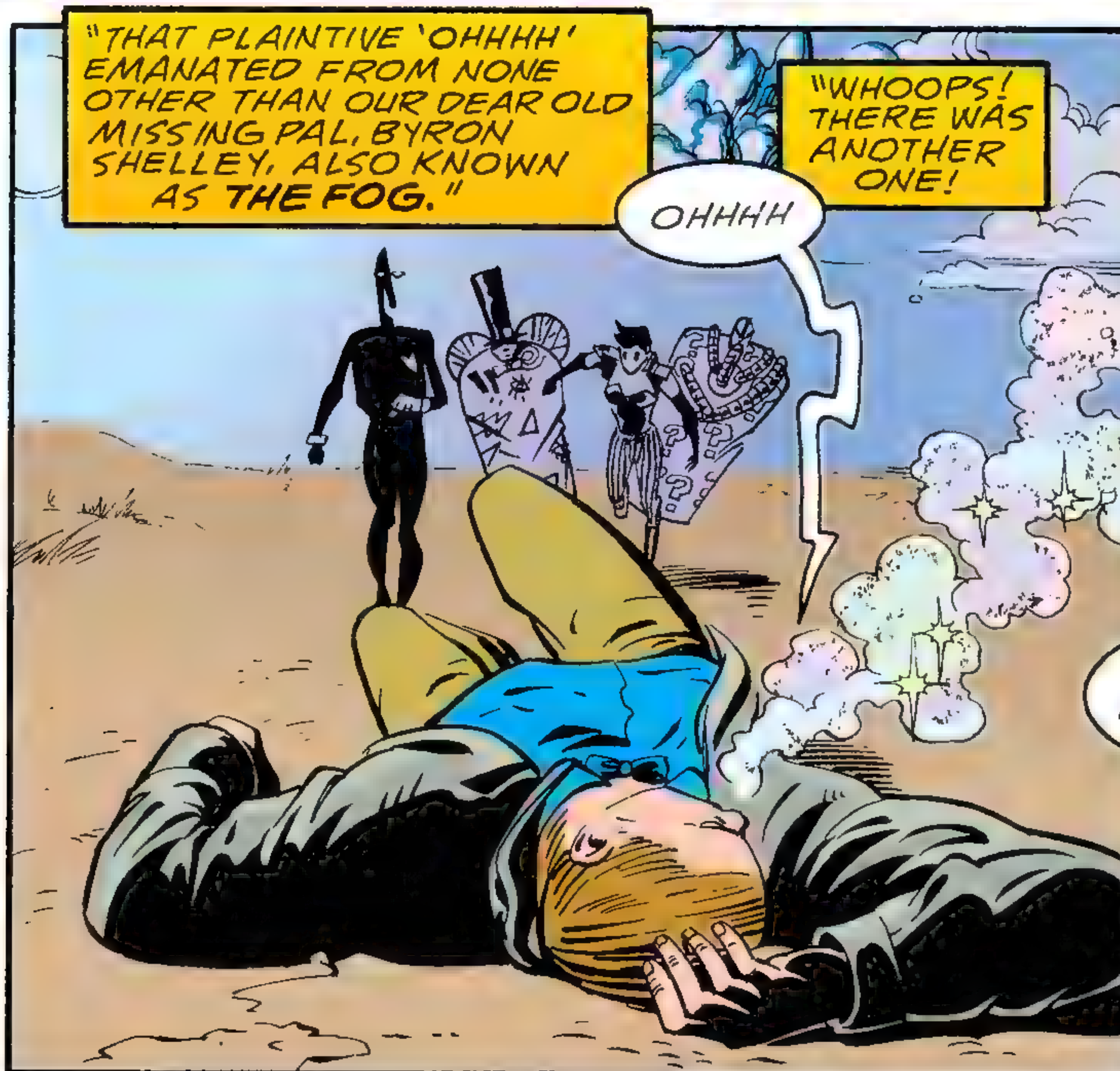
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN. IT WAS IN MY DREAM.

THAT'S WHAT I DREAMED ABOUT.

IT'S AWAKE! NOW!

...OH...

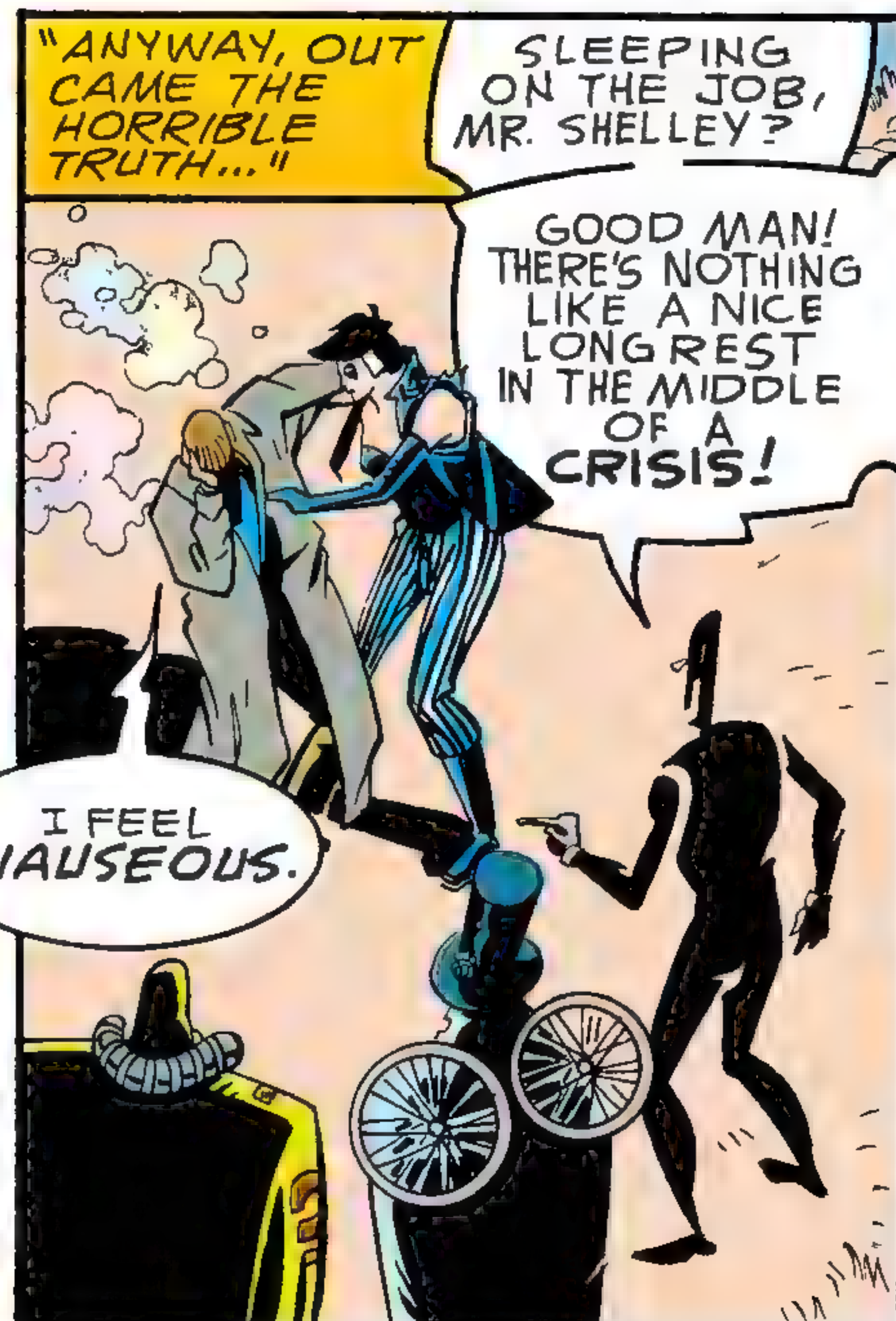
OHHHH



"THAT PLAINTIVE 'OHhhh' EMANATED FROM NONE OTHER THAN OUR DEAR OLD MISSING PAL, BYRON SHELLEY, ALSO KNOWN AS THE FOG."

"WHOOOPS! THERE WAS ANOTHER ONE!"

OHhhh



"ANYWAY, OUT CAME THE HORRIBLE TRUTH..."

SLEEPING ON THE JOB, MR. SHELLEY?

GOOD MAN! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE LONG REST IN THE MIDDLE OF A CRISIS!

I FEEL NAUSEOUS.

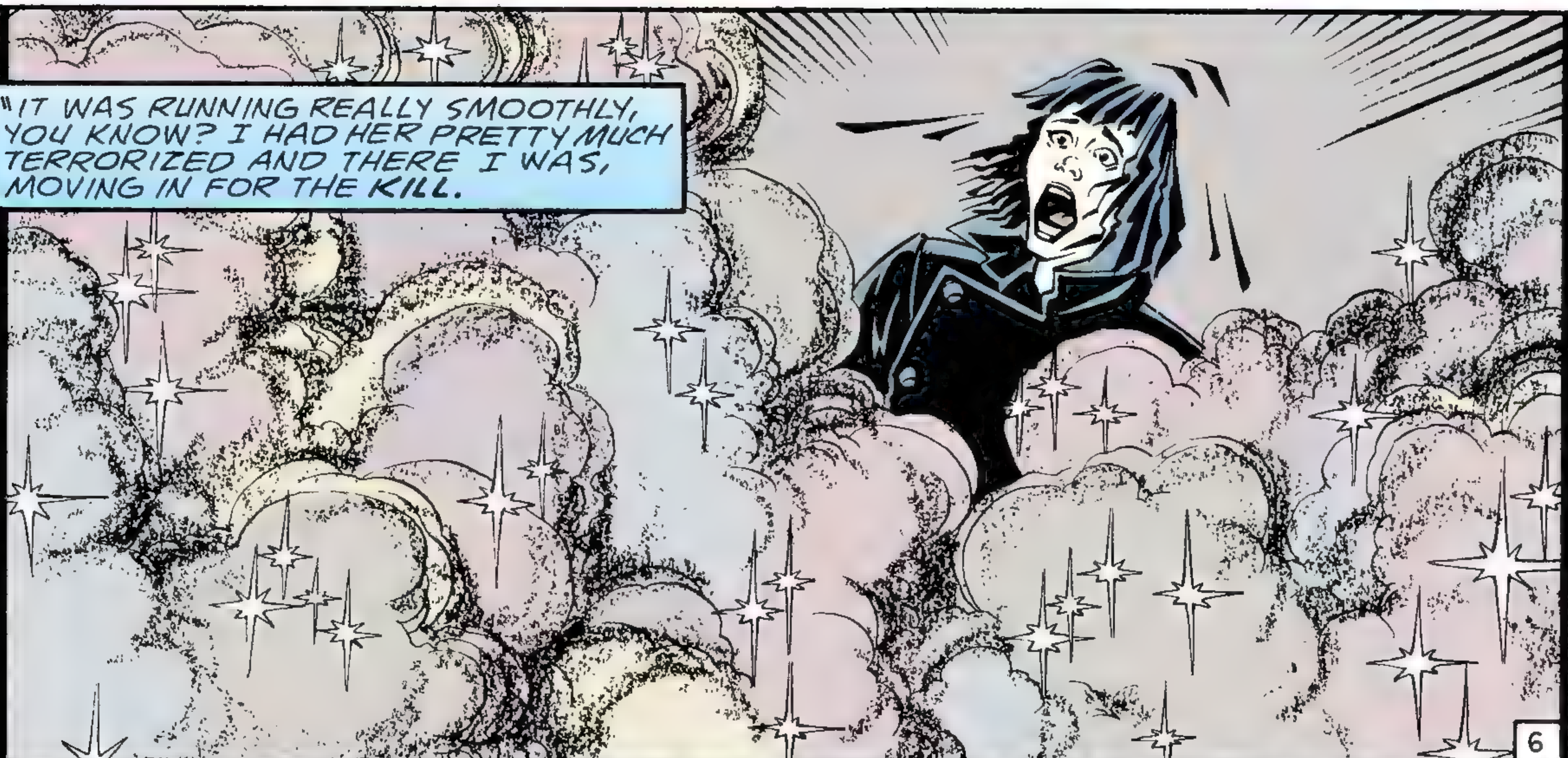


I TRIED TO ABSORB THAT... WHATEVER HER NAME IS... **CRAZY JANE** FROM THE DOOM PATROL, OKAY?



I MEAN, IT'S NO BIG DEAL - I'VE DONE IT A MILLION TIMES.

IT DIDN'T WORK.



"IT WAS RUNNING REALLY SMOOTHLY, YOU KNOW? I HAD HER PRETTY MUCH TERRORIZED AND THERE I WAS, MOVING IN FOR THE KILL."

"I DON'T LIKE TO COMPLAIN, REALLY I DON'T, BUT I WENT IN THERE IN GOOD FAITH AND THAT'S NOT FAIR."

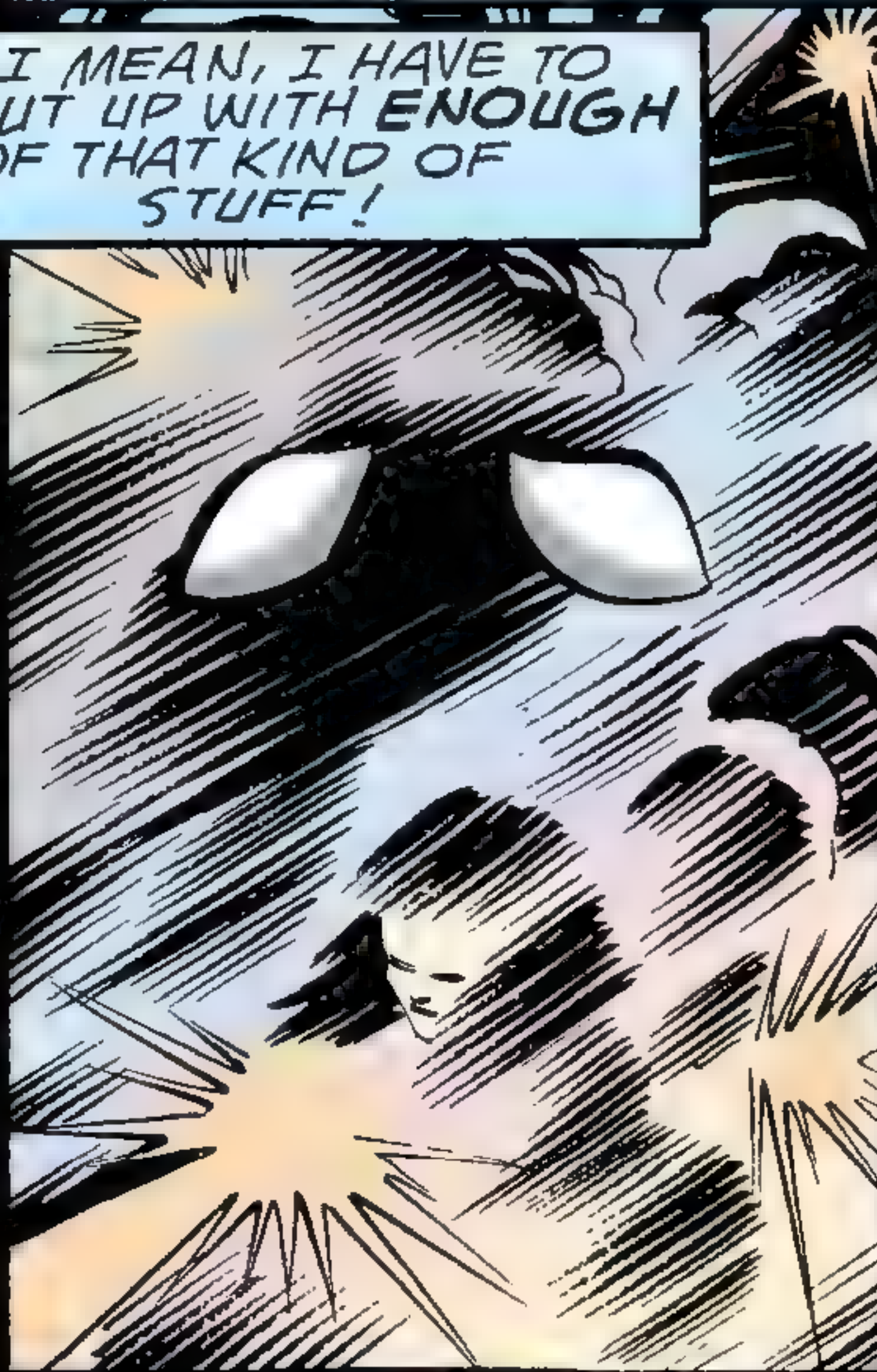
"SOMEBODY SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME SHE HAD MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES! THERE THEY WERE, BREAKING INTO MY HEAD, YAMMERING AND SCREAMING."

"SO ANYWAY... I VOMITED."

"HEEEURK! JUST LIKE THAT. SICKED HER UP WHOLE,"

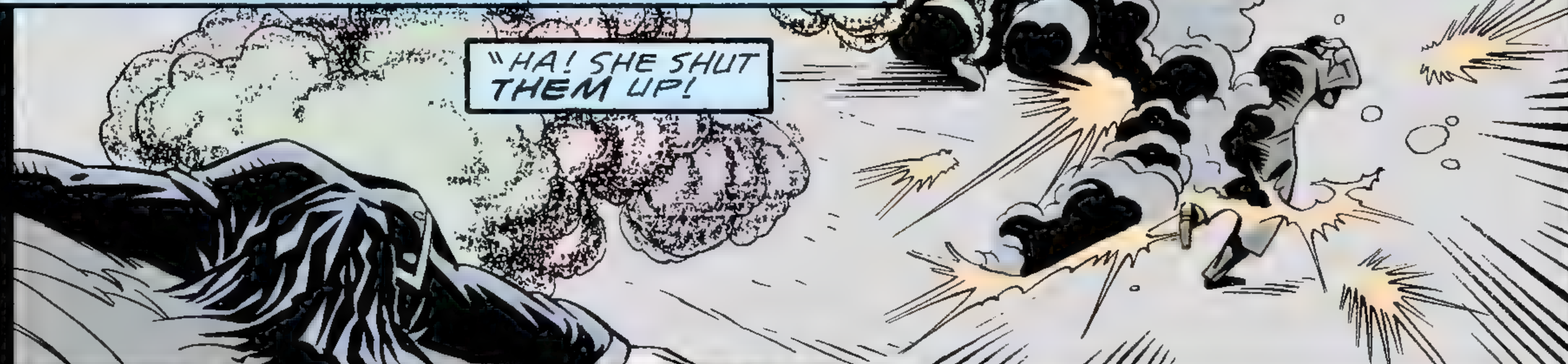
"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED."

"I MEAN, I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ENOUGH OF THAT KIND OF STUFF!"



"THE ONLY GOOD THING WAS THAT SHE TOTALLY TRAUMATIZED ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE I'VE ABSORBED. ALL THOSE MOANING BASTARDS WHO KEEP ARGUING WITH ME AND BUTTING INTO MY CONVERSATION."

"HA! SHE SHUT THEM UP!"



"ANYWAY, NEXT THING IS, THE HORSE APPEARS... WELL, IT DOESN'T ACTUALLY APPEAR... EXCEPT IN MY HEAD, THAT IS."

"I THINK."

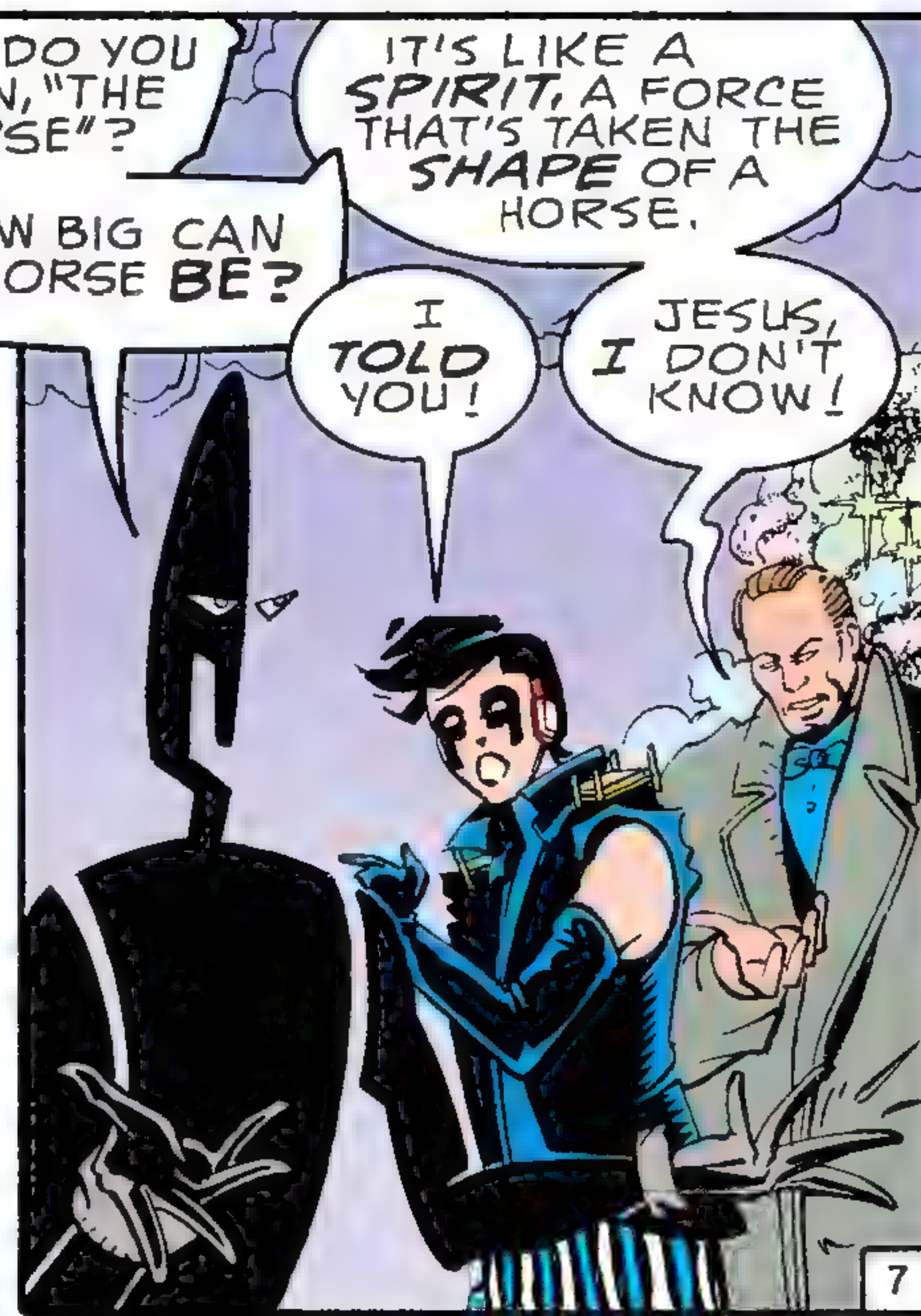
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "THE HORSE"?

HOW BIG CAN A HORSE BE?

IT'S LIKE A SPIRIT, A FORCE THAT'S TAKEN THE SHAPE OF A HORSE.

I TOLD YOU!

JESUS, I DON'T KNOW!





WHEN IT HIT ME,
I FLASHED ON ALL
THESE
PICTURES...

IT'S ONE
OF THE ANGELS
OF THE APOCALYPSE.
YOU KNOW--**DEATH,
WAR, FAMINE,
PLAGUE,**
AND... AH...

BELGIAN
SITCOMS?



IT'S THE **FIFTH HORSE-
MAN**. SPOKEN OF IN
CERTAIN **GNOSTIC**
GOSPELS. "AND HIS NAME
THAT SAT ON HIM WAS
EXTINCTION.

"AND **OBLIVION.**

"HE BRINGETH THE END
OF ALL TIME, ALL SPACE,
ALL LIFE! THE END OF
ALL GODS!"



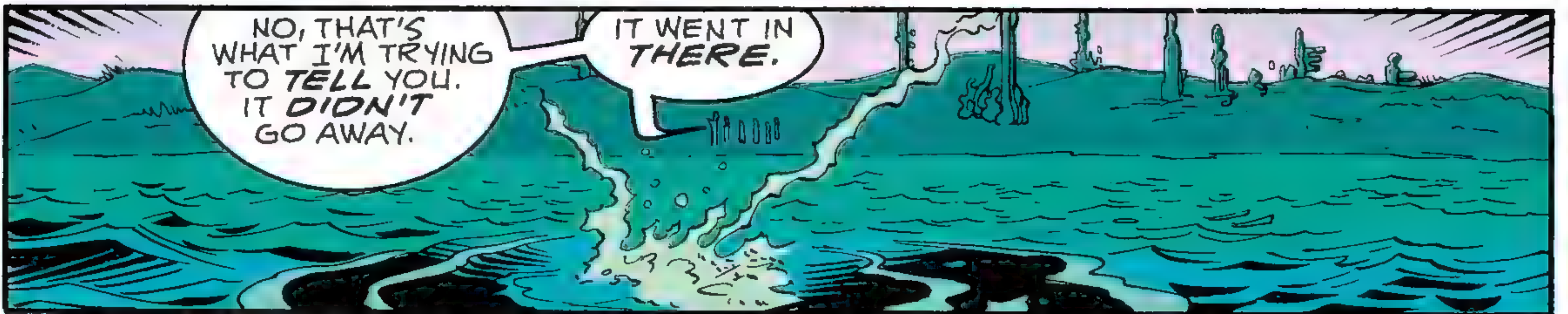
SOMEHOW, THE SPIRIT WAS
TRAPPED WHEN THE
PAINTING WAS ORIGINALLY
COMPLETED, OVER SIXTY
YEARS AGO.

TRAPPED BY THE **RITUAL**
THAT GAVE THE PAINTING
POWER...

I DON'T REMEMBER
ASKING FOR YOUR
OPINION.

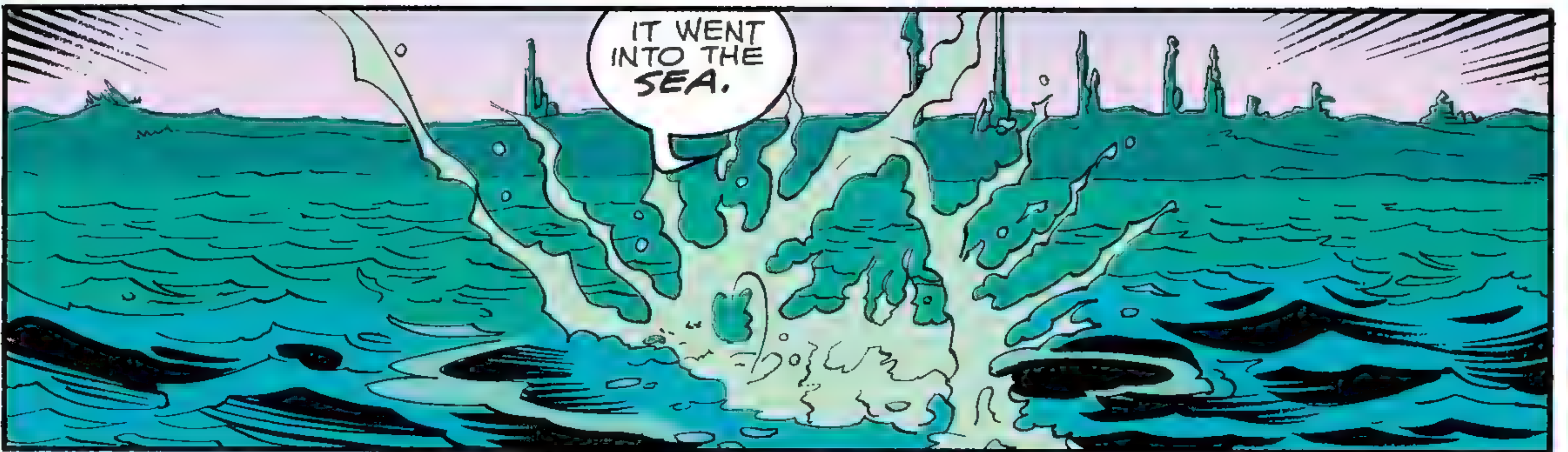
ANYWAY,
IT'S
GONE
NOW AND
WE HAVE
A WORLD TO
CONQUER.

NO.



NO, THAT'S
WHAT I'M TRYING
TO **TELL** YOU.
IT **DIDN'T**
GO AWAY.

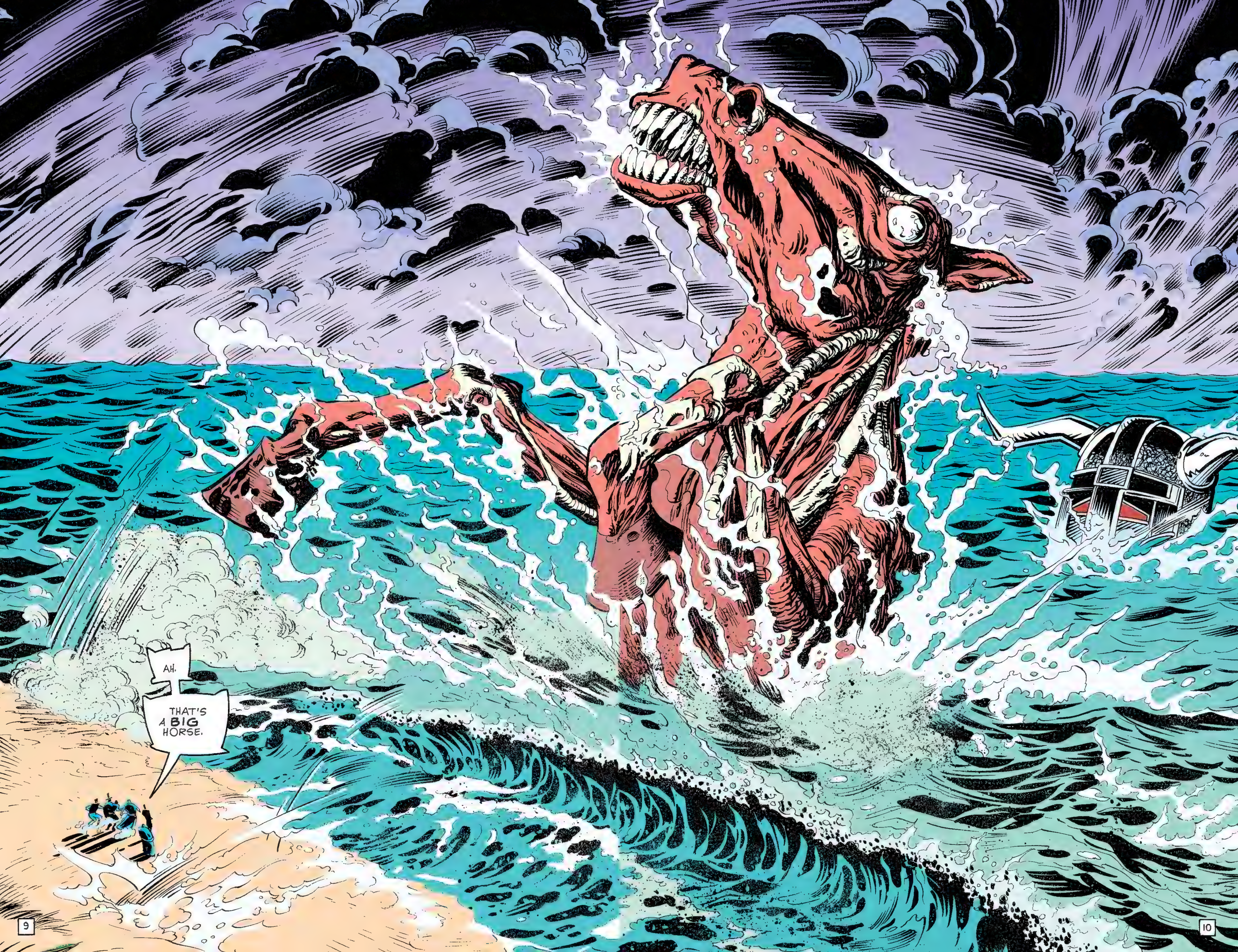
IT WENT IN
THERE.



IT WENT
INTO THE
SEA.



SEE?



AH.
THAT'S
A **BIG**
HORSE.

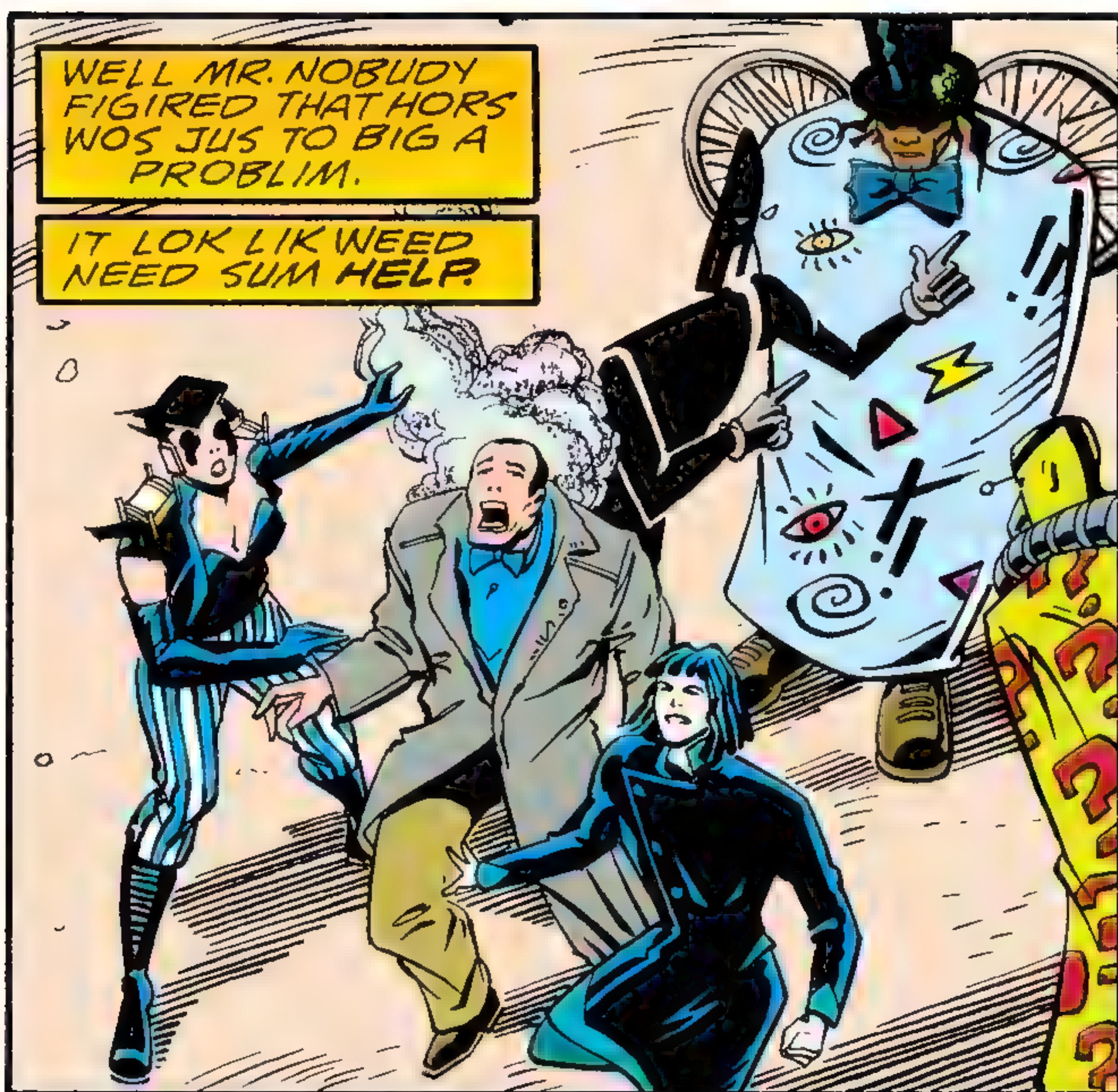
ITS GETTIN PRITTY
EXCITIN NOW HUH?
MOMMA.

I BET YOU CANT
NEVIR GESS WHAT
HAPPIND NEX.

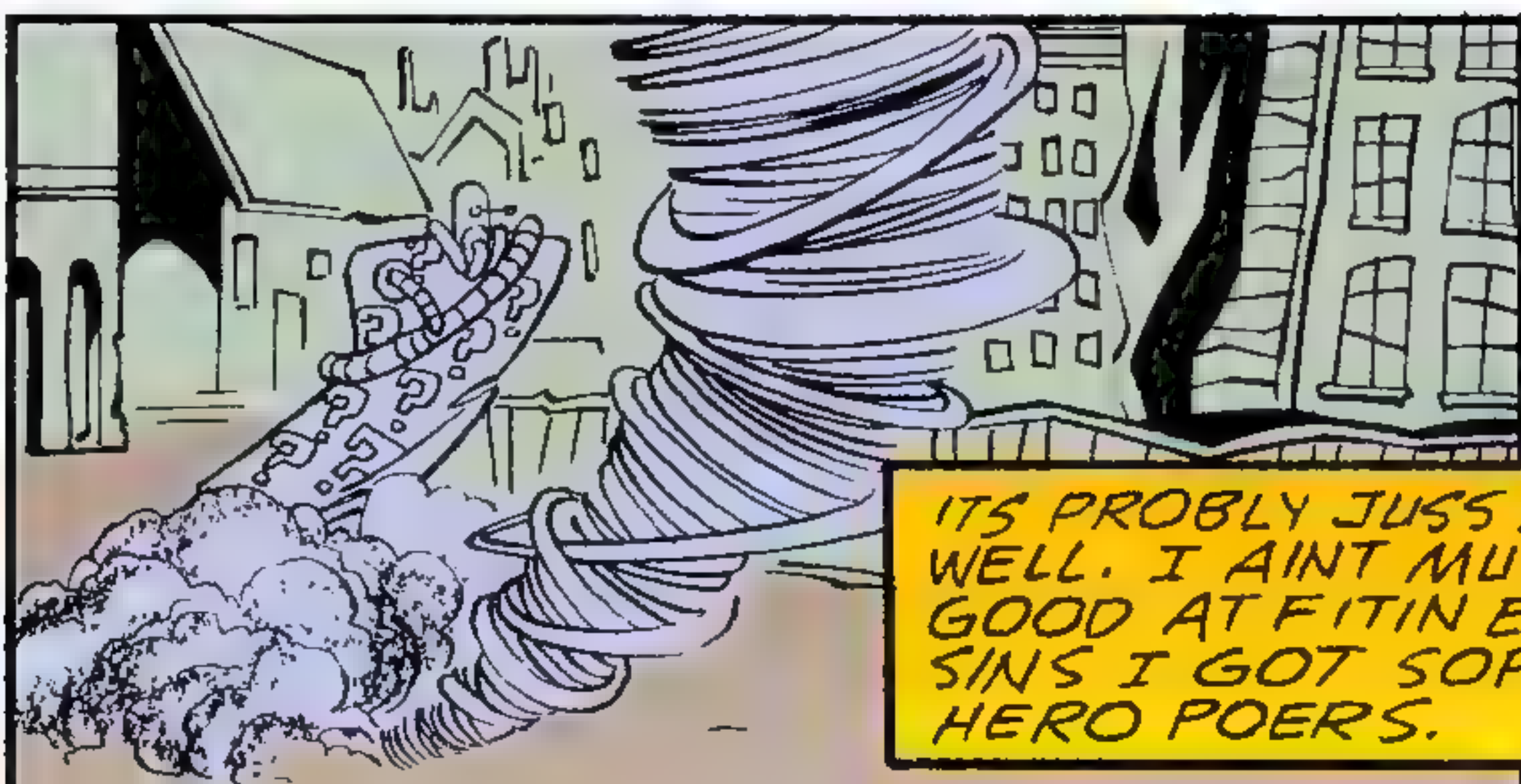


WELL MR. NOBODY
FIGURED THAT HORS
WOS JUS TO BIG A
PROBLIM.

IT LOK LIK WEED
NEED SUM HELP.

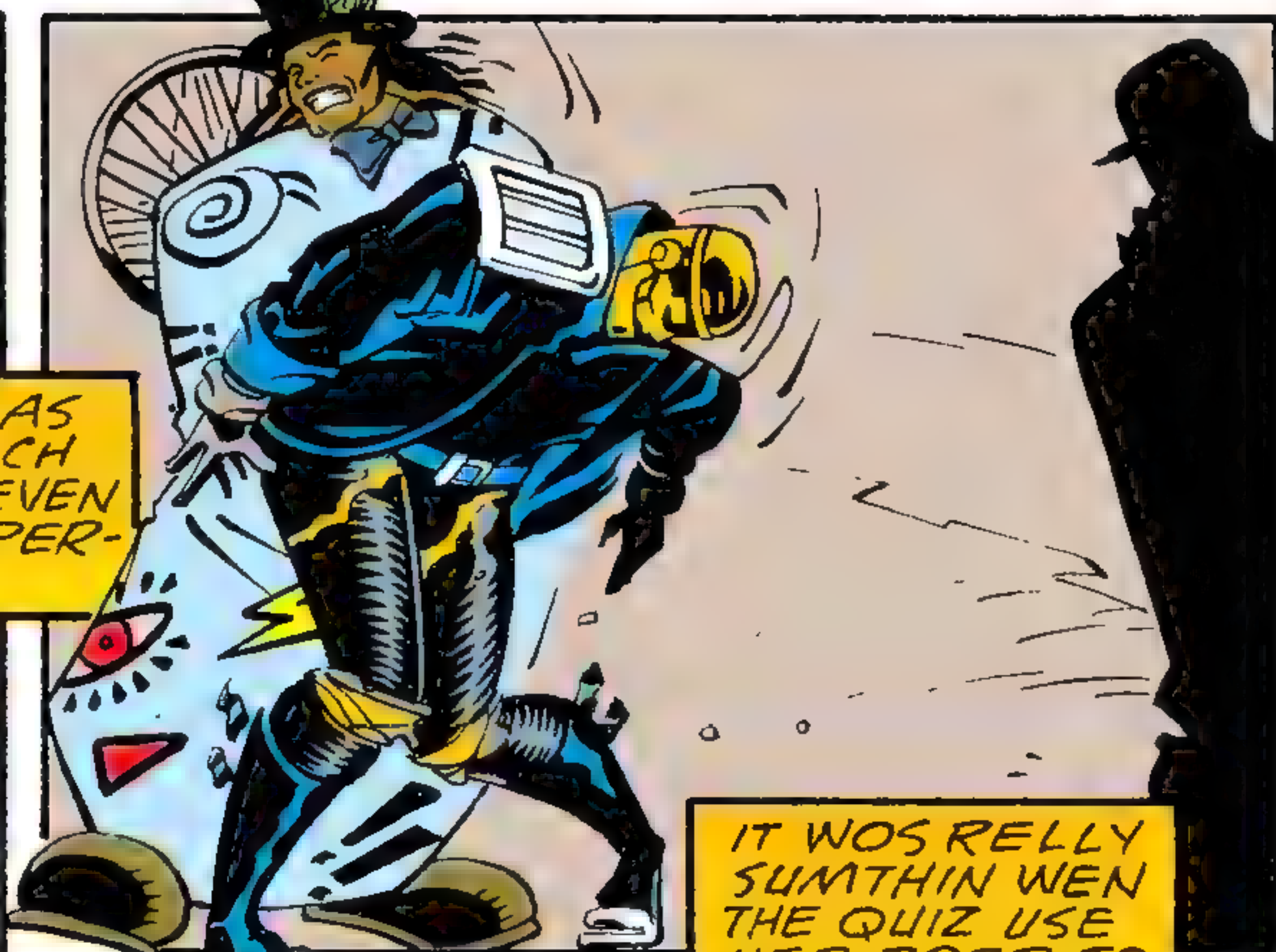


I GESS YO THOT THERD
BE A BIG FITE WITH THE
DOM PATROLL BUT IT DINT
TURN OUT THAT WAY ATOLL.

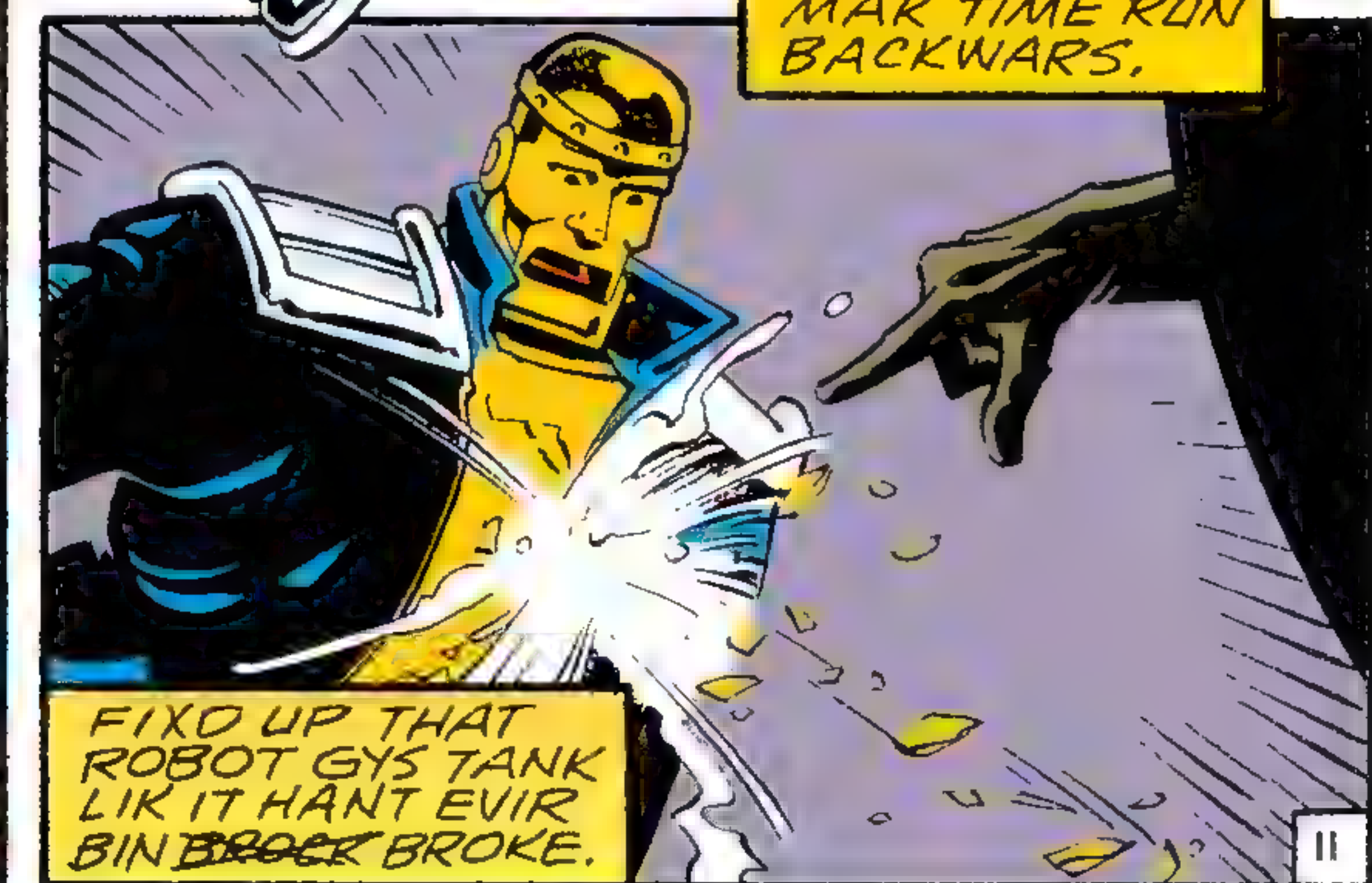


ITS PROBLY JUSS AS
WELL. I AINT MUCH
GOOD AT FITIN EVEN
SINS I GOT SOPER-
HERO POERS.

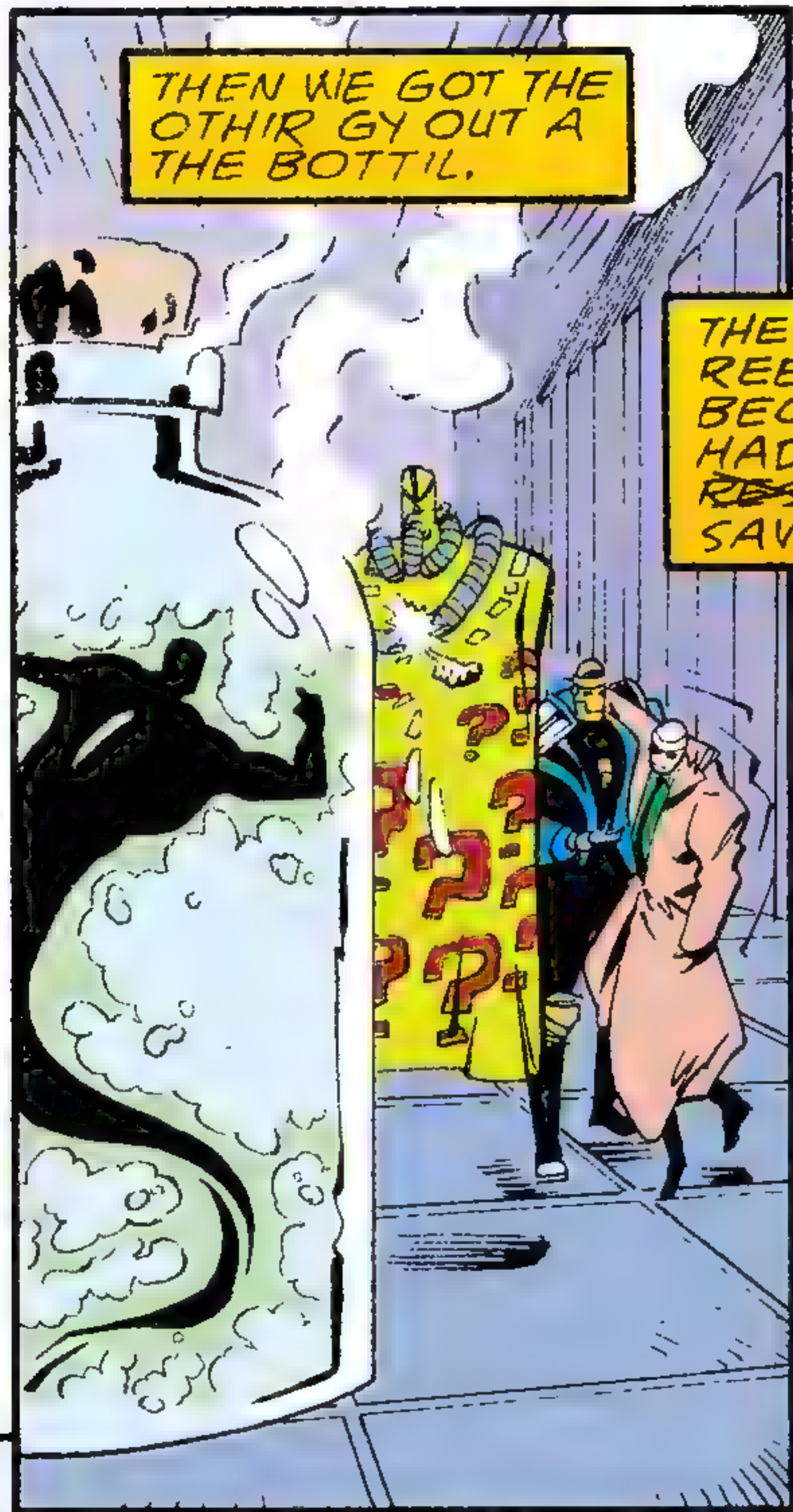
THE ROBOT GY
WOS NERLY
DED WEN WE
GOT THER.



IT WOS RELLY
SUMTHIN WEN
THE QUIZ USE
HER POER TO
MAK TIME RUN
BACKWARS.



FIXD UP THAT
ROBOT GYS TANK
LIK IT HANT EVIR
BIN BROCK BROKE.



THEN WE GOT THE
OTHR GY OUT A
THE BOTTIL.

THEY WER
REEL PISSD
BECOS WE
HAD TO
~~RESCY~~
SAV EM.



HAP SERVS
EM RIHT.



AN THEN WE
BROT EM
WHAR MR.
NOBODY WOS
IN ANUTHIR
LEVL OF THE
PANTIN.

THIS WOS THE **SIMBOLIS** LEVL.
(SIMBOLIS IS A KIN OF ART
WICH YO PROBLY WODN UNDER-
STAN AN WICH IDA NEVR NON
ABOT EXCEP FOR MR NOBODY
SEEN AS HOW YO DIDN HAV ME
EJACATED, MOMMA)

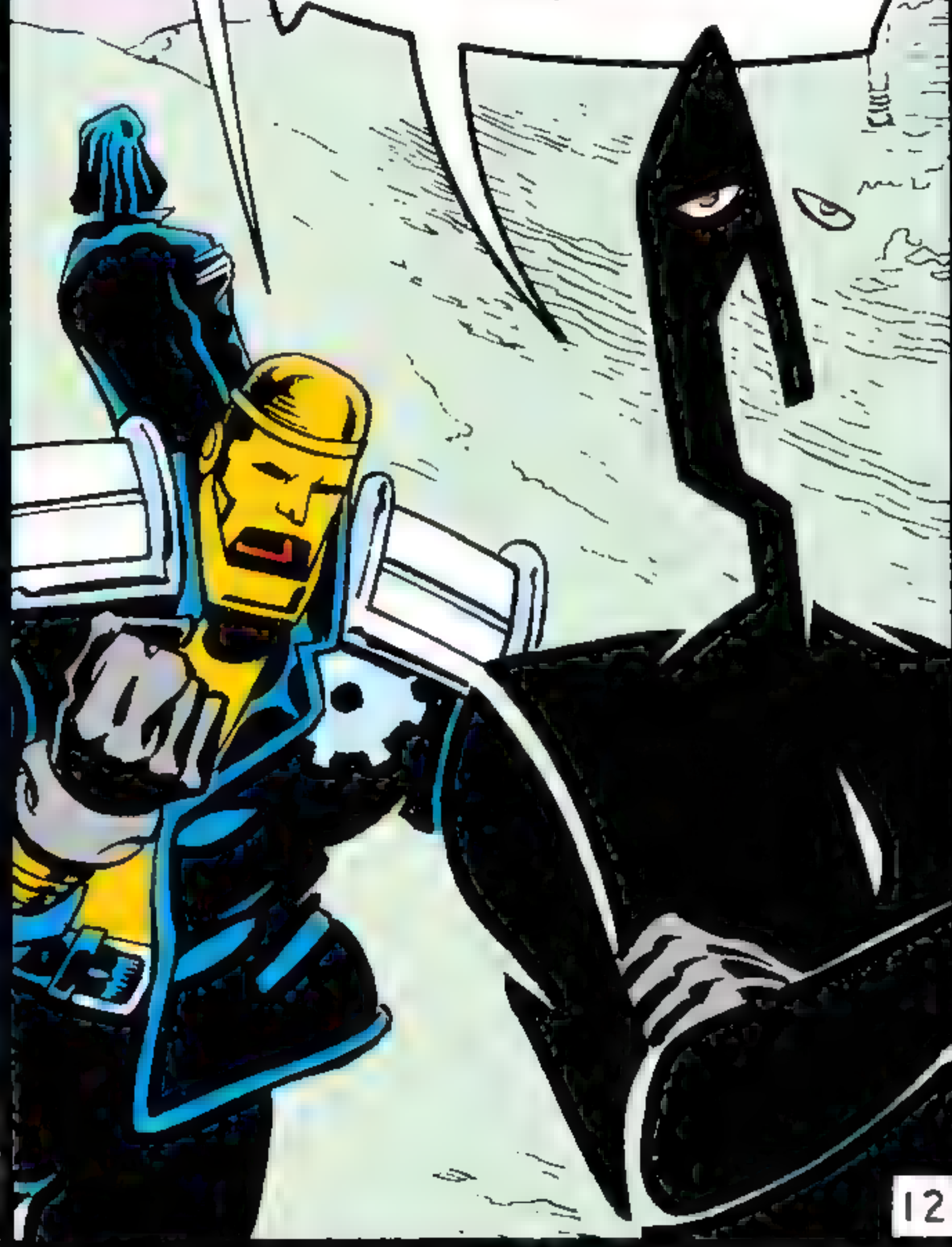
ENYHO...

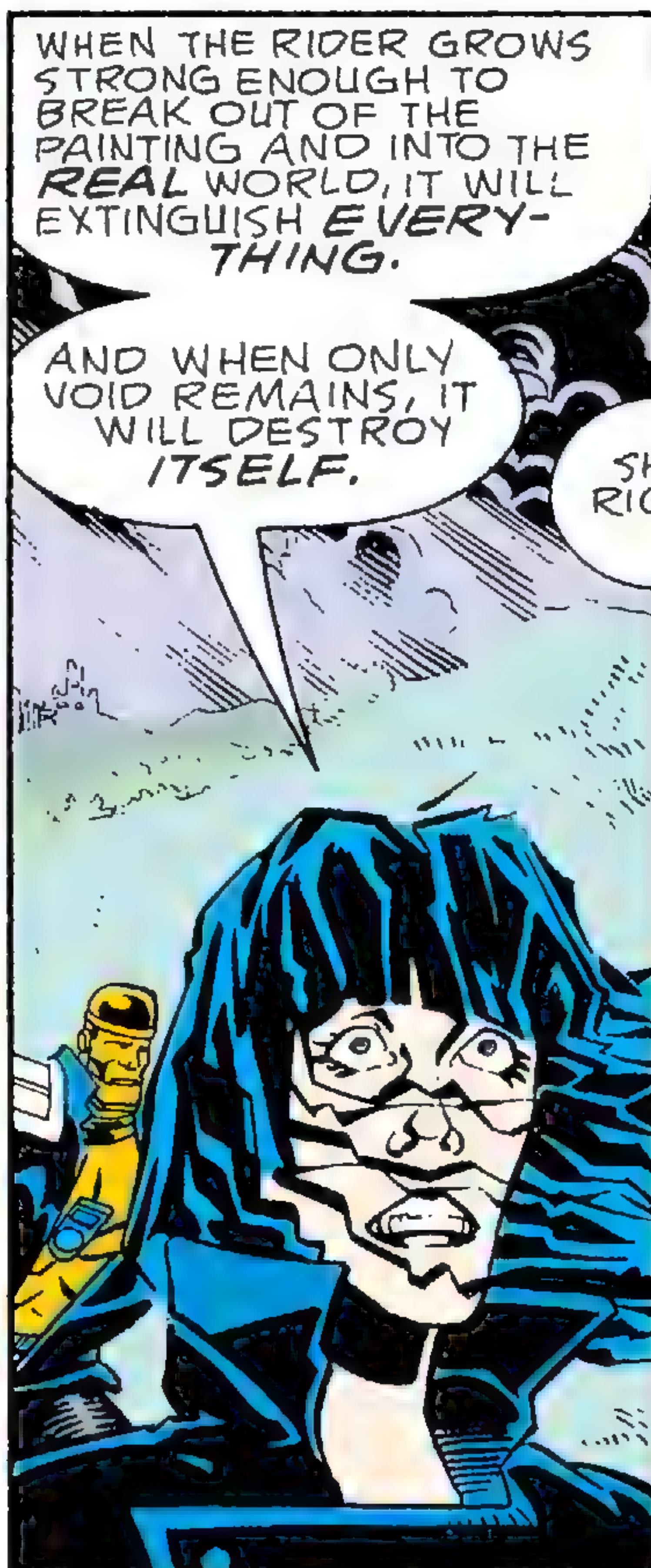
ARE YOU TRYING
TO DENY THAT YOU'D
HAVE DIED IF WE
HADN'T SAVED
YOU...?

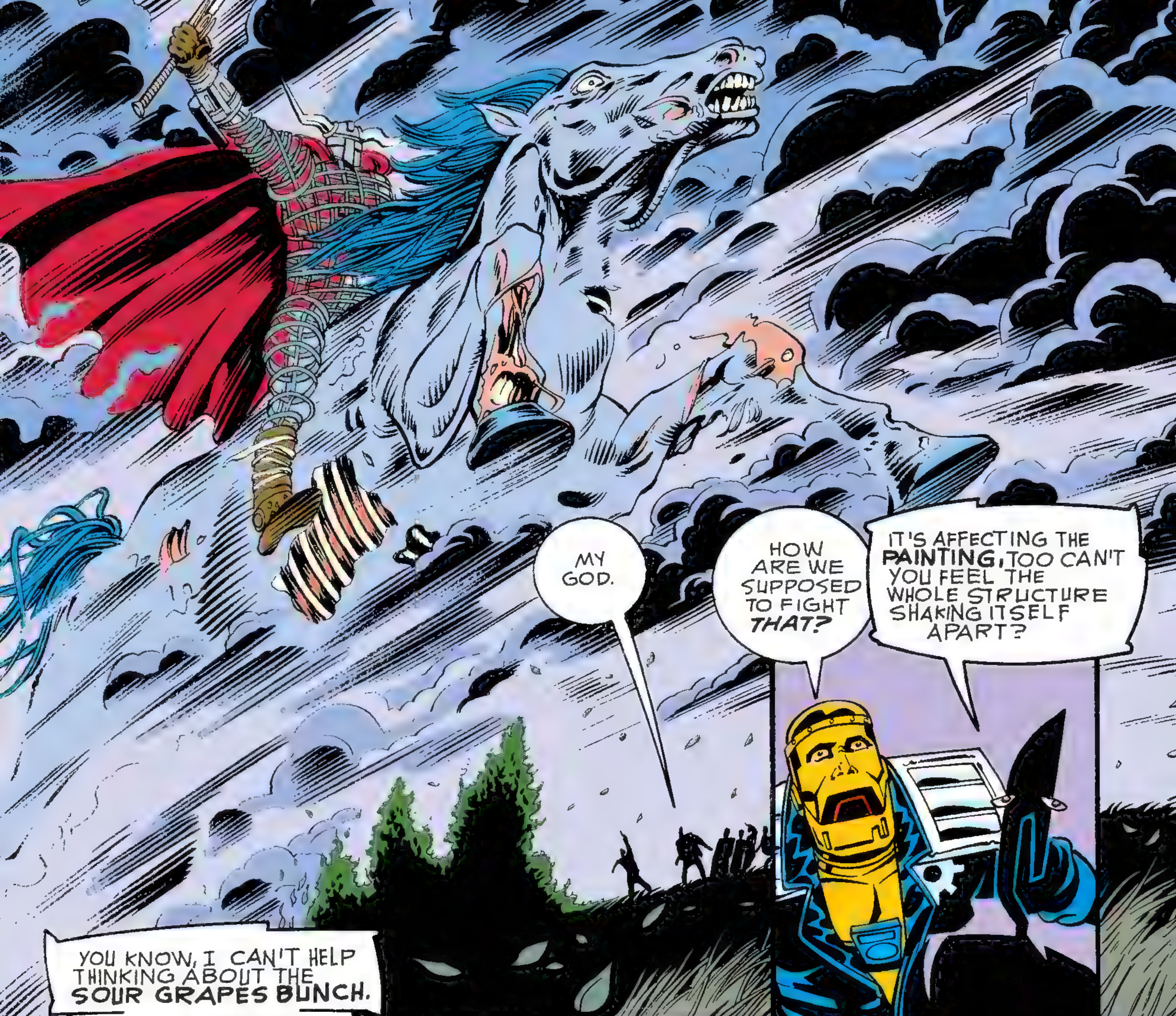
LISTEN, WE'D
HAVE GOT OUT
OF IT
EVENTUALLY.

WE
ALWAYS
DO!

OH, NO! I DON'T
THINK SO! WE BEAT
YOU FAIR AND
SQUARE AND YOU'RE
JUST NOT MAN OR
PRAWN ENOUGH TO
ADMIT IT!







MY GOD.

HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT THAT?

IT'S AFFECTING THE PAINTING, TOO CAN'T YOU FEEL THE WHOLE STRUCTURE SHAKING ITSELF APART?

YOU KNOW, I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT THE SOUR GRAPES BUNCH.

DO YOU REMEMBER? THEY USED TO DANCE INTO THE BANANA SPLITS CLUBHOUSE AND FLEAGLE, BINGO, DROOPER, AND SNORK WOULD GO ABSOLUTELY CRAZY!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

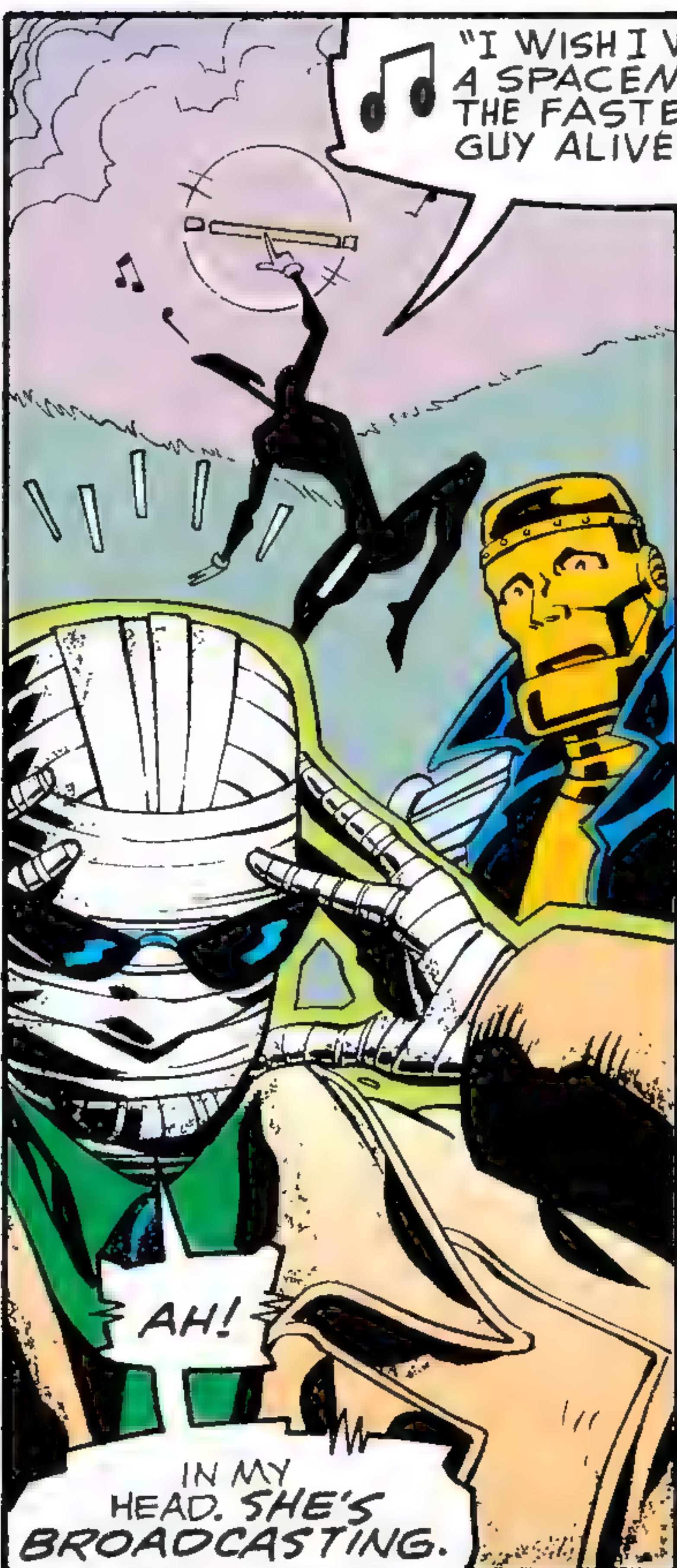
WELL, IF WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE, WE MAY AS WELL BE THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING STUPID...

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

WAIT.

IT'S ME. I KNOW IT'S ME.

AN INTELLIGENCE PLACED INSIDE THE RIDER, GUIDING IT.





THE
EMPTY
CAGE
OF ITS
HEART.

OH,
GOD,
IT'S TOO
BIG!

IT'S
TOO
BIG!



IT'S
TOO
BIG.

THEY'RE
PLUNGING
THROUGH A
FAUVIST WORLD,
GATHERING RAGE
AND VIOLENT
ENERGY, GATHERING
SPEED.

SHE CAN'T
CONTROL THE
HORSE. SHE DOESN'T
HAVE THE STRENGTH.

IT'S RISING
THROUGH THE
LEVELS TOWARDS
THE REAL WORLD.



WHAT
ARE WE
GOING
TO DO?

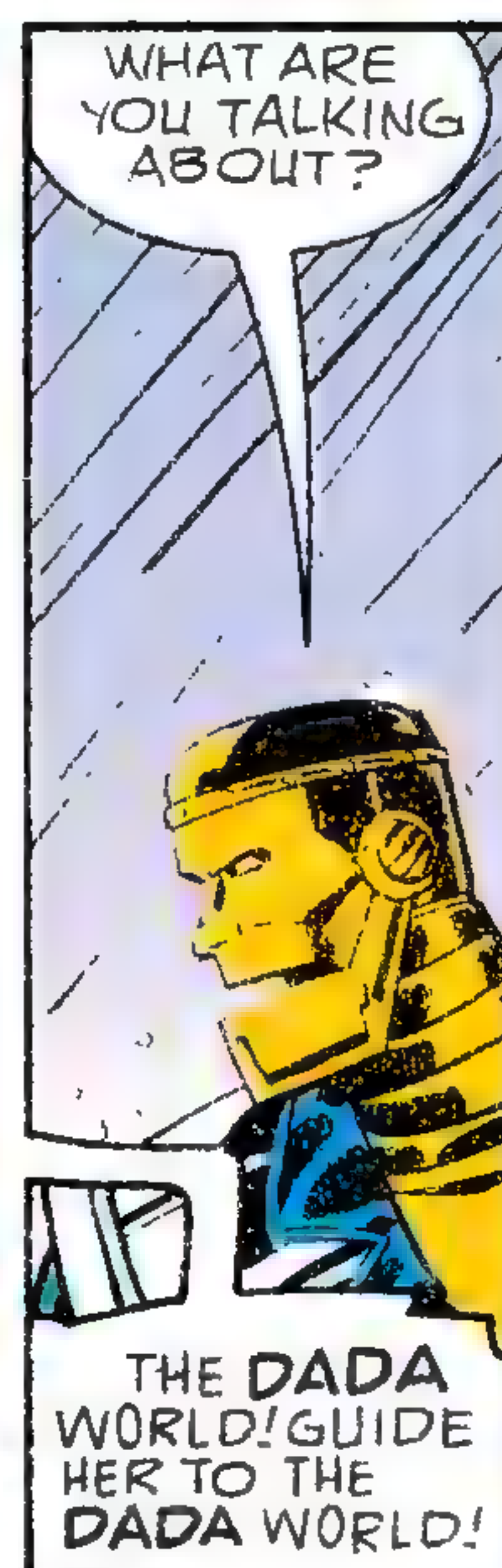
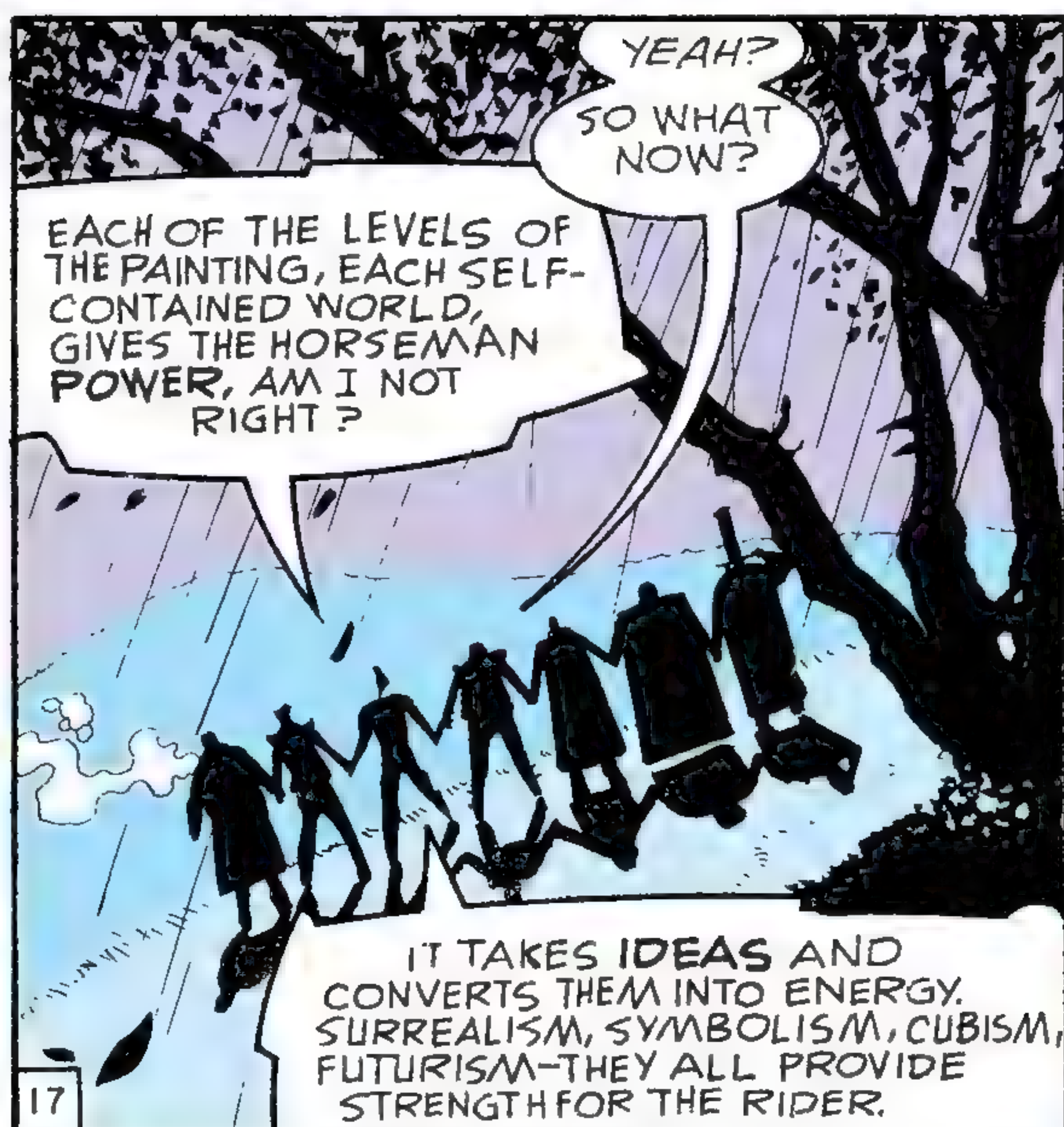
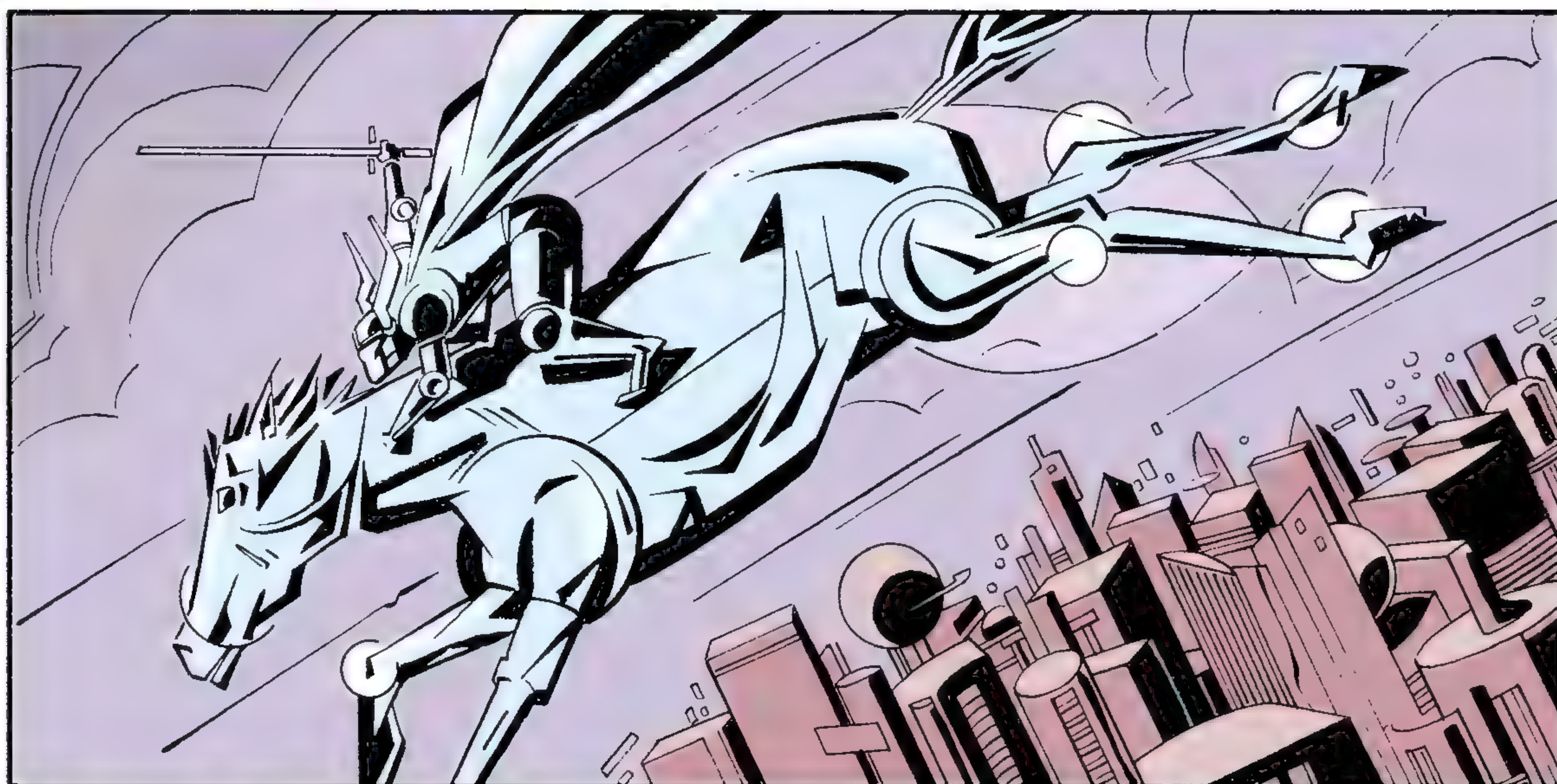
WE
CAN'T
JUST
STAND
HERE.

I KNOW!

WE ALL HAVE SUPER-
POWERED ENERGY TO
SPARE, DON'T WE? SO
WHY NOT JOIN HANDS
AND SEND IT TO
HER!



LET'S
HAVE A
GROOVY
LOVE-IN!





...AND YOU SAY **PARIS** JUST DISAPPEARED INTO THE PAINTING?

YEAH.
AND THEN THE **DOOM PATROL** WENT IN AFTER IT.

I SEE. I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE CAN TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THE ENERGY FIELD AROUND THE CANVAS? WHY HAS IT BEGUN TO **SPARK**?

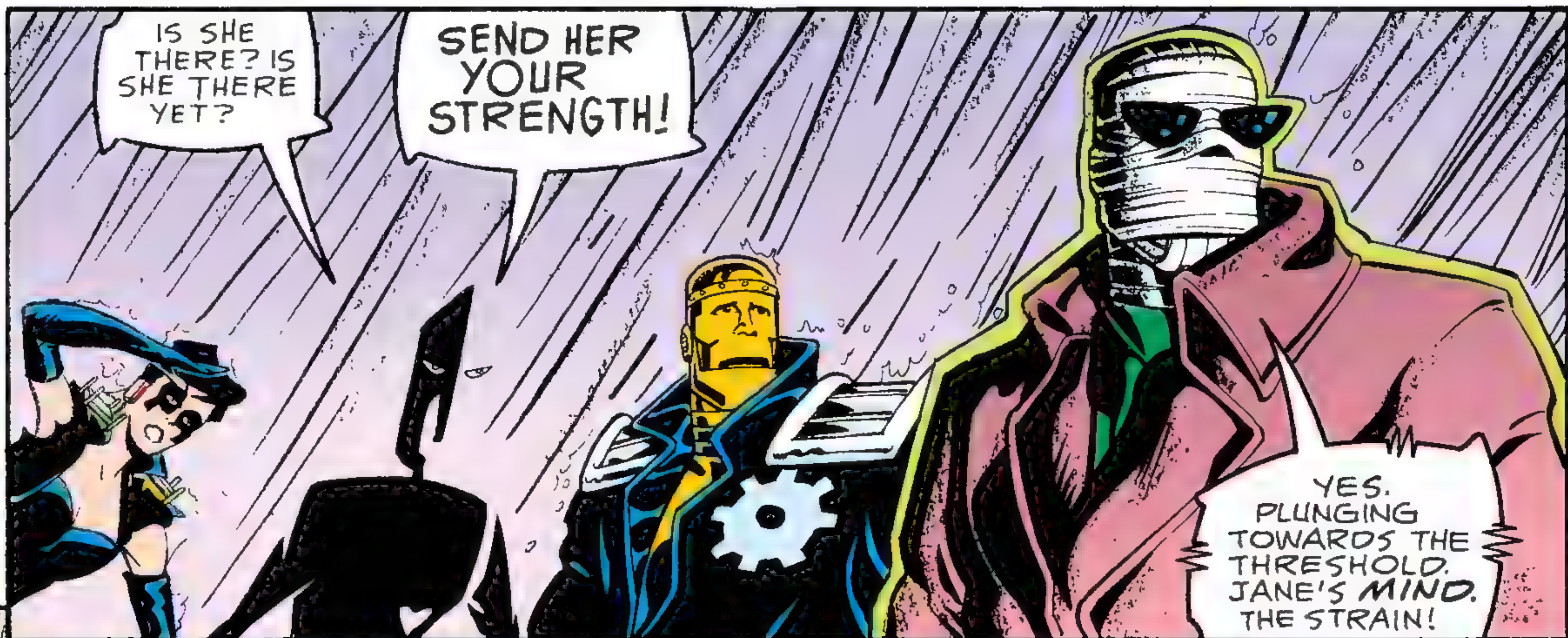
WHAT?
I DON'T THINK IT WAS DOING **THAT** BEFORE...

EXCUSE ME ONE MOMENT.
I'LL JUST TAKE A CLOSER...

GOOD GRIEF.
IT'S **INFINITE**. IT GOES DOWN FOREVER AND...

SOMETHING'S **COMING**... A HORSE?... GIGANTIC...

IT'S **COMING**.



IS SHE
THERE? IS
SHE THERE
YET?

SEND HER
YOUR
STRENGTH!

YES.
PLUNGING
TOWARDS THE
THRESHOLD.
JANE'S MIND.
THE STRAIN!

"NEVER MIND THE STRAIN!
THEY'RE THROUGH! THEY'RE
THROUGH INTO THE DADA
WORLD! OUR WORLD!"

"AND NOW THAT
POMPOUS, CONCEPT-
ALBUM HORSEMAN
WILL LEARN A NEW
TRICK!"

"THE RIDER REQUIRES
IDEAS AND MEANING
TO GIVE IT POWER,
BUT DADA IS THE ANTI-
IDEA! DADA DESTROYS
MEANING!"

"DADA STRIPS AWAY
ALL SENSE! ALL
SIGNIFICANCE!"

"DADA IS THE
KINGDOM OF
NO, WHERE
EVEN LANGUAGE
FAILS! WHERE
WORDS BECOME
FUTILE!"

"BLAGO BUNG BLAGO
BLING WULLBU
SSBUDU DADA"

"DADA!"

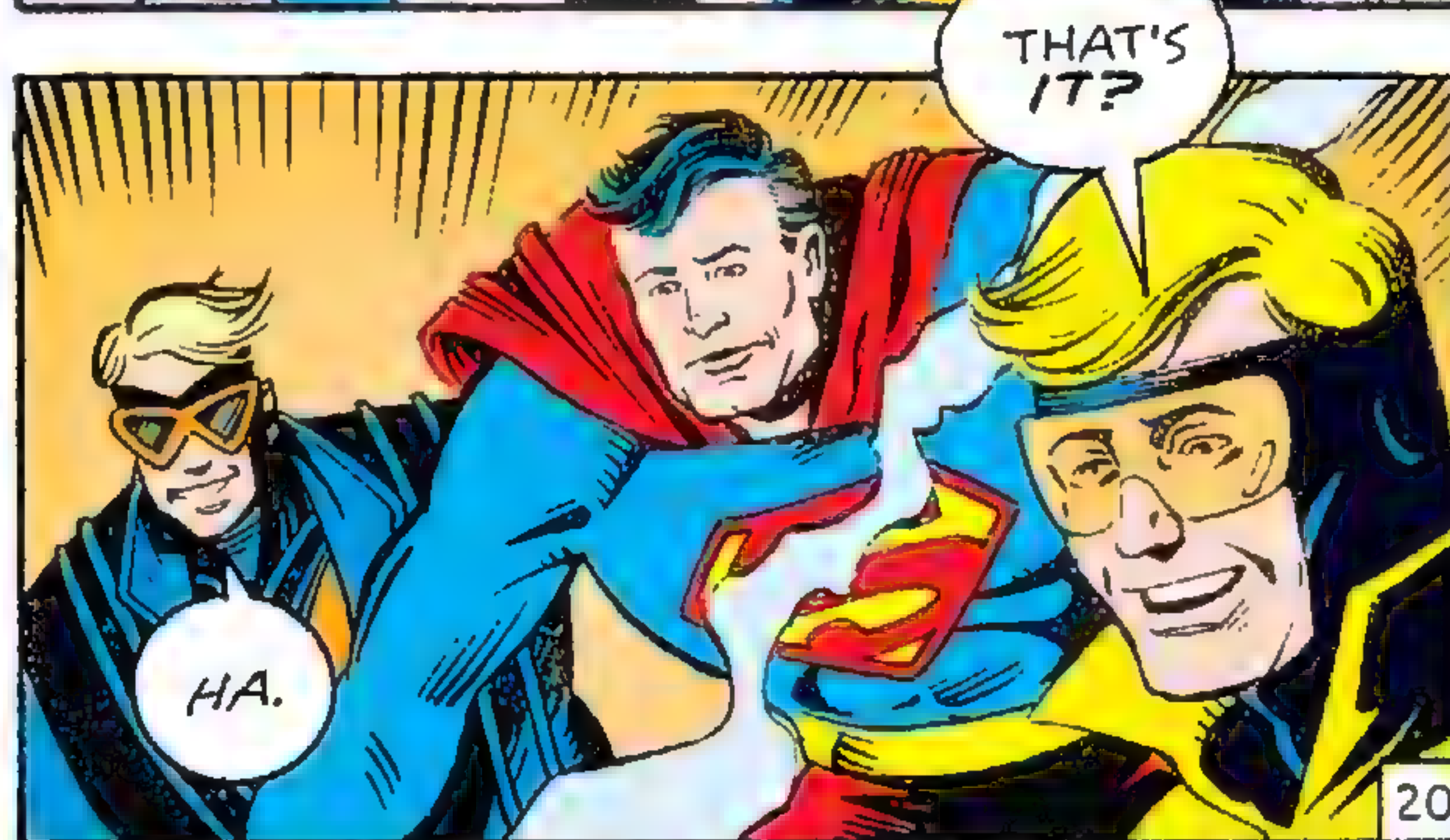
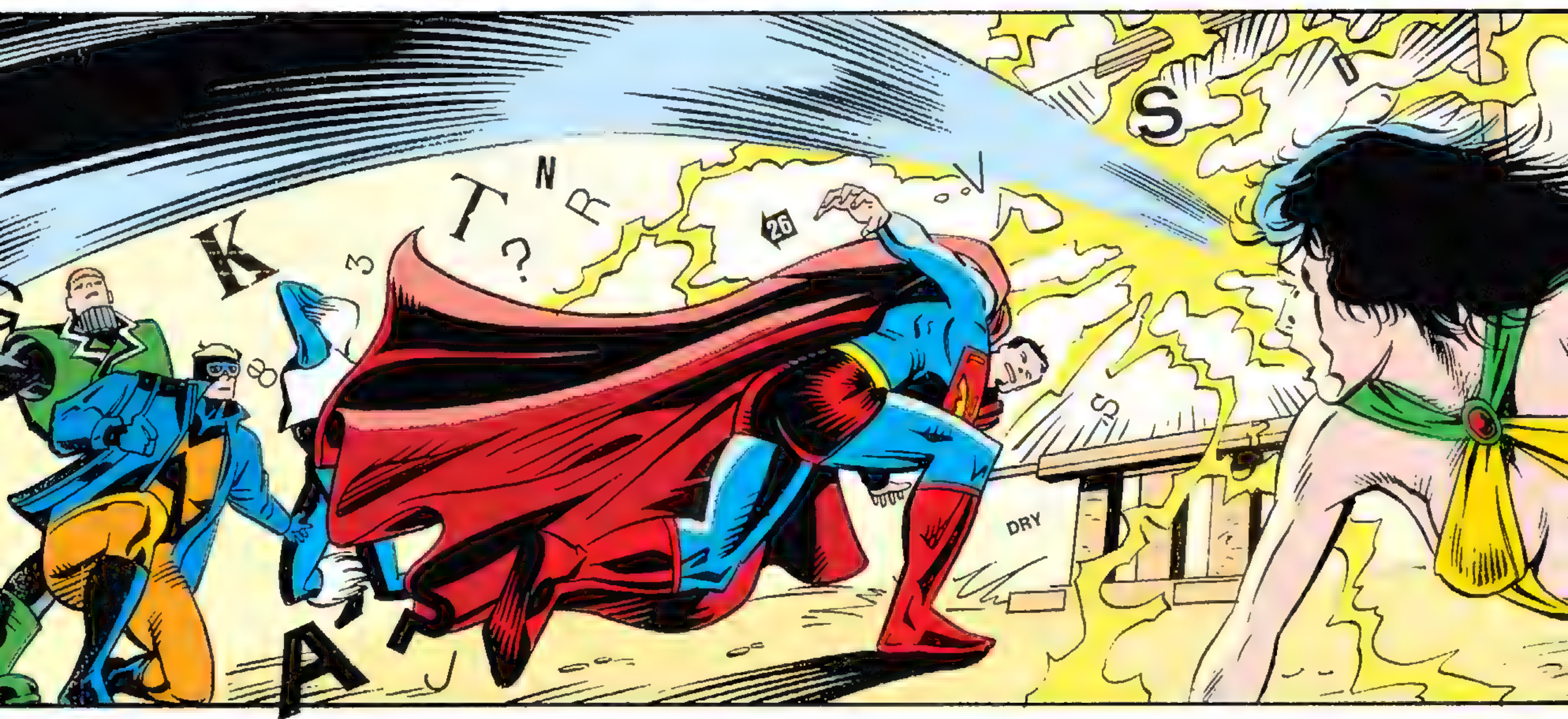
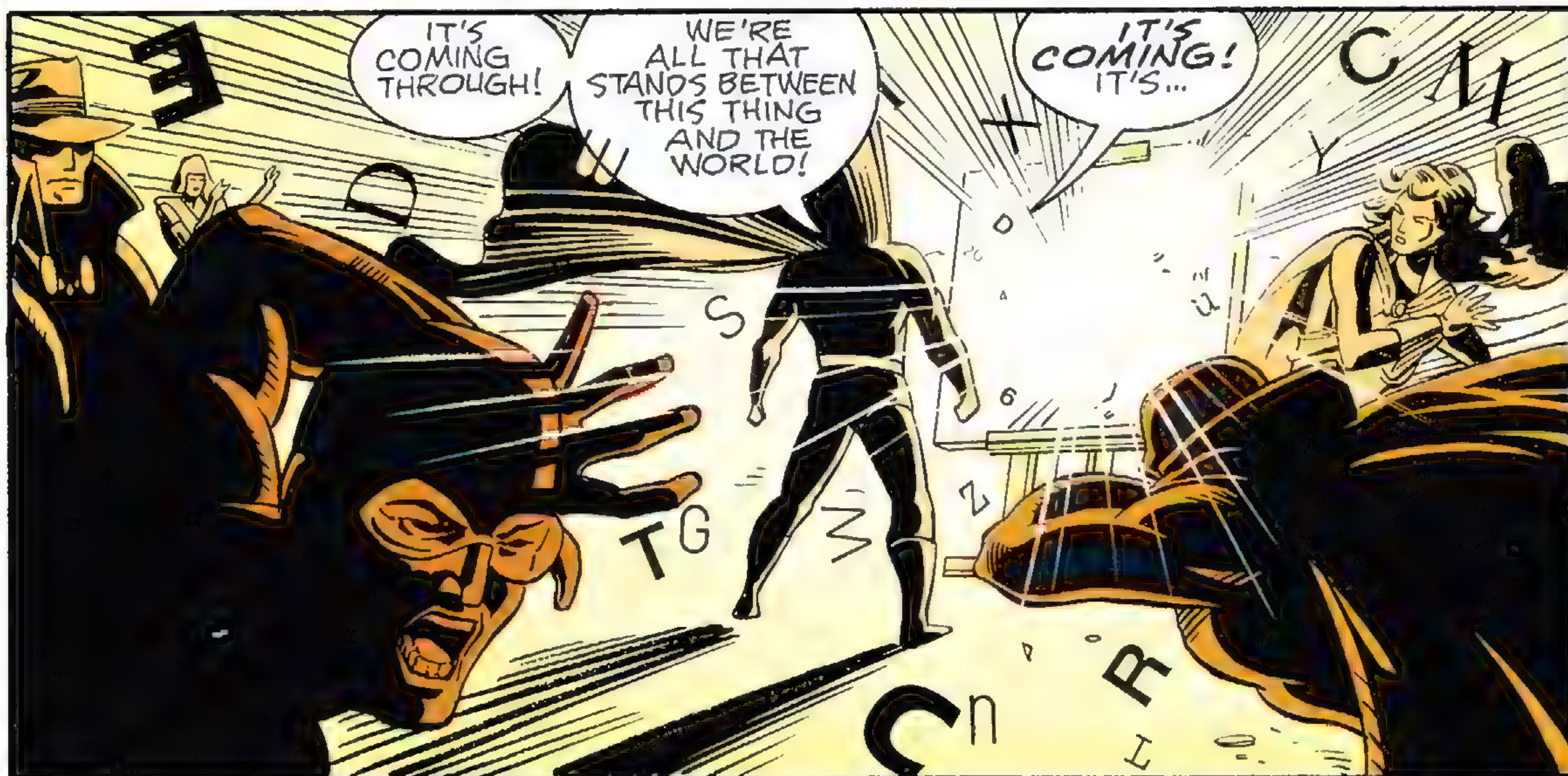
OH GOD!

OH GOD!

"DADA!"

OH GODD!

"DADA!"



AN SO WER BAK
AT THE END WER
WE STARTED...

AND NOW, AFTER ALL
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH
TOGETHER—THE GOOD
TIMES AND THE BAD, THE
TEARS AND THE LAUGHTER
—WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO?

TAKE US
TO JAIL?

WE'LL
DECIDE
THAT IF WE
GET OUT OF
HERE.

OUT? OUT? I'M
NOT ABANDONING THE
PAINTING! I'M GOING
DOWN WITH THE
SHIP!

WELL, YOU DO
WHAT YOU LIKE,
BUT EVERYONE
ELSE IS
LEAVING.

NO! NO,
WAIT A
MINUTE,
MAN!

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHIN'
'BOUT THIS MAN: THIS MAN
HERE GAVE US **SELF-
RESPECT**,

THIS MAN SAID, "YOU
DON' **HAVE** TO BELONG
IN THE GUTTER. WE'RE
ALL SUPER-HEROES,
MAN." HE **CARED**
ABOUT US. HE
MADE US
SOMETHIN'.

IT'S TRUE, I'M
LOVABLE AND
WONDERFUL.

SO IF HE'S GOIN'
DOWN WIT' TH' SHIP,
WE'RE GOIN'
DOWN, TOO.

YEAH,

LLOYD, LLOYD,
I WAS ONLY
JOKING WHEN
I SAID THAT.

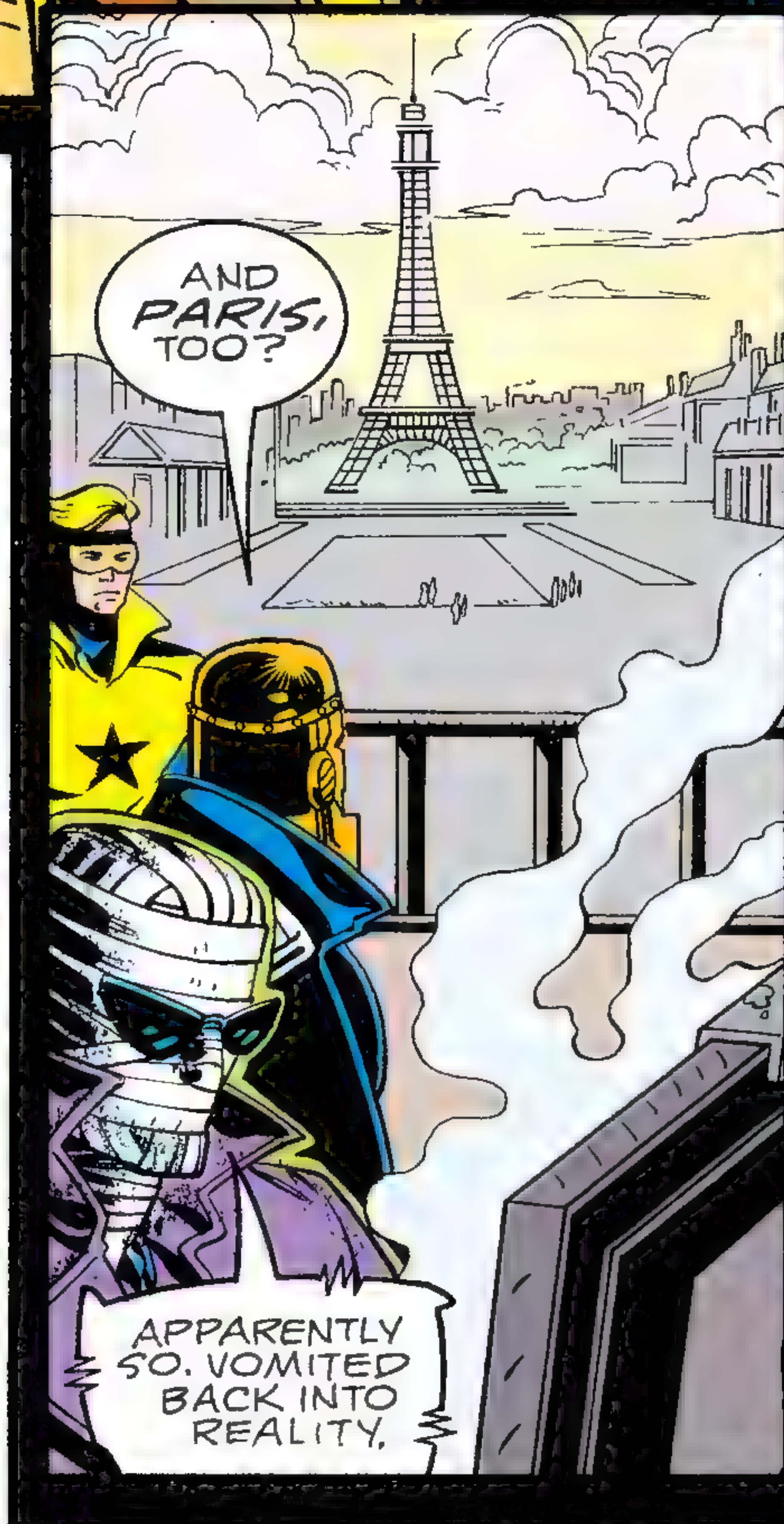
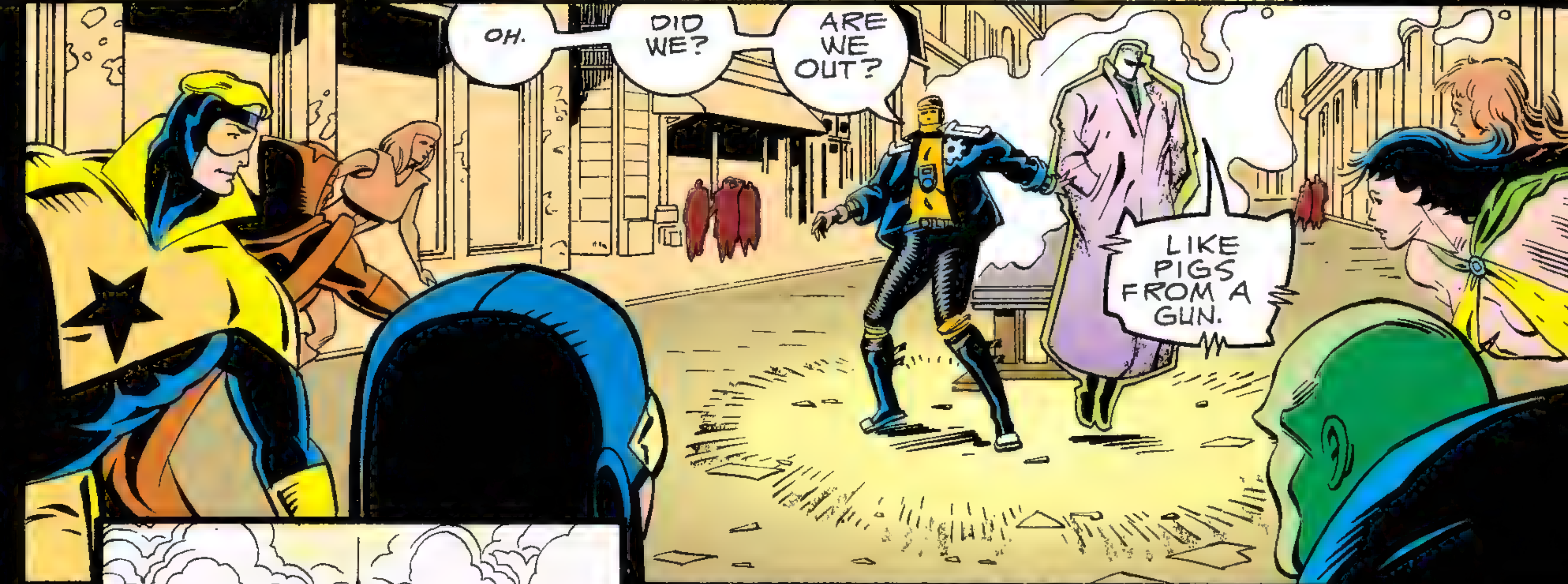
I DON'T
ACTUALLY
WANT
TO

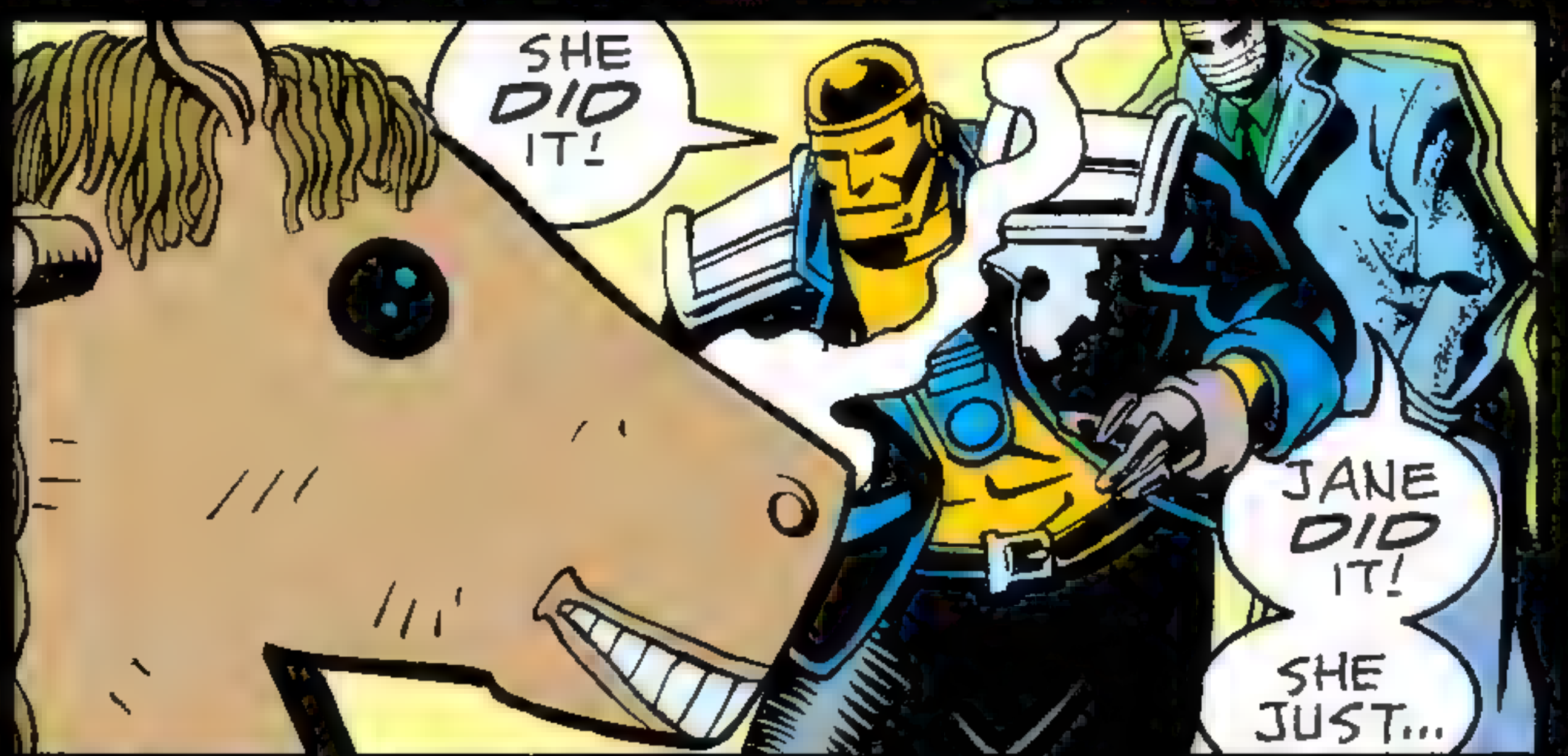
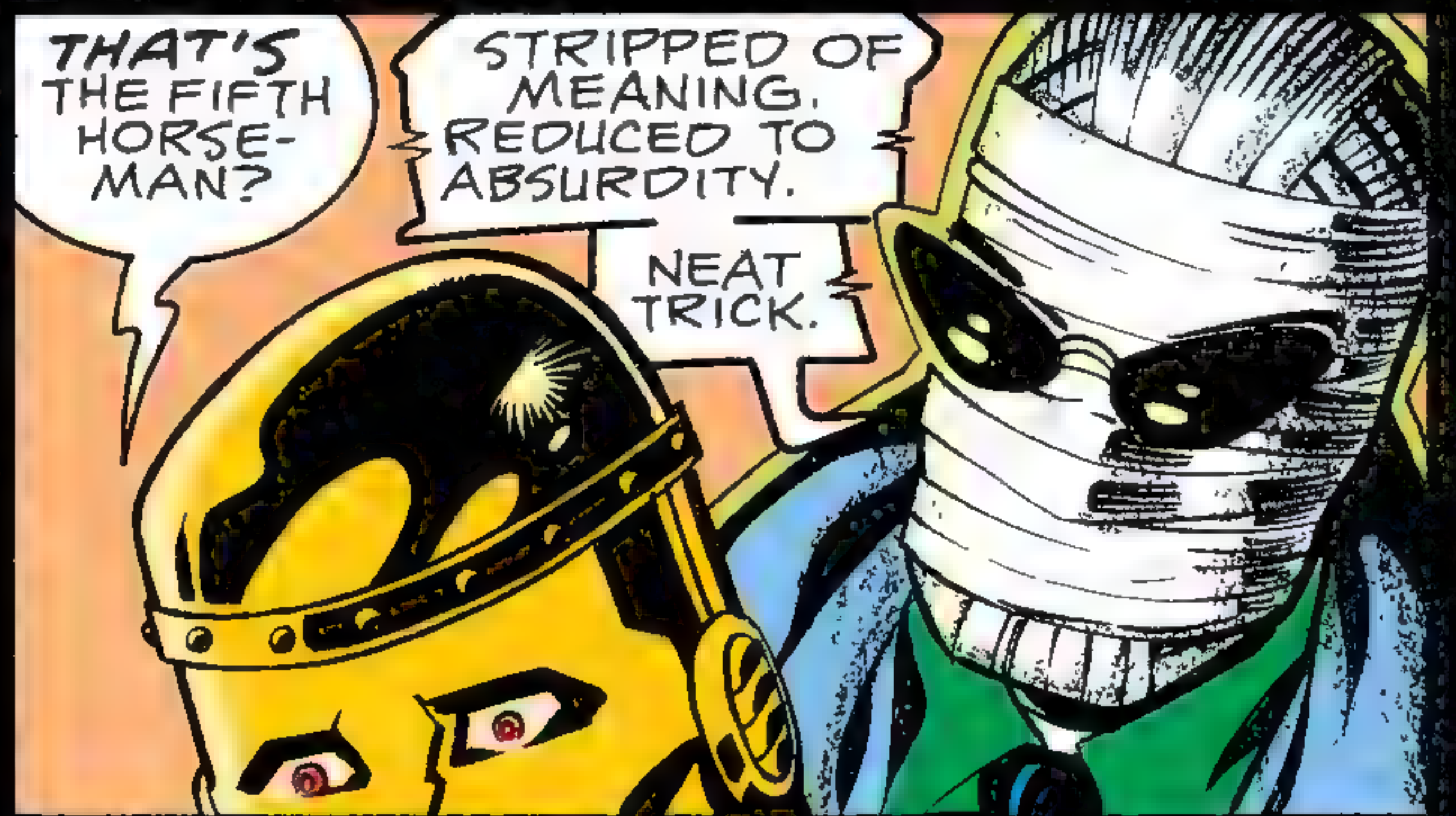
WELL,
YOU ARE,
MAN.

CLIFF, THE
PAINTING'S
DISINTEGRATING.

WE'RE
GETTING
OUT.

NOW.





AN SO I REECH THE
END OF MY STOYR,
MOMMA.

AFTER WE GOT OT LIV THE
PANTIN WE FOND THE HOL
WORLD IN A REEL MESS.
I STIL DON NO WAT
HAPPIND TO THE PEPL?

ENYHO IT BETER
SINS WE REBILT
IT.

FRENZY

THE QWIZ KEEPS EVER-
THIN KLEEN, HOLLYS IN
CHARG OF DOINNUTHIN
AN I GET TO BE KING
LV THE HOL THIGN.

AN I DON NED EJACATIN
TO DO IT. OL IT TAKS IS
SENS AN SMARTNES WICH
I GOT PLENYT LV.

YE, ITS REELY GUD HEER. ITS
MUCH BETR THAN THE OLD
WORLD THAS FOR SHUR.

THERS NO
COPS AN
NOWON TELS
YO WAT TO
DO.

OL MY
FREINS
ARE HEER.

IM LERNIN
MOR AN MOR
EECH DAY.

AN IM HAPYER
THAN IV EUR BEN.

IN A WORLD
LV MI OWN.

SINED YOR
LOVIN (HA HA)
SUN LLOYD
MALCOLM
JEFFERSON
FRENZY

The logo for 'dom PATROL' is displayed in a large, bold, white font against a black background. The word 'dom' is in a lowercase, rounded, sans-serif typeface, while 'PATROL' is in a smaller, uppercase, blocky sans-serif font directly beneath it.



**DOOM
PATROL**

30

MAR 90

doom

PATROL™

GRANT MORRISON

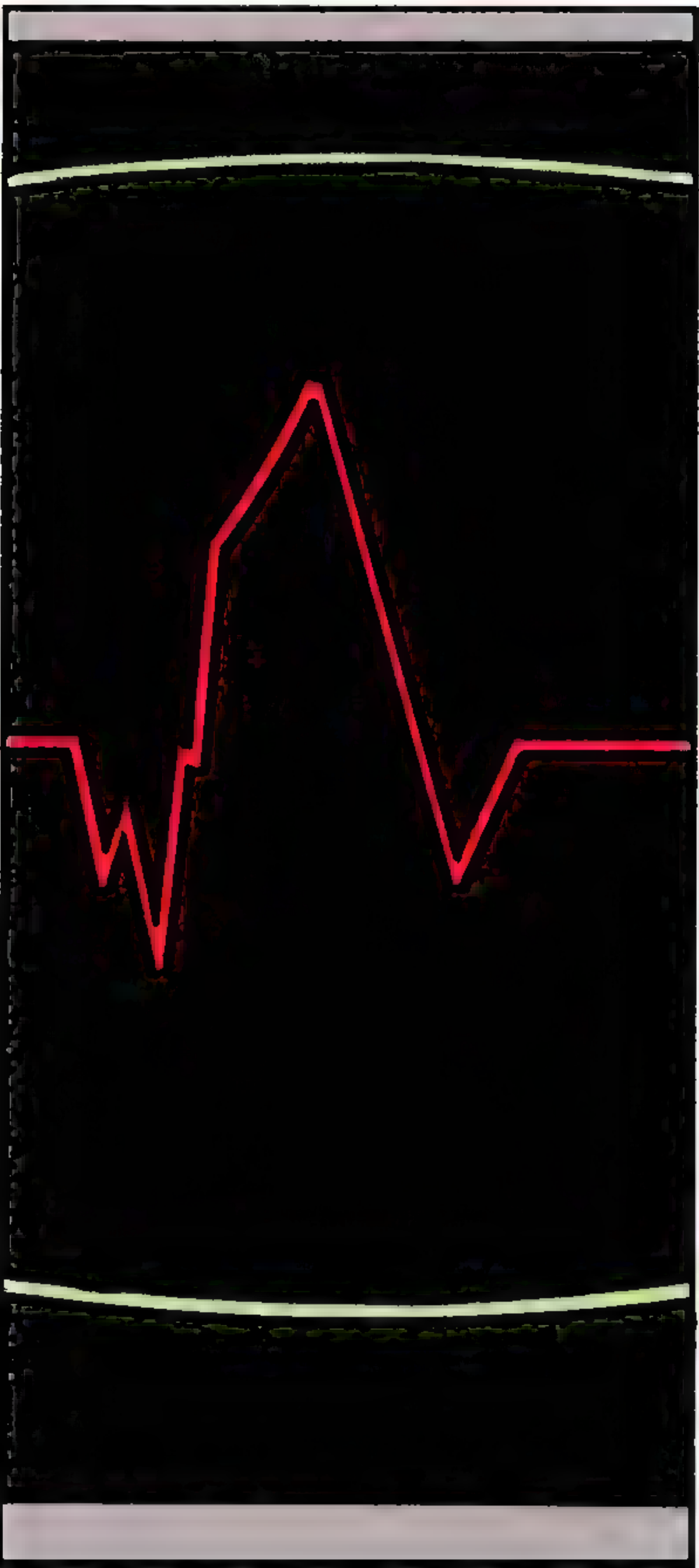
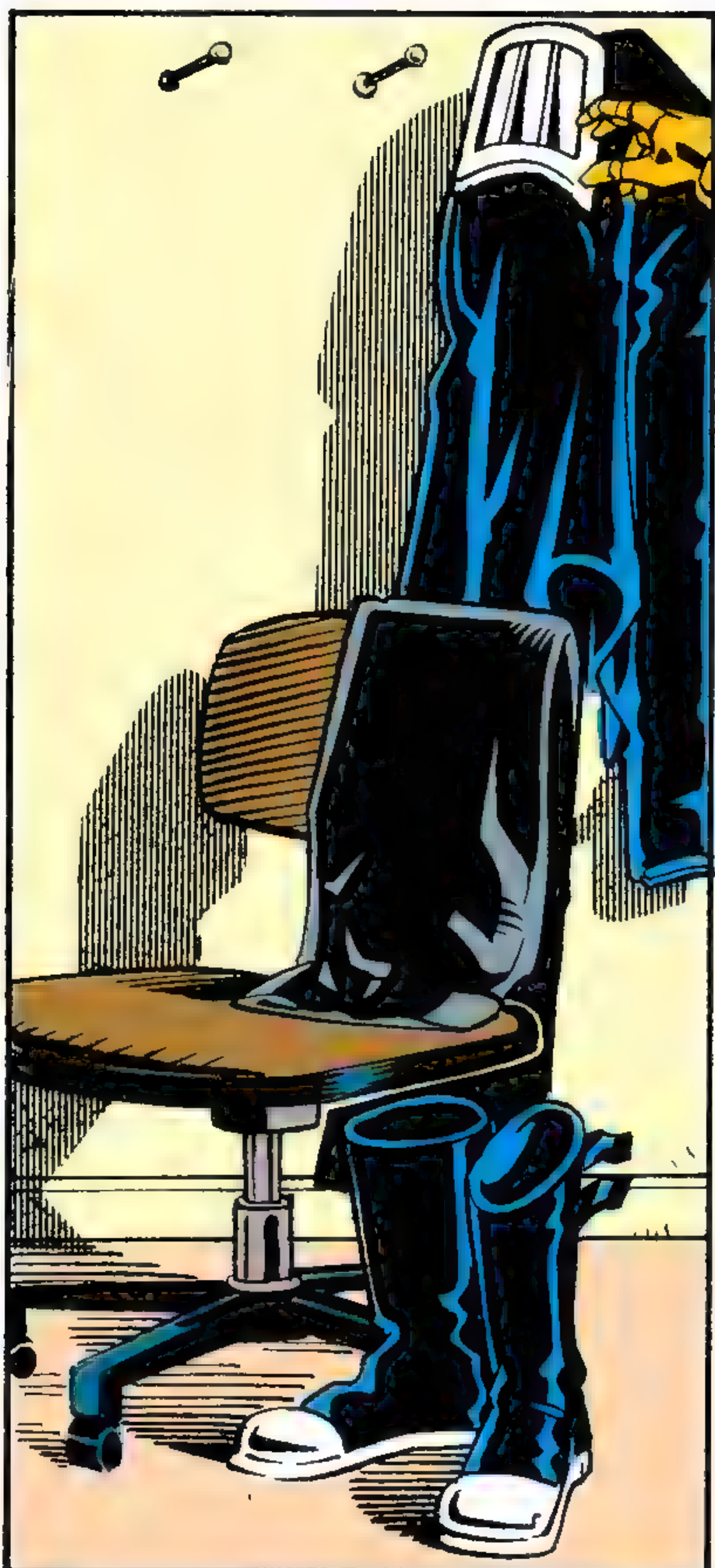
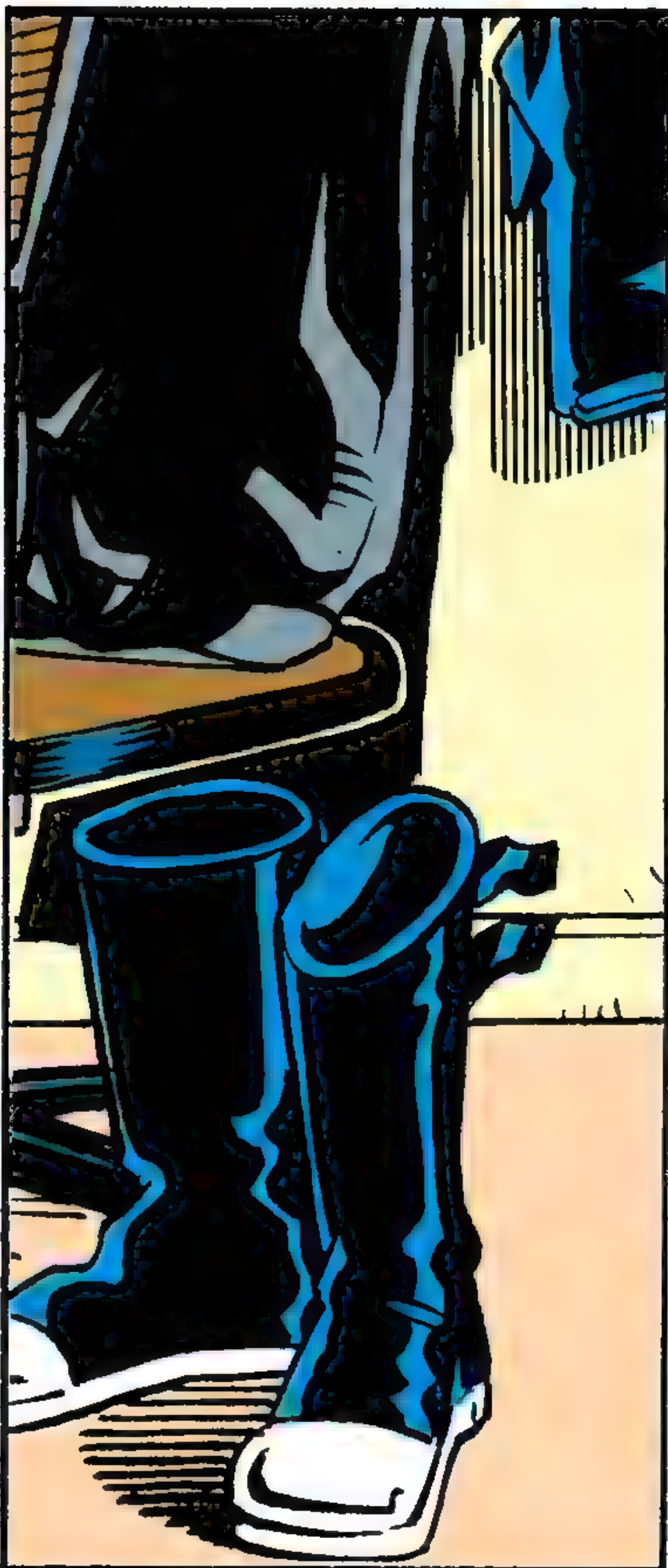
RICHARD CASE

JOHN NYERSTAD

dom PATROL



"Whoever lives down here
should *sue* their decorator."





IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE, YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, CLIFF.

IT'S BEEN A WEEK NOW SINCE JANE'S CONFRONTATION WITH THE FIFTH HORSEMAN--

--AND HER CONDITION HASN'T IMPROVED.

I KNOW.

I JUST DON'T KNOW IF WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET INTO HER MIND.



ENTERING JANE'S PSYCHESCAPE IS SIMPLE.

I CAN ONLY GO SO FAR, HOWEVER, BEFORE I ENCOUNTER DEFENSIVE BARRIERS.

JANE HAS ENTERED A DEEP CATALEPTIC STATE.

WHATEVER HAPPENED WHEN SHE DESTROYED THE FIFTH HORSEMAN HAS RESULTED IN COMPLETE WITHDRAWAL.



SHE'S RETREATED INTO HER MIND, WHERE IT'S SAFE. I CAN OPEN THE DOOR, BUT ONLY YOU CAN GO INSIDE, CLIFF.

YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE SHE TRUSTS. I CAN'T PRETEND IT WON'T BE...



...HIGHLY DANGEROUS.

NOW HE TELLS ME.

JUST GET ME IN THERE, LARRY, BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND.

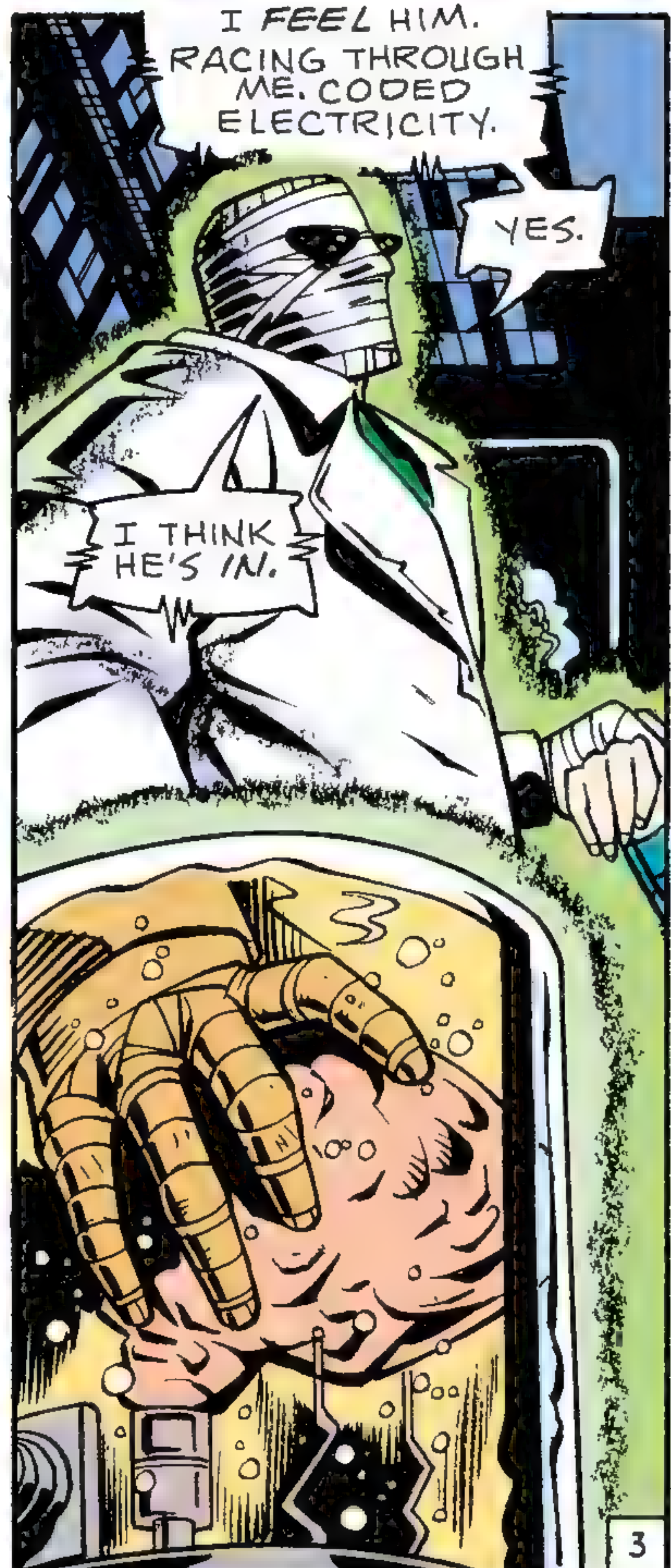


BEST NOT TALK NOW, CLIFF. I'M ABOUT TO DISCONNECT YOUR BRAIN.

YOU MAY EXPERIENCE A MOMENT OF EGO LOSS.

READY?

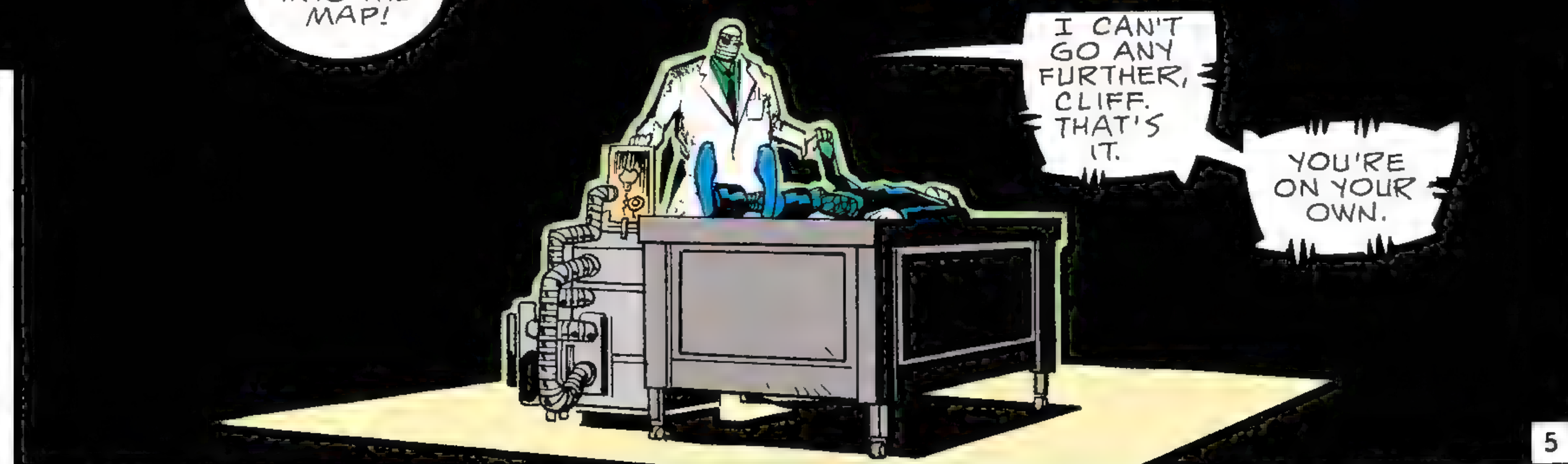
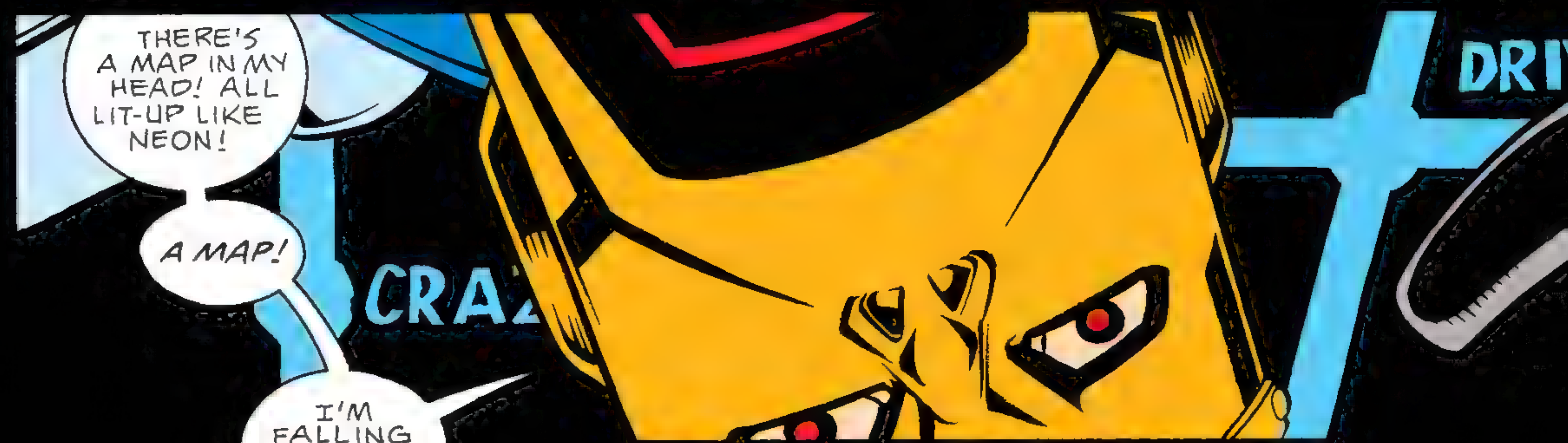
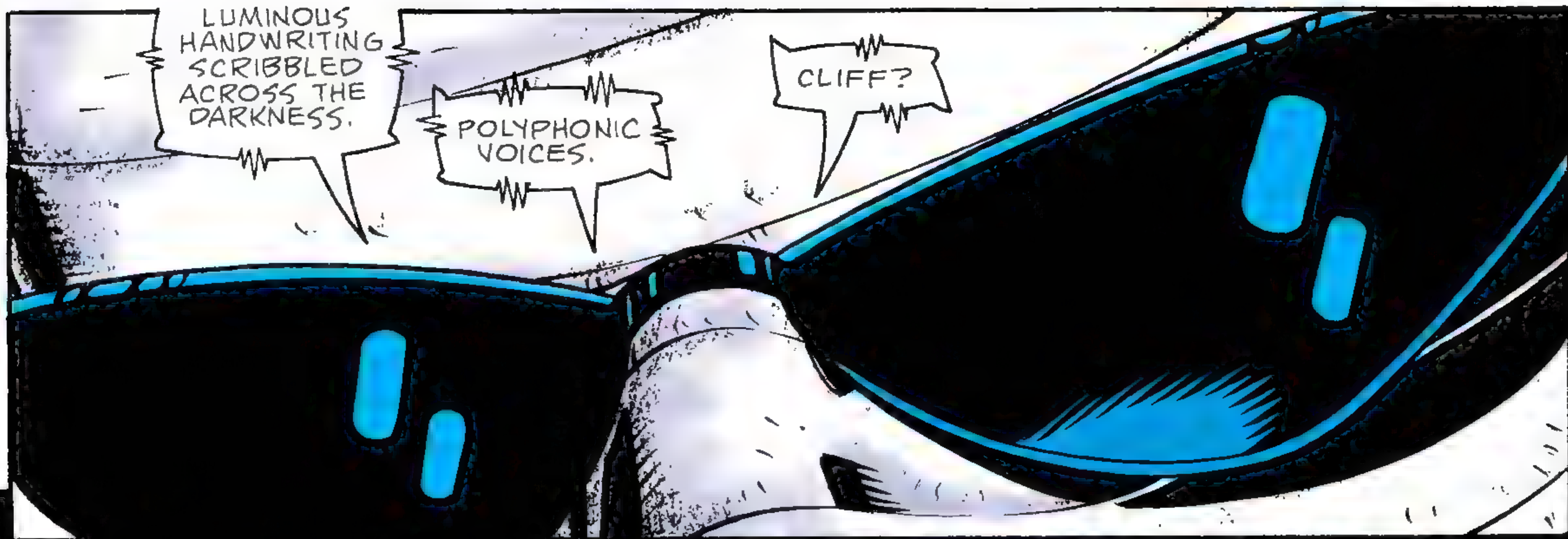
NOW.

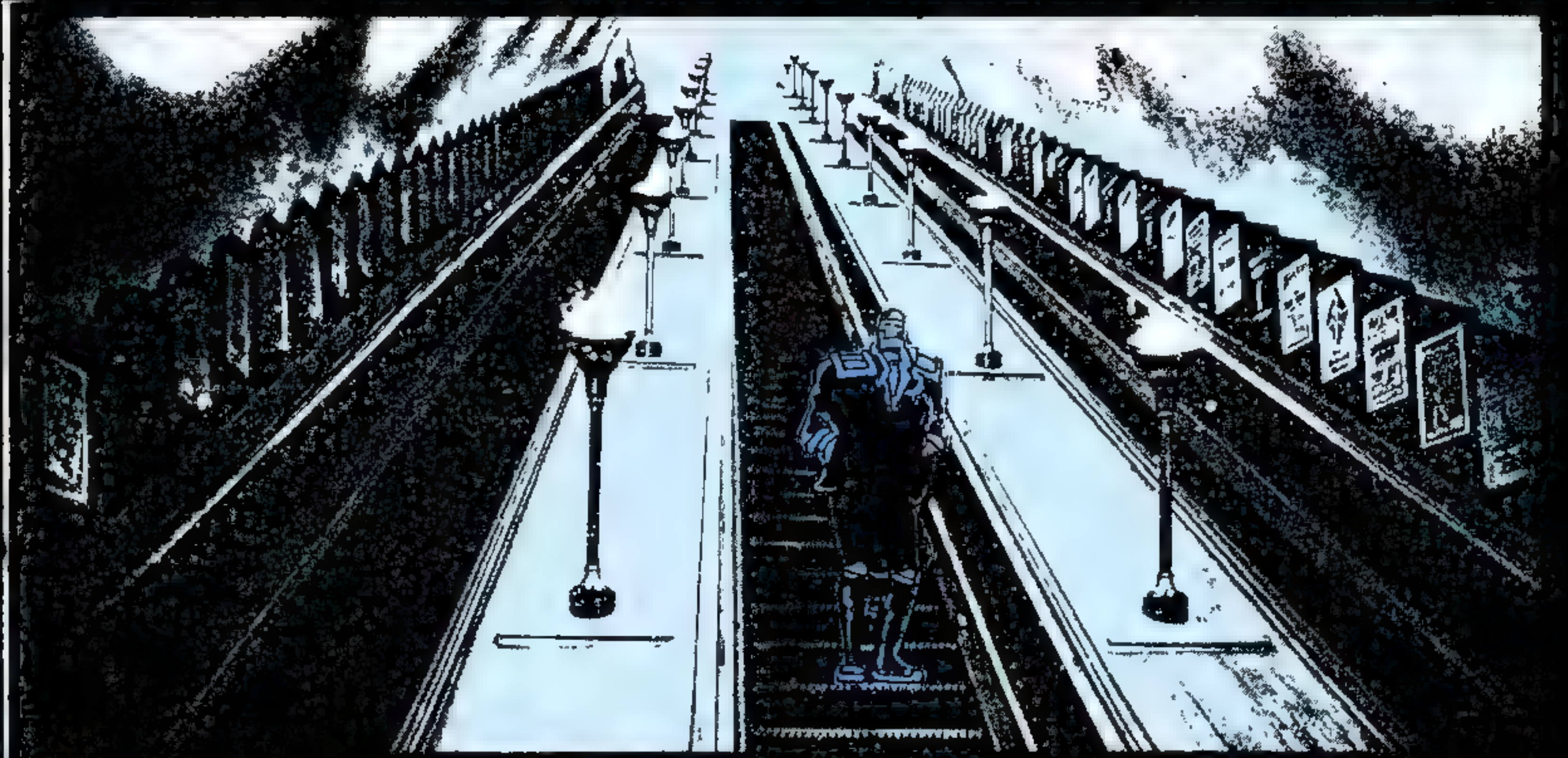


"I'M SURE HE'S IN."

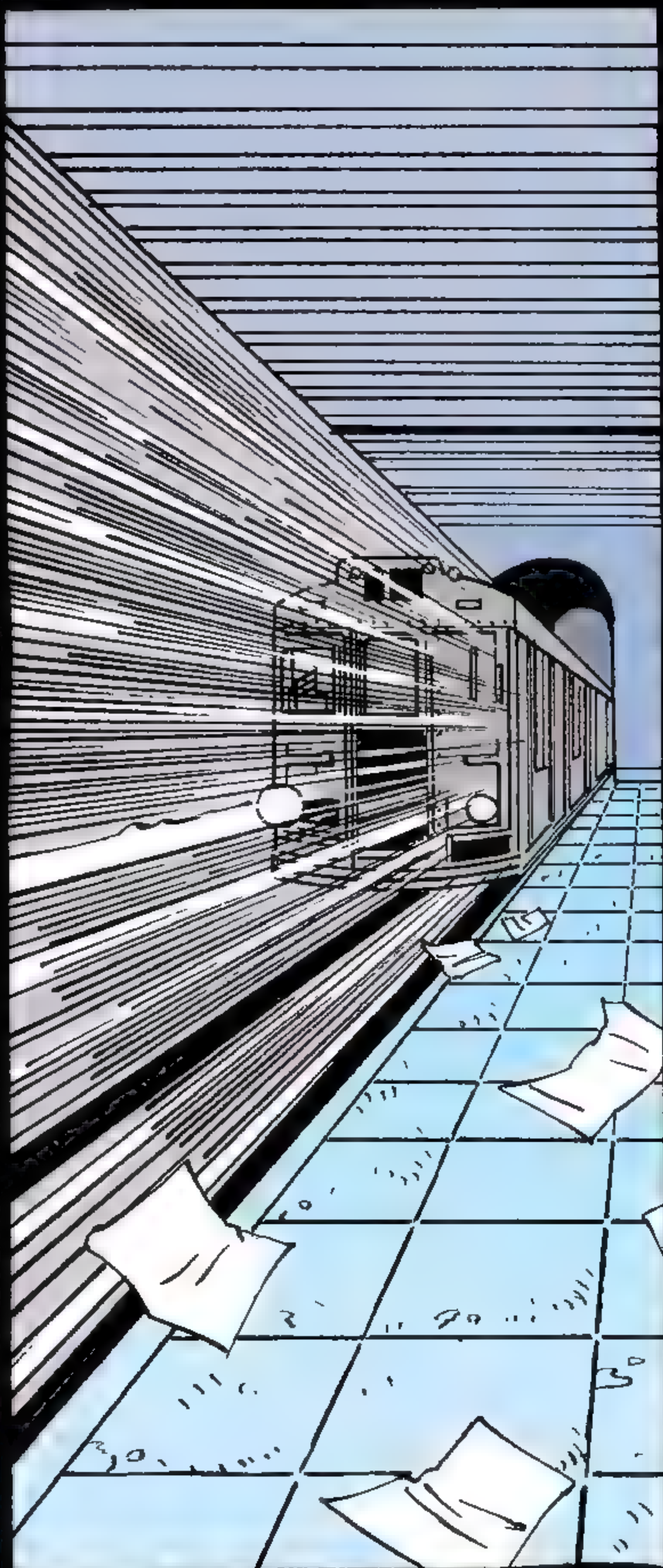
GOING UNDERGROUND











...I KEEP GETTING WEIRD FLASHES. IMAGES.

PSYCHIC FALLOUT, CLIFF.

FROM K-5. SHE WAS THE FIRST OF US. THE ONE WHO ENDURED THE FIRST ABUSE. THOSE TREMORS ARE STILL RESONATING.



KAY? THAT'S JANE'S REAL NAME, RIGHT? KAY CHALLIS.

CRAZY JANE'S ONLY ONE OF THE SELVES WHO KEEP THE WOMAN FUNCTIONING.

AS FOR KAY, SHE HASN'T REALLY EXISTED SINCE SHE WAS FIVE YEARS OLD. SHE'S ASLEEP IN ONE OF THE DEEP STATIONS.



I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER.

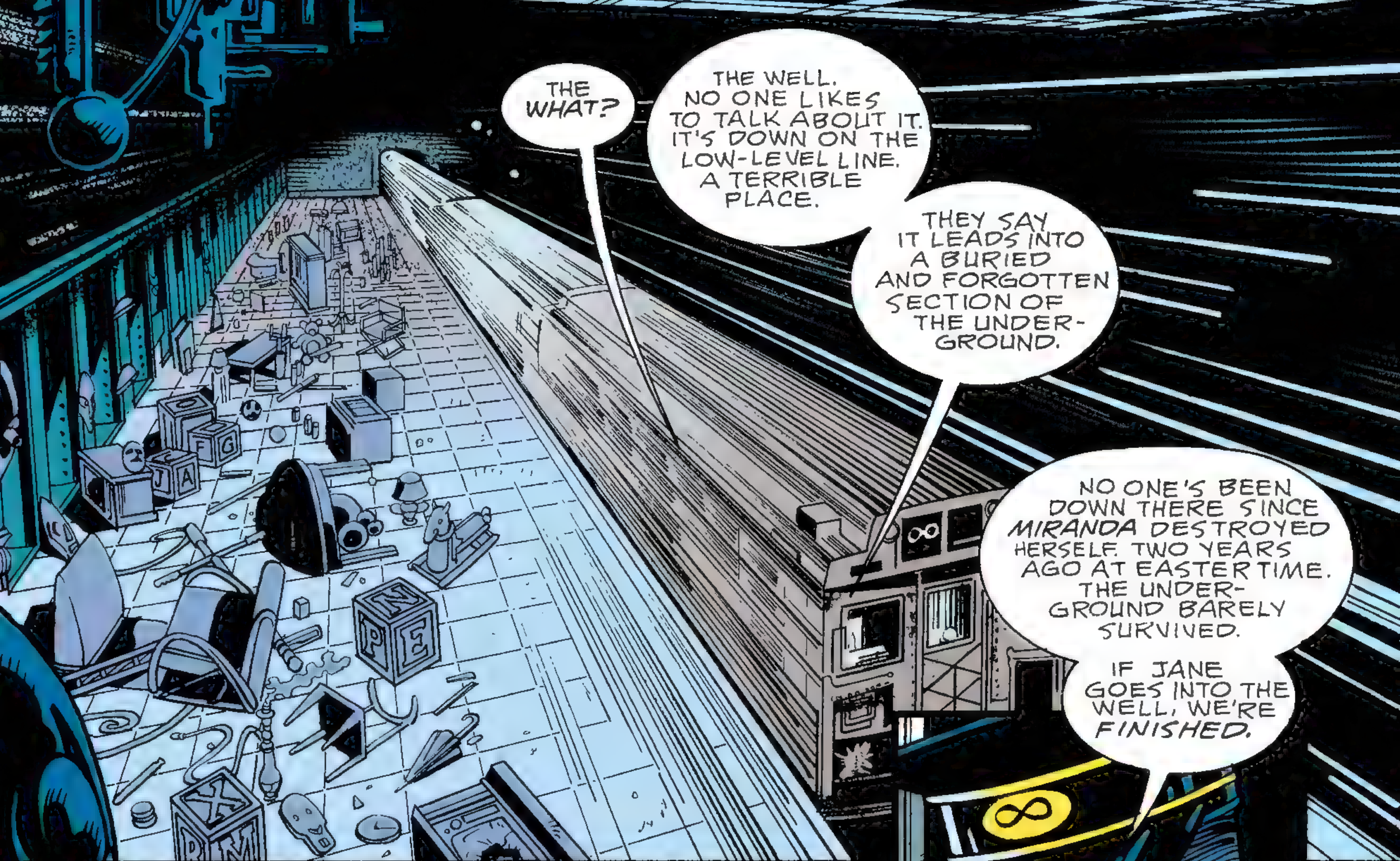
I DIDN'T COME ALONG UNTIL LATER WHEN THE UNDERGROUND HAD GROWN BIG ENOUGH TO NEED A COORDINATOR.



THIS IS REALLY HARD TO UNDERSTAND...

LIKE I SAID, THE JANE SELF WAS BADLY HURT BY THE HORSEMAN.

I THINK SHE INTENDS TO DESTROY HERSELF AND LEAVE THE REST OF US TRAPPED IN A USELESS BODY. I THINK SHE'S GONE TO THE WELL.



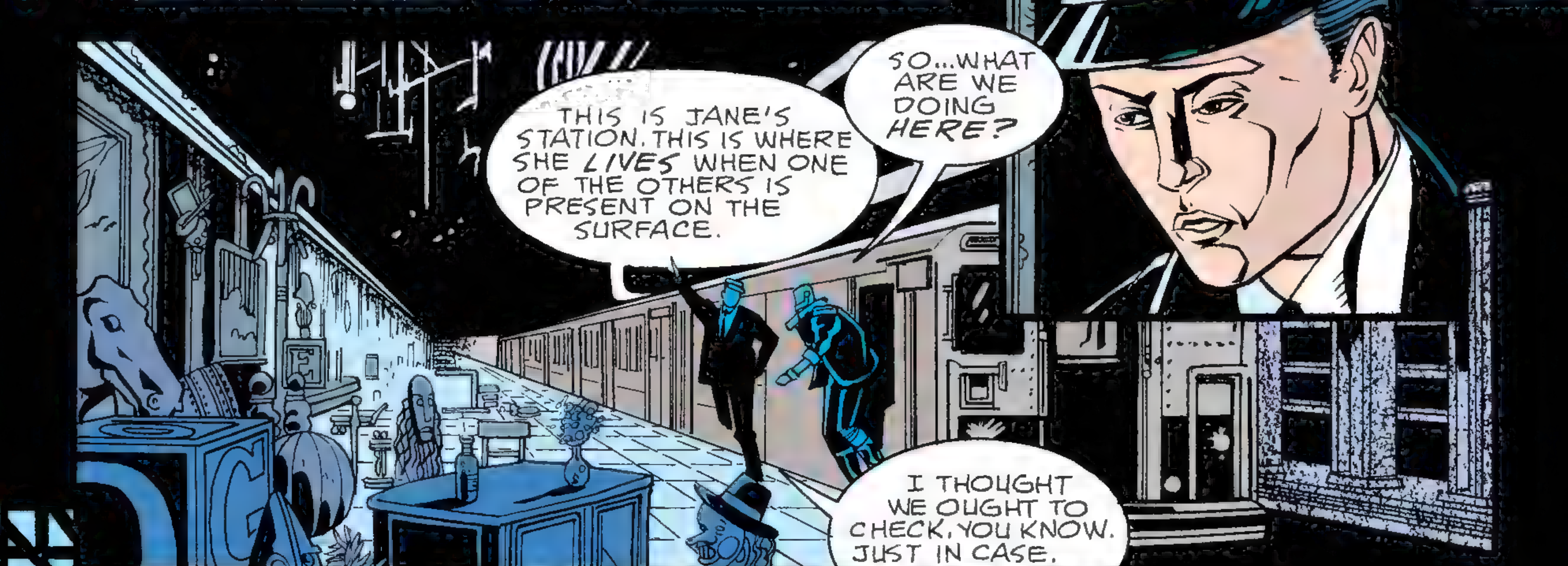
THE
WHAT?

THE WELL.
NO ONE LIKES
TO TALK ABOUT IT.
IT'S DOWN ON THE
LOW-LEVEL LINE.
A TERRIBLE
PLACE.

THEY SAY
IT LEADS INTO
A BURIED
AND FORGOTTEN
SECTION OF
THE UNDER-
GROUND.

NO ONE'S BEEN
DOWN THERE SINCE
MIRANDA DESTROYED
HERSELF. TWO YEARS
AGO AT EASTER TIME.
THE UNDER-
GROUND BARELY
SURVIVED.

IF JANE
GOES INTO THE
WELL, WE'RE
FINISHED.



THIS IS JANE'S
STATION. THIS IS WHERE
SHE LIVES WHEN ONE
OF THE OTHERS IS
PRESENT ON THE
SURFACE.

SO...WHAT
ARE WE
DOING
HERE?

I THOUGHT
WE OUGHT TO
CHECK, YOU KNOW.
JUST IN CASE.



WHAT
ABOUT
THROUGH
THAT
WAY?

NO.

SHE'S
NOT HERE.
I WAS RIGHT
THE FIRST
TIME.



COME
ON.

WE'RE
GOING
DOWN.

YOU MUST UNDER-
STAND, CLIFF-- THE
WOMAN COULD HAVE
KILLED HERSELF OR
GONE MAD. INSTEAD,
SHE SURVIVED BY
CREATING OTHER
SELVES TO BEAR
HER CHILDHOOD
TRAUMA.



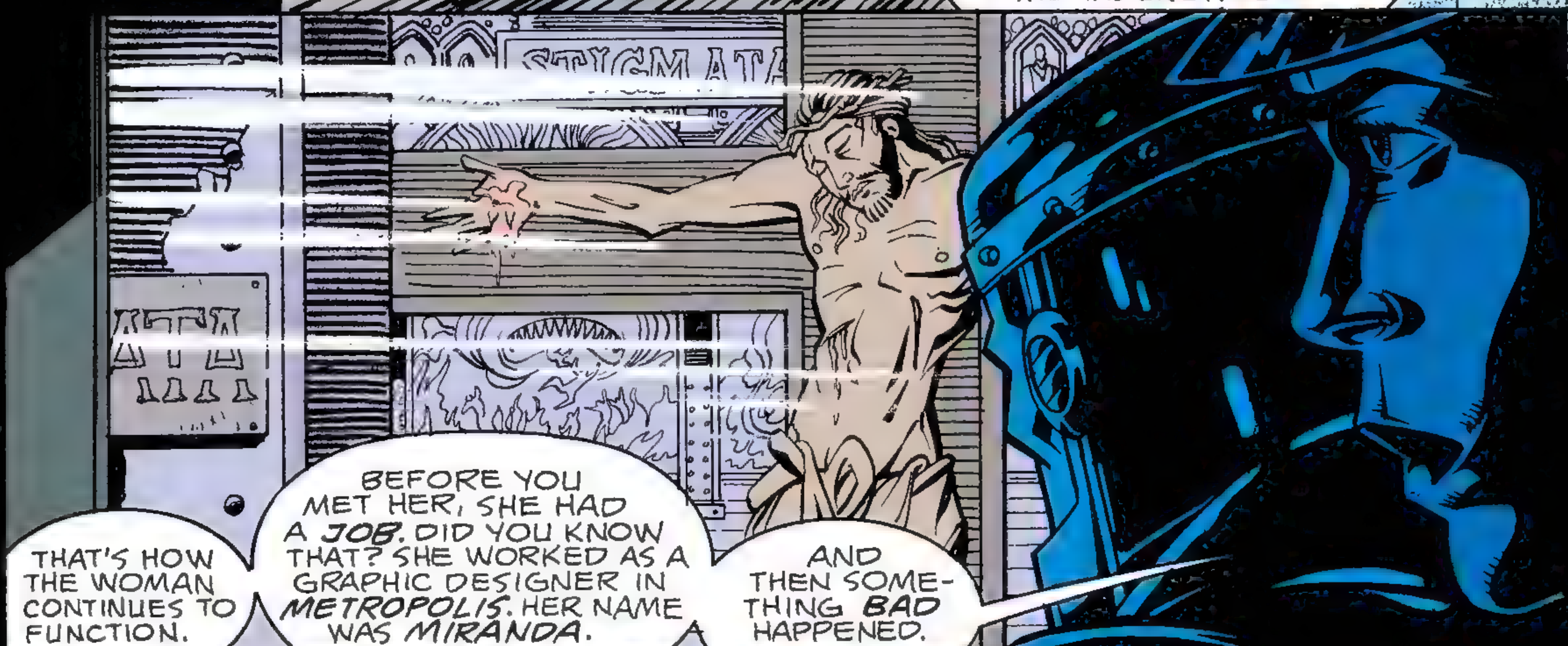
WHEN SOMETHING
BAD HAPPENED, SHE
WAS ABLE TO WITH-
DRAW AND ALLOW
ONE OF THE OTHERS
TO DEAL WITH IT.

IT STILL WORKS THAT WAY;
WE ALL HAVE OUR OWN
SPECIFIC FUNCTIONS AND WE
EVIDENCE OURSELVES IN
RESPONSE TO THE
WOMAN'S NEEDS.

IF SHE WANTS
TO EXPRESS HER
ARTISTIC NATURE,
THE HANGMAN'S
BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER
WILL MANIFEST HERSELF.
IF *HOSTILITY* IS
REQUIRED, *HAMMER-*
HEAD TAKES OVER.

SOME OF THE
SELVES EXIST ONLY
TO BEAR PAIN. THEY
LIVE AWAY FROM THE
MAINLINE, SO THAT WE
CAN'T HEAR THEM
SCREAMING.

THEIR
SACRIFICE ENABLES THE
REST OF US TO MAINTAIN
THE SMOOTH RUNNING OF
THE UNDERGROUND.



THAT'S HOW
THE WOMAN
CONTINUES TO
FUNCTION.

BEFORE YOU
MET HER, SHE HAD
A *JOB*. DID YOU KNOW
THAT? SHE WORKED AS A
GRAPHIC DESIGNER IN
METROPOLIS. HER NAME
WAS *MIRANDA*.

AND
THEN SOME-
THING *BAD*
HAPPENED.

IN A CHURCH,
AT *EASTER*, IT ALL
CAME BACK. A LAMB
BLEEDING. SWEATING.
HAIRY FLESH.

SHE REMEMBERED
THINGS SHE WASN'T
SUPPOSED TO
REMEMBER. *AWFUL*
THINGS. *MIRANDA*
DESTROYED HERSELF
IN THE WELL AND
THE UNDERGROUND
SUFFERED TERRIBLE
DAMAGE.

SHORTLY
AFTERWARDS,
THE WOMAN
SIGNED HERSELF
INTO A *HOSPITAL*,
WHERE SHE MET
YOU AND...

OH.

COVER
YOUR
EYES!

WHAT-
EVER YOU
DO, DON'T
LOOK!

WHAT D'YOU
MEAN? I...

CLIFF!
THIS NEXT
STATION...



OH,
GOD.

MY GOD,
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?

COVER
YOUR
EYES!

DON'T
LOOK.

IT'S
MIRANDA'S
STATION.
WHAT'S LEFT
OF IT.

JUST
DON'T
LOOK.

WE'RE
THROUGH.

IT'S
ALL
RIGHT.

WE'RE
THROUGH.

WE'LL
HAVE TO
STOP
HERE AND
CONTINUE
ON FOOT.

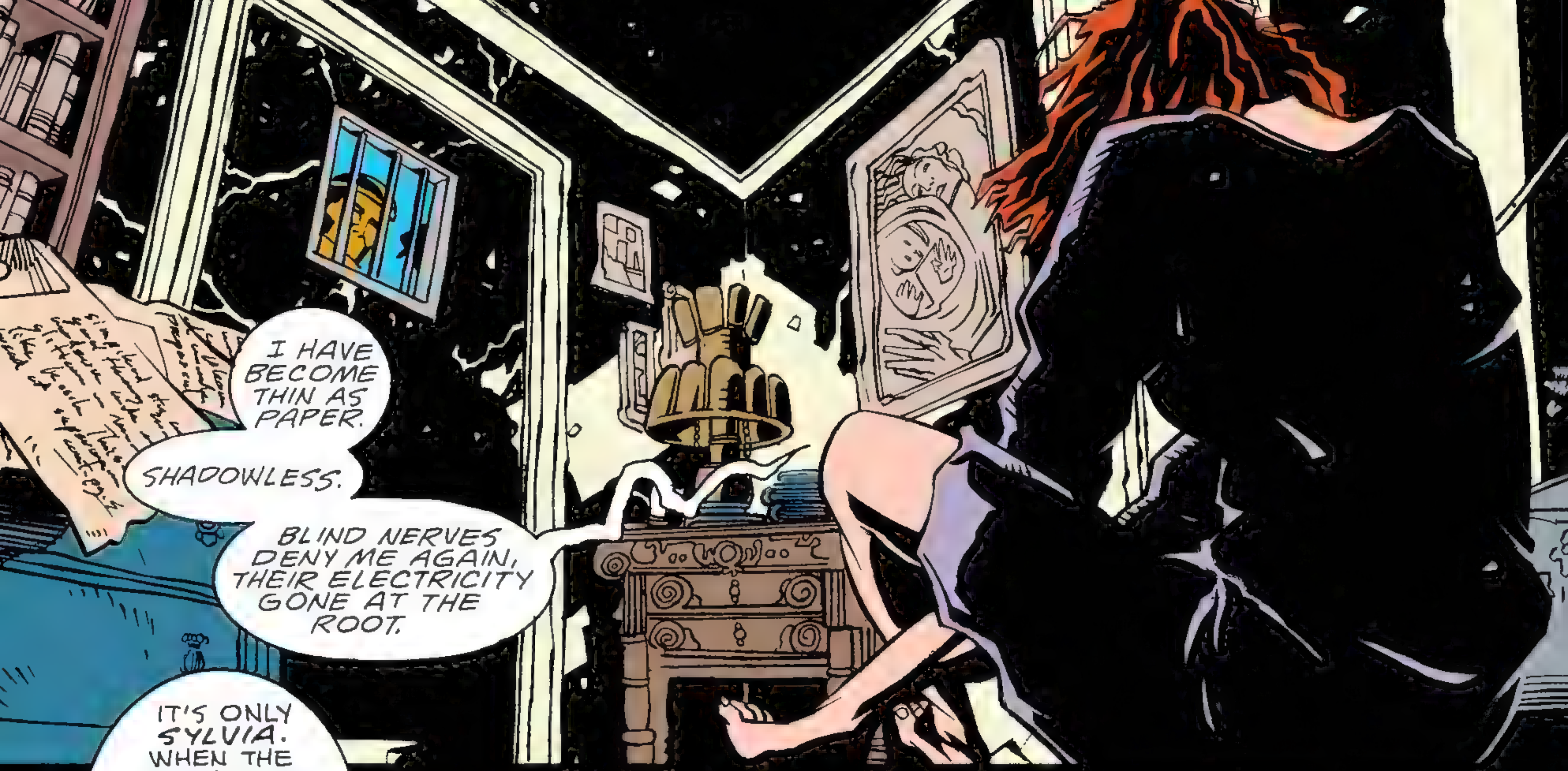
THE
TUNNELS
AHEAD ARE
BLOCKED BY
DEBRIS.

WE'LL
USE THE
MAINTENANCE
SHAFTS.

THE MOON,
FORGETFUL
NOW, SHINES
THROUGH
MY SKIN.

WHAT'S
THAT?

TURN
THE
PAGE



I HAVE
BECOME
THIN AS
PAPER.

SHADOWLESS.

BLIND NERVES
DENY ME AGAIN,
THEIR ELECTRICITY
GONE AT THE
ROOT.

IT'S ONLY
SYLVIA.
WHEN THE
WOMAN WAS
FOURTEEN,
SYLVIA
EMERGED TO
HANDLE HER
FEELINGS OF
CLAUSTRO-
PHOBIA AND
DESPAIR.

SYLVIA
WANTS
TO BE A
POET.

A LIFE
DIMINISHED
TO THIS WHITE
ROOM, THESE
WALLS, PLANTS,
LETTERS.

BLACK BIRDS
TACKED ON A
YELLOW
WINTER SKY.

ALL SHE CAN EVER
COMPOSE ARE
FRAGMENTS,
RANDOM LINES.

SHE'S
CONVINCED
THAT IF SHE
CAN SOMEHOW
PUT THE PIECES
TOGETHER, THE
FINISHED POEM
WILL BECOME
A KEY AND
SHE'LL ESCAPE
FROM HER ROOM.

THE TANG OF
CANDLE SMOKE,
AMNESIAC HISS
OF GAS JETS.

SOON THE
SURGEON WILL
COME, WALKING ON
BLADES, SPIDER-
GLOVES TWITCHING
IN LIGHT GONE
STALE.

THE MIRROR
IS SICK WITH
FUTURES.

POOR
SYLVIA.

YEAH.

"THAT CRAZED GIRL,
IMPROVISING HER MUSIC,
HER POETRY,
DANCING UPON THE SHORE,
HER SOUL IN DIVISION
FROM ITSELF
CLIMBING, FALLING,
SHE KNEW NOT WHERE,
HIDING AMID THE CARGO
OF A STEAMSHIP,
HER KNEE-CAP BROKEN,
THAT GIRL I DECLARE..."

WHAT?

"...A BEAUTIFUL,
LOFTY THING, OR
A THING
HEROICALLY LOST,
HEROICALLY
FOUND."

YEATS
WROTE THAT.
HE WROTE THE
"CRAZY JANE"
POEMS, TOO.

JANE TOOK
HER NAME FROM
THE PAINTING BY
RICHARD DADD.
VICTORIAN ARTIST.
SCHIZOPHRENIC.
KILLED HIS
FATHER.

A LOT OF
PEOPLE DOWN
HERE CAN
IDENTIFY WITH
HIM.

WOULDN'T
HURT A FLY.

NOT
HER,
THOUGH.
THAT'S
BABY
DOLL.

LOVELY.
LOVELY.
EVERY-
THING IS
LOVELY.

ISN'T IT
LOVELY?

ISN'T IT
LOVELY?



...WHOEVER
LIVES DOWN HERE
SHOULD *SUE* THEIR
DECORATOR. PLACE
SMELLS LIKE A...

ARE
THOSE
SKULLS
?

IT'S LIKE A CASTING CALL
FOR THE ROLE OF YORICK,
HUH? BAD NEWS.

DO YOU
HEAR A
NOISE? LIKE
KNIVES.

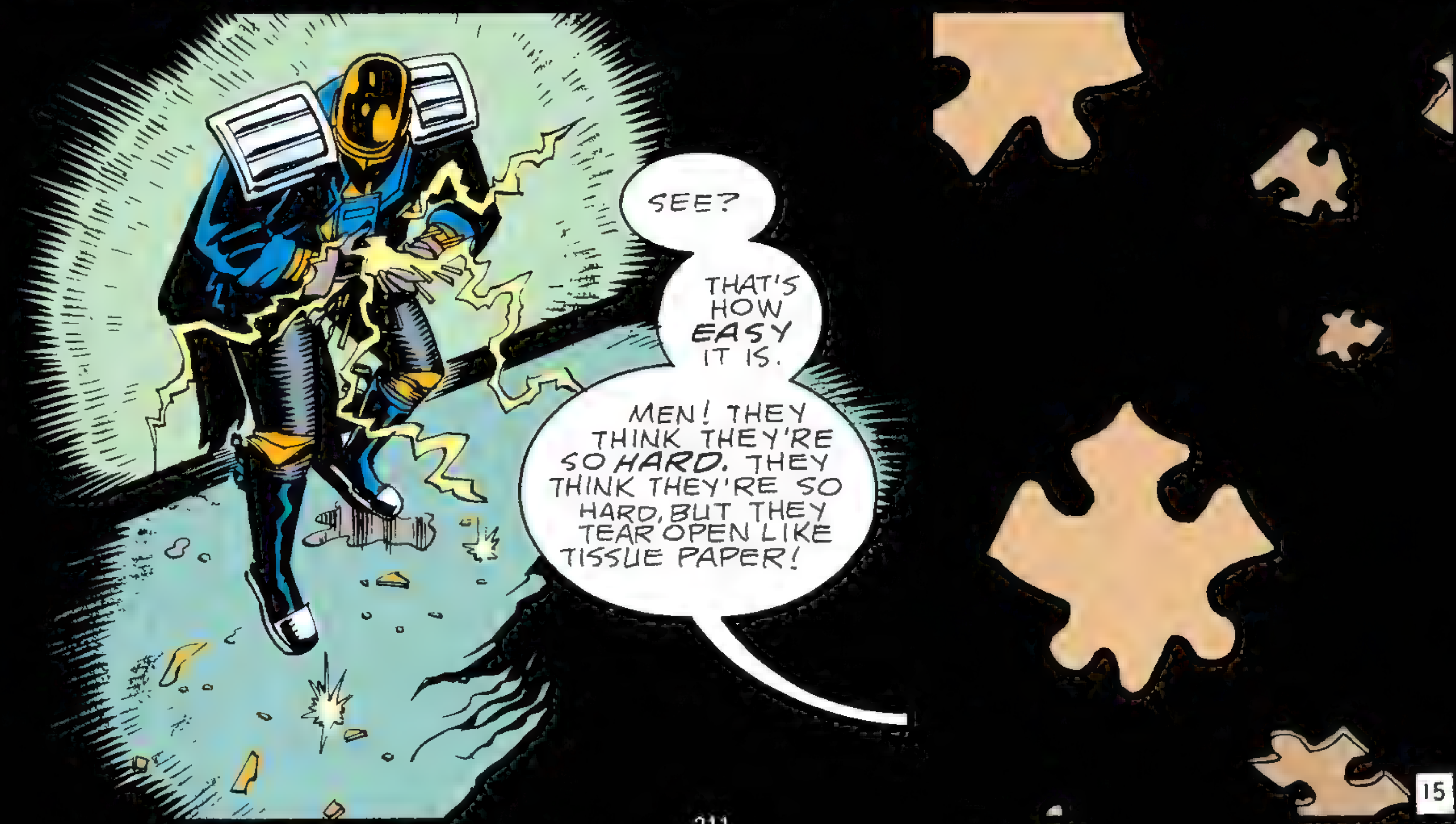
IT'S
HER.

GRINDING
HER
TEETH.

HERE COME
TWO WHO SHAN'T
ESCAPE ME.

*BLACK
ANNIS.*

END
OF THE
LINE.





YOU'RE ALL THE SAME. HAVEN'T YOU HURT HER ENOUGH?

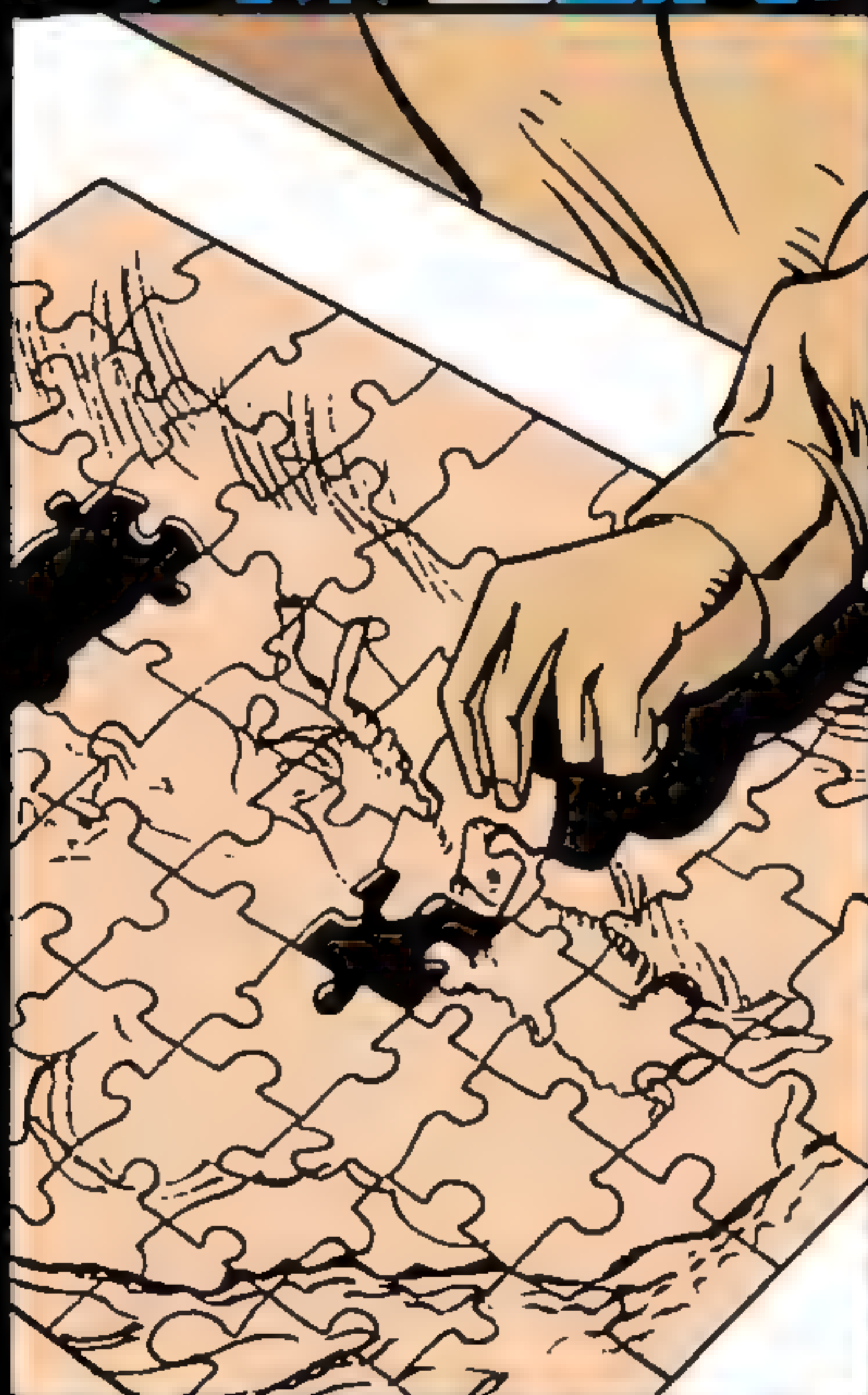
I WON'T LET YOU NEAR HER.

I WON'T LET YOU TOUCH HER.



I'LL RIP YOU TO RIBBONS.

IT WON'T BE LIKE BEFORE. NOT EVER AGAIN.



BABY.



WE DON'T WANT TO HURT HER...

HE'S RIGHT, YOU HAVE TO LET US...

SHUT UP, JUDAS BITCH!

YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED, SEE?



SEE?

THE GANG'S ALL HERE.

IT'S BEST IF SHE GOES INTO THE WELL. IT'S FOR THE BEST.

WE ALL DESERVE TO DIE. WE DO. WE DESERVE TO BE PUNISHED FOR THE FILTHY THINGS WE'VE DONE.

OH, GIVE IT A REST.

LISTEN, WE CAN'T ALL STAND HERE ARGUING! CRAZY JANE'S IN DANGER!

THE WOMAN'S IN DANGER!

WE'RE ALL IN DANGER!

WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?

IF WE LET HIM THROUGH, IT'LL JUST CAUSE MORE TROUBLE!

LISTEN TO ME:

I'M NOT A MAN,

NOT ANY-MORE.

NEVER TRUST A MAN!

I'LL GELD THEM ALL! WITH MY OWN TEETH! I'LL DO IT!



I'M NOT A MAN, OKAY?

IT WAS ALL BURNED OR RIPPED AWAY OR AMPUTATED. ALL THEY LEFT WAS A BRAIN.



THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS DISPLAY. IT SIMPLY CAN'T BE DONE. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS.

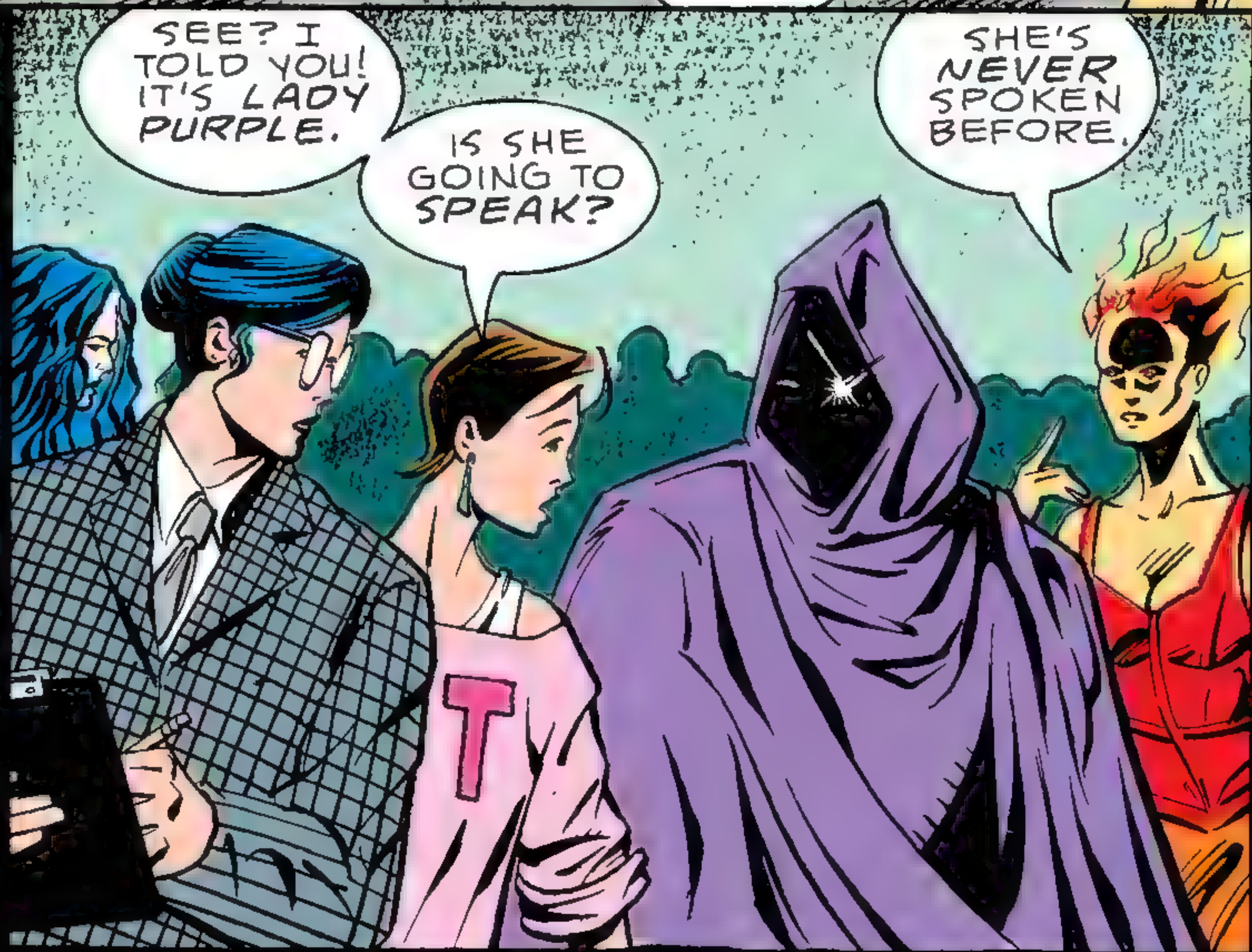
LOOK!

IT'S LADY PURPLE! LOOK!



I DON'T WANT TO HURT JANE. I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANY OF YOU.

I HAVE TO GO IN THERE. PLEASE, I HAVE TO FIND HER.



SEE? I TOLD YOU! IT'S LADY PURPLE.

IS SHE GOING TO SPEAK?

SHE'S NEVER SPOKEN BEFORE.



LOOK AT ME.

LET ME THROUGH.

I'M NOT A MAN.

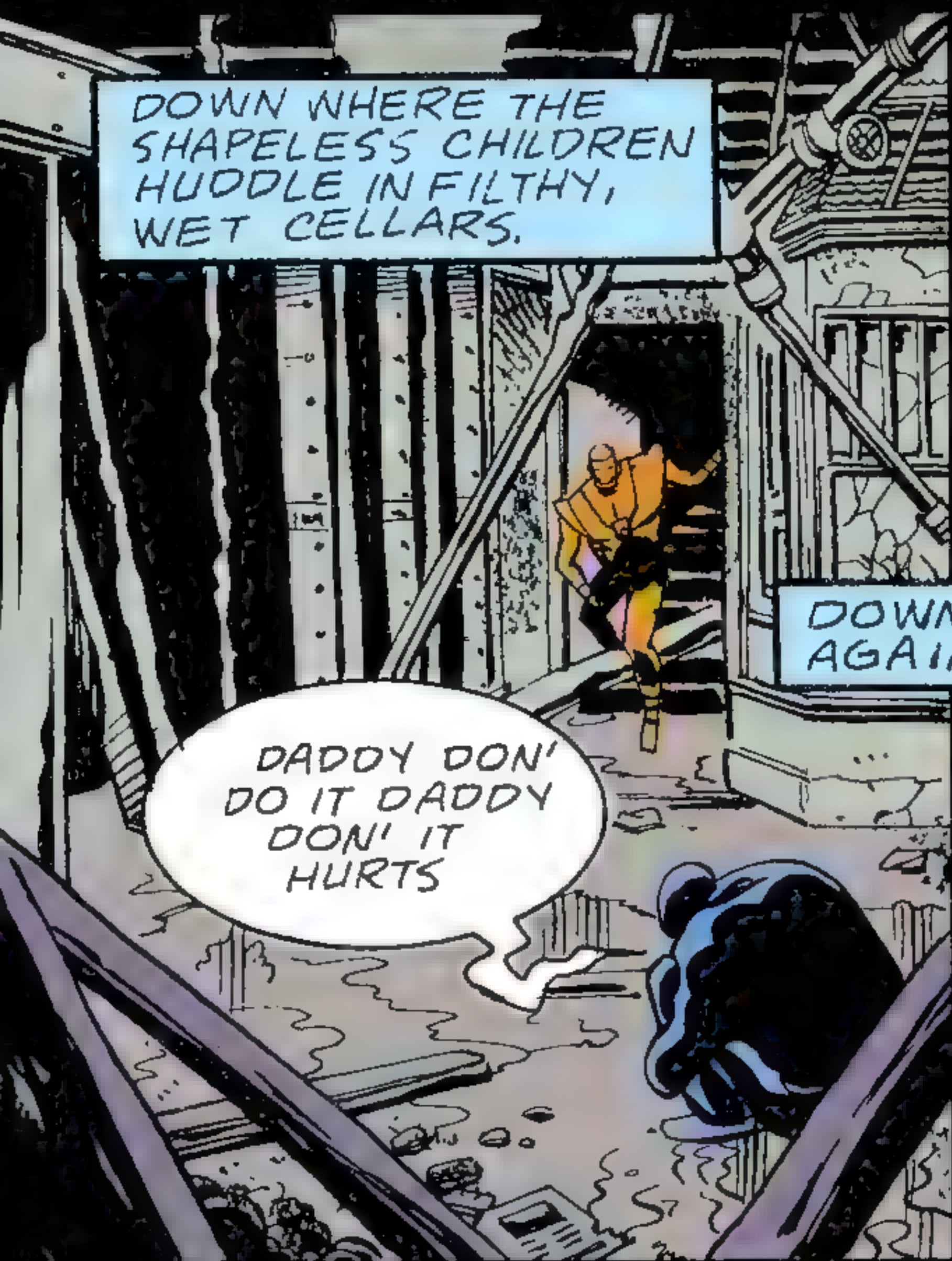


YES.

LET HIM THROUGH.

ALONE.

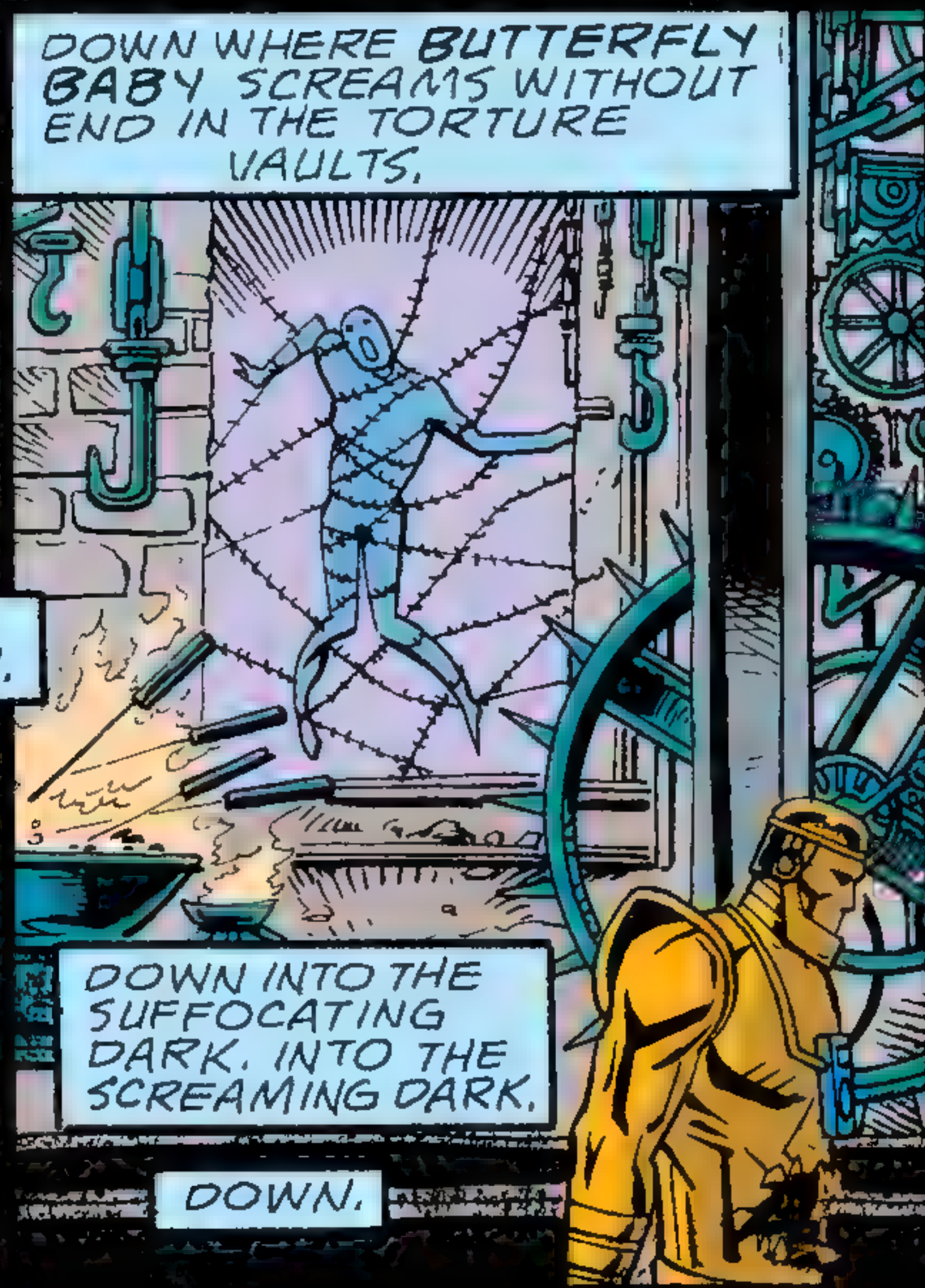
AND HE GOES DOWN.



DOWN WHERE THE
SHAPELESS CHILDREN
HUDDLE IN FILTHY,
WET CELLARS.

DOWN
AGAIN.

DADDY DON'
DO IT DADDY
DON' IT
HURTS



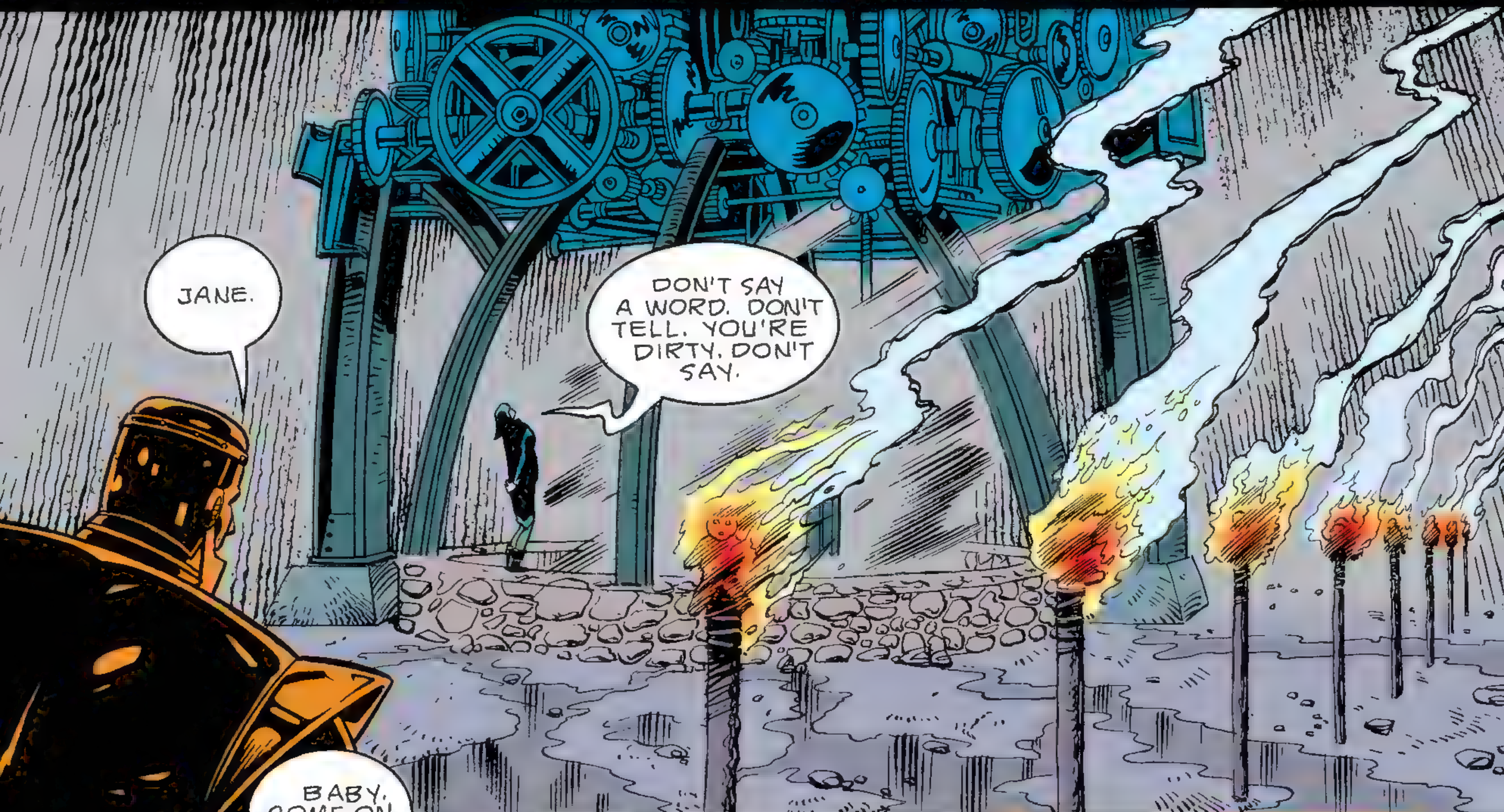
DOWN WHERE BUTTERFLY
BABY SCREAMS WITHOUT
END IN THE TORTURE
VAULTS.

DOWN INTO THE
SUFFOCATING
DARK. INTO THE
SCREAMING DARK.

DOWN.



DOWN INTO
THE DARK.



JANE.

DON'T SAY
A WORD. DON'T
TELL. YOU'RE
DIRTY. DON'T
SAY.

BABY,
COME ON,
BABY.

DADDY'S
HERE.

I HAVEN'T
FINISHED.

MY
JIGSAW.

I
HAVEN'T.



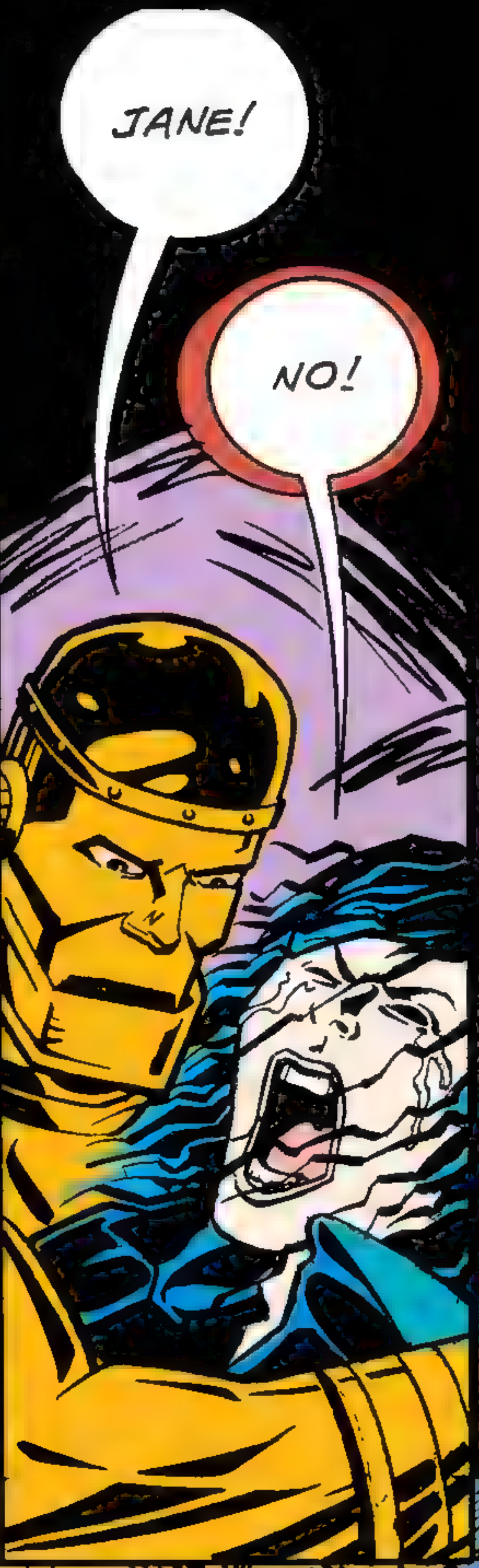
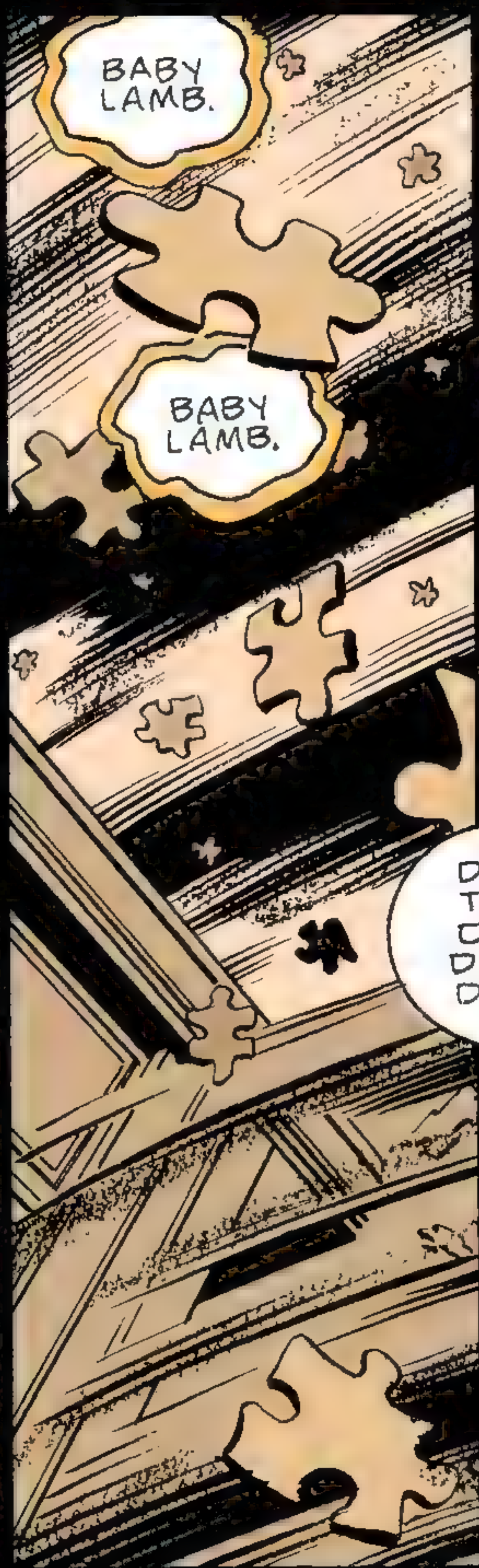
DON'T
TELL.

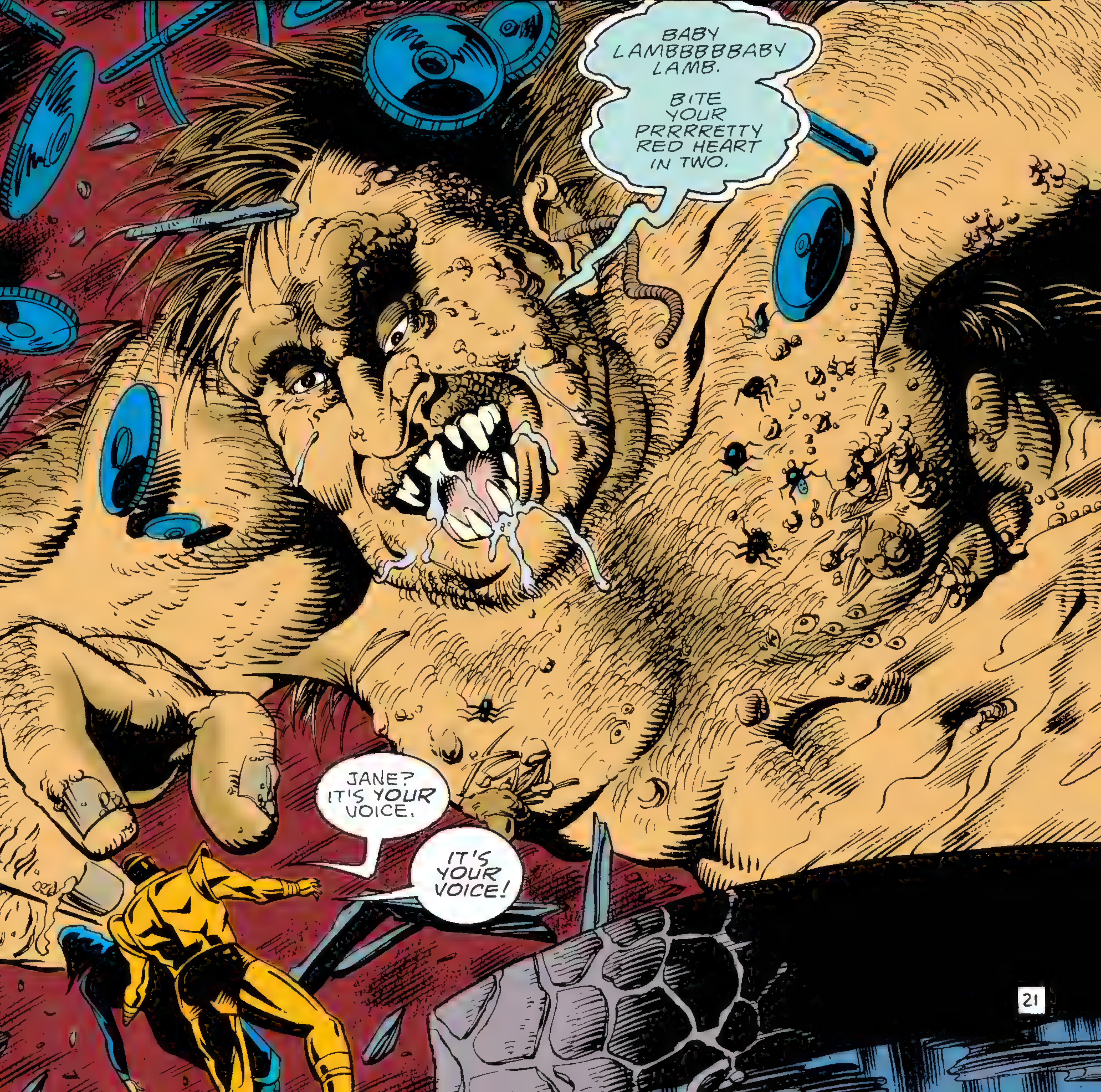
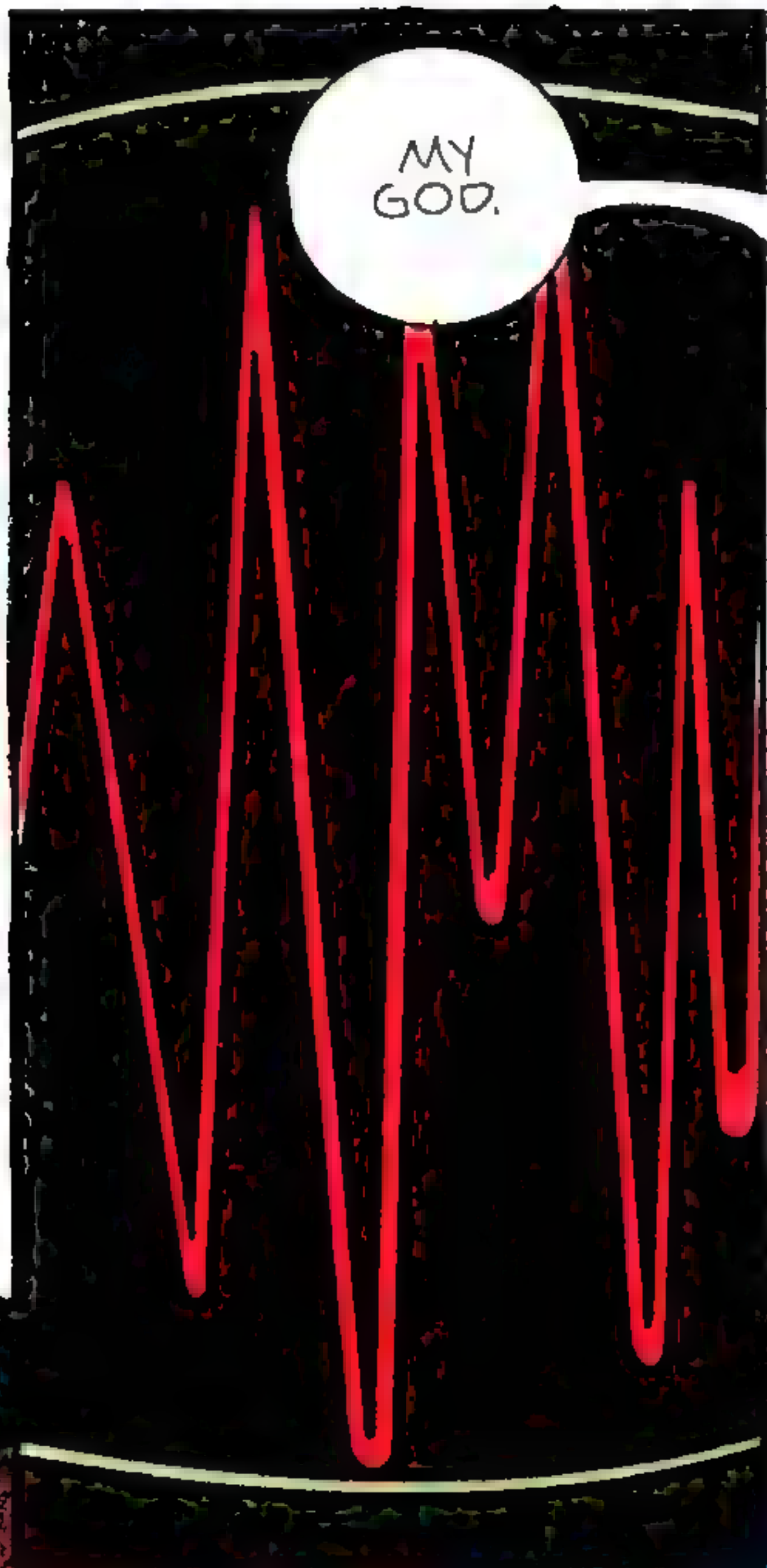
YOU'RE A WICKED
LITTLE SLUT AND
YOU WON'T TELL OR
THEY'LL PUT YOU
IN A HOME.

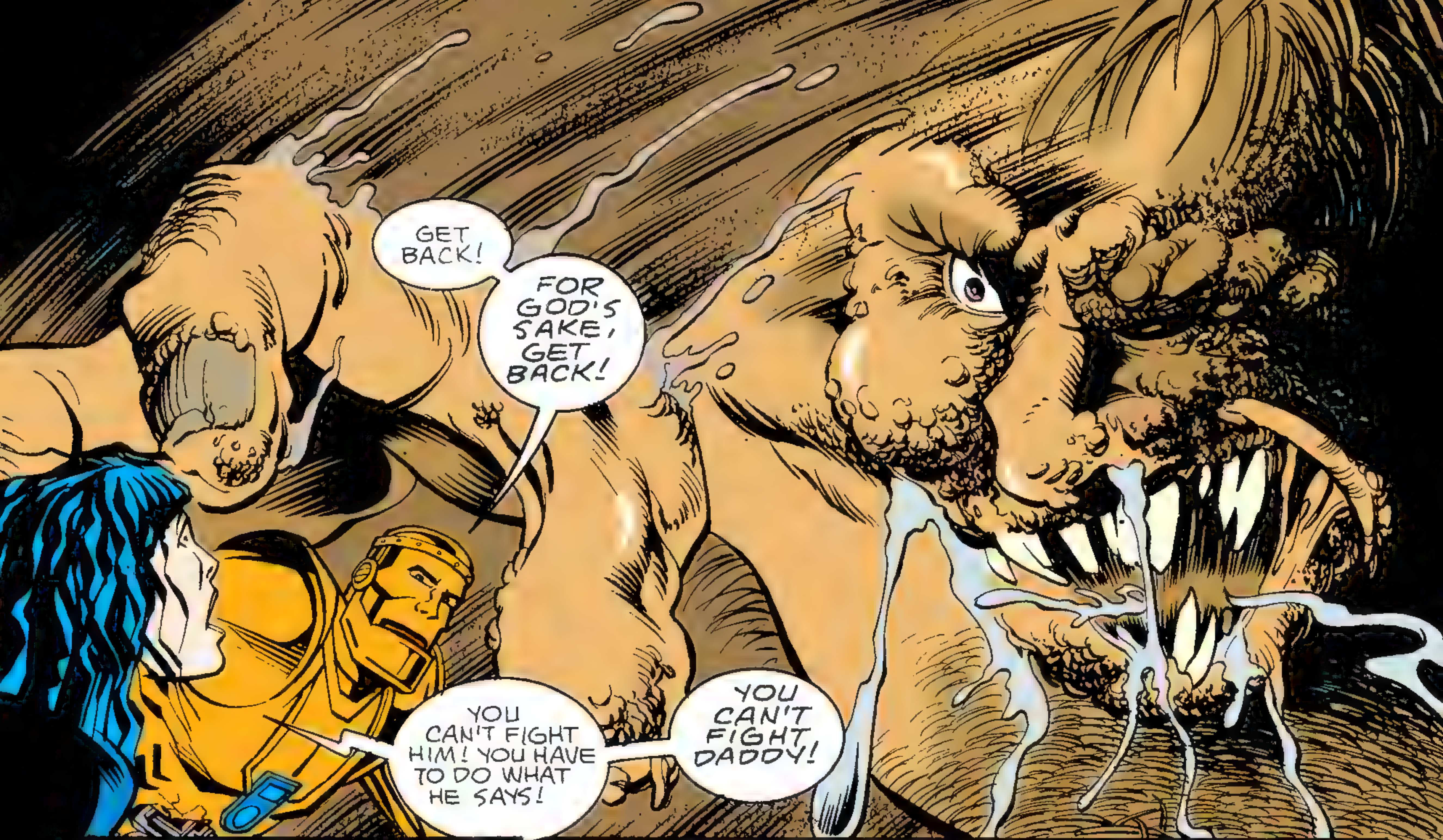
JANE!



JIGSAW? JIGSAW?!







GET BACK!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET BACK!

YOU CAN'T FIGHT HIM! YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT HE SAYS!

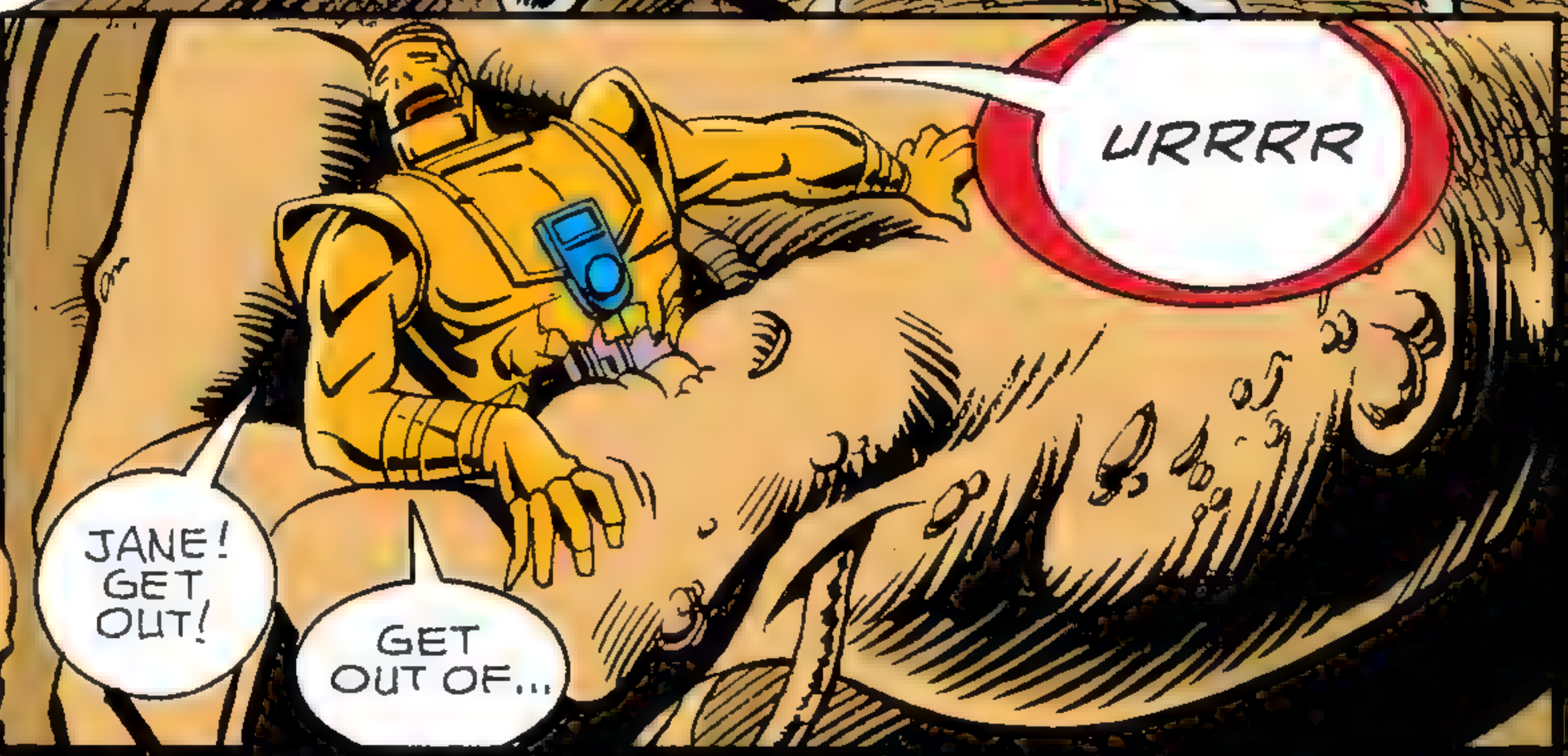
YOU CAN'T FIGHT, DADDY!



OKAY, YOU UGLY BASTARD!

TAKE ME!

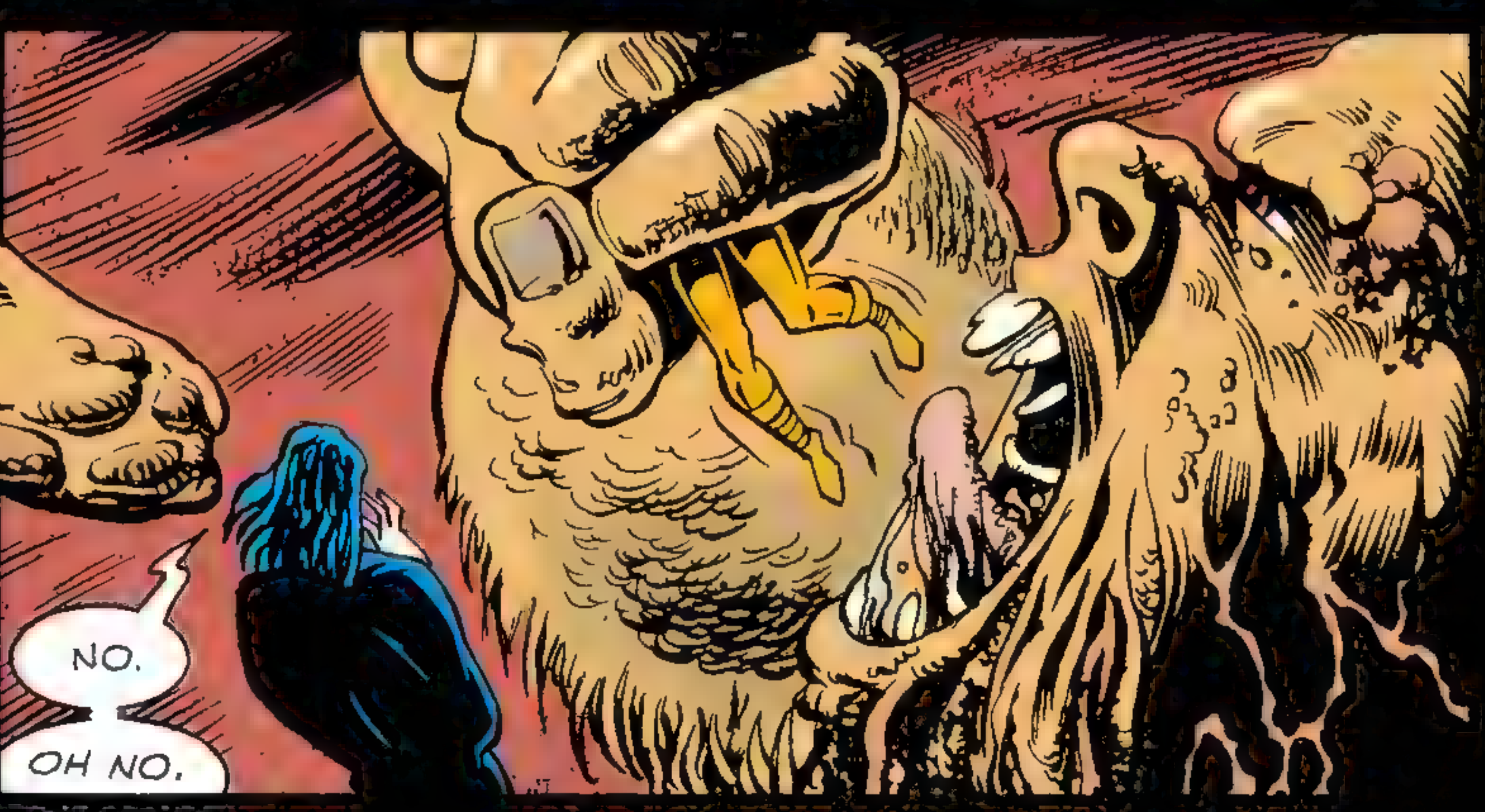
TAKE ME INSTEAD OF HER, YOU BASTARD!



URRRRR

JANE! GET OUT!

GET OUT OF...

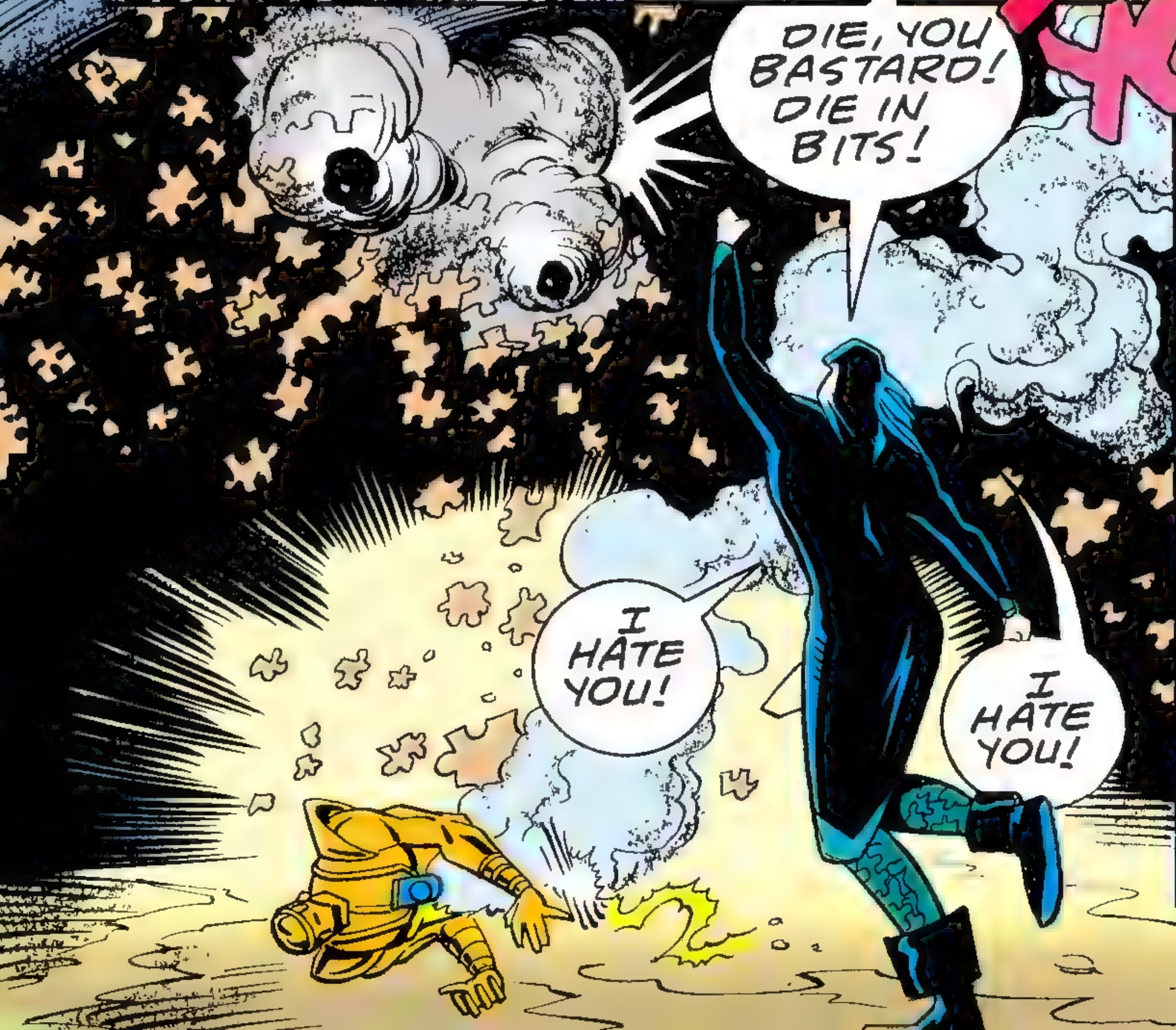
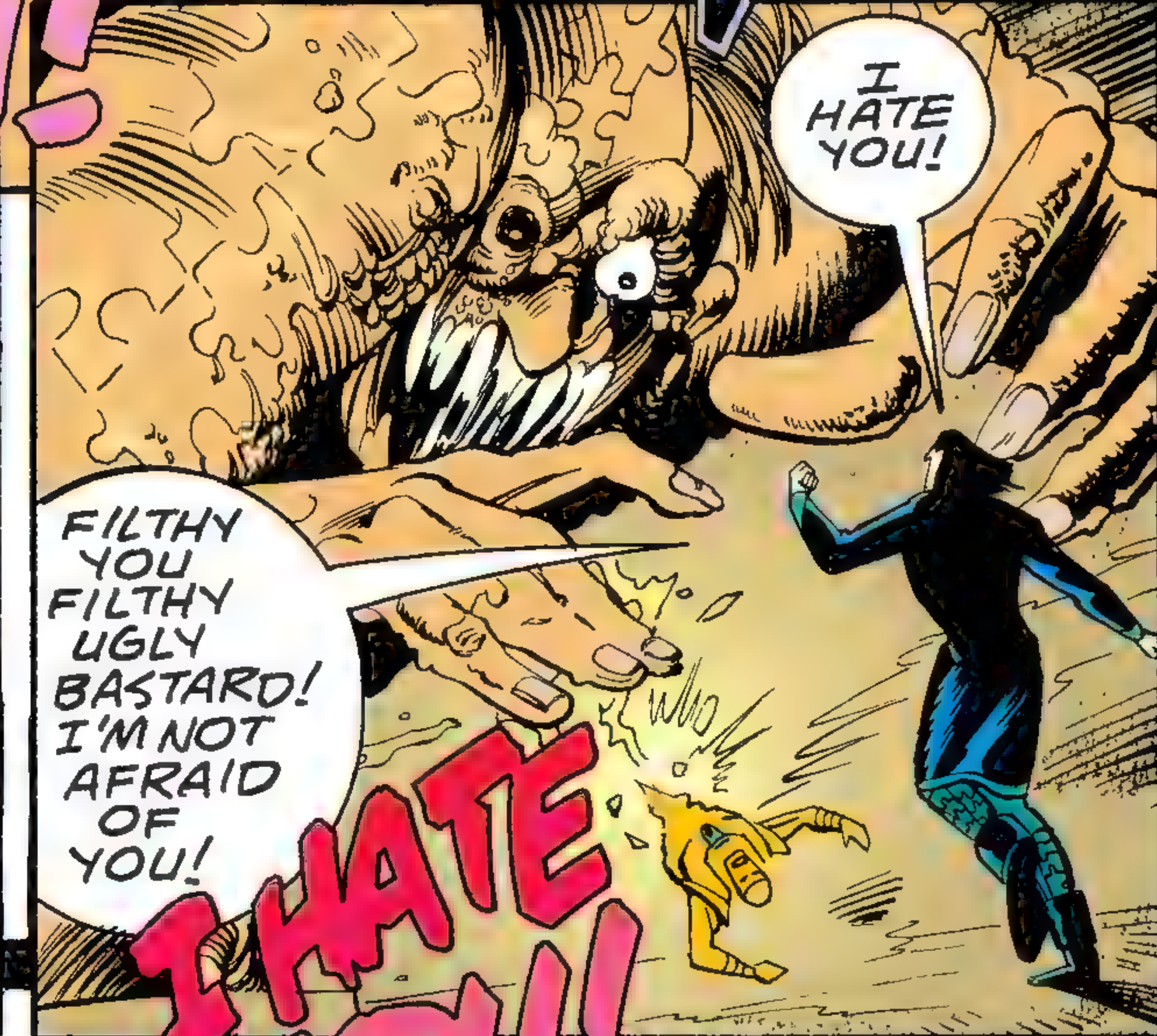
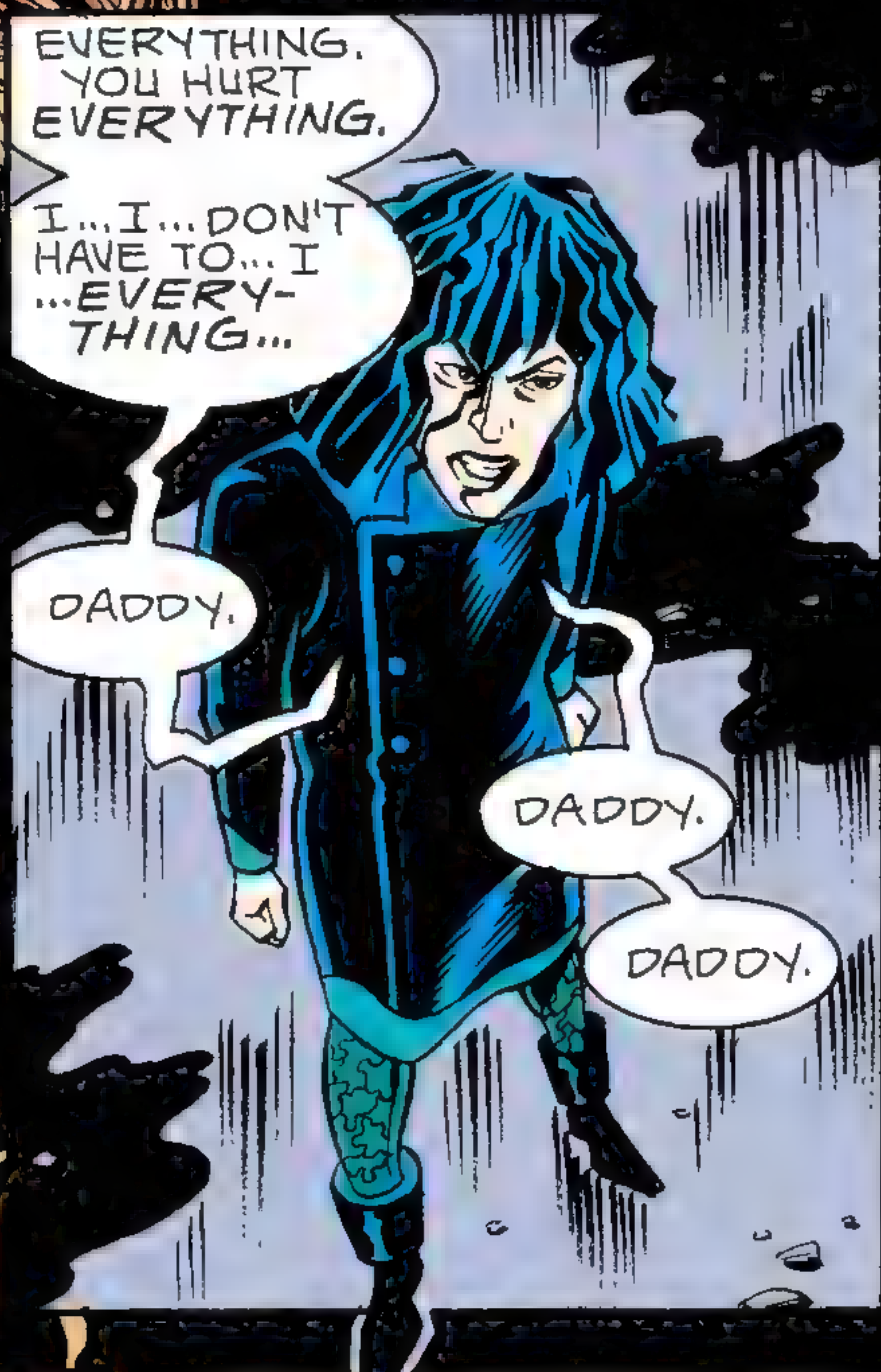
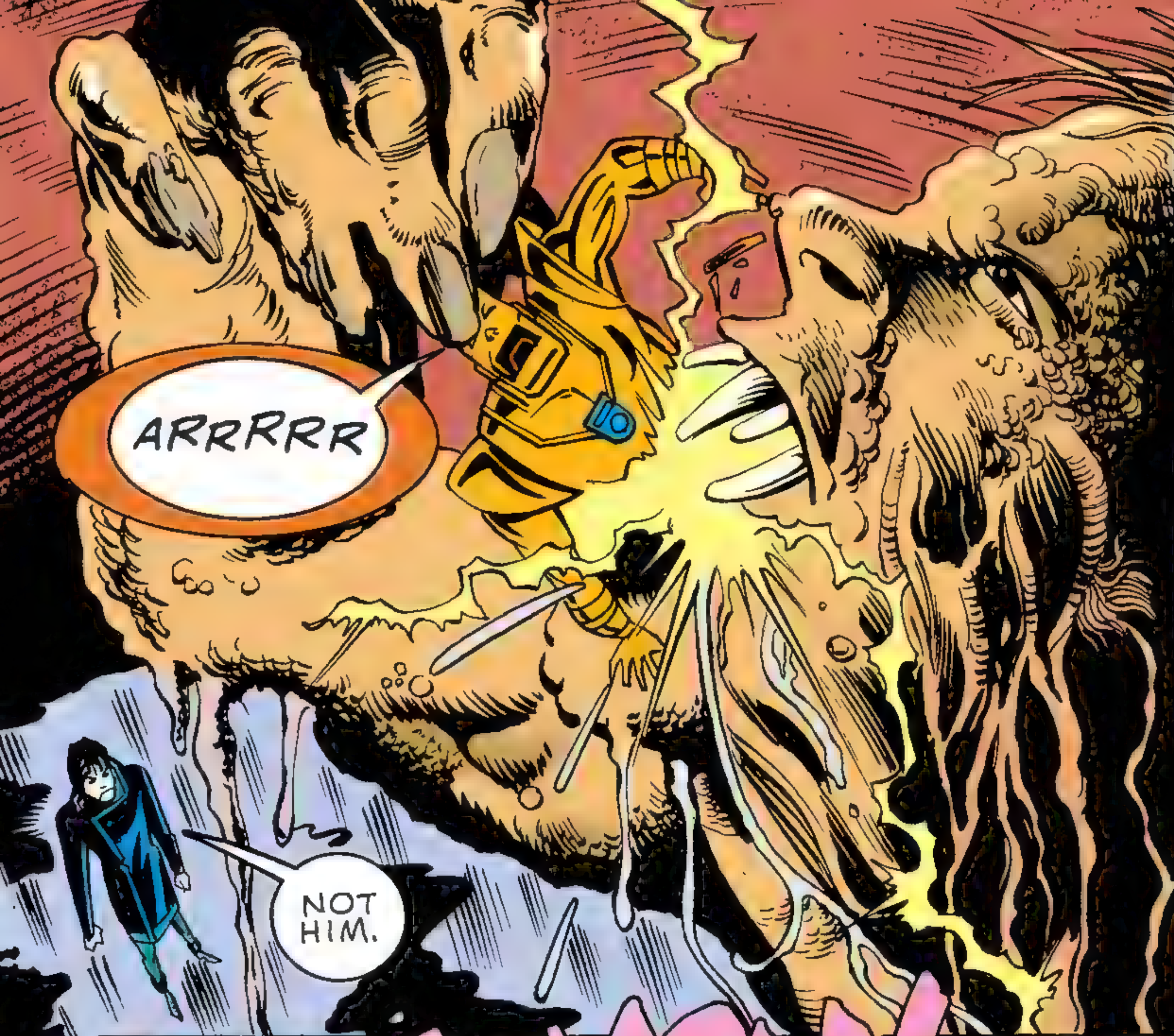


NO.
OH NO.

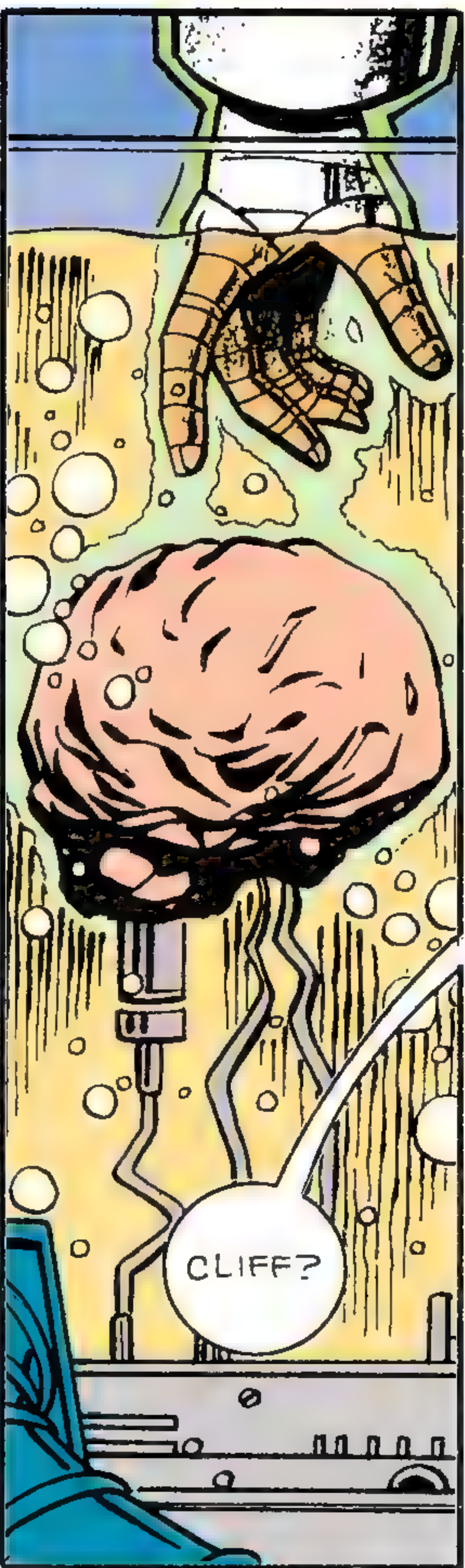
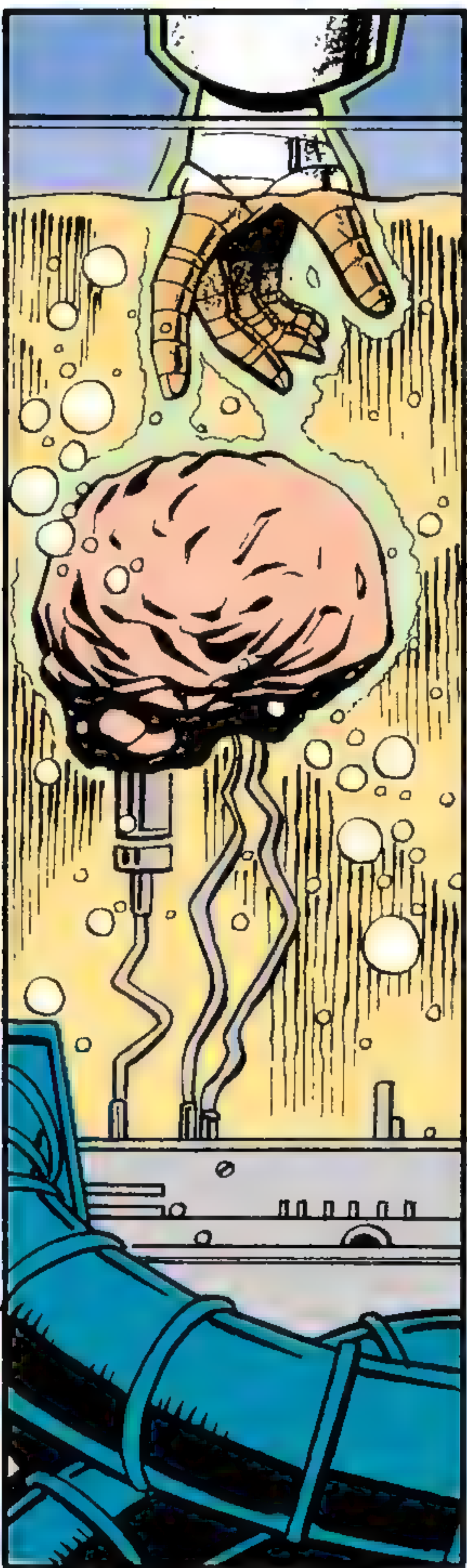
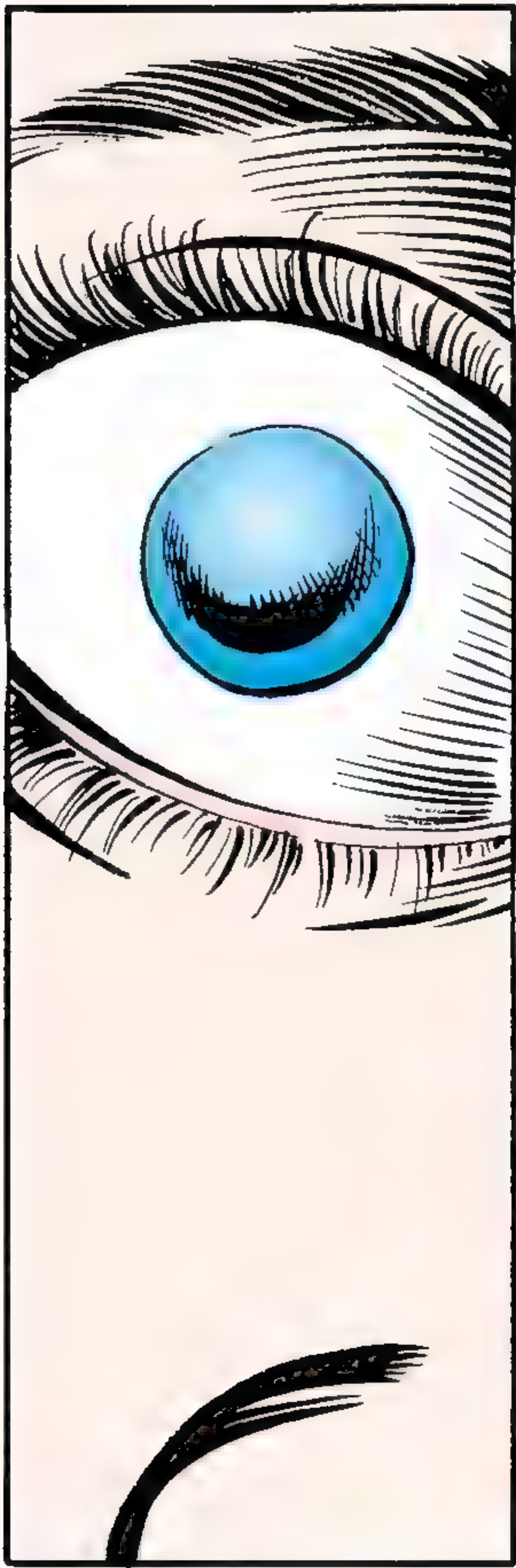
OH, NO.
DON'T HURT HIM, DADDY.



DON'T.
NOT HIM.



DADDY!!





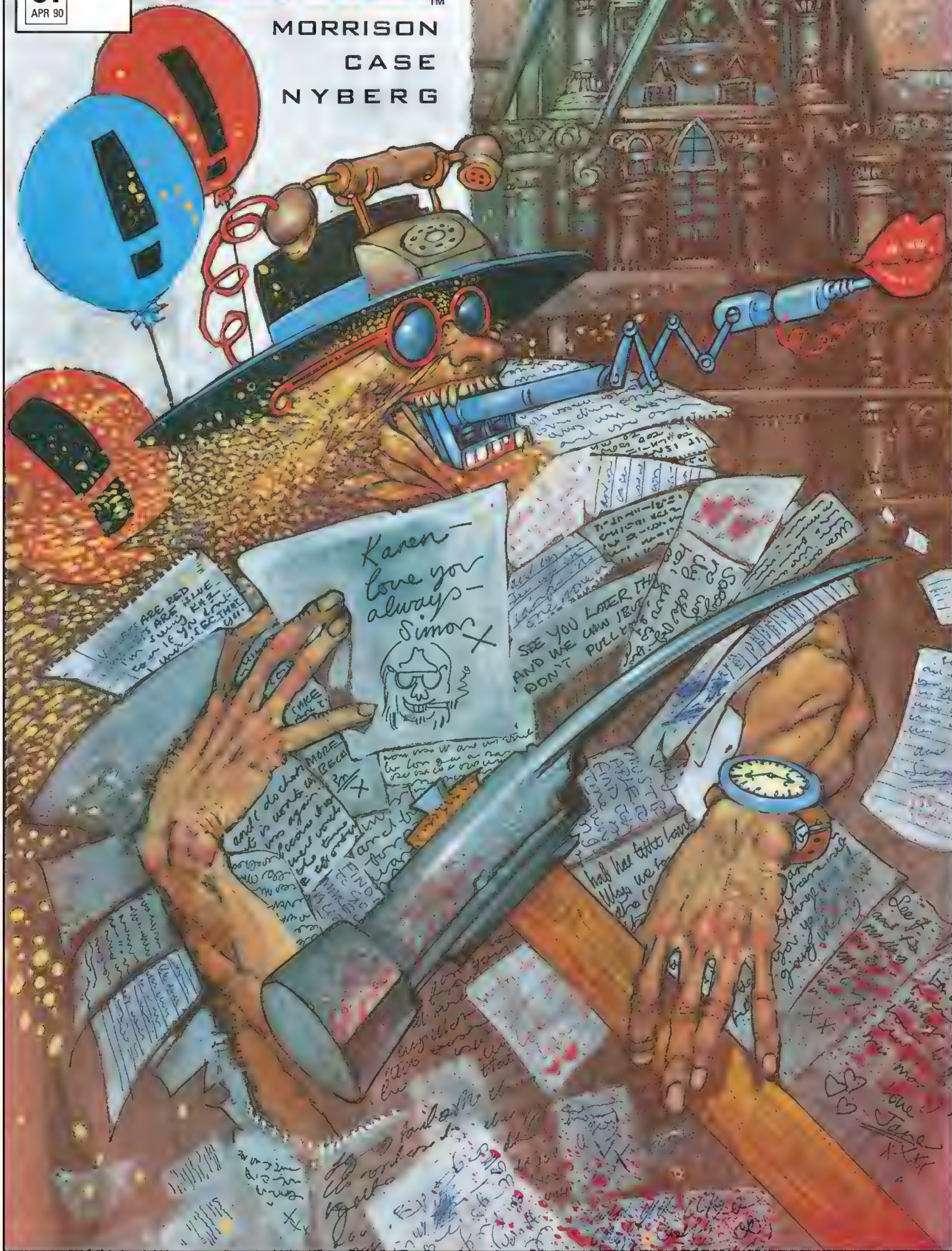
DOOM
PATROL

31

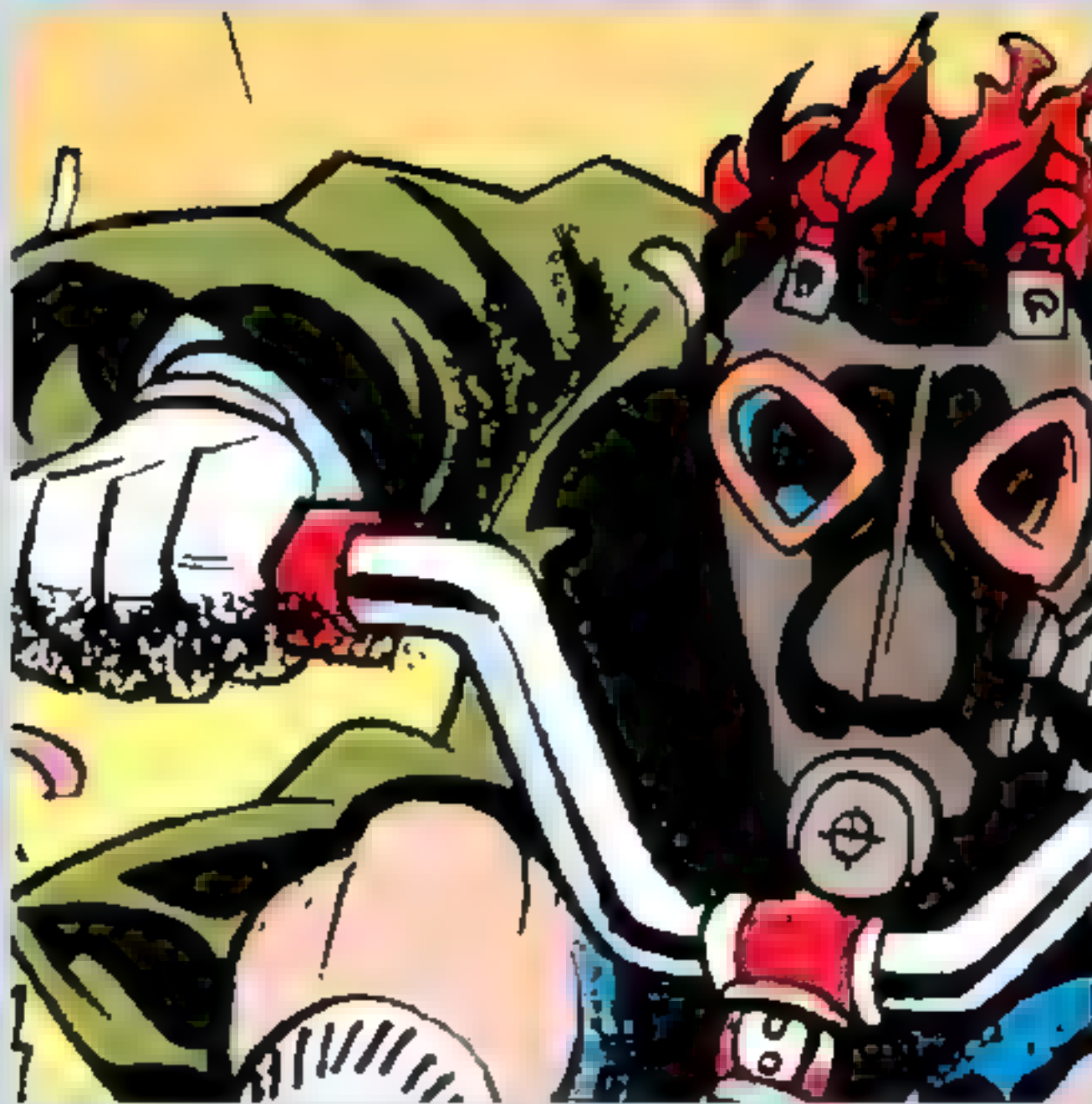
APR 90

DOOM PATROL™

MORRISON
CASE
NYBERG



dom PATROL



"No matter how *horrible*
I expect things to be,
it always turns out
to be much worse."

SO I'M SITTING IN SOME
HIDEOUS HOTEL ROOM
IN THE ABSOLUTE BLOODY
ARSEHOLE OF THE EARTH,
WAITING FOR SOMETHING
TO HAPPEN.

I KNEW THAT THE CULT OF
THE UNWRITTEN BOOK WAS
STILL ACTIVE IN THE AREA.

THAT MORNING, EVERYONE
IN THE CITY HAD FOR-
GOTTEN HIS OR HER
TELEPHONE NUMBER FOR
FIFTEEN MINUTES.

THAT'S ONE OF
THE SIGNS.

SO I'D FILLED THE ROOM
WITH CLOCKS. DOZENS
OF BLOODY CLOCKS.

THE TICKING WAS DRIVING ME
ABSOLUTELY INSANE, BUT I
NEEDED SOME KIND OF EARLY
WARNING, IN CASE THE CULT
DECIDED TO DROP IN
UNEXPECTEDLY.

IT WAS A CALCULATED
RISK, OF COURSE.

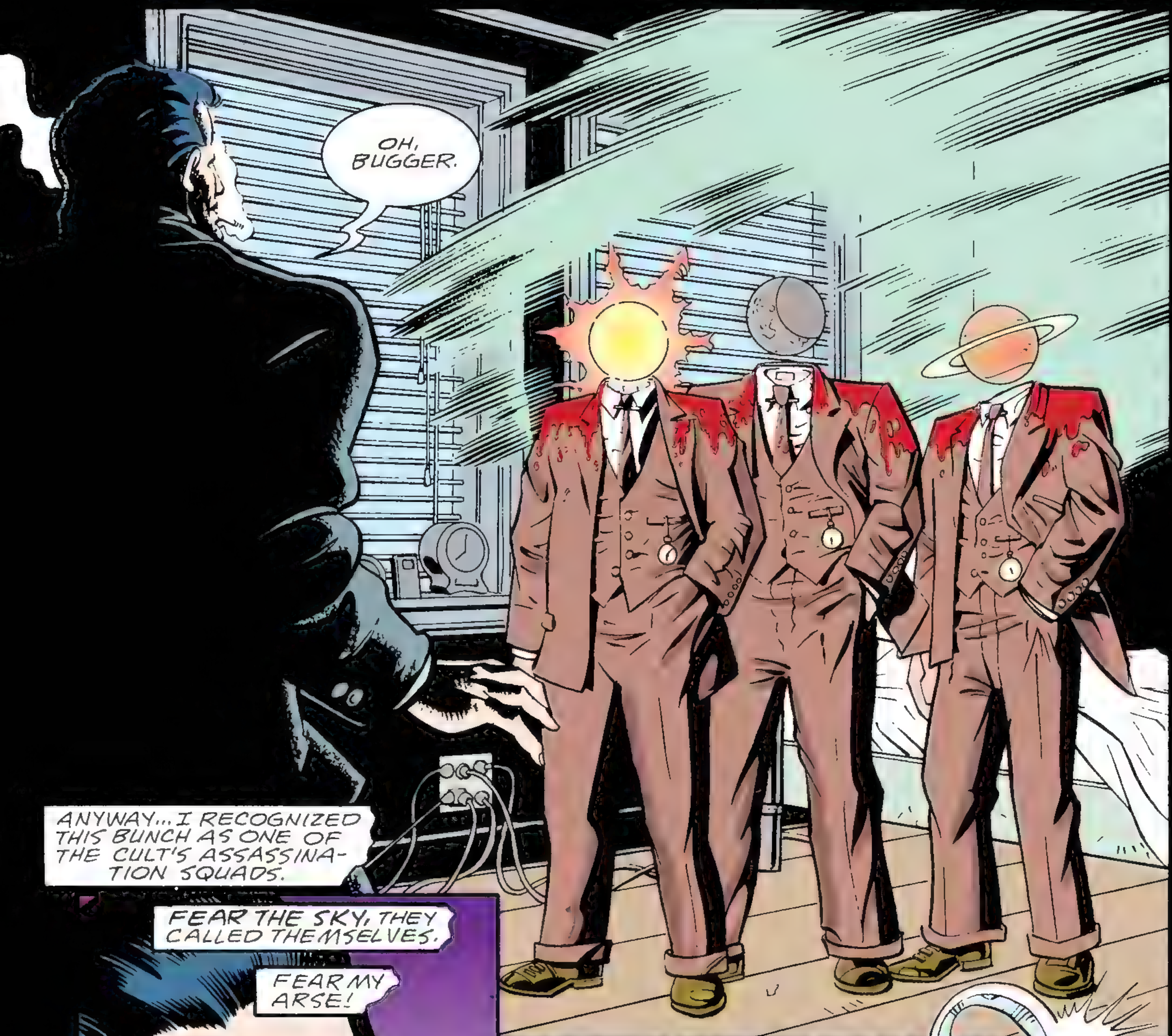
SOME CULT ASSASSINS
TRAVEL VIA CLOCKS.

"THE DOOR
OF THE
HOURS,"
THEY CALL
IT.

I DECIDED IT WAS
TIME FOR ANOTHER
DRINK. IF I HAD
TO FACE THE CULT,
I WANTED TO BE
COMPLETELY
WRECKED FIRST.

THAT'S WHEN I
SMELLED
PARMA
VIOLETS.

AND
SUDDENLY
ALL THE
CLOCKS
STOPPED.

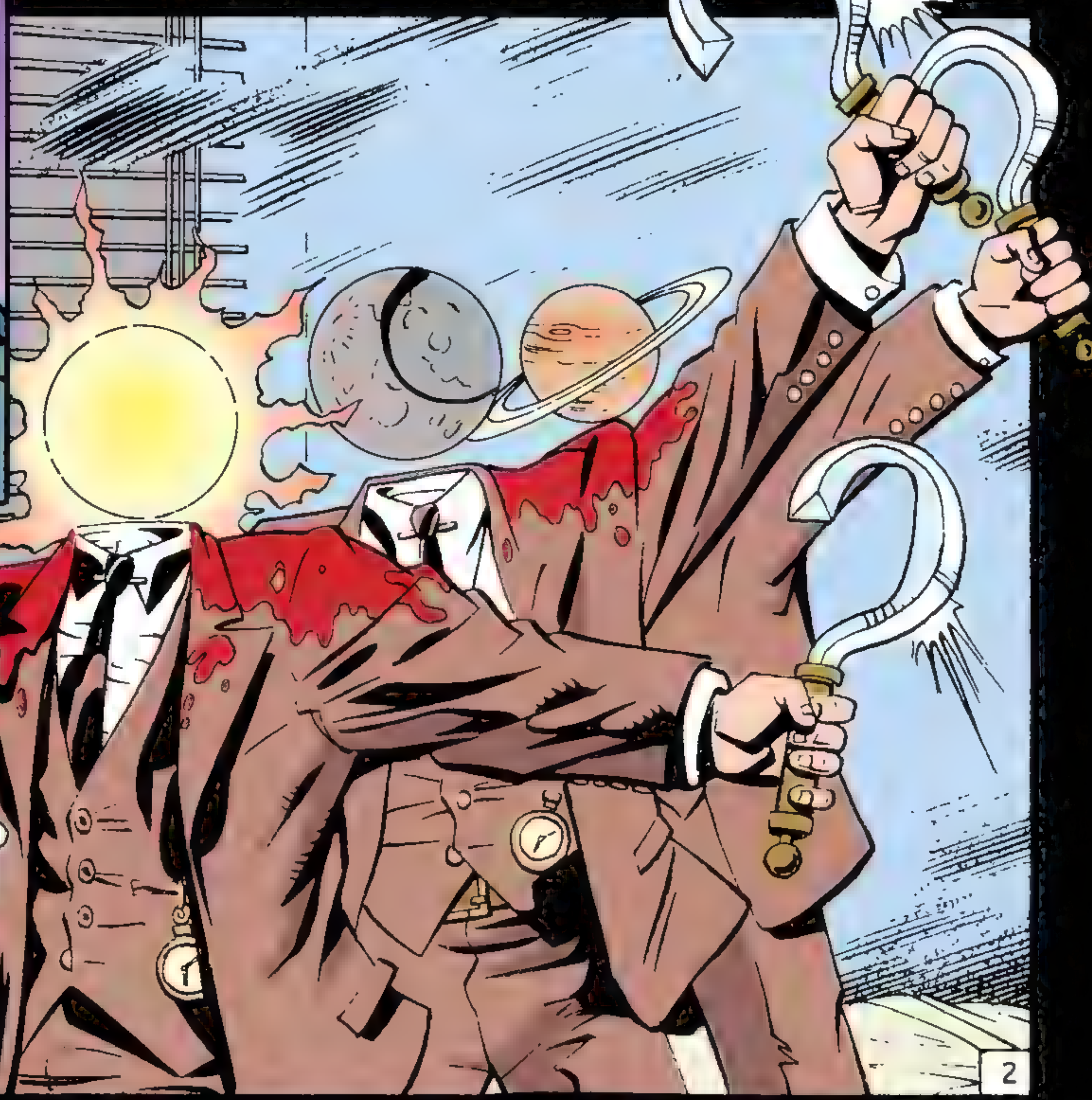


OH,
BUGGER.

ANYWAY... I RECOGNIZED
THIS BUNCH AS ONE OF
THE CULT'S ASSASSINA-
TION SQUADS.

FEAR THE SKY, THEY
CALLED THEMSELVES.

FEAR MY
ARSE!



AND THIS CHARMING
GESTURE WAS "THE
QUESTION THAT DARE
NOT BE ASKED."

THE IDEA WAS THAT IF
I DIDN'T GIVE THE
WANKERS AN INSTANT
ANSWER, THEY'D HAVE
MY BOLLOCKS OFF WITH
THEIR SICKLES.



FORTUNATELY, I HAD AN ANSWER.

OR AT LEAST I HAD MY COPY OF THE 1903 EDITION OF "A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES" BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WHICH IS TO SAY:-

"WHEN CHILDREN ARE PLAYING ALONE ON THE GREEN, IN COMES THE PLAYMATE THAT NEVER WAS SEEN."

"WHEN CHILDREN ARE HAPPY AND LONELY AND GOOD, THE FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN COMES OUT OF THE WOOD."

"NOBODY HEARD HIM AND NOBODY SAW, HIS IS A PICTURE YOU NEVER COULD DRAW."

"BUT HE'S SURE TO BE PRESENT ABROAD OR AT HOME..."

"WHEN CHILDREN ARE HAPPY AND PLAYING ALONE."



THAT SORTED THE BUGGERS OUT,

TRAPPED FOREVER IN ONE OF CHARLES ROBINSON'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

SO MUCH FOR FEAR THE SKY.

Unseen Playmate



WHICH LEFT ME WITH ONE PERSISTENT AND IRRITATING QUESTION.

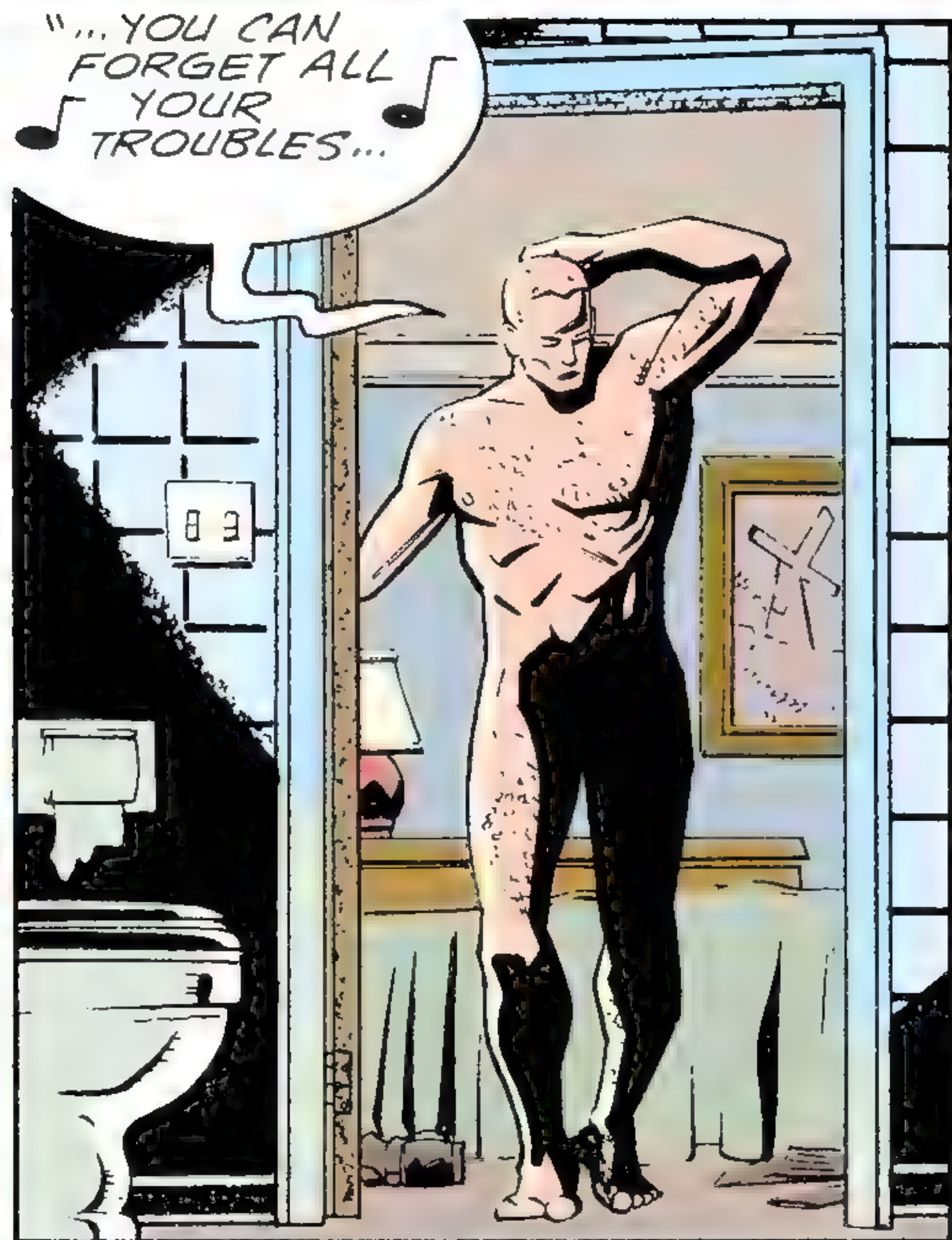
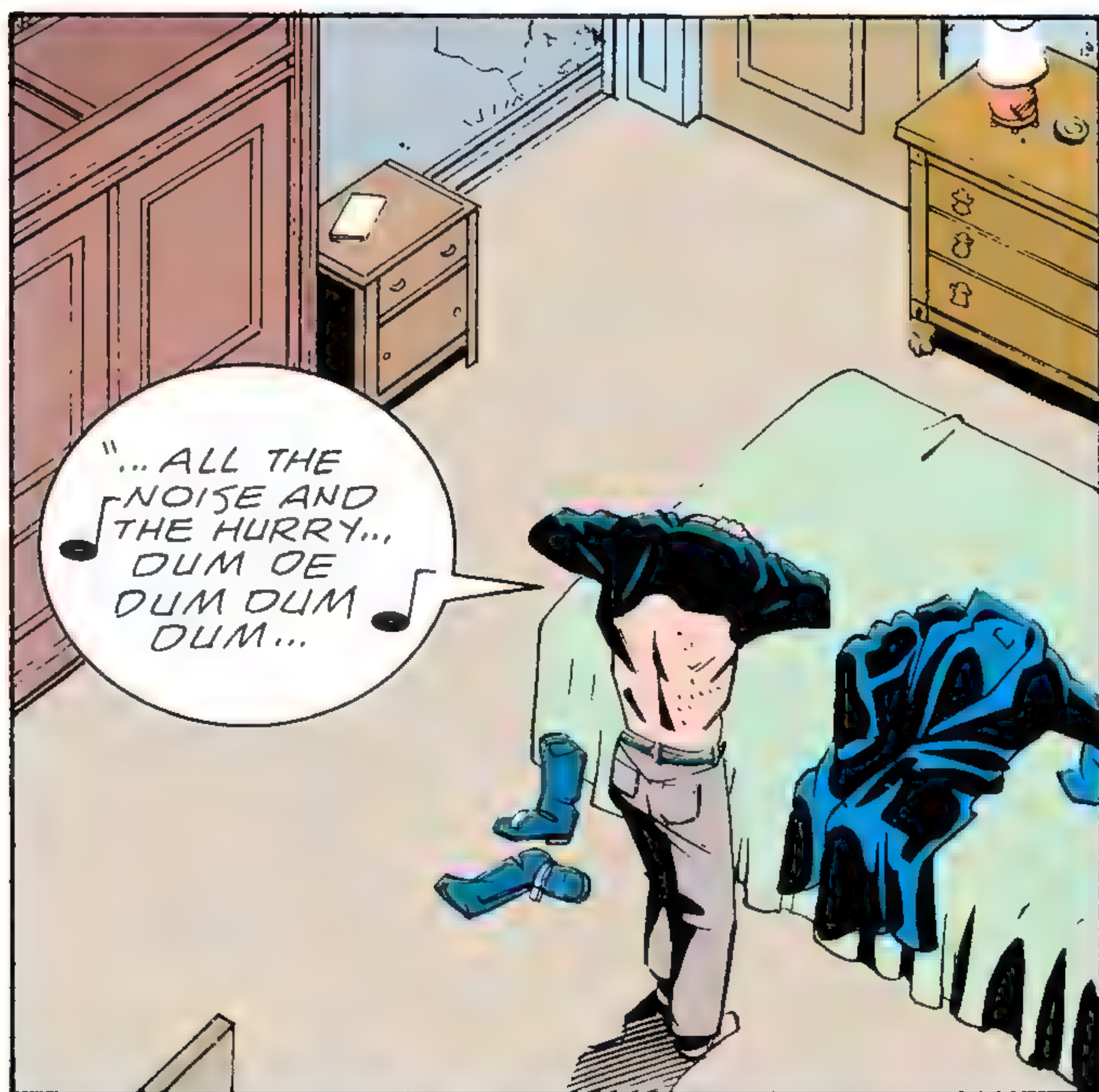
WHERE WAS THE BOOK OF THE FIFTH WINDOW?

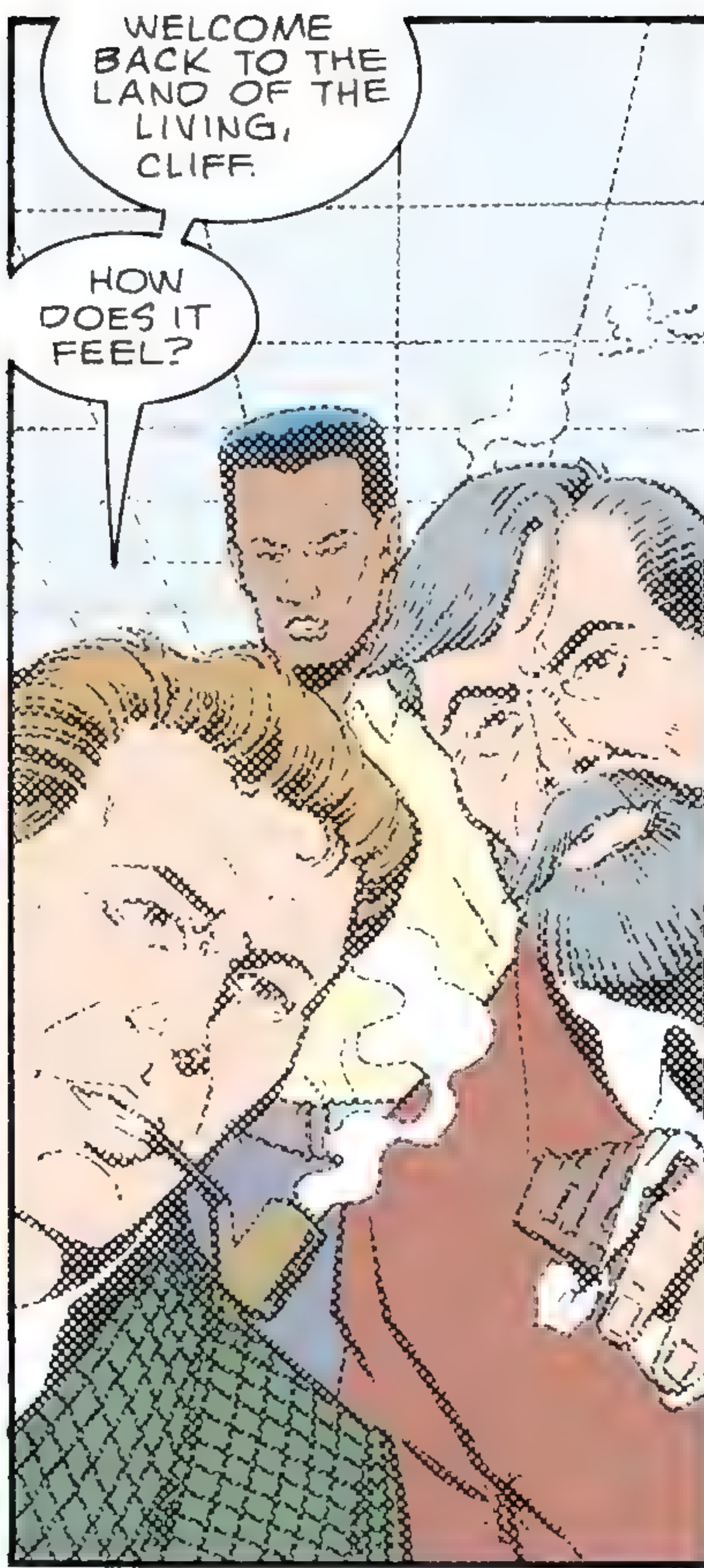
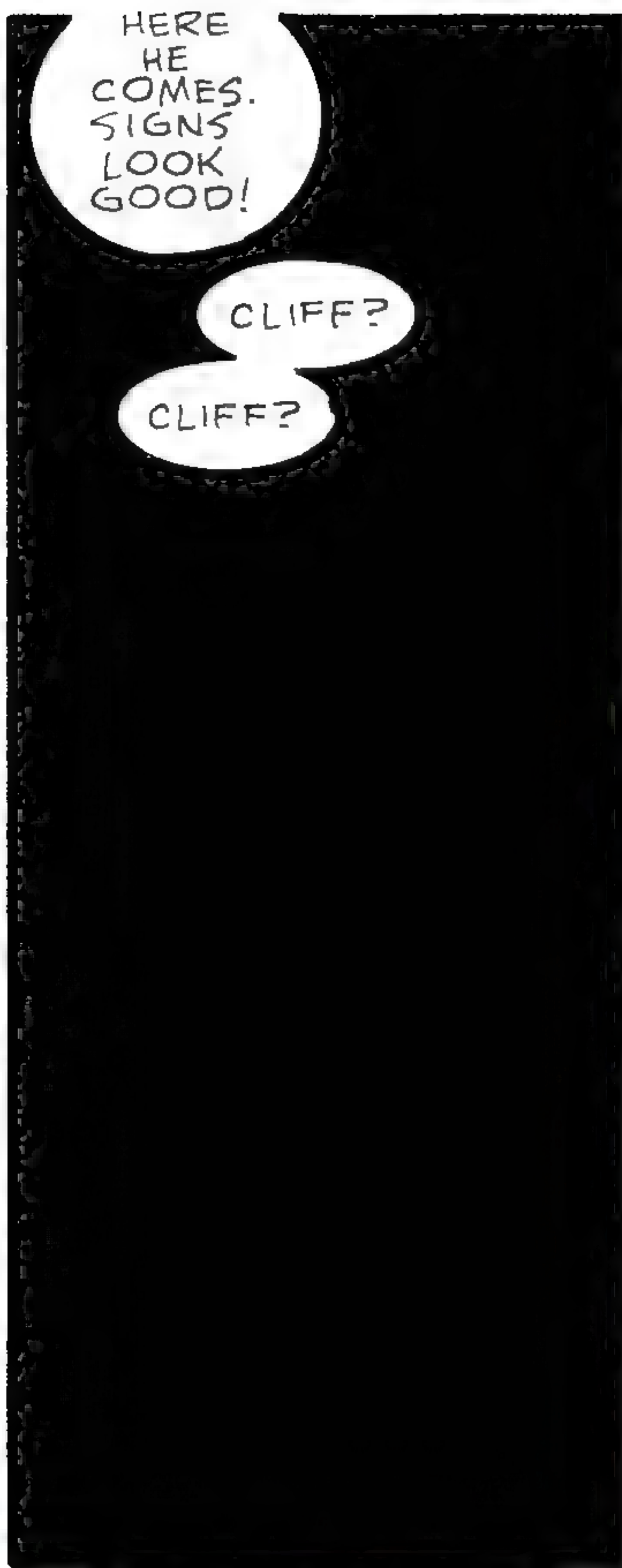


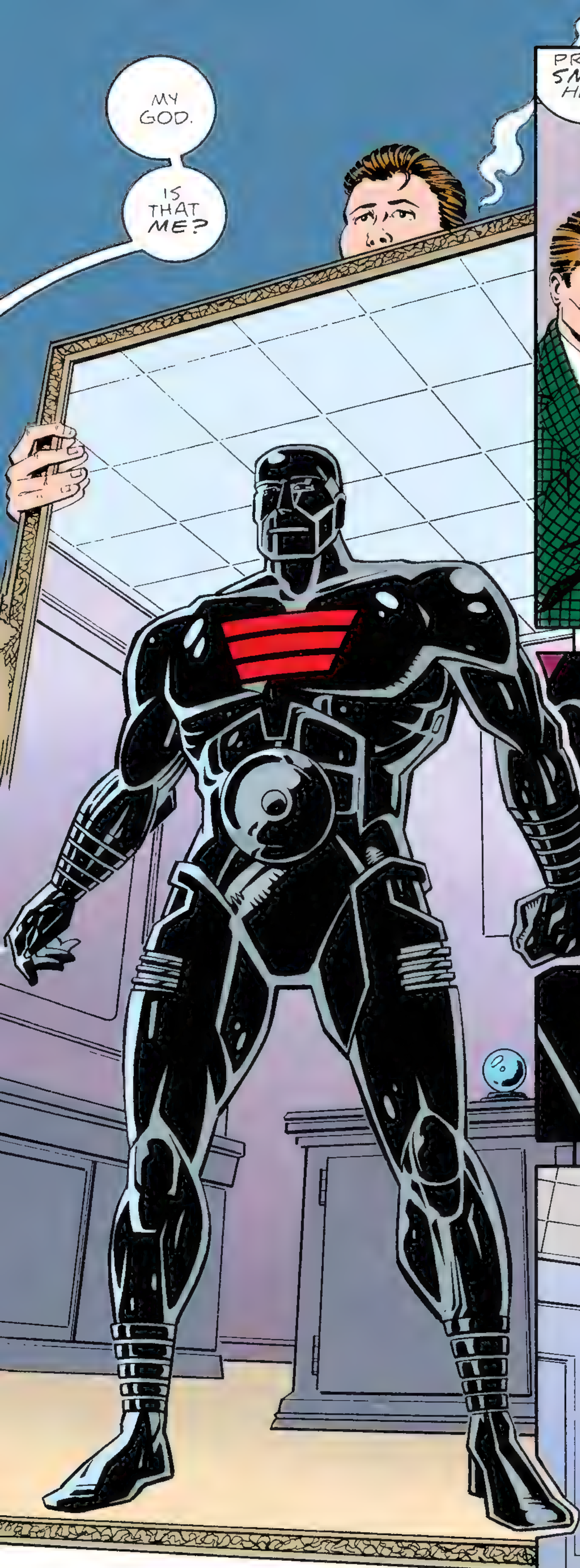
THE WORD MADE FLESH

WHERE WAS
THE BOY?









MY GOD.

IS THAT ME?



PRETTY SMART, HUH?

EVERYTHING'S COMING AT ME AT ONCE. IT'S ALL SO SHARP...

I CAN SMELL STUFF.



I CAN SMELL YOUR HORRIBLE TOBACCO, MAGNUS. I CAN TASTE IT.

I CAN FEEL THE AIR FROM THE VENTILATOR. ON MY FACE.



MY GOD, I CAN FEEL.



IT WAS OBVIOUS THE BOY HAD MOVED ON. I COULDN'T REALLY BLAME THE LITTLE SOD, BUT HE WASN'T MAKING LIFE ANY EASIER FOR ME.

I NEEDED SOME ADVICE.

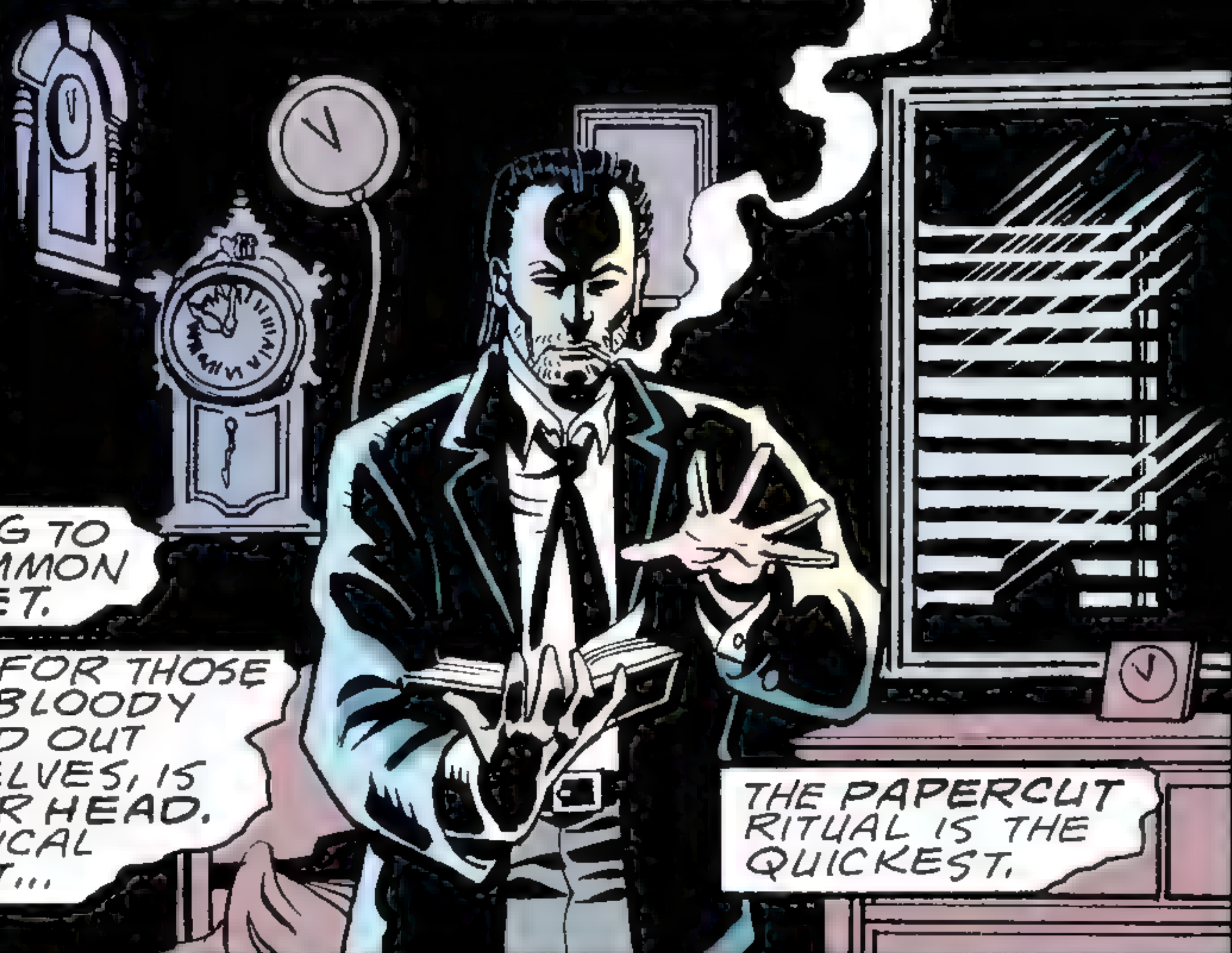
...and stoked in that day they together. nd.

The Unseen

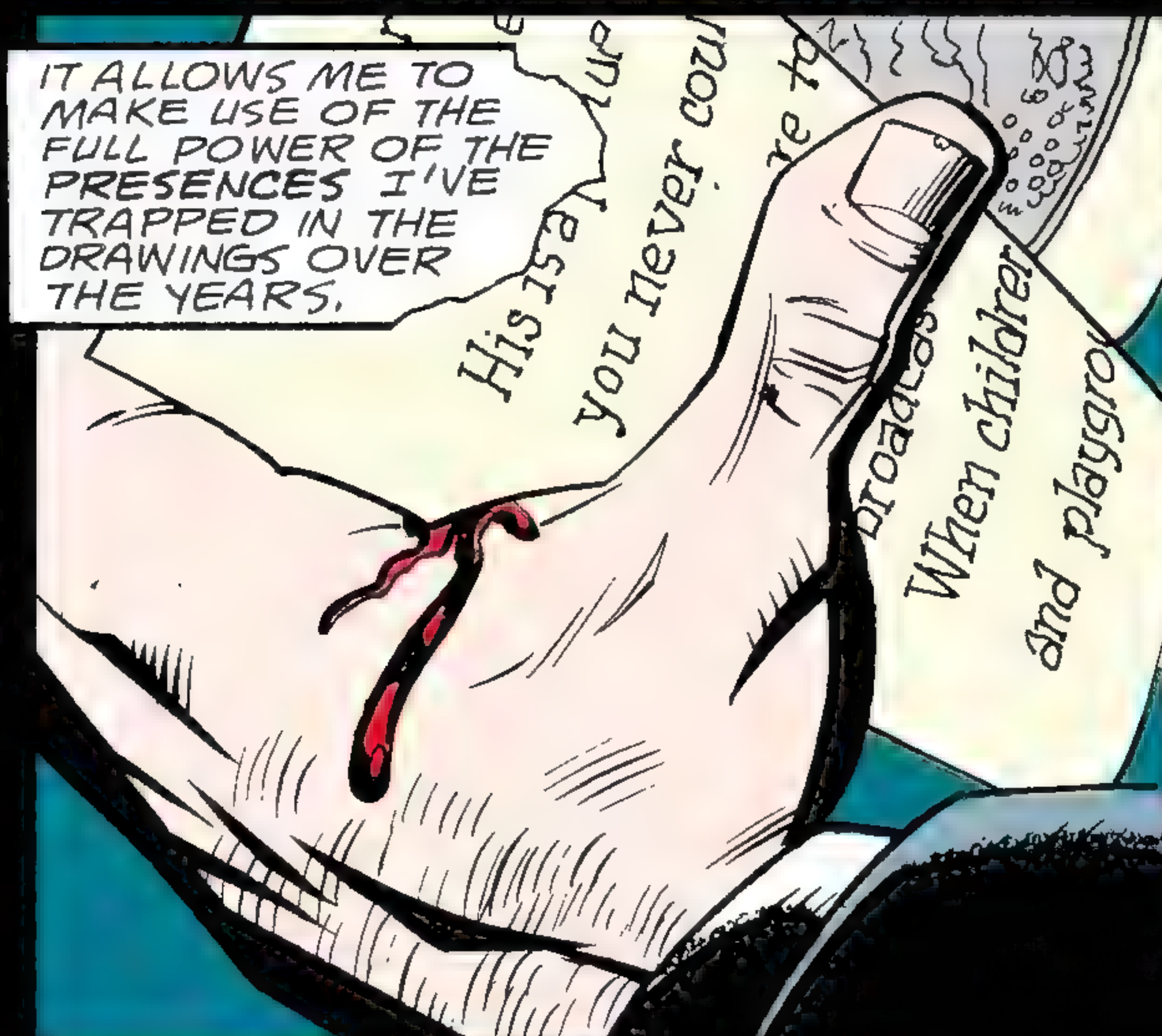
I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO SUMMON BAPHOMET.

BAPHOMET, FOR THOSE OF YOU TOO BLOODY LAZY TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELVES, IS AN ORACULAR HEAD. A METAPHYSICAL AGONY AUNT...

...WHICH WE TEMPLARS MAY CONSULT IN DIFFICULT TIMES.



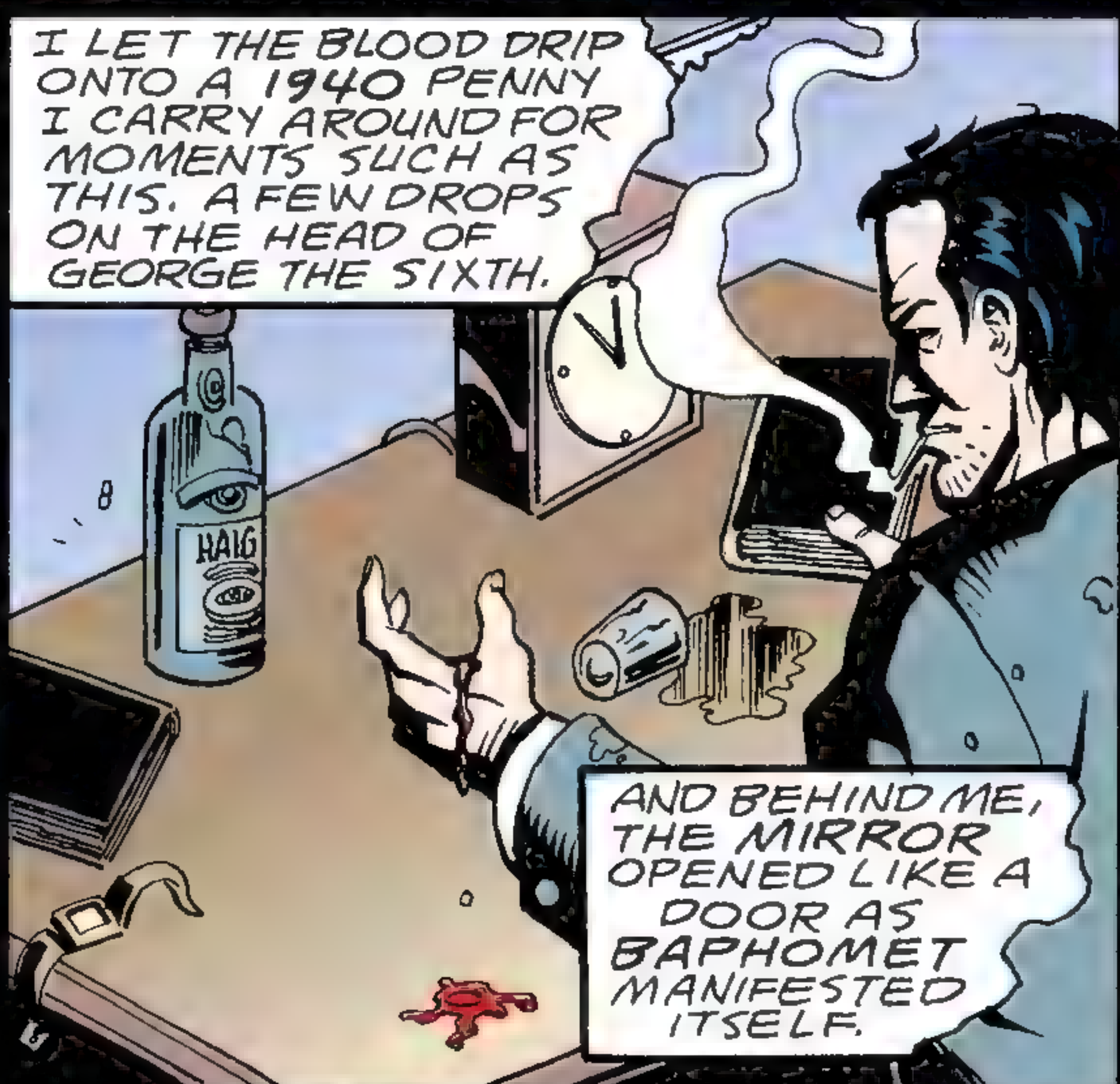
THE PAPER CUT RITUAL IS THE QUICKEST.



IT ALLOWS ME TO MAKE USE OF THE FULL POWER OF THE PRESENCES I'VE TRAPPED IN THE DRAWINGS OVER THE YEARS.

His is a... you never could...

When children are p... alone in the gree... as the playma... as see



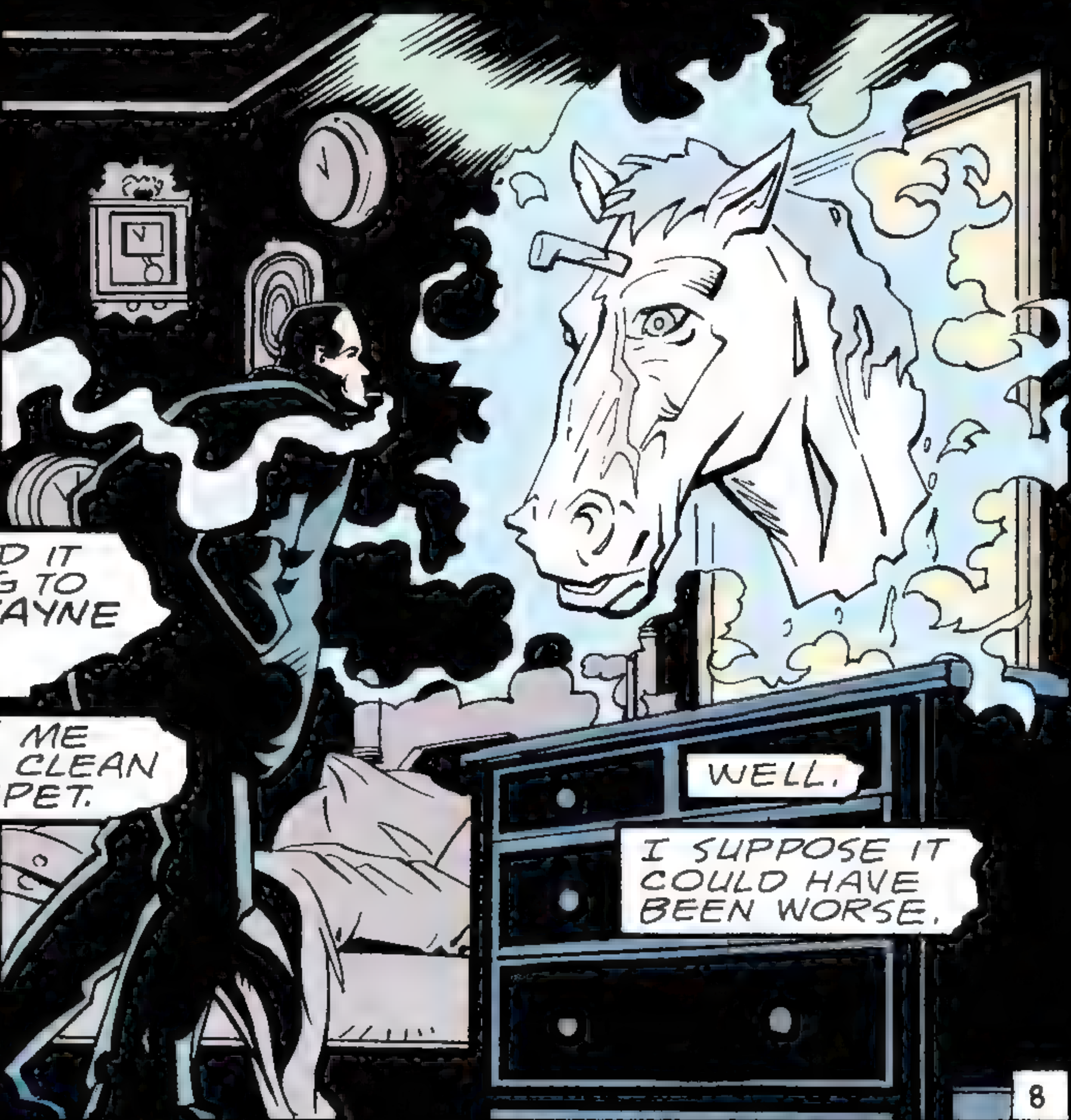
I LET THE BLOOD DRIP ONTO A 1940 PENNY I CARRY AROUND FOR MOMENTS SUCH AS THIS. A FEW DROPS ON THE HEAD OF GEORGE THE SIXTH.

AND BEHIND ME, THE MIRROR OPENED LIKE A DOOR AS BAPHOMET MANIFESTED ITSELF.



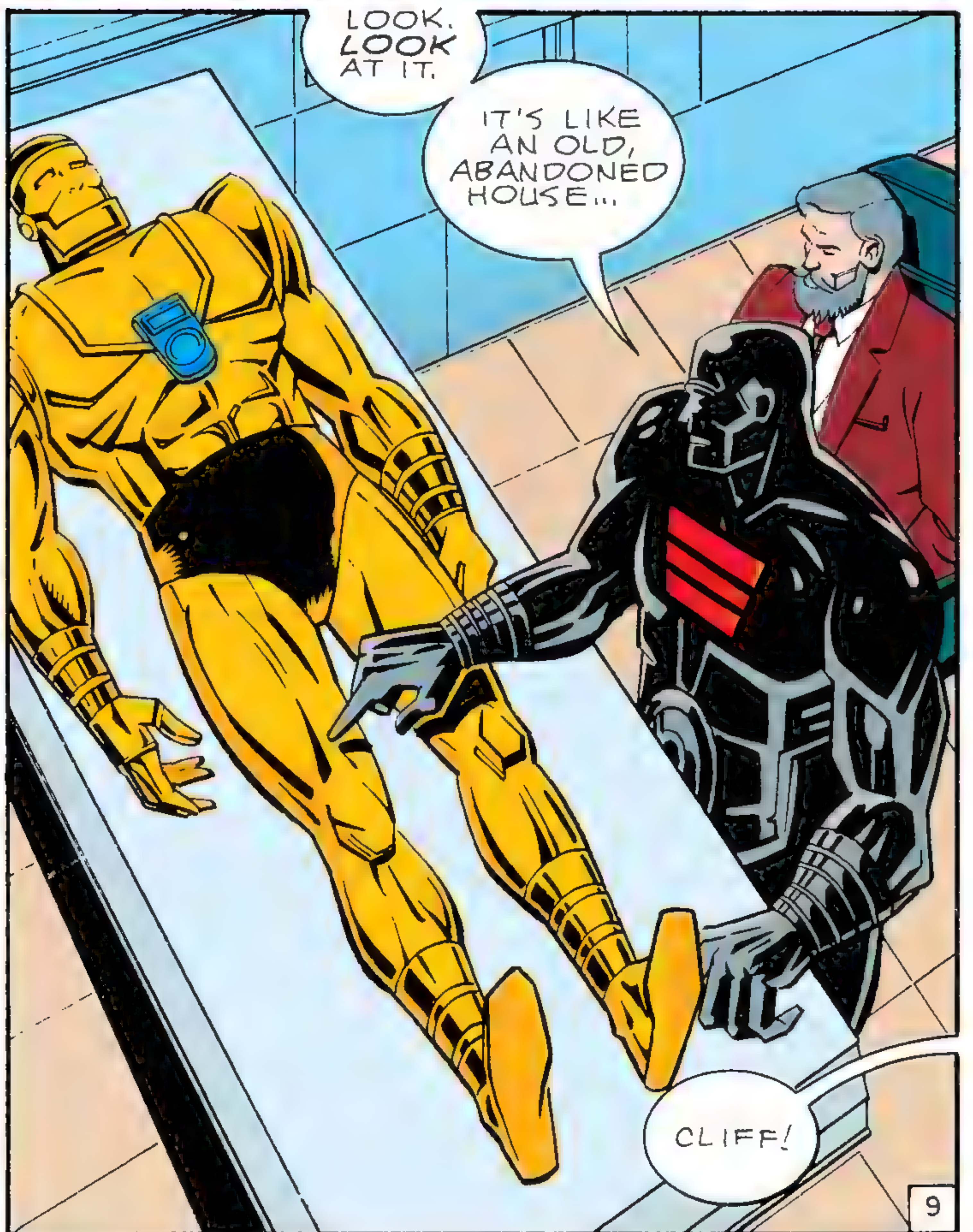
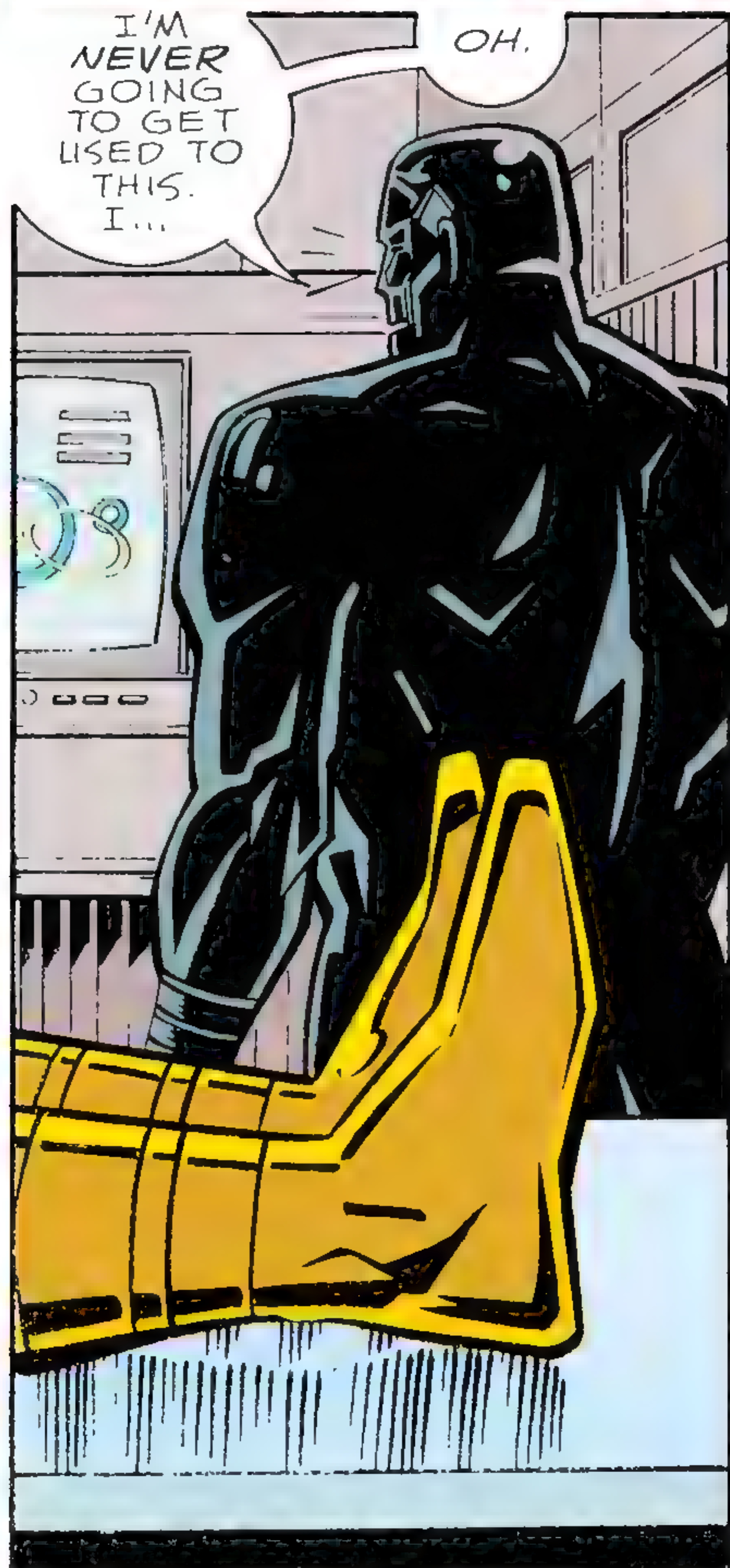
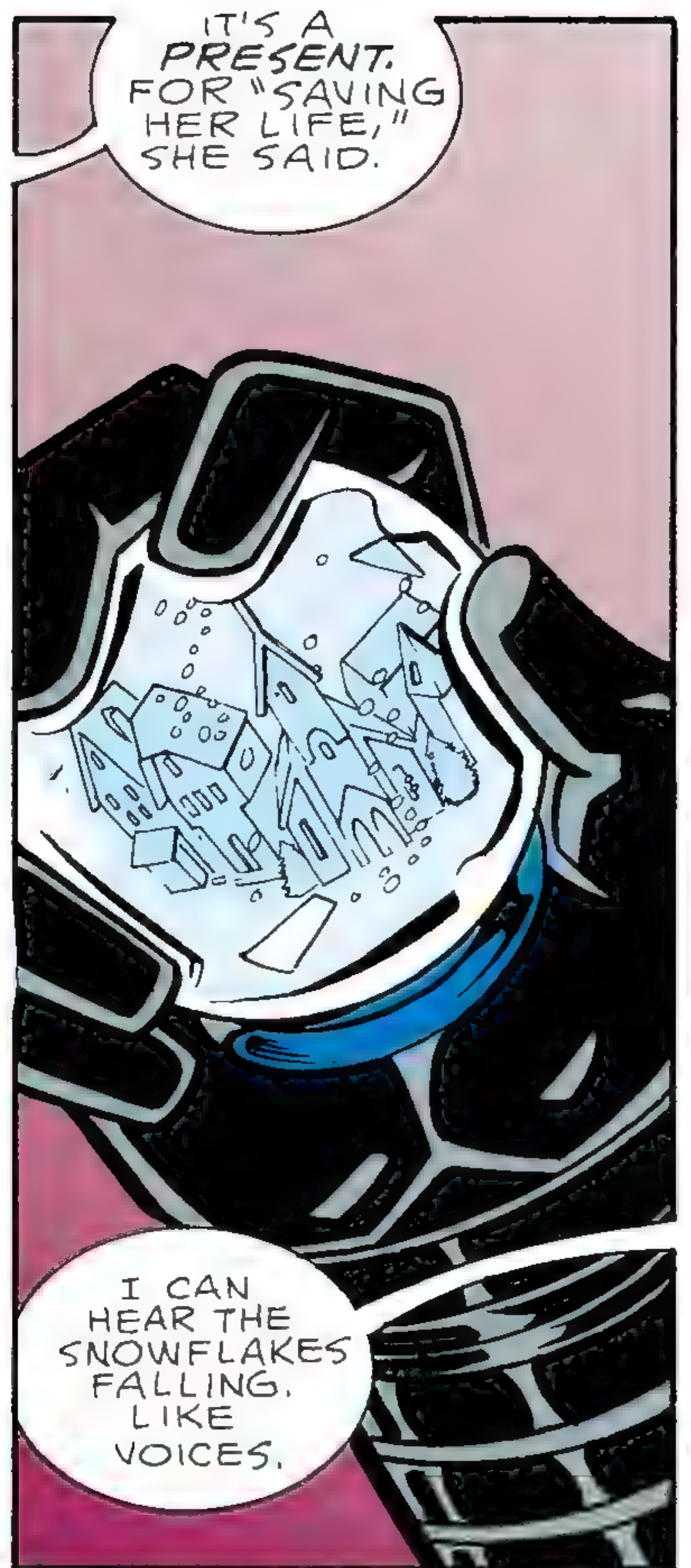
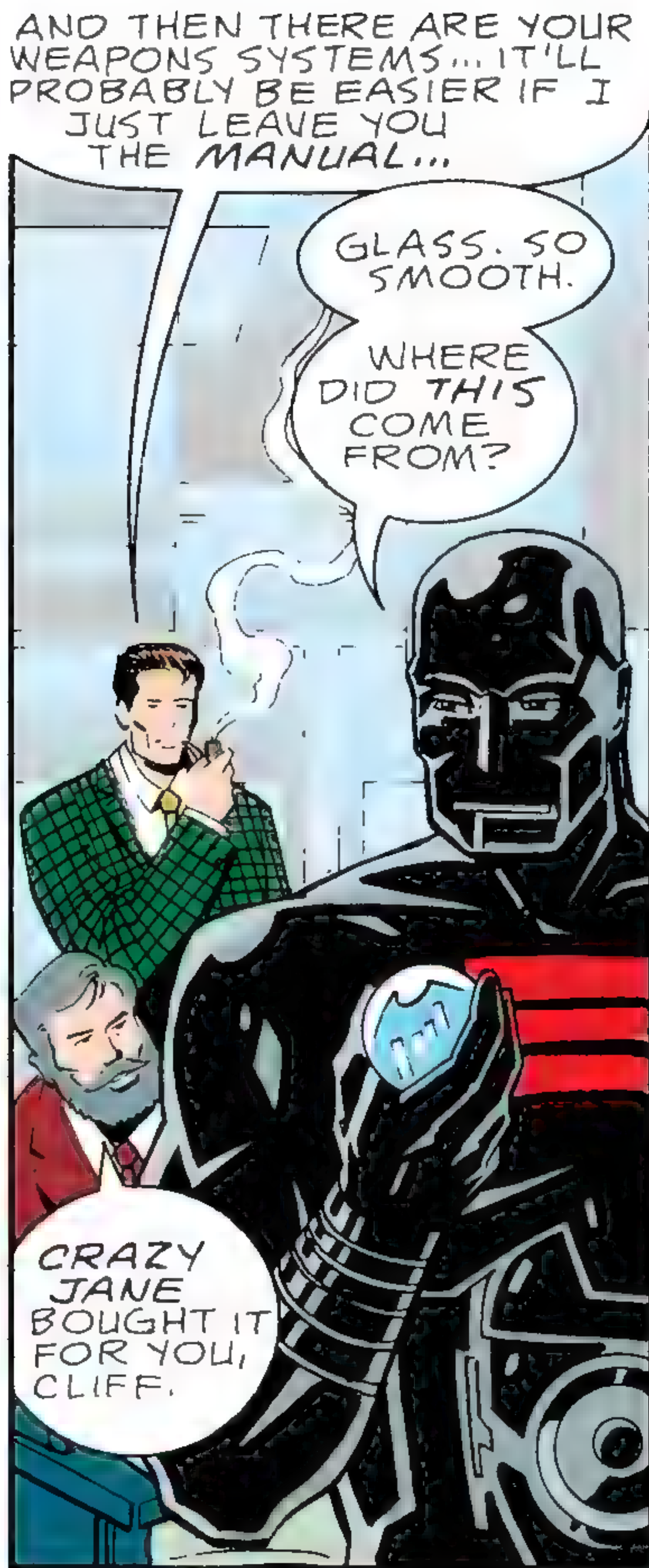
I JUST HOPED IT WASN'T GOING TO APPEAR AS JAYNE MANSFIELD AGAIN.

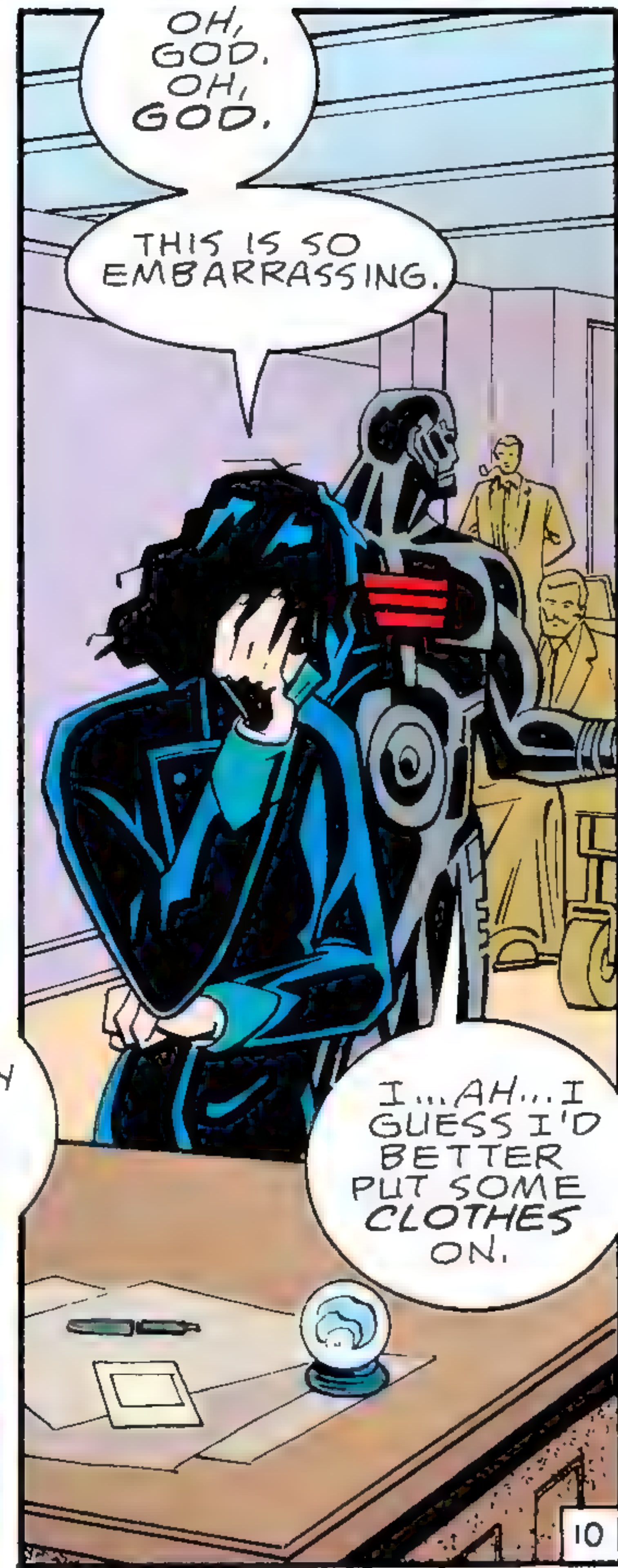
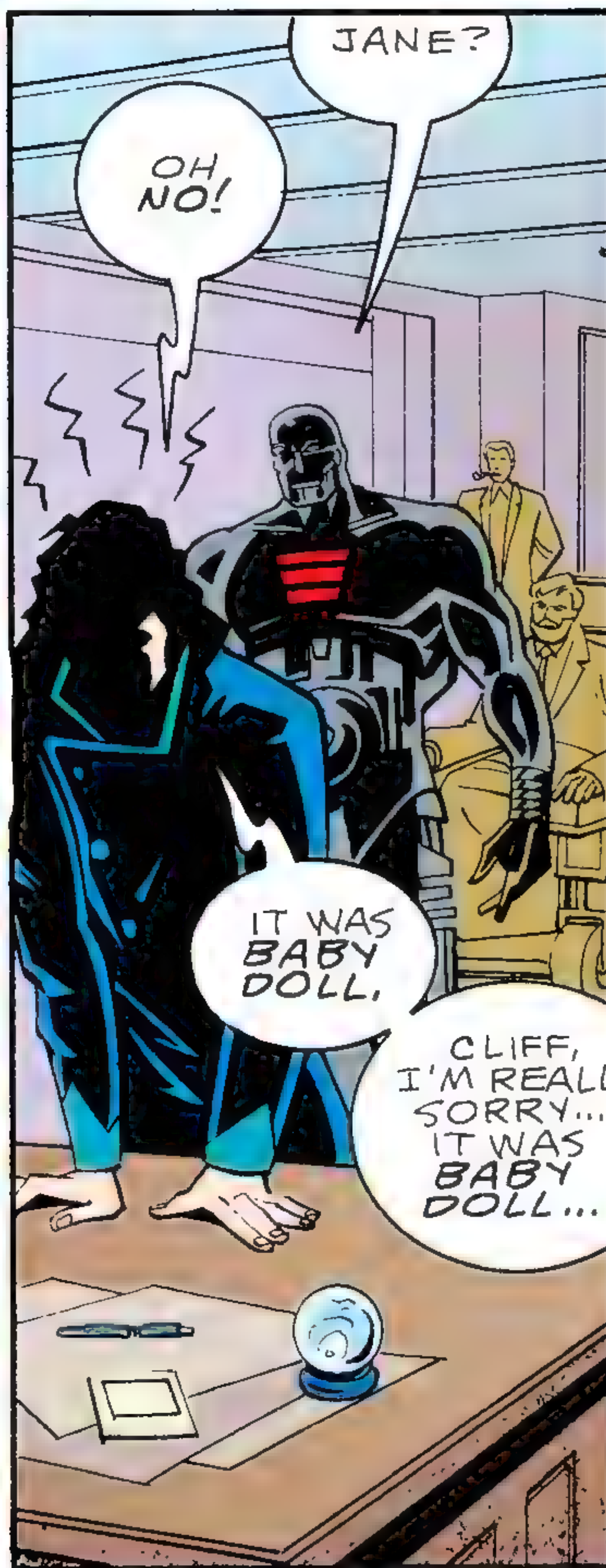
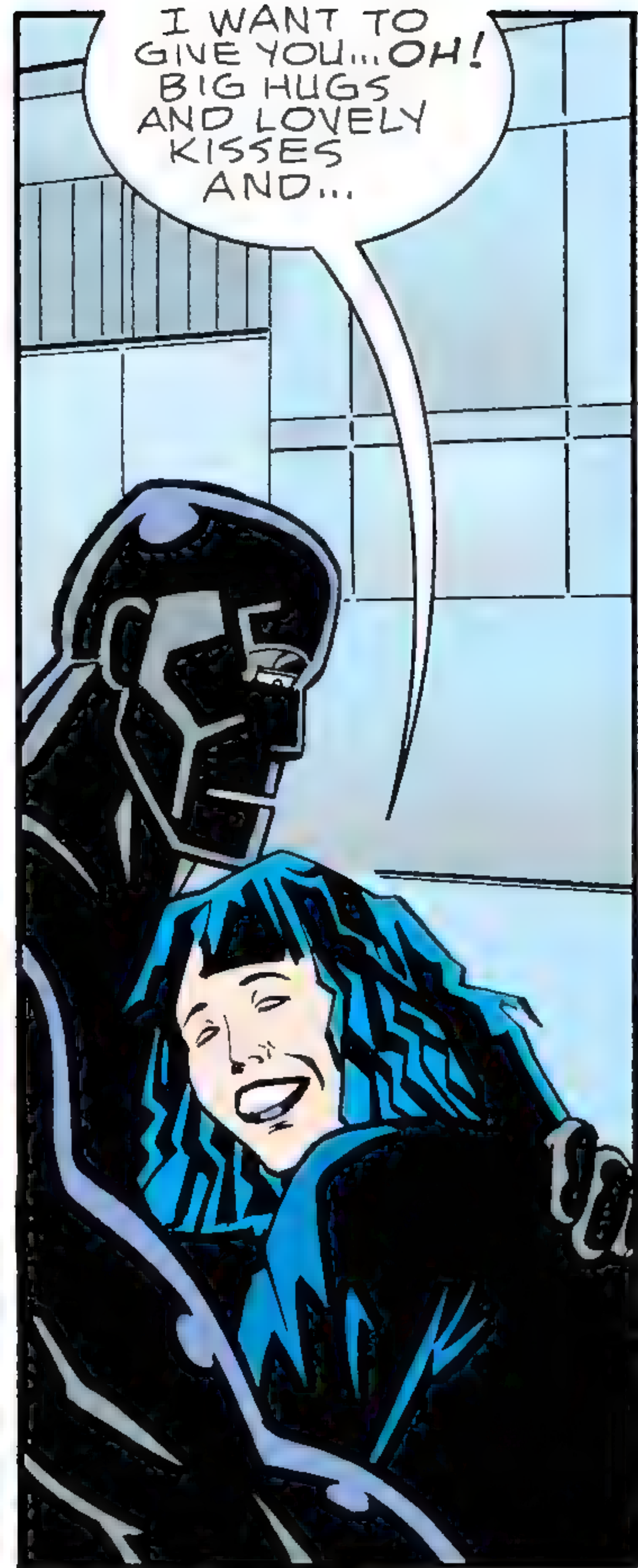
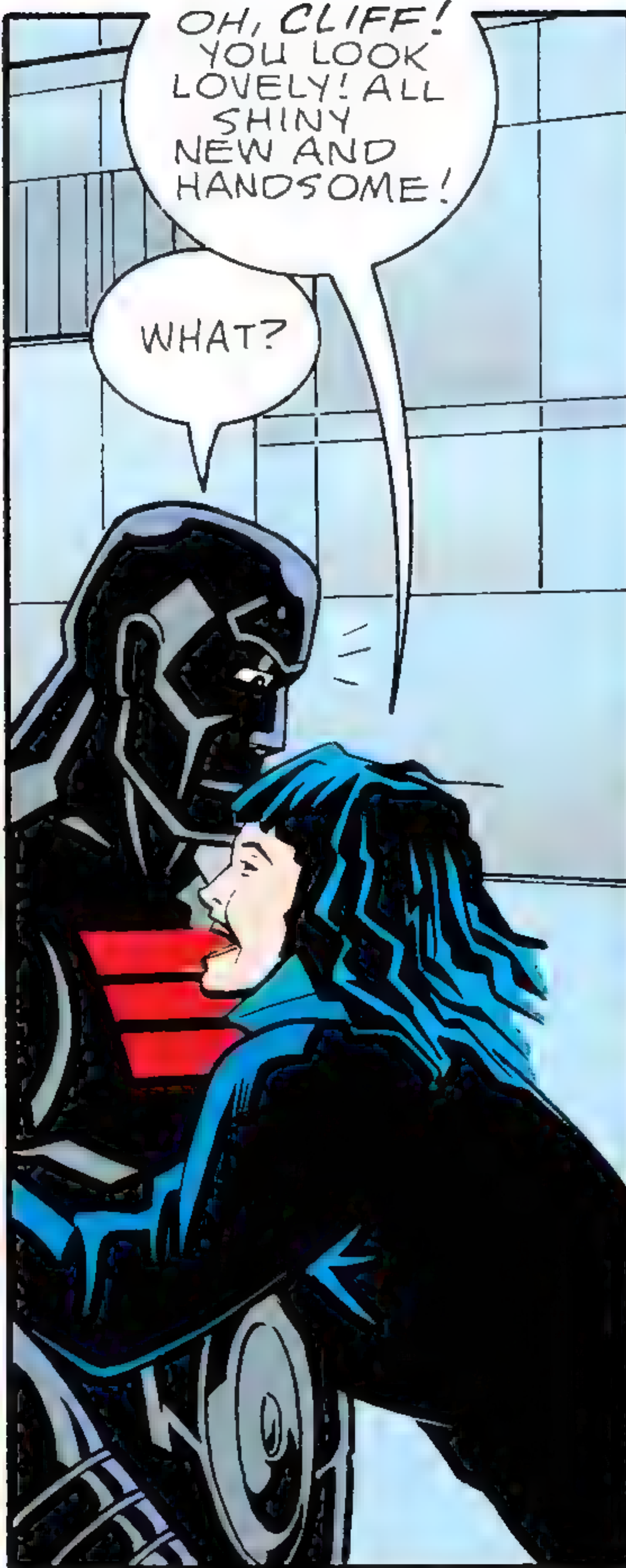
IT TOOK ME DAYS TO CLEAN THE CARPET.



WELL,

I SUPPOSE IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.





SO THERE WAS OLD BAPHOMET, IN THE GUISE OF FALADA FROM THE GRIMM BROTHERS' "THE GOOSE GIRL," IMPROVISING SOME ATROCIOUS VERSE.

PATHETIC, REALLY.

A HORSE IS A HORSE, OF COURSE, OF COURSE...

AND NO ONE CAN TALK TO A HORSE, OF COURSE, BUT THE WORDS OF THE HORSE ARE LUMINOUS DOORS.

SAGRADA FAMILIA, DOOM AND OLD NIGHT, UNMAKER DESCENDING, SNOWFLAKES AND LIGHT.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, CHICKEN LITTLE WAS RIGHT.

TYPICAL.

NO MATTER HOW HORRIBLE I EXPECT THINGS TO BE, IT ALWAYS TURNS OUT TO BE MUCH WORSE.

BY THE SOUND OF THINGS, THE CULT WAS PLANNING TO SUMMON THE ANTIGOD.

I HAD TO FIND THE BOY AND I HAD TO FIND THE CULT'S BASE OF OPERATIONS, WHICH MEANT LOCATING THE WOUND.

I NEEDED HELP. BUT FIRST, ANOTHER DRINK SEEMED LIKE A BRILLIANT IDEA.

THE STATUES IN THE PARK ACROSS THE ROAD BEGAN TO GIGGLE AND WHISPER LIKE GUILTY CHILDREN.

TIME TO MOVE OUT.



I'LL TELL YOU
HOW TO AVOID
BUS FARES.

FIRST YOU
LIGHT A
SPARKLER,
OKAY?



THEN YOU TURN
OUT ALL THE
LIGHTS AND DRAW
A DOOR ON THE
AIR.



KEEP DOING IT UNTIL
THE IMAGE IS FIRMLY
IMPRINTED ON THE
OLD RETINAE.



AND THEN
CLOSE YOUR
EYES.

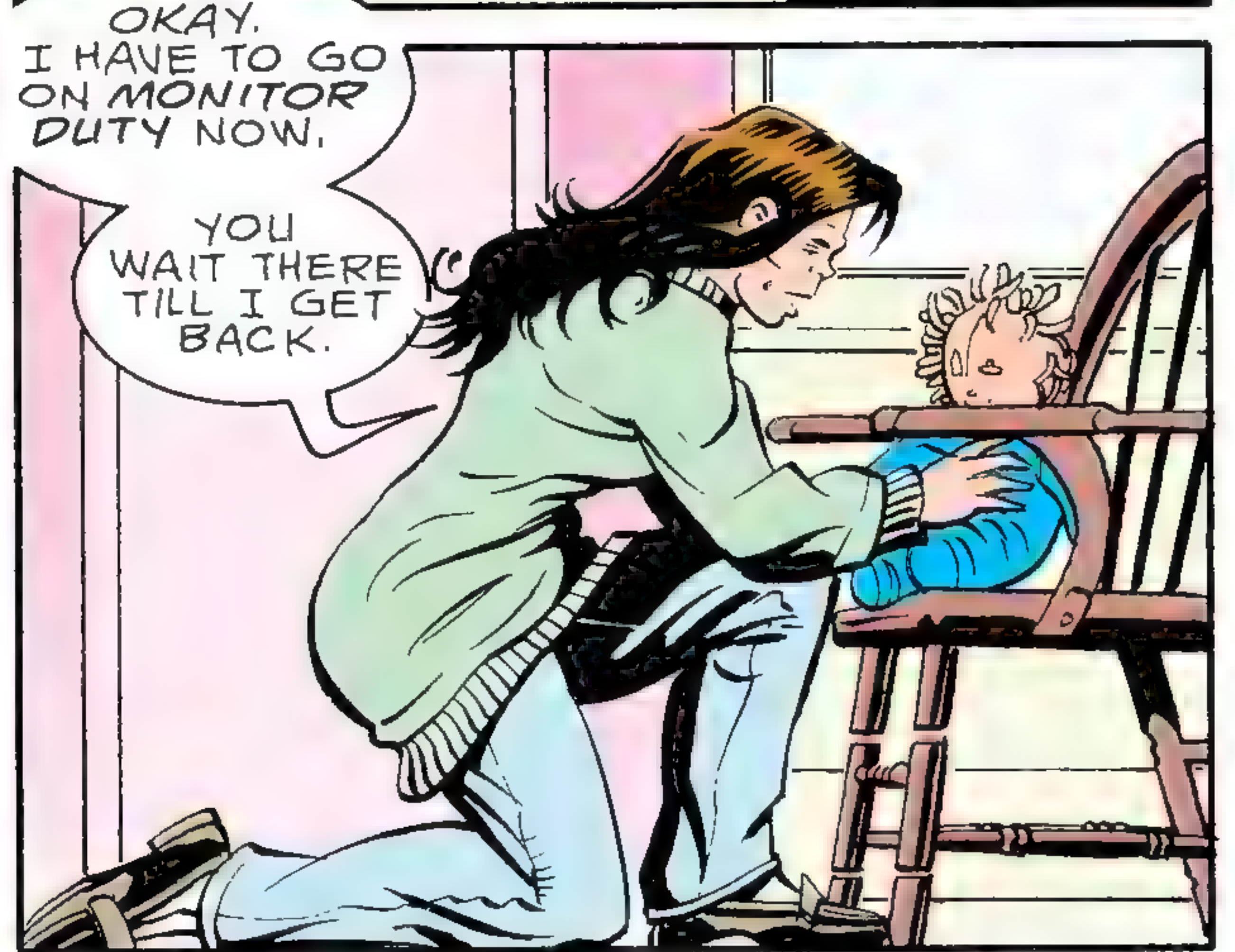
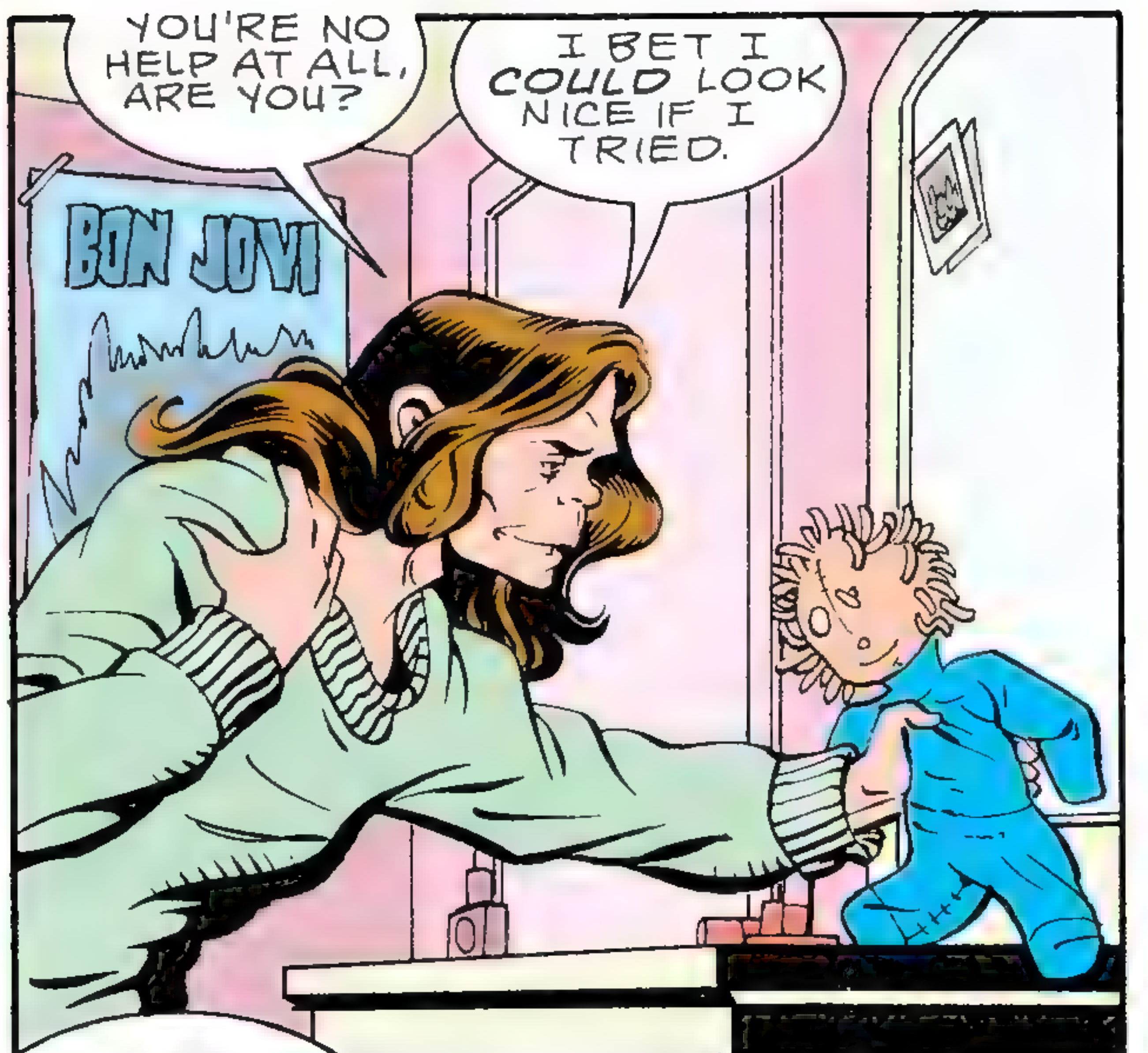
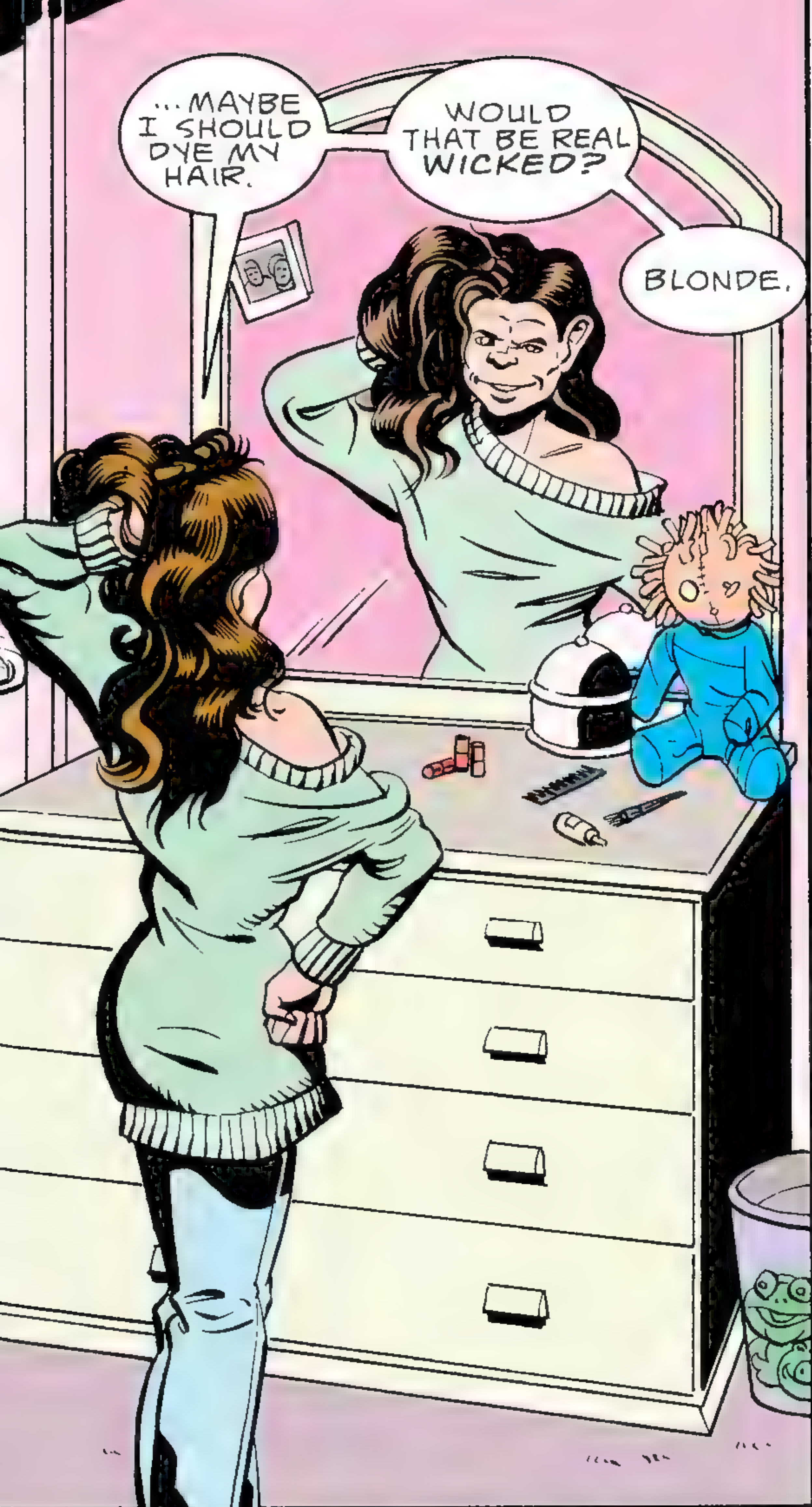
YOU SEE
THE AFTER-
IMAGE?

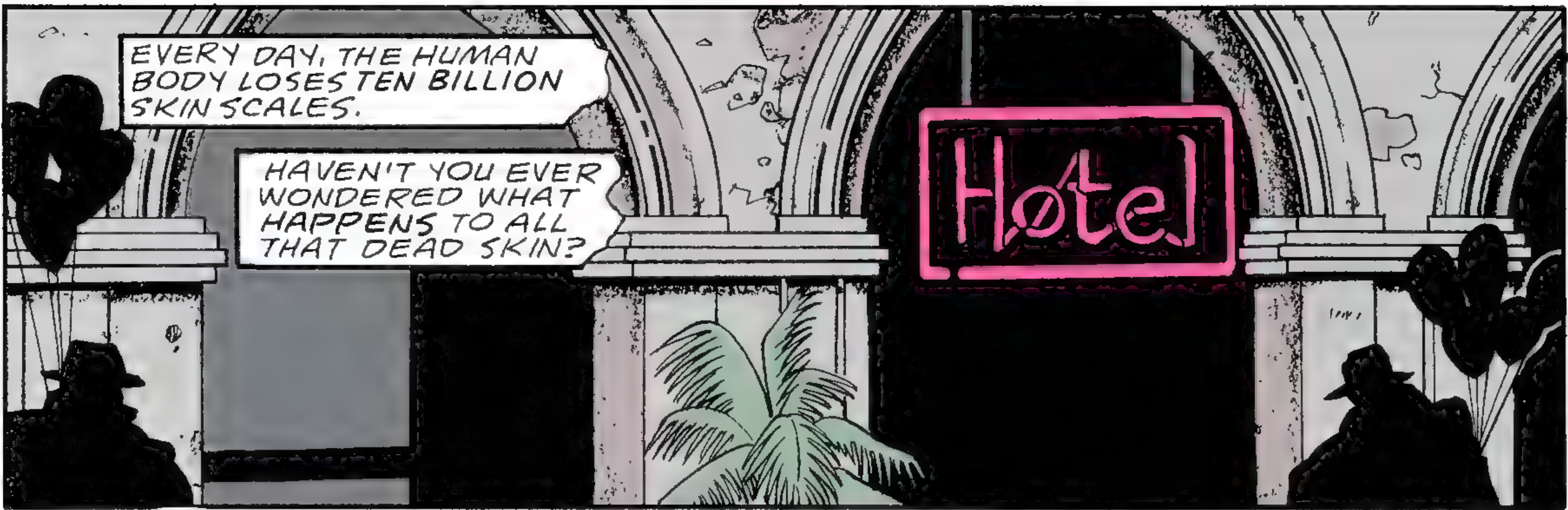


NOW JUST
VISUALIZE
YOUR OWN
HAND.

REACH OUT AND GRAB
THE DOORKNOB,
THINK OF WHERE YOU
WANT TO GO.

AND...

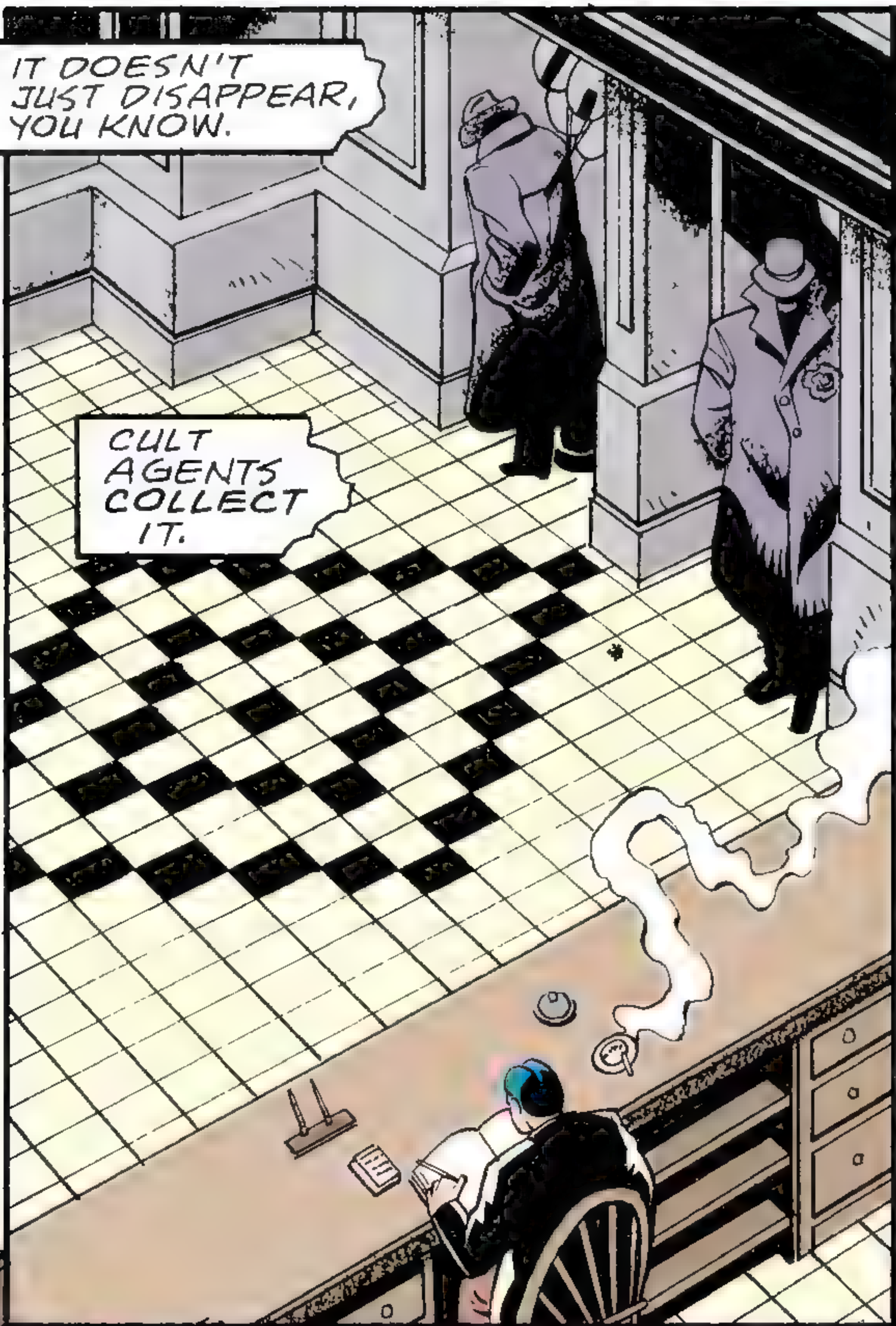




EVERY DAY, THE HUMAN BODY LOSES TEN BILLION SKIN SCALES.

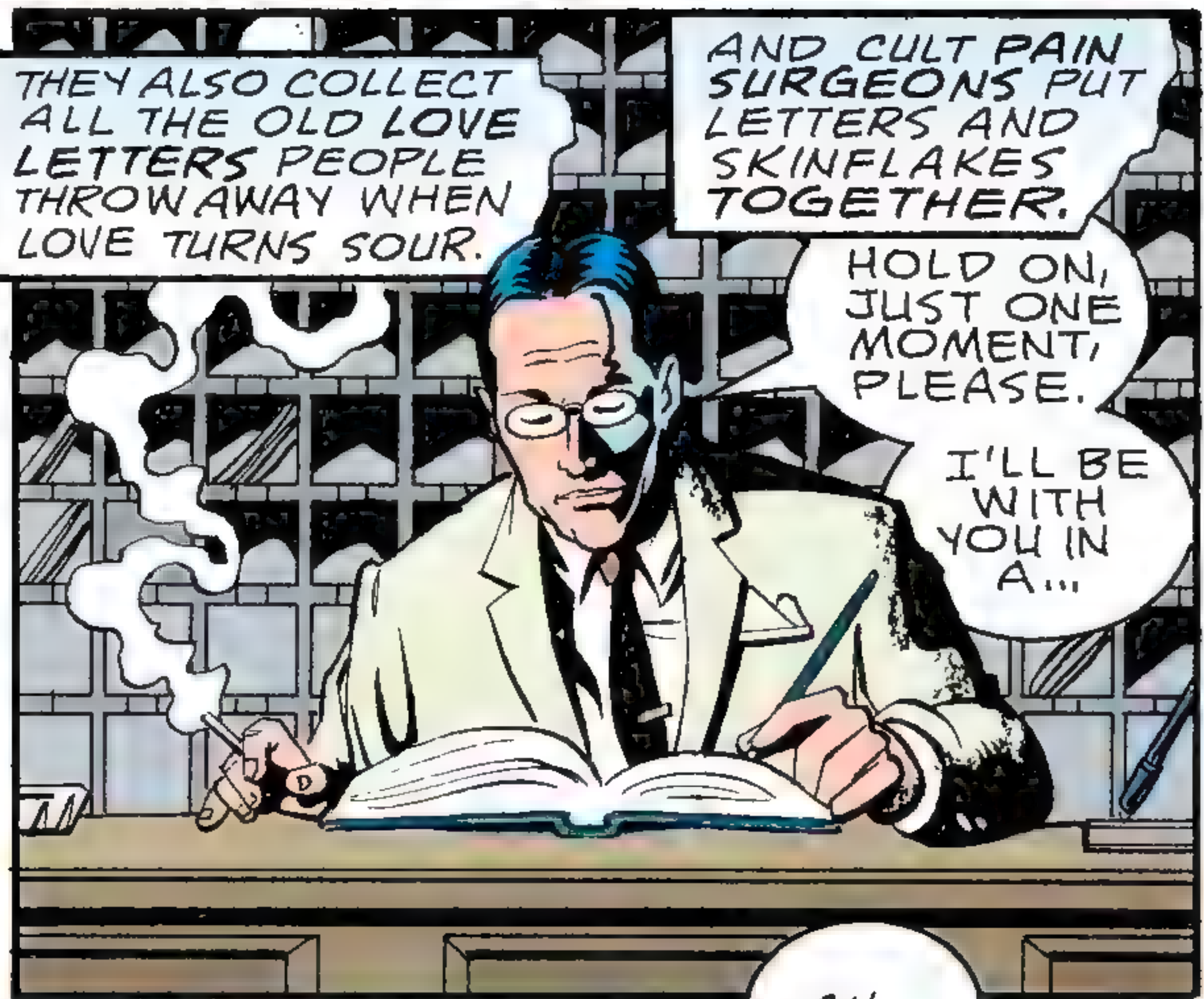
HAVEN'T YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL THAT DEAD SKIN?

Hotel



IT DOESN'T JUST DISAPPEAR, YOU KNOW.

CULT AGENTS COLLECT IT.



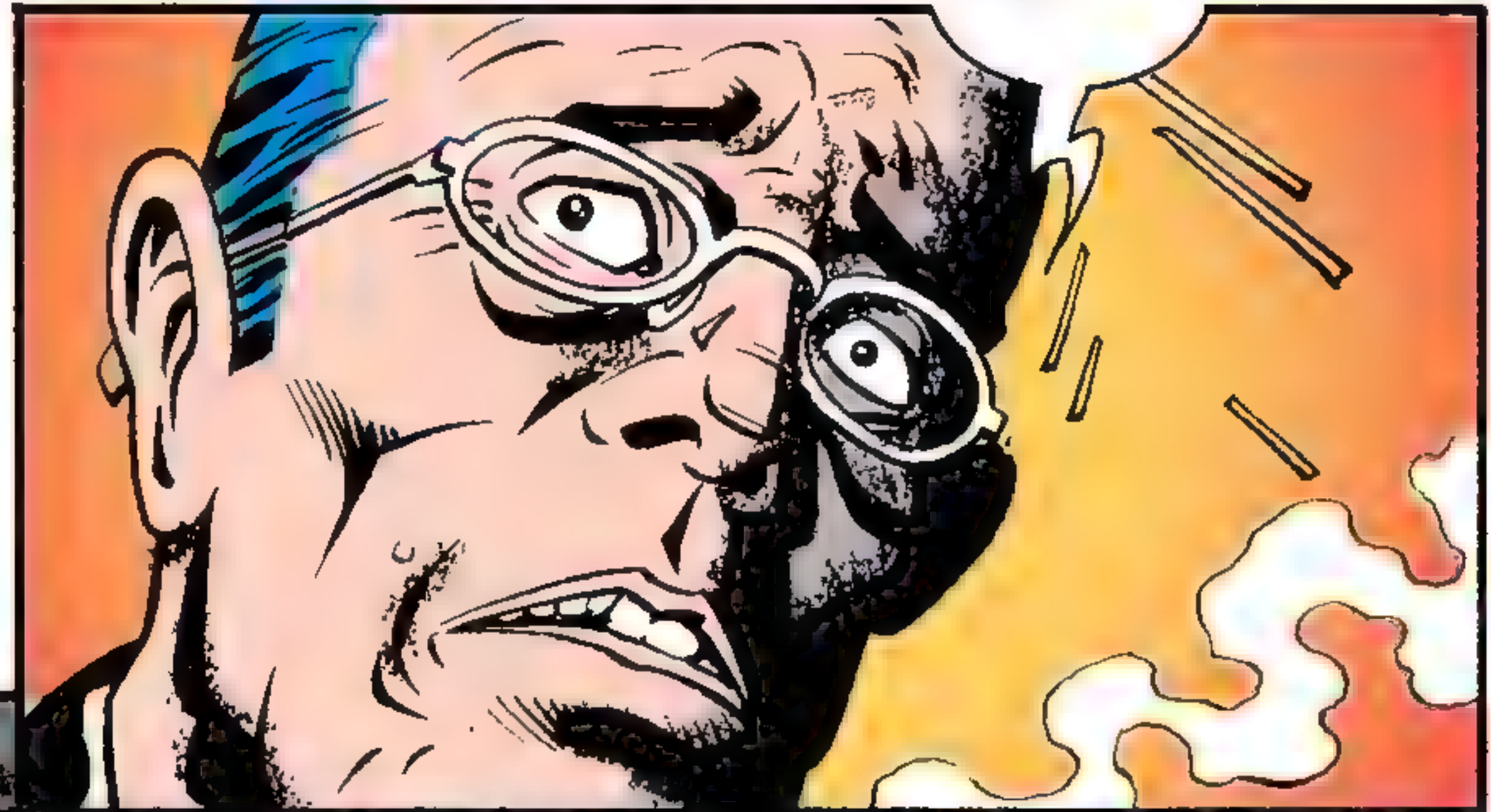
THEY ALSO COLLECT ALL THE OLD LOVE LETTERS PEOPLE THROW AWAY WHEN LOVE TURNS SOUR.

AND CULT PAIN SURGEONS PUT LETTERS AND SKINFLAKES TOGETHER.

HOLD ON, JUST ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A...

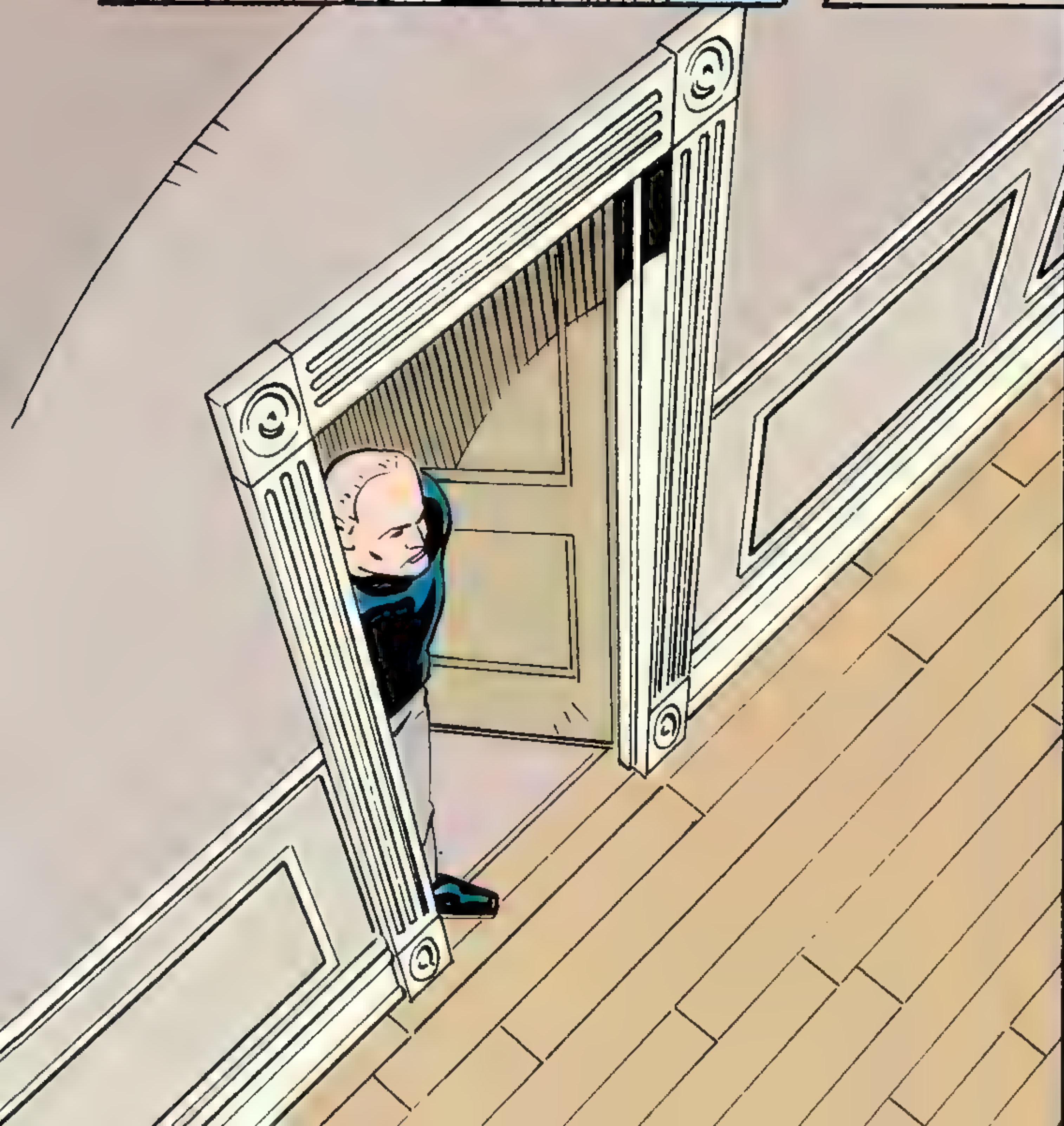
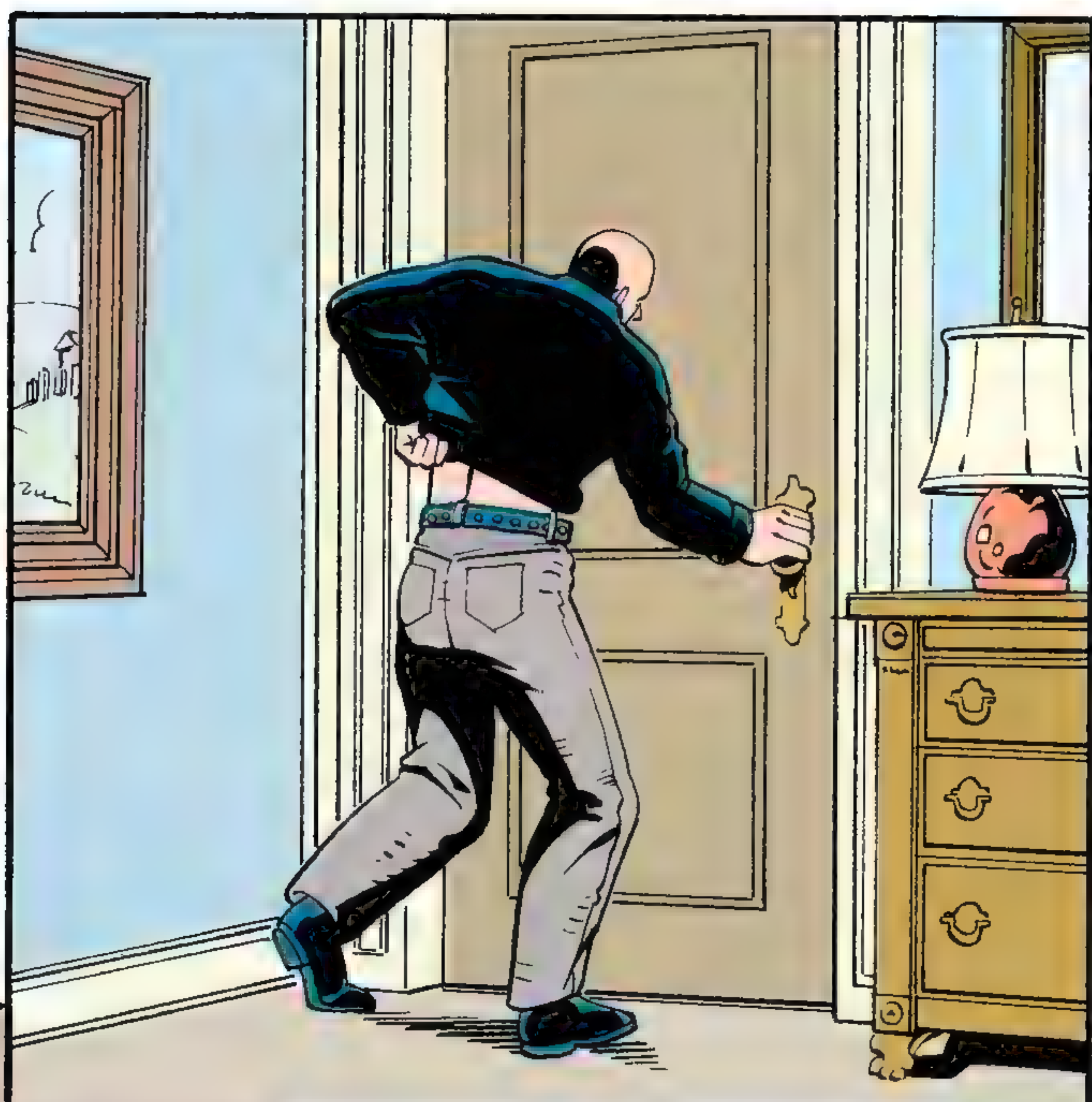
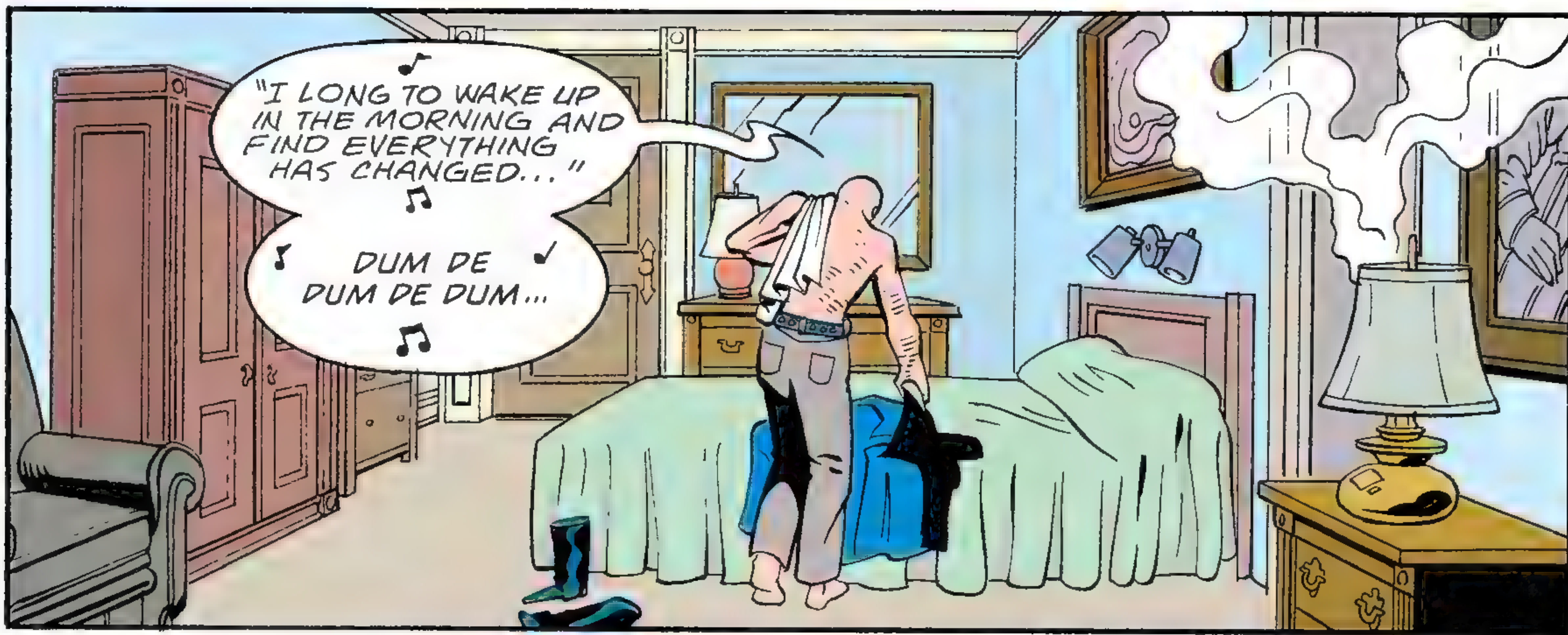
AH.



THE RESULTANT ODDITIES ARE KNOWN AS THE DRY BACHELORS.

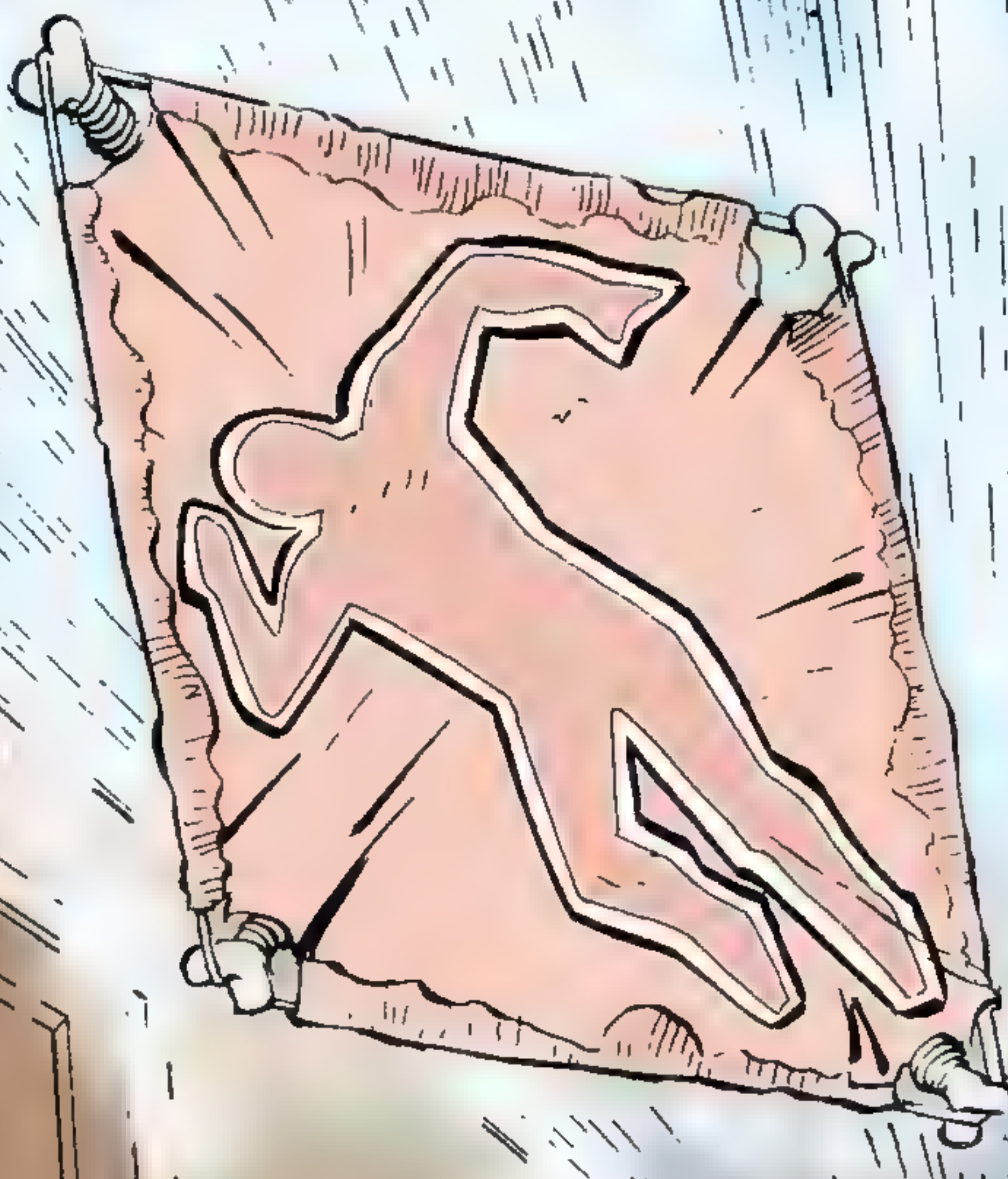


AND THEY'RE NOT VERY POLITE.



THEY'RE MADE FROM THE
SKINS OF SPECIALLY
SELECTED MURDER
VICTIMS, STRETCHED
ACROSS BONEFRAMES.

THE SOULS OF THE
VICTIMS, IMPRISONED
BY THE OCCULT
GEOMETRY OF THE
FRAMES, BECOME
SLAVES OF THE
CULT.



IT'S REVOLTING,
BUT IT'S TRUE.

HAPPENED TO A FRIEND
OF MINE. IT WAS THE
NIGHT BEFORE HE WAS
SUPPOSED TO TAKE HIS
DRIVING TEST, TOO.

TWENTY-FIVE LESSONS
AND A HUNDRED-AND-
EIGHTY QUID... COM-
PLETELY WASTED.



HOWEVER, AS BAD AS
THE MYSTERY KITES
MAY SEEM, THEY'RE
LITTLE MORE THAN
SCOUTS, POINTMEN.

THEY SIMPLY CLEAR
THE WAY FOR
CREATURES FAR
MORE TERRIBLE:-

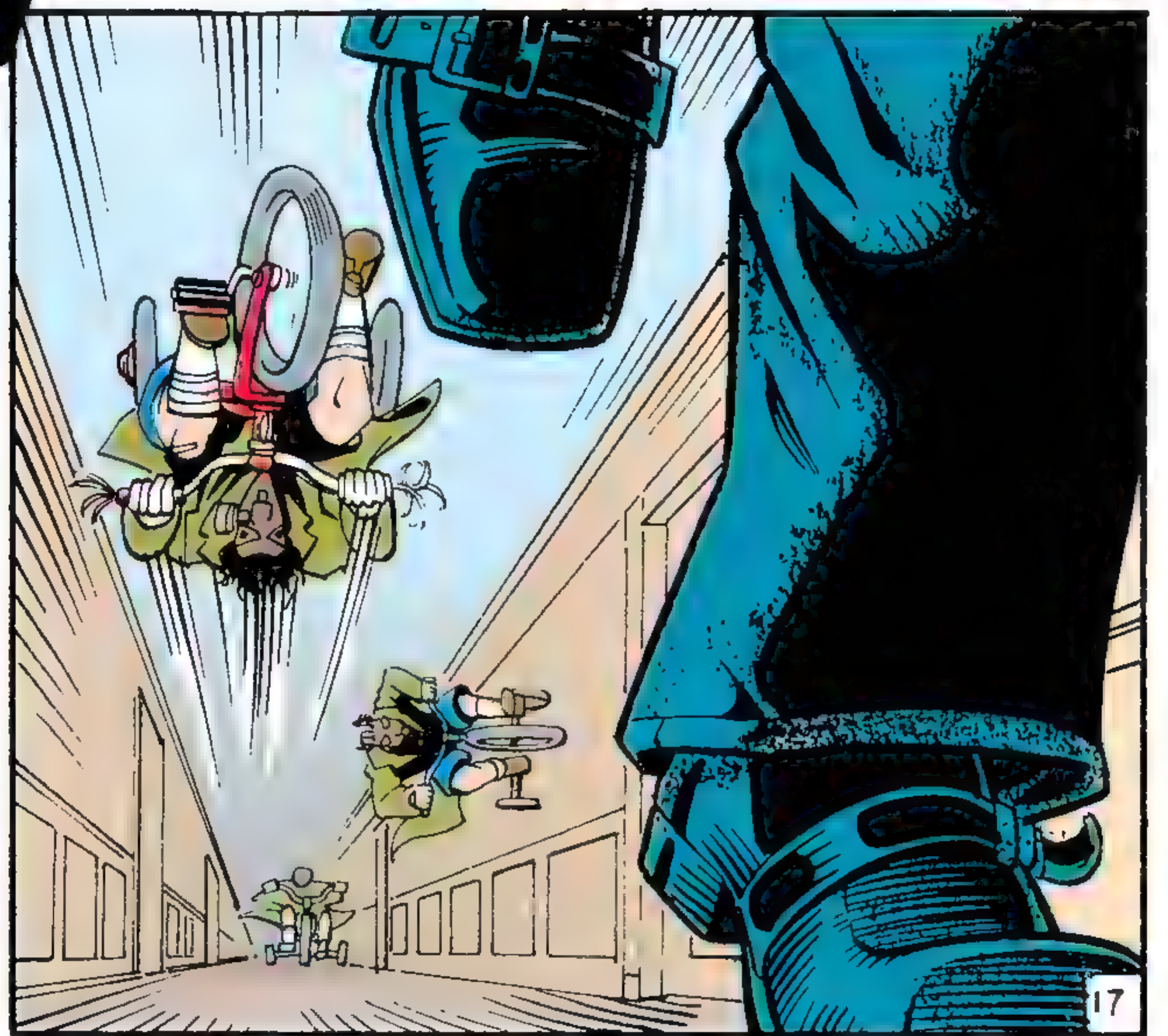
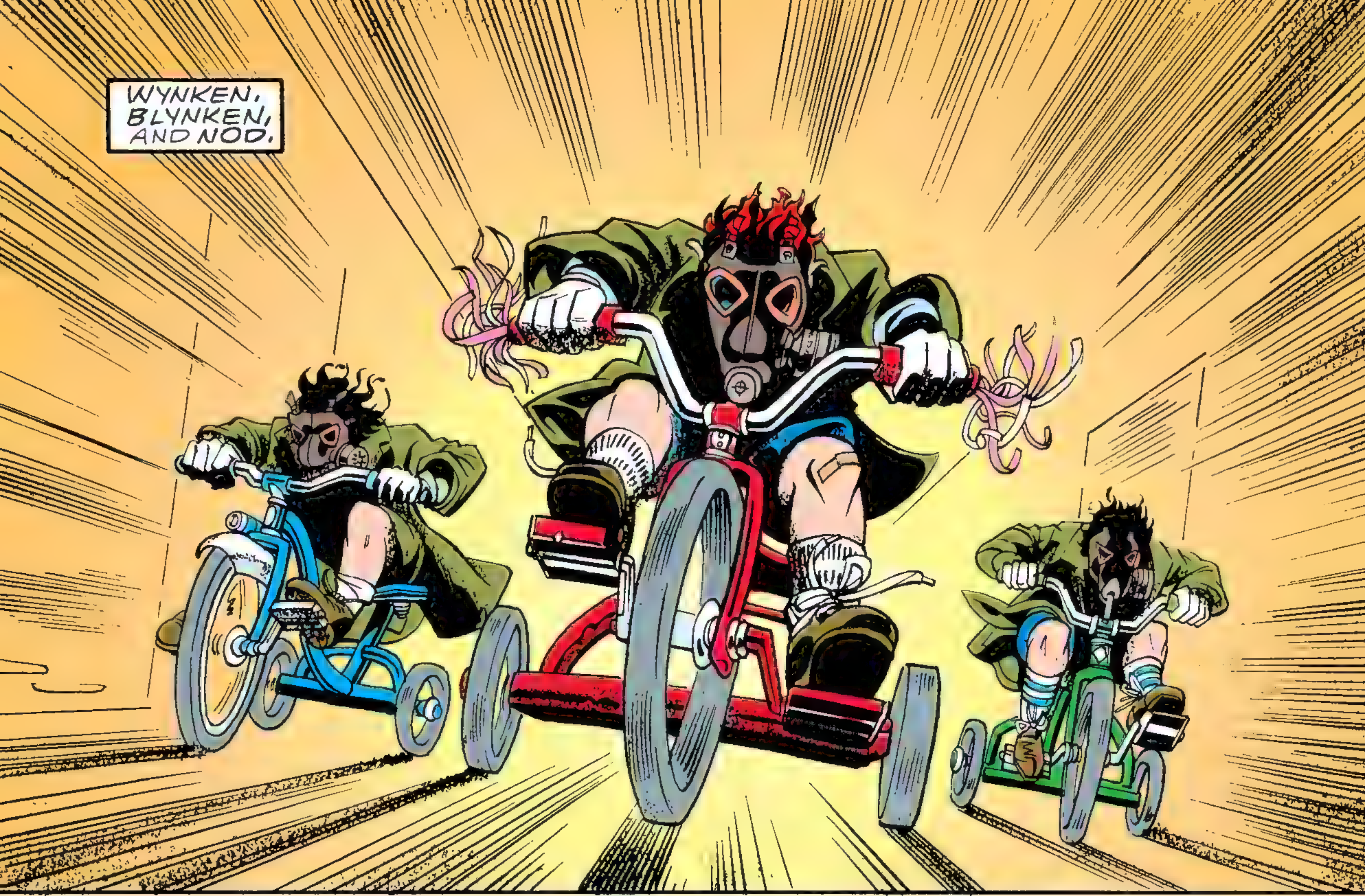
YOU ALWAYS HEAR
THEIR VOICES
FIRST, LIKE AIR-
RAID SIRENS...
AND THEN YOU
SEE THEM.

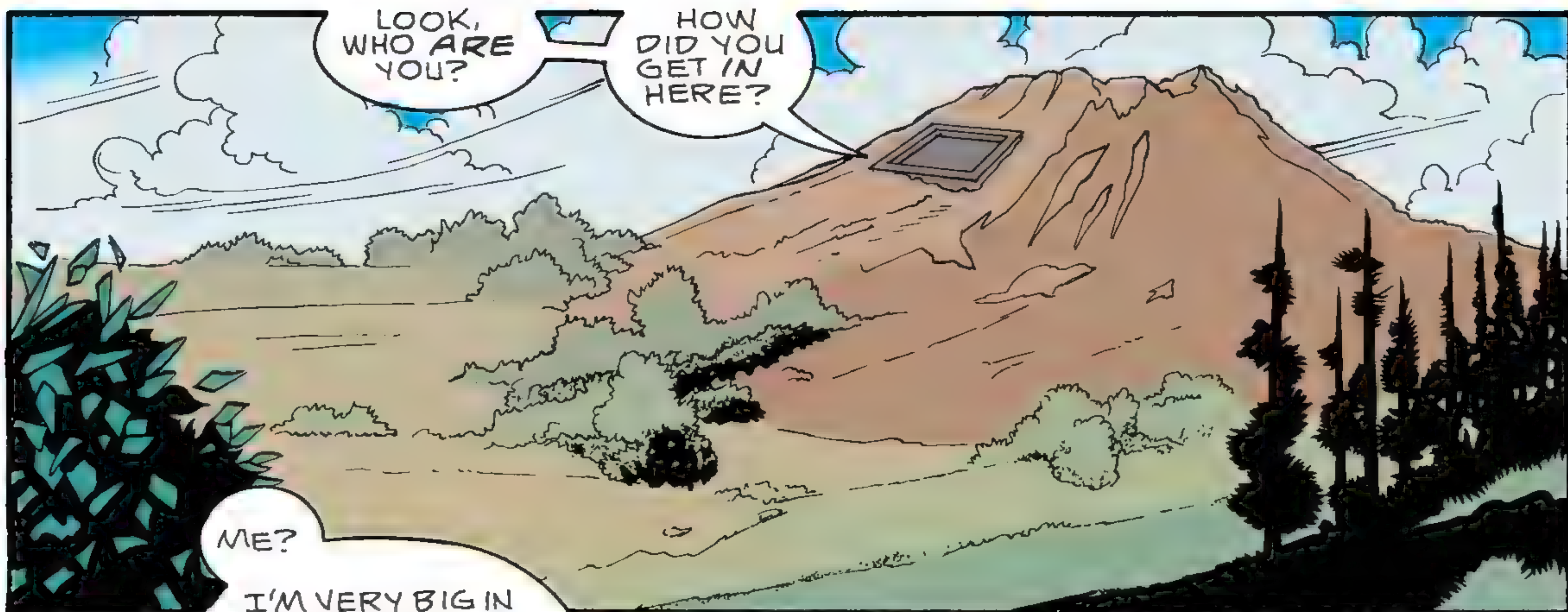
THE SPECTRES
OF DELIRIUM.

THE NEVER-
NEVER BOYS.



WYNKEN,
BLYNKEN,
AND NOD.





LOOK, WHO ARE YOU?

HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

ME?

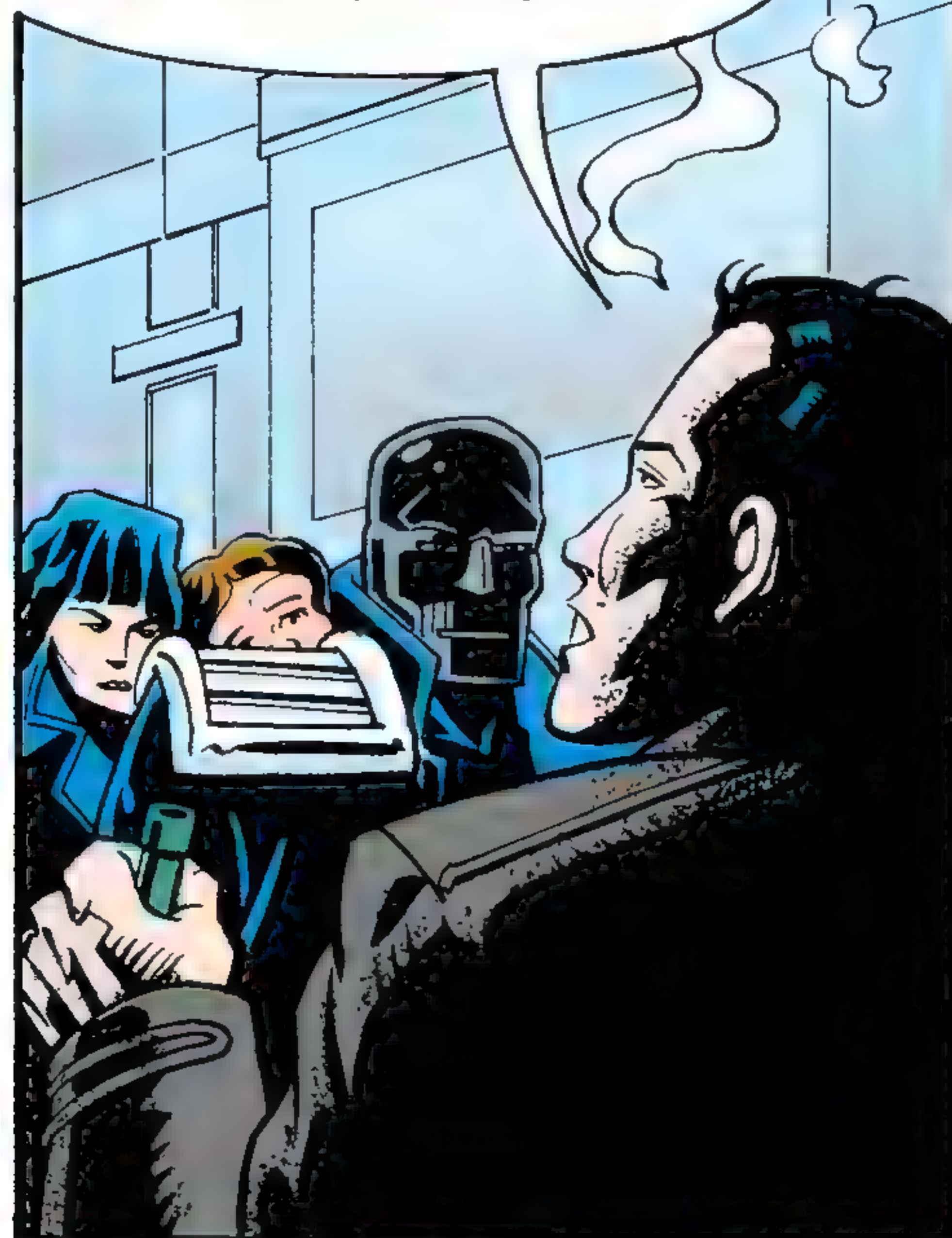
I'M VERY BIG IN THE WORLD OF INTERNATIONAL STRANGENESS, AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE NAME'S WILLOUGHBY KIPLING...

... AND IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF ME, THEN YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY NOT READING THE RIGHT MAGAZINES...

BECAUSE THE CULT OF THE UNWRITTEN BOOK IS, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE FIFTH WINDOW AND IF THEY GET HIM, THEY'LL SUMMON THE UNMAKER AND IT'LL MEAN THE END OF THE UNIVERSE.



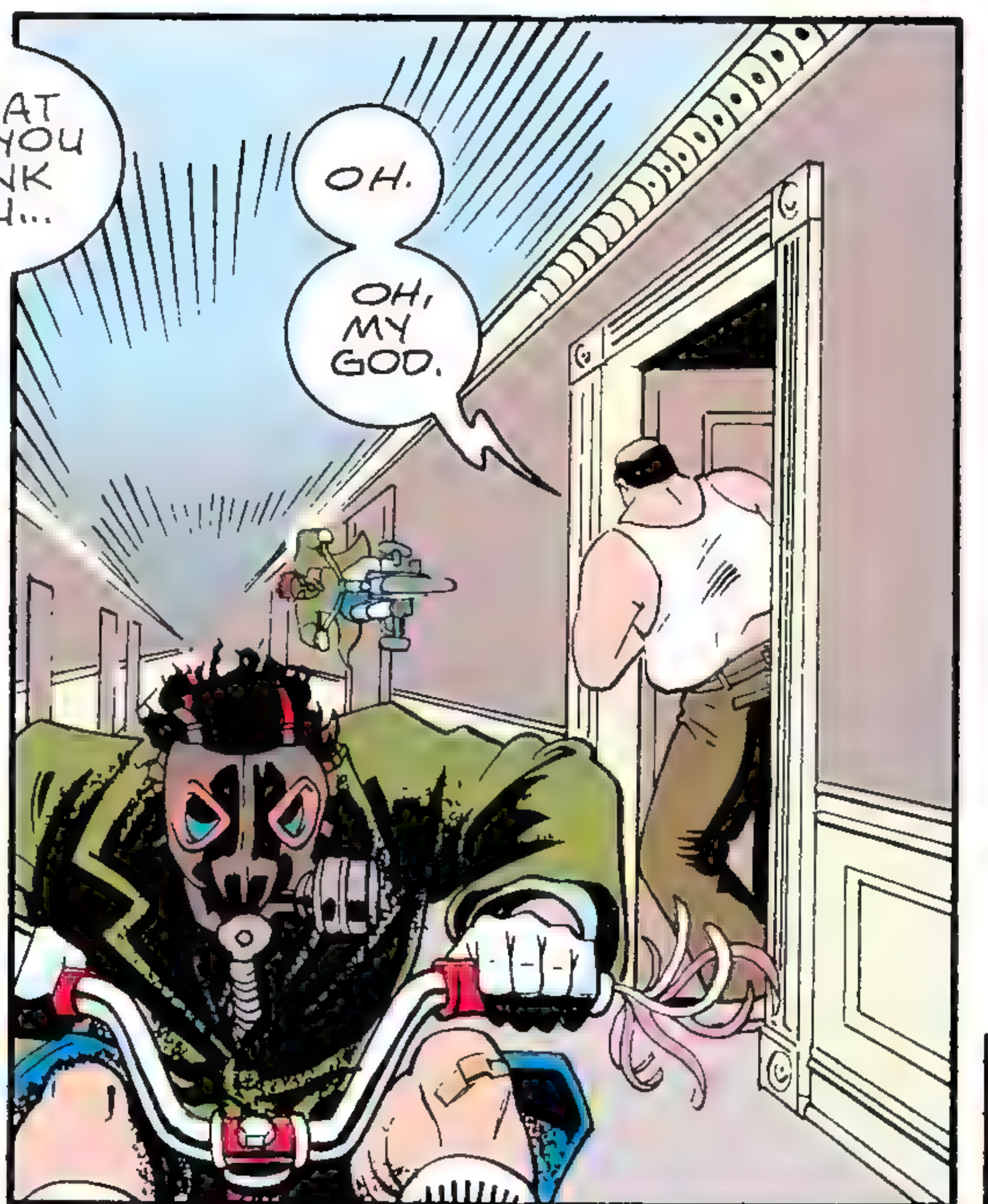
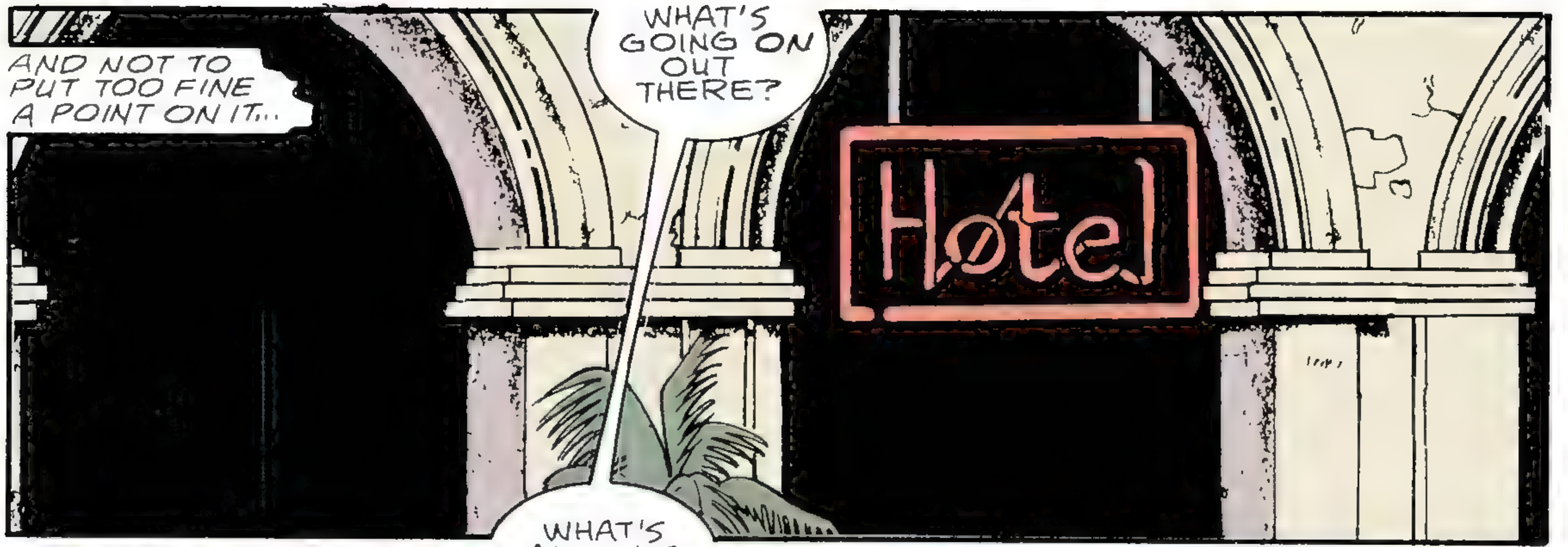
OH, YEAH? AND WHY SHOULD WE HELP YOU?

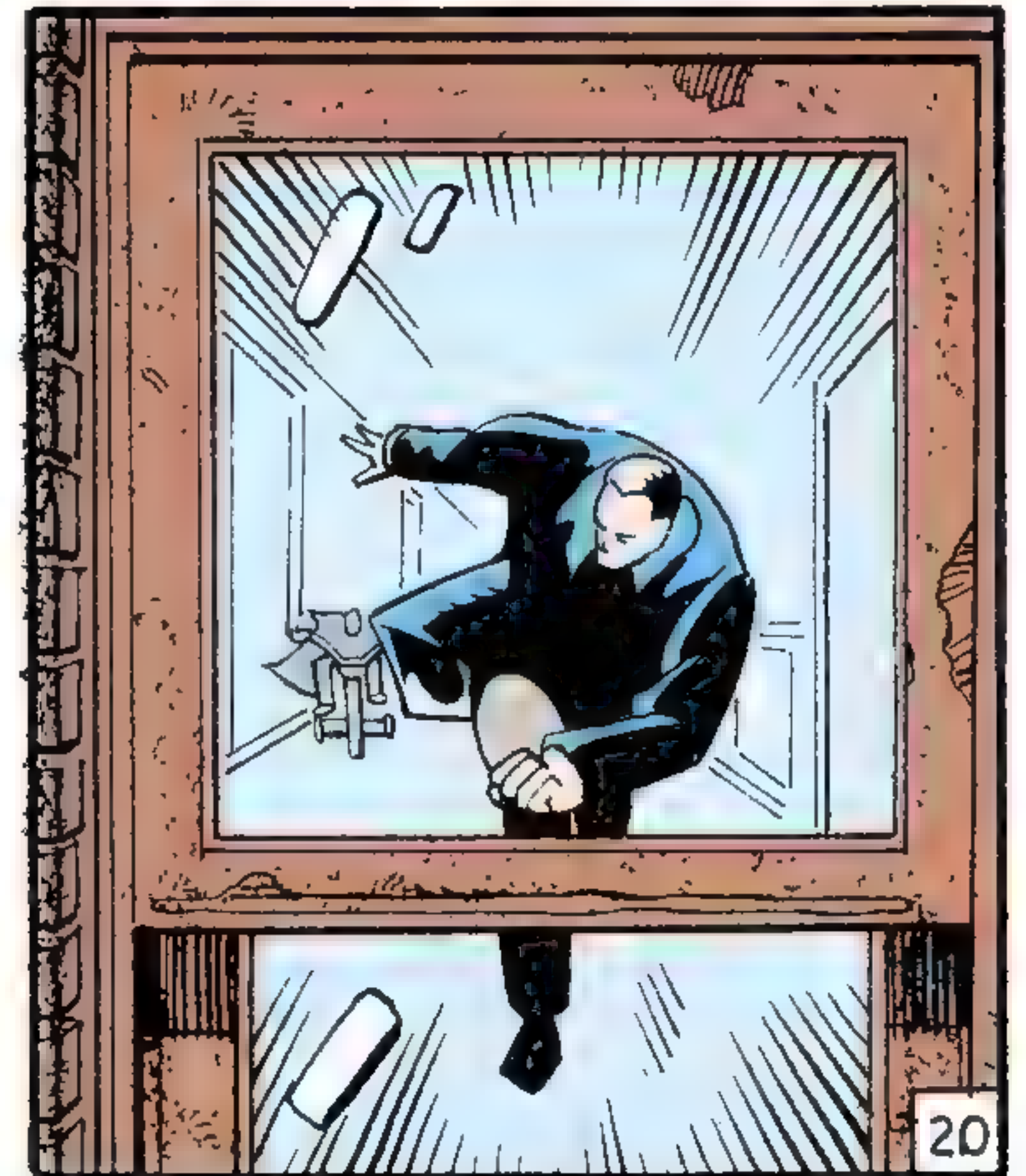
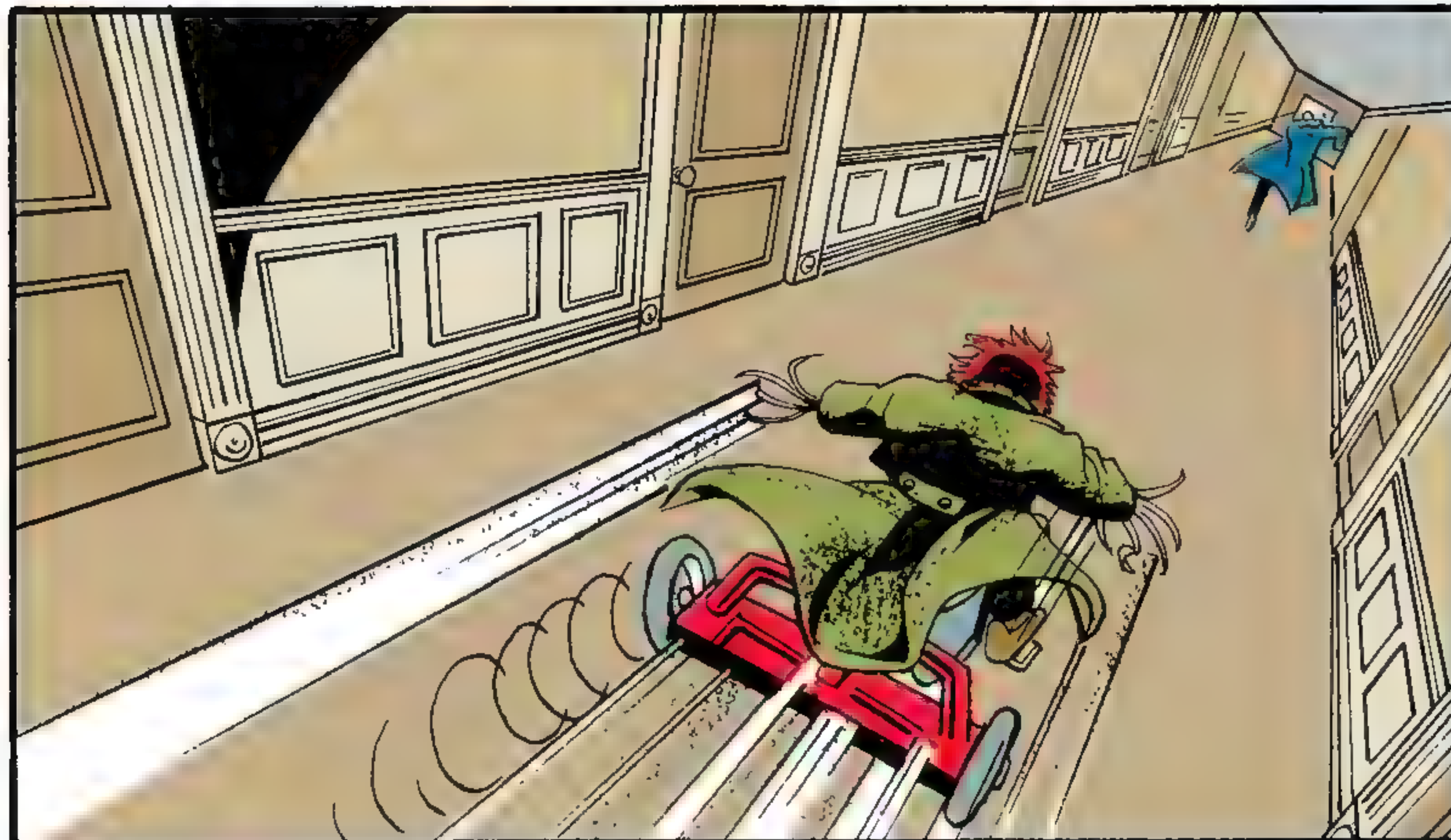
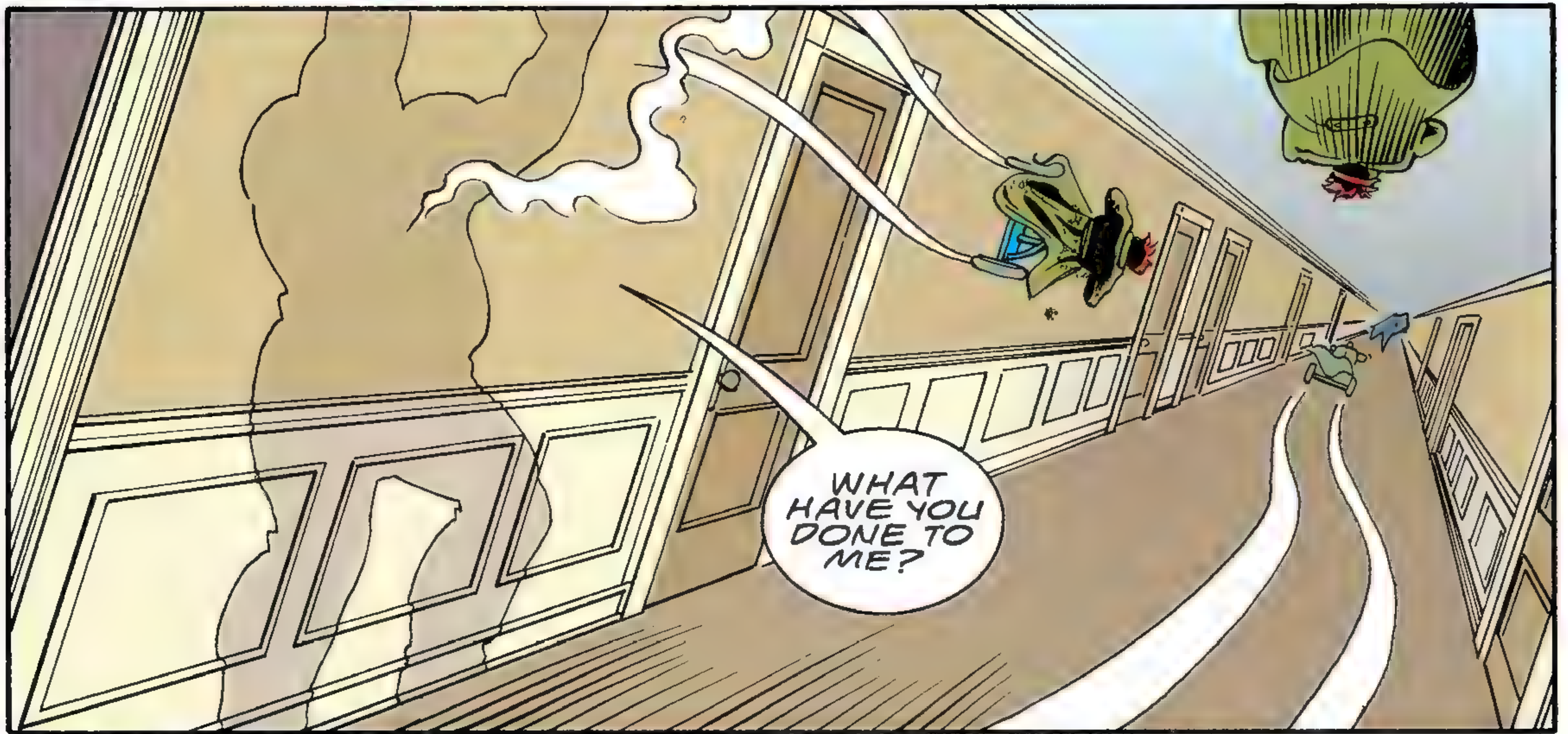
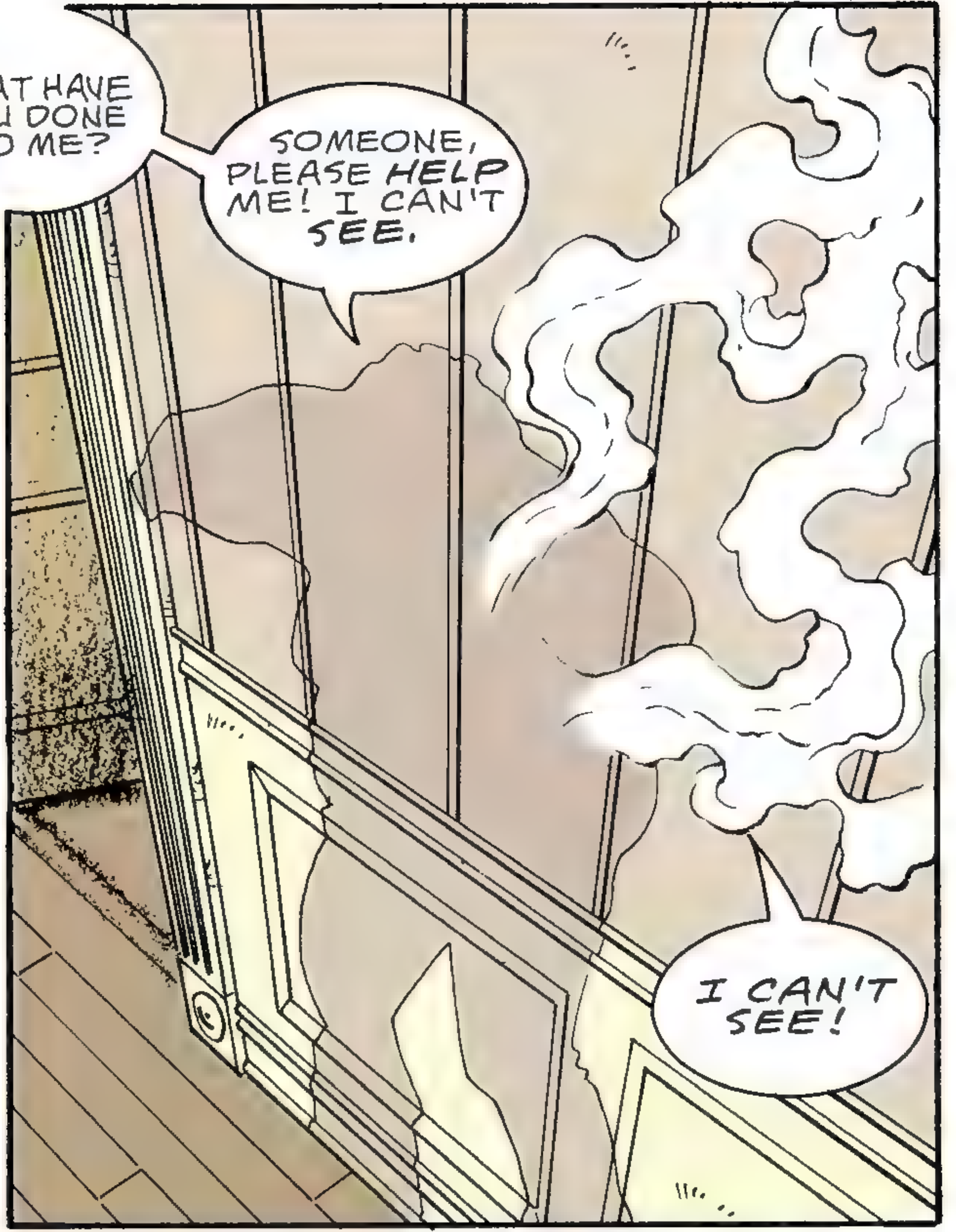
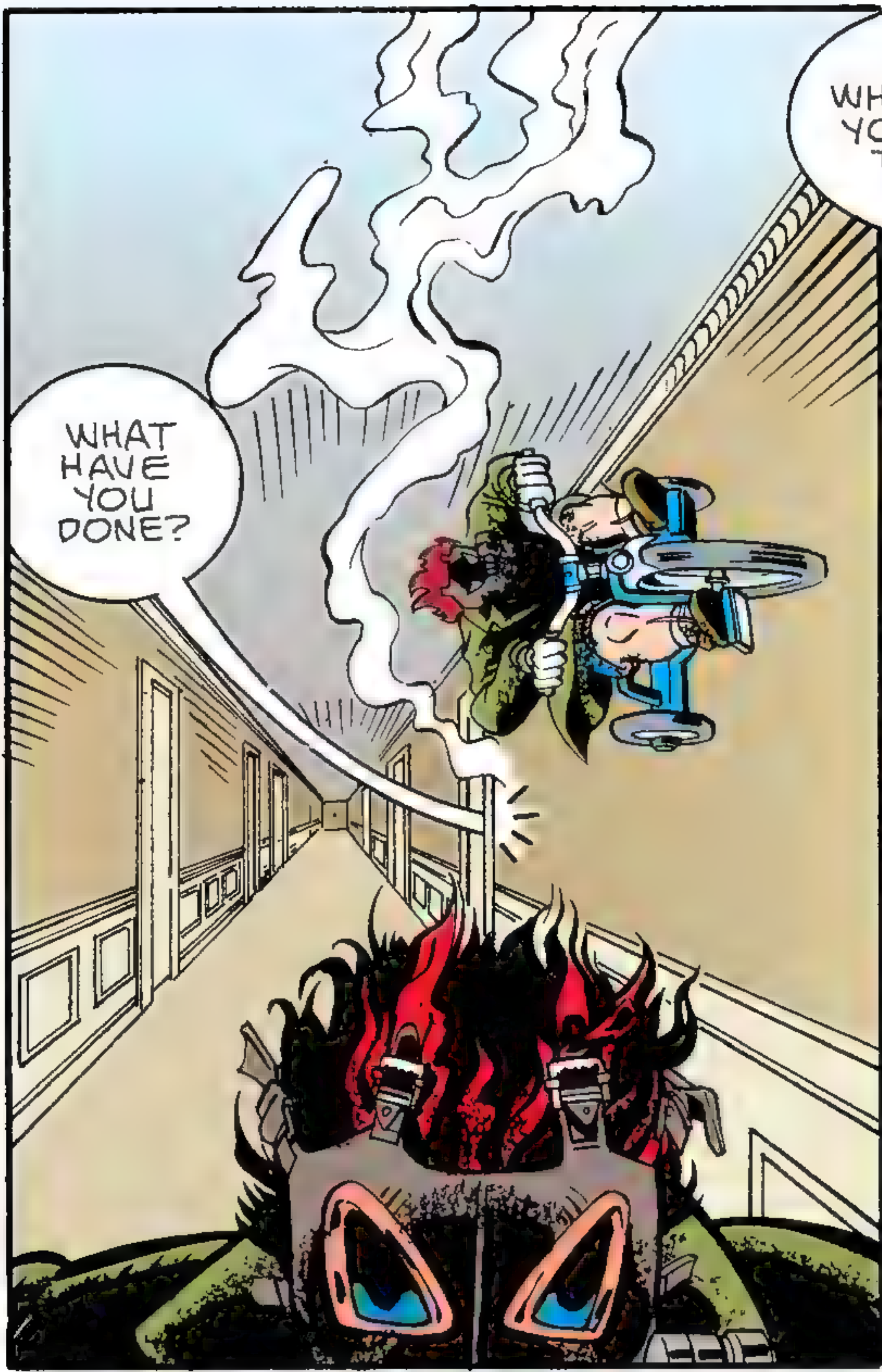


THAT'S WHY.



CHIN-CHIN.



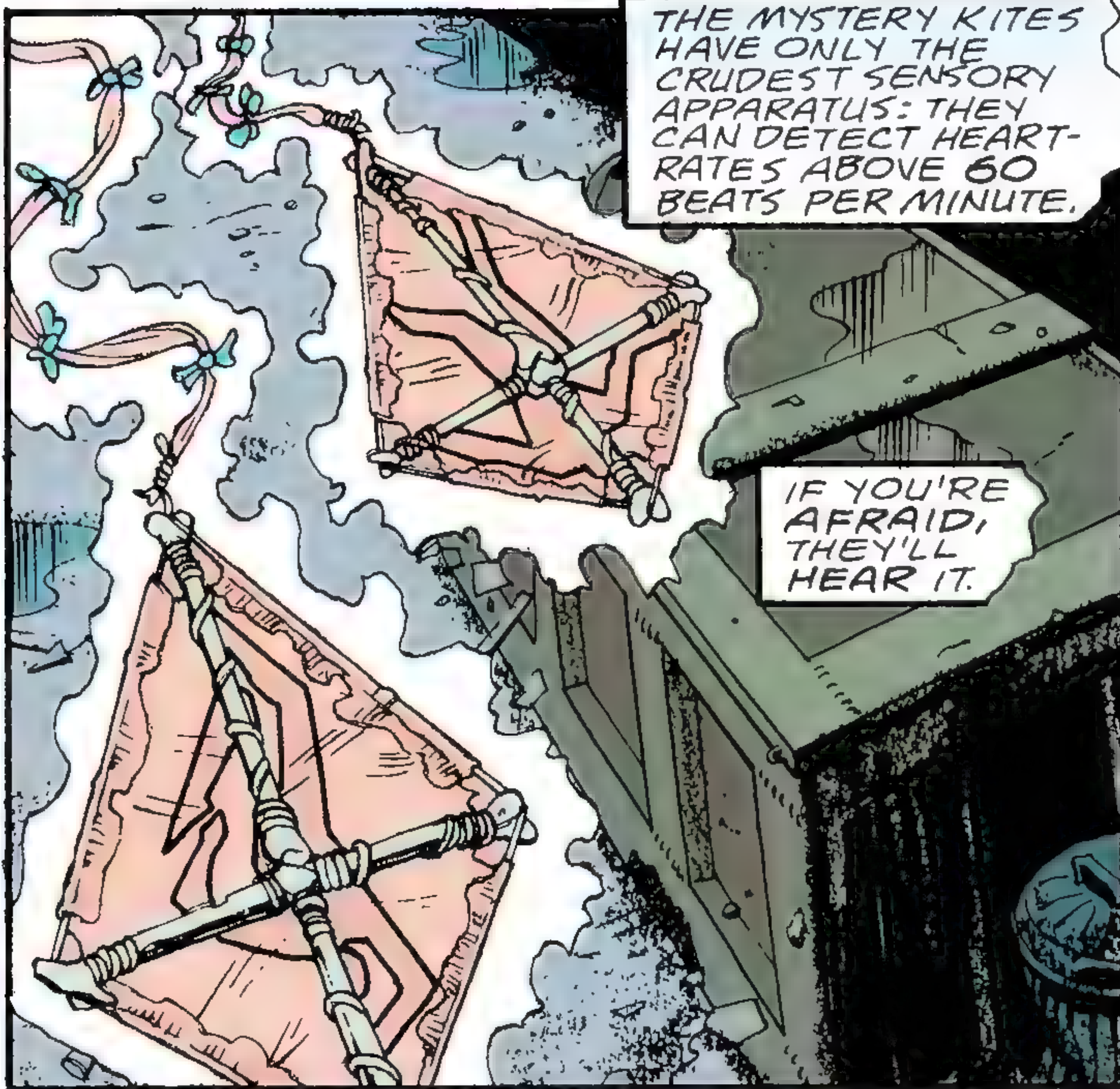




THE CULT HAD MOBILIZED ITS FORCES AND BARCELONA WAS ABOUT TO SUFFER AN OUTBREAK OF CURIOUS PHENOMENA.

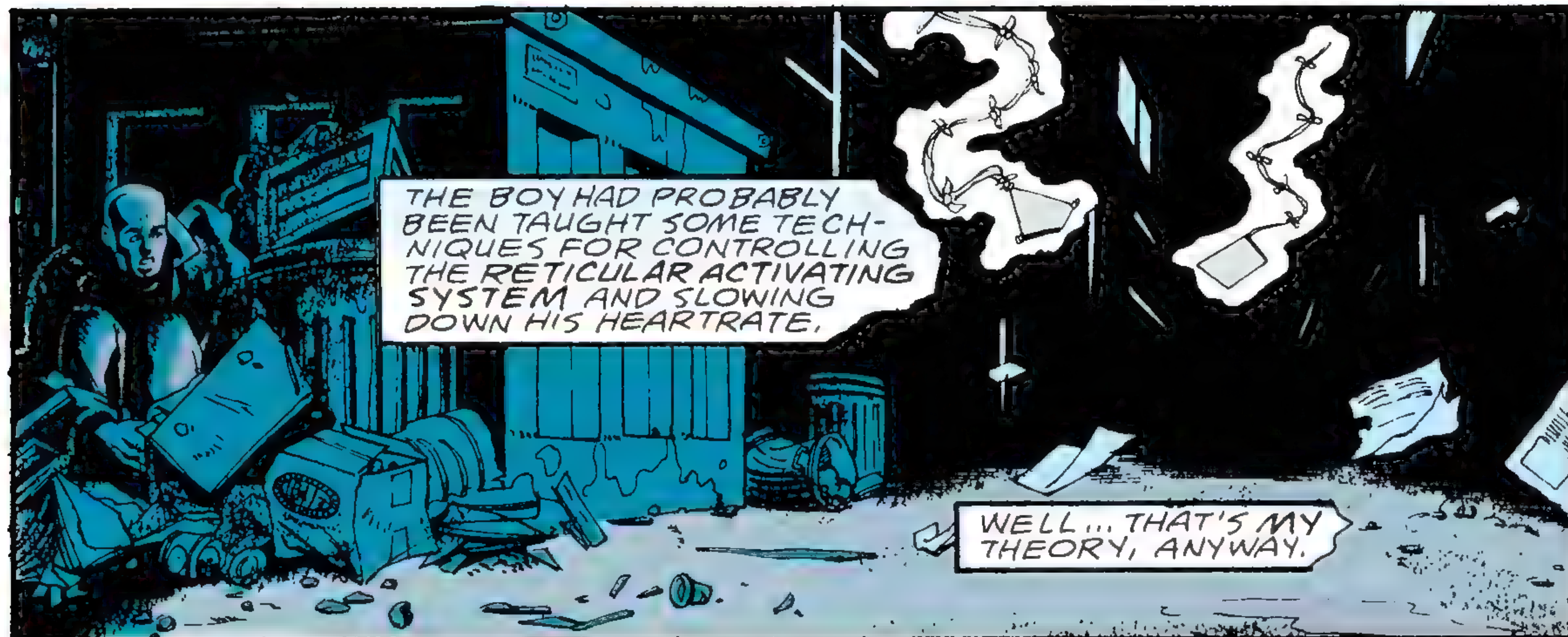


THE MYSTERY KITES HAVE ONLY THE CRUDEST SENSORY APPARATUS: THEY CAN DETECT HEART-RATES ABOVE 60 BEATS PER MINUTE.



IF YOU'RE AFRAID, THEY'LL HEAR IT.

THE BOY HAD PROBABLY BEEN TAUGHT SOME TECHNIQUES FOR CONTROLLING THE RETICULAR ACTIVATING SYSTEM AND SLOWING DOWN HIS HEARTRATE.



WELL... THAT'S MY THEORY, ANYWAY.

ONE THING'S FOR SURE... IT TURNED INTO A HIGHLY UNUSUAL NIGHT.

THE CREAKING OF TRICYCLE WHEELS, THE SCRAPE OF RAZORS ON WALLS.



THE HORRIBLE SINGING OF THE UNHOLY GHOST.

FOR ONE NIGHT, AND ONE NIGHT ALONE, BARCELONA WAS OFFERED A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD-TO-COME.

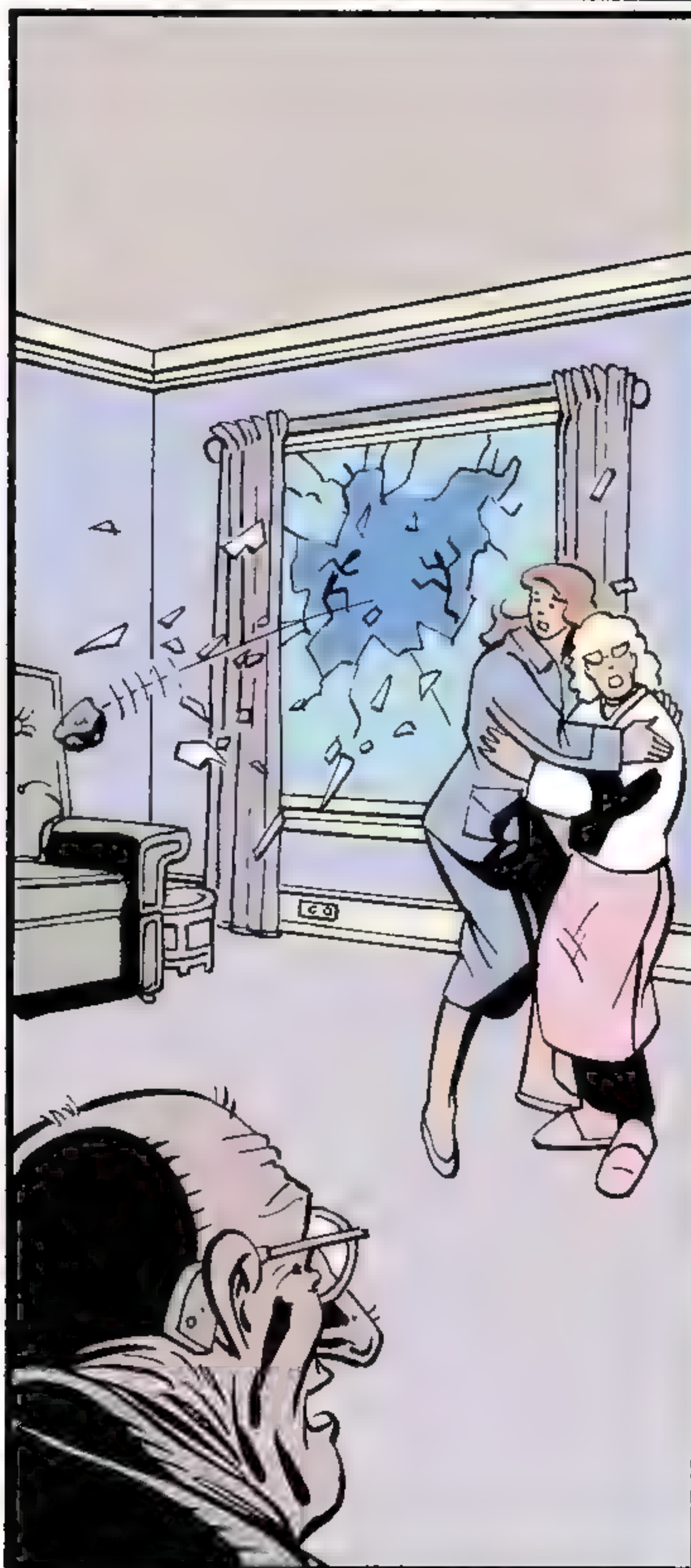


EMILIO CUERVO BECAME CONCERNED ABOUT THE CUT ON HIS HAND.

A BUS, FULL OF TEENAGERS, WAS POSSESSED BY THE UNQUIET FACE AND DRIVEN THROUGH THE CORRIDOR OF HALLUCINATION.

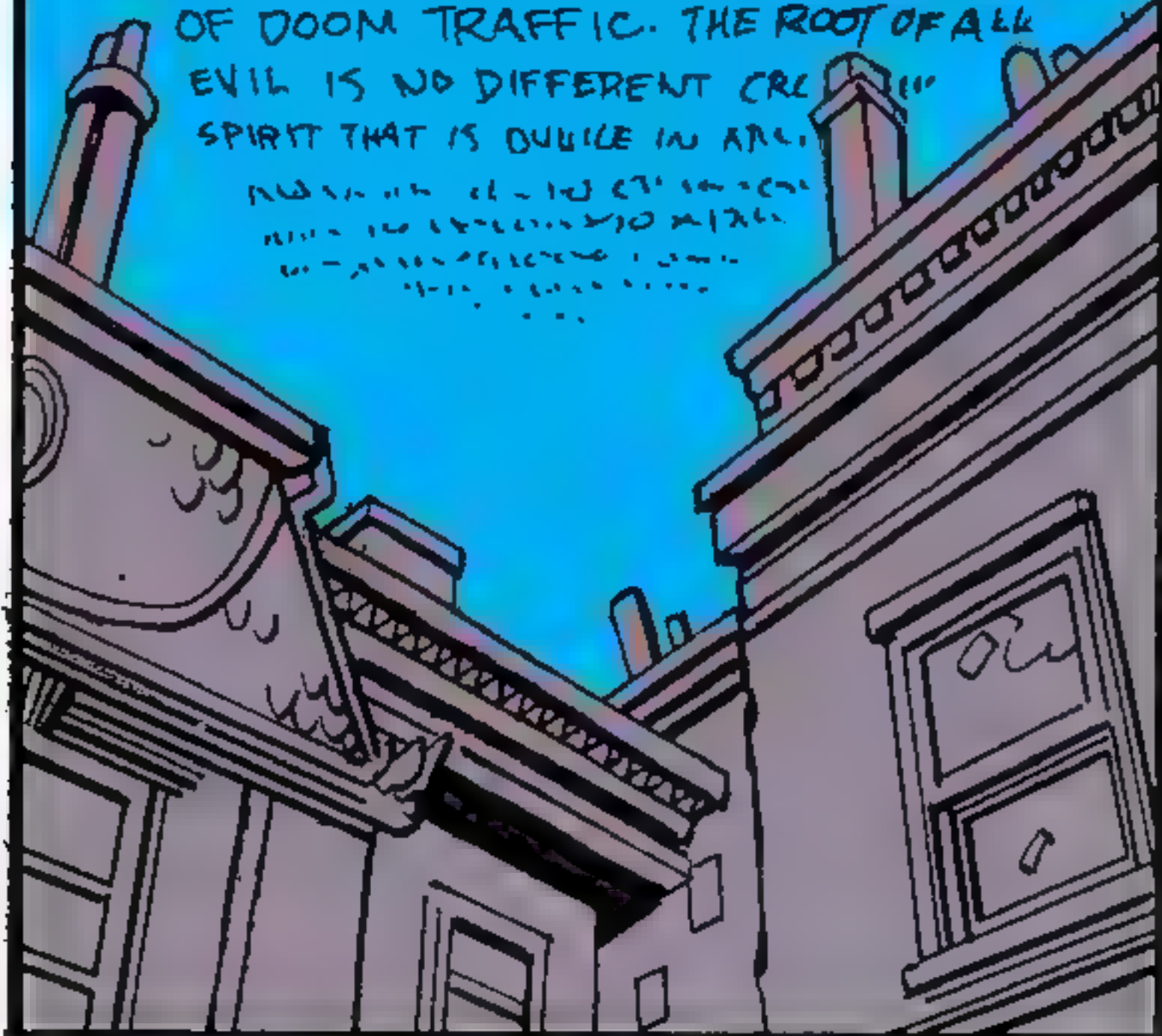


THE NEEDLE CHILDREN, WHO CANNOT BE SEEN THROUGH GLASS, LAID POINTLESS SIEGE TO AN OLD FOLKS' HOME IN THE SUBURBS.



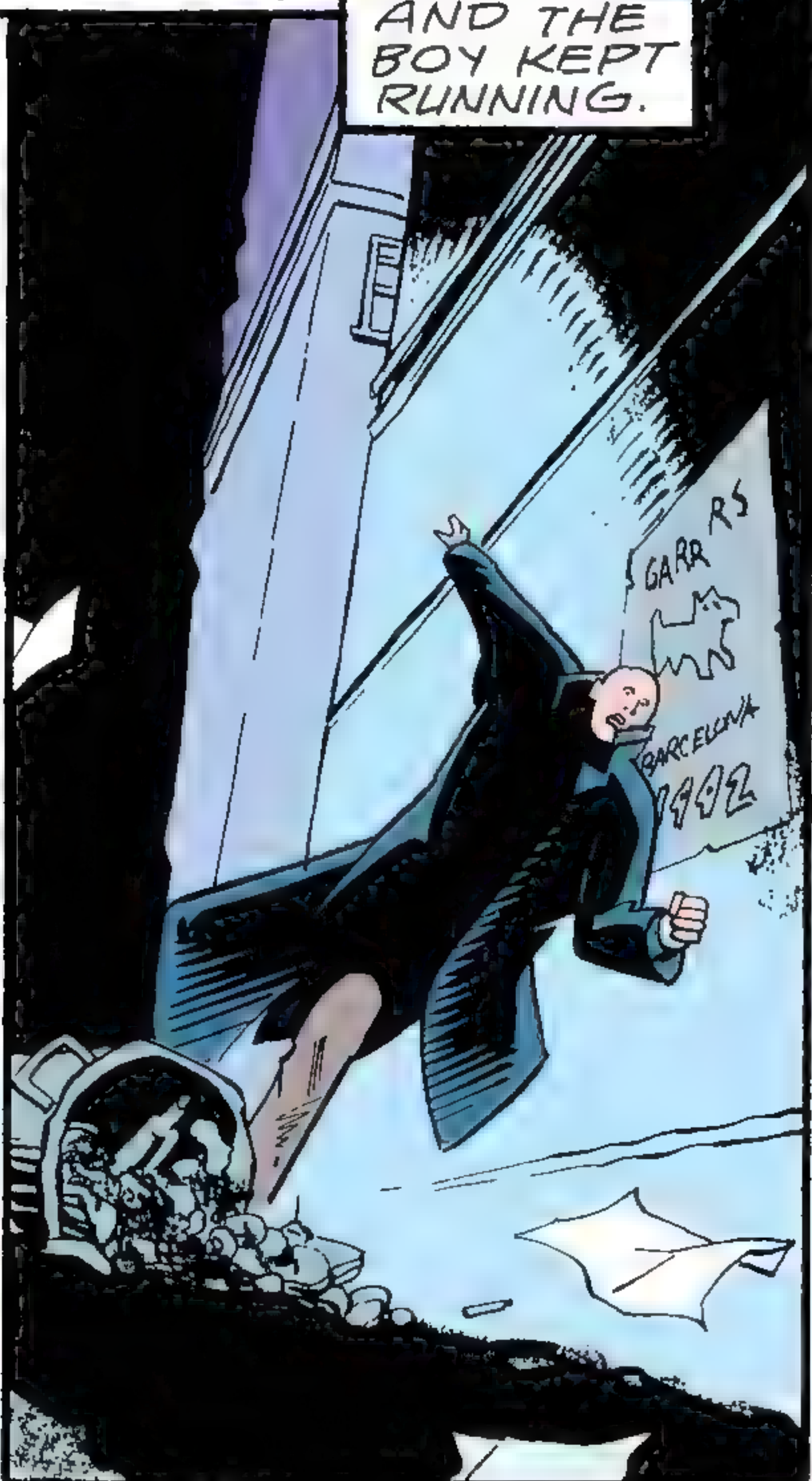
AT 11:30, THERE WAS AN OUTBREAK OF SPIRIT SKYWRITING WHICH CONTINUED FOR AN HOUR AND A HALF.

ILLUMINATED CLARITY OF FIRST ASCENSION CROPS THE ZOO OF FIERY FLESH PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE BUT PATIENTS DON'T KNOW NOT EVEN THE BISHOP CAN CONCERN HIMSELF WITH SUCH IMPRESSIONISTIC CHARGES. MENTAL ARITHMETIC BETRAYS THE CONSTANT ROAR OF DOOM TRAFFIC. THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL IS NO DIFFERENT CREATION SPIRIT THAT IS DOUBLE IN ALL.



AT MIDNIGHT, THE WORD "HARMONY" DISAPPEARED FROM THE VOCABULARY OF EVERYONE IN THE CITY.

AND THE BOY KEPT RUNNING.



AT 12:30, THE EMBRYO STAINS INVADDED THE MARROW OF A NIGHT-CLUB OWNER AND FORCED HIM TO COMPOSE TERRIFYING POETRY.



AND EVERYTHING BLUE BECAME BRIEFLY INVISIBLE.

AND THE RAIN FORGOT HOW TO FALL.

AND STRONG MEN WEPT.

AND THE BOY KEPT RUNNING.

AND...





Vidrieri

WELL,
YOU LOOK
LIKE SOMEONE'S
SET YOUR ARSE
ON FIRE.

NEED
ANY
HELP?



**DOOM
PATROL**

32

MAY 90

doom PATROL™



GRANT MORRISON
RICHARD CASE
JOHN NYBERG

dom PATROL



"I simply *refuse* to hear any
more of this hideousness
without some booze."

AS I'VE EXPLAINED ALREADY, THE CULT OF THE UNWRITTEN BOOK HAS A NUMBER OF SUBDIVISIONS.

ONE SUCH SUBDIVISION IS THE PALE POLICE.



THE PALE POLICE ARE ASSASSINS: UGLY BUGGERS WITH B.O. AND ABSOLUTELY NO SENSE OF HUMOR.

WHAT THEY DO IS STUDY THE THUMBPRINT OF THEIR INTENDED VICTIM, MEDITATING ON ITS WHORLS AND CURVES FOR SEVEN DAYS.



AND THEN THEY RITUALLY DRAW THE PRINT ON THEIR HELMETS FROM MEMORY.

THE HELMET IS SACRED; USED ONLY ONCE AND THEN DESTROYED WITH THE VICTIM'S BODY. THIS, THEY BELIEVE, TRAPS THE VICTIM'S SOUL IN THE MAZE OF HIS OWN THUMBPRINT.



ONE CURIOUS AND LITTLE-KNOWN FACT ABOUT THE PALE POLICE IS THAT THEY CAN ONLY TALK IN ANAGRAMS.



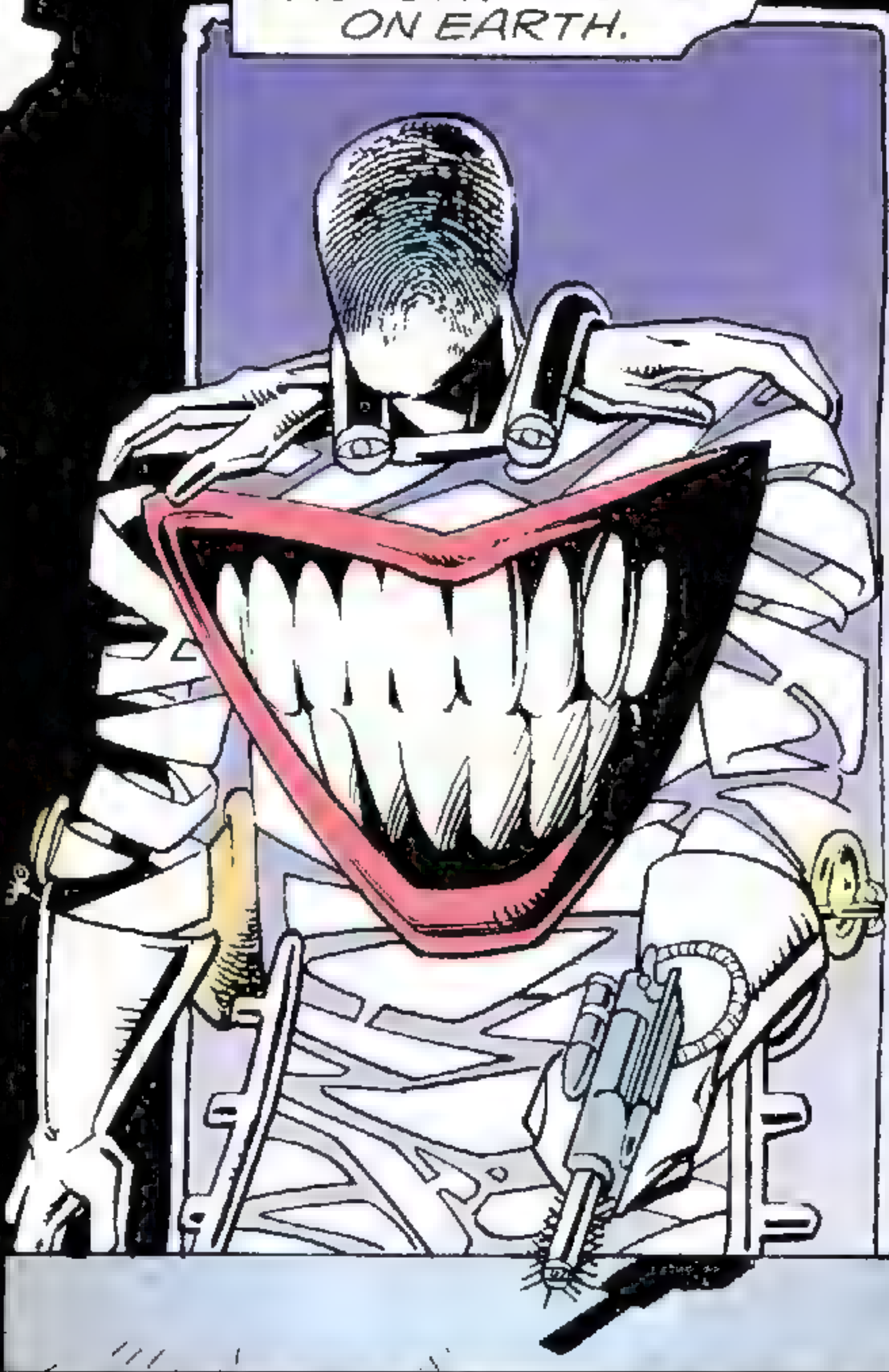
NOT THAT YOU'D EVER CATCH ME READING THE BLOODY "TIMES."

IF YOU WANT REAL NEWS ABOUT THE REAL WORLD, MY ADVICE IS TO PICK UP THE SUNDAY SPORT OR THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER.

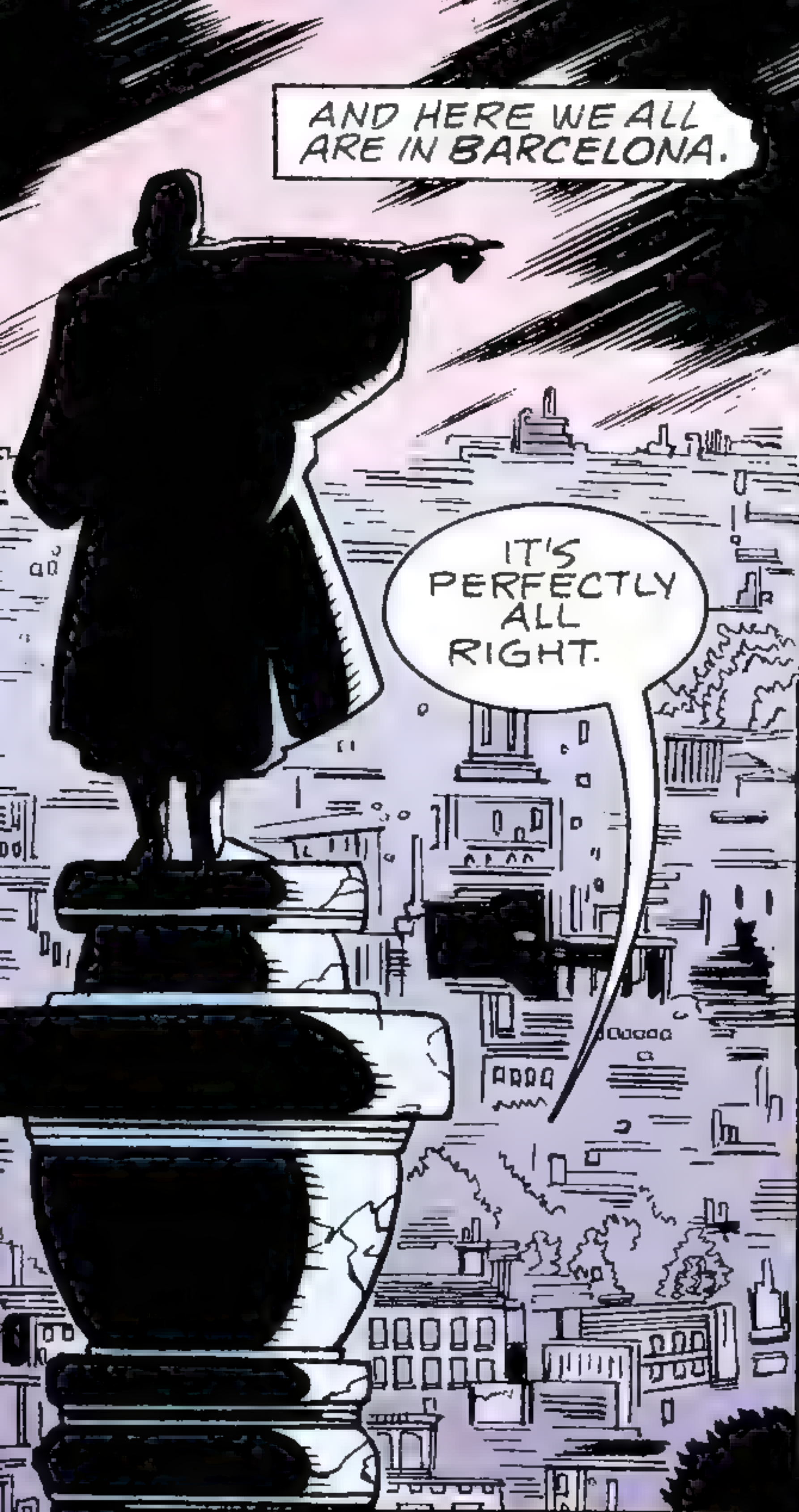


HOWEVER, I DIGRESS.

THE COMPLINE BELL IS RINGING, SOUNDING THE HOURS OF THE LAST DAY OF LIFE ON EARTH.



LISTENING TO A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO OF THEM IS LIKE TRYING TO DO THE "TIMES" CROSSWORD.



AND HERE WE ALL
ARE IN BARCELONA.

IT'S
PERFECTLY
ALL
RIGHT.



WE'RE
ON YOUR
SIDE.

YEAH,
YOU
SAY...

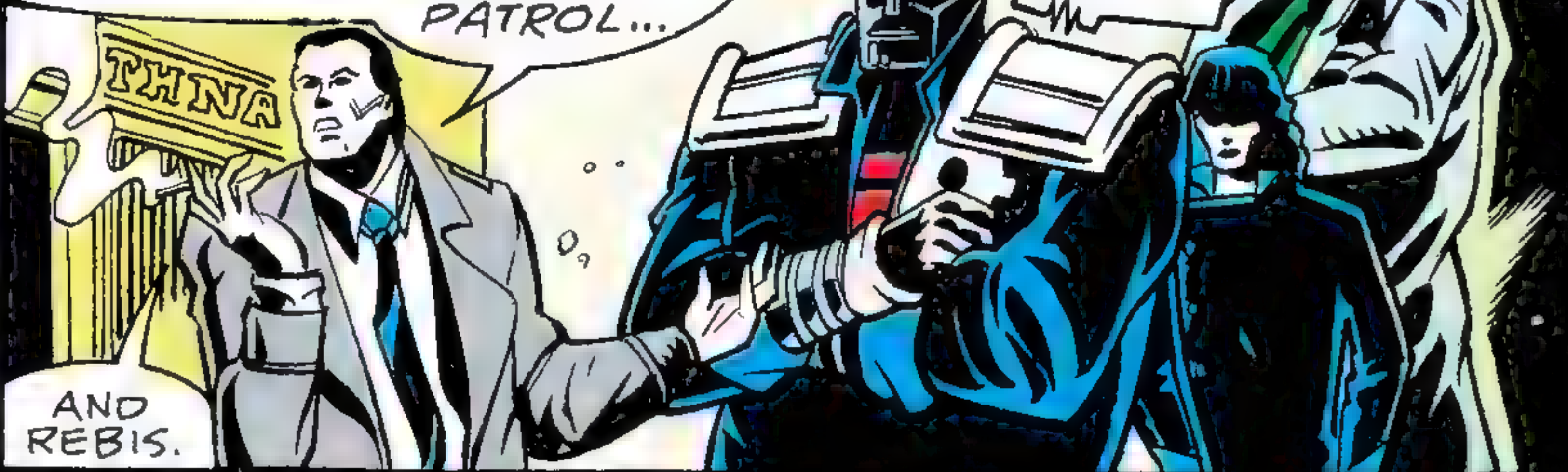
HOW
DO I
KNOW
?

YOU DON'T,
KID. YOU JUST
HAVE TO
TAKE OUR
WORD
FOR IT.

THAT'S ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. HE'S
RIGHT, YOU KNOW. I'M
WILLOUGHBY KIPLING
AND THESE ARE THE DOOM
PATROL...

... MR. STEELE, CRAZY
JANE. AND...

REBIS.



AND
REBIS.

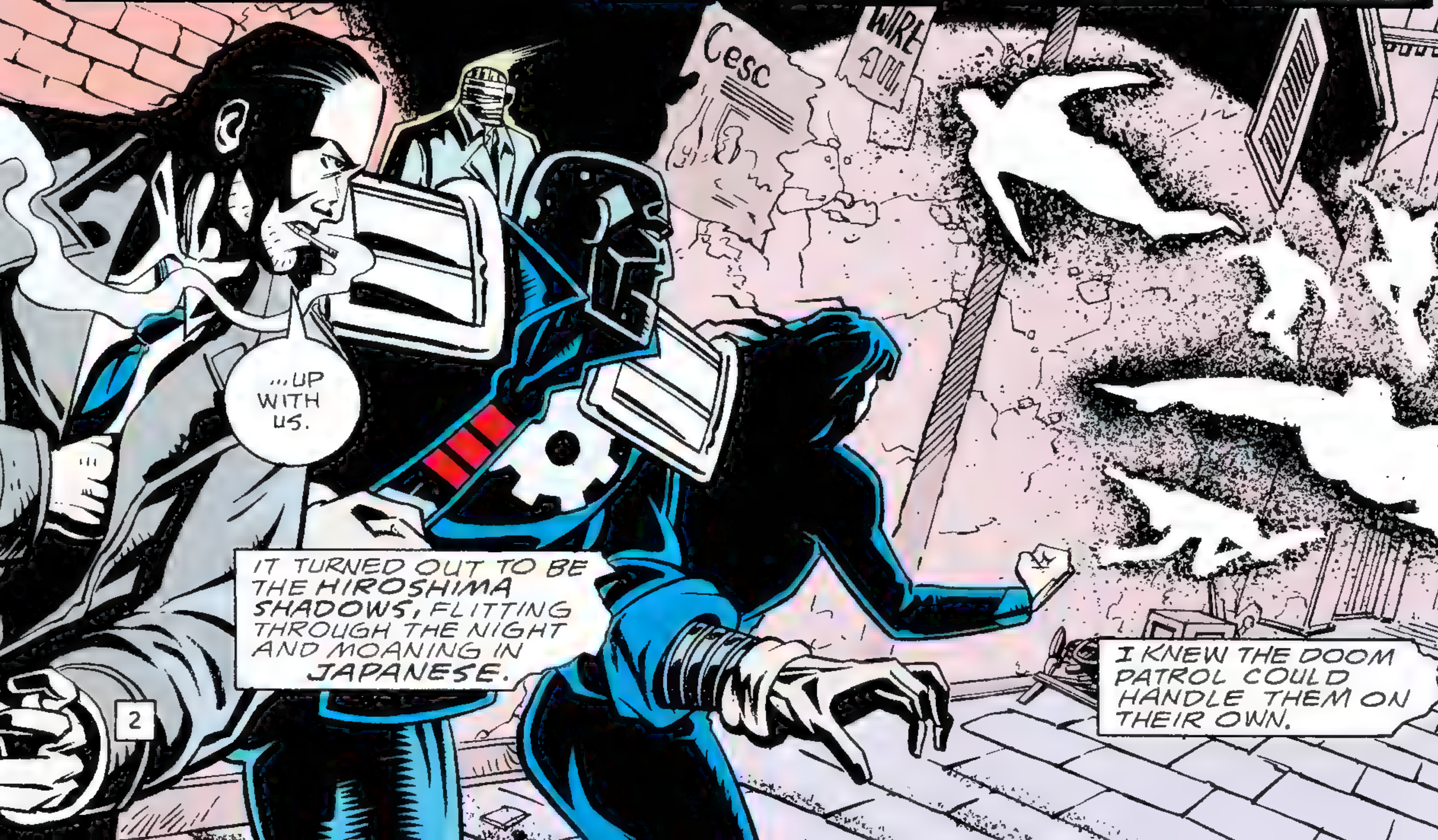


I'VE
HEARD
IT ALL
BEFORE.

HOW
CAN YOU
PROVE
YOU'RE
NOT WITH
THE CULT?



BECAUSE IF WE WERE, WE'D
HAVE BLOODY FILLETED
YOU BY NOW, YOU LITTLE
CRETIN. AND BECAUSE THE
CULT IS RIGHT BEHIND US AND
IF WE STAND HERE TALKING
ALL NIGHT, THEY'LL
CATCH...



IT TURNED OUT TO BE
THE HIROSHIMA
SHADOWS, FLITTING
THROUGH THE NIGHT
AND MOANING IN
JAPANESE.

I KNEW THE DOOM
PATROL COULD
HANDLE THEM ON
THEIR OWN.



SO, QUITE FRANKLY,
I LEFT THEM TO IT.

CLIFF,
WHAT ARE
THEY?

I DON'T
KNOW AND I
DON'T REALLY
WANT TO HANG
AROUND TO
ASK THEM.

I THINK
IT'S TIME TO
TEST DOC
MAGNUS'
WEAPONS
SYSTEMS.



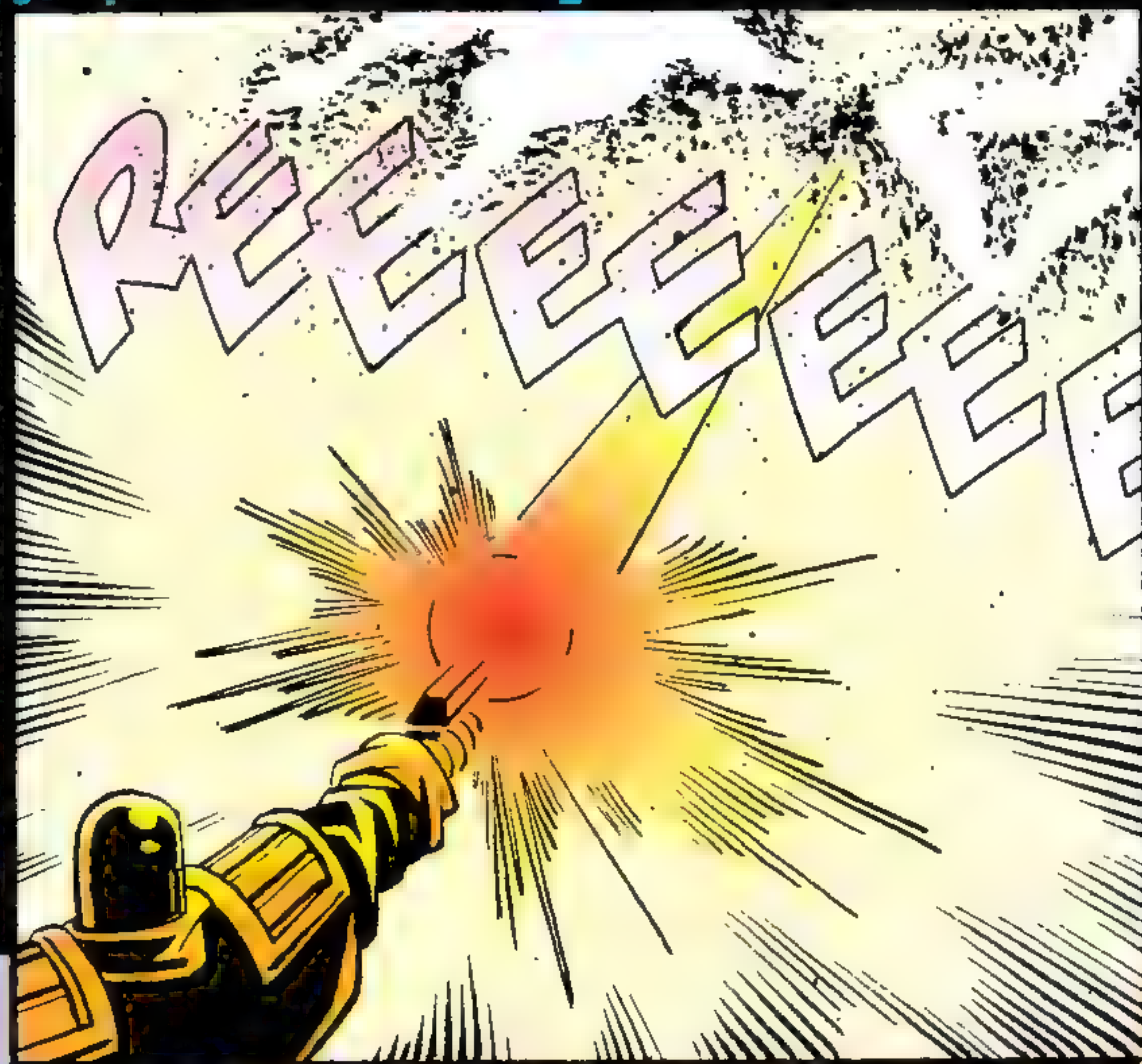
WELL.

NOT
BAD.

**KLICK
KLAK**



BUT
WHAT
DOES IT
DO?



REEEEEEEE



OKAY.

LET'S
TAKE
THEM
OUT!

THAT'S THE
SPIRIT! ONCE
MORE INTO THE
BREACH!

DECREATOR



THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE
A GOOD FIGHT
TO GET THINGS
OFF TO A
FLYING
START.



THEY'RE
VERY
GOOD,
ACTUALLY.

ARE YOU **CONVINCED**
YET, OR ARE YOU
PLANNING ON BEING A
COMPLETE PAIN IN
THE NECK?

WELL...I
SUPPOSE...



SO
WHERE
HAVE
YOU BEEN
STAY-
ING?

A HOTEL.
I CAN'T
REMEMBER
THE NAME,
BUT IT'S BACK
THAT WAY.

I'M NOT
GOING **BACK**
THERE. IT'S
FULL OF THEM.
I WAS NEARLY
CAPTURED...

BULL! IT'S THE
BEST PLACE TO
HIDE UNTIL WE SORT
THIS WHOLE
SORDID
BUSINESS
OUT.

THE DOOM
PATROL SHOULD
BE FINISHING UP
BY NOW...



SEE?



BRAVO!

THIS CALLS
FOR A
DRINK,
I'D
SAY.

CHIN-
CHIN.

...SO, EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO A VERY SPECIAL CHILD WAS BORN. THIS CHILD'S SKIN WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY COVERED IN TATTOOED WORDS. A BONA FIDE MIRACLE.

Hotel

AND HERE HE IS...

THE BOOK OF THE FIFTH WINDOW. THE WORD MADE FLESH.

NOW...THE CULT OF THE UNWRITTEN BOOK HAS WAITED 2,000 YEARS FOR THIS SCRIPTURE TO APPEAR. THEY BELIEVE IT TO BE GOD'S LAST MESSAGE, HERALDING THE DEATH OF ALL BEING...

I WISH YOU'D STOP PRODDING ME.

SHUT UP, I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN THIS...THE BOOK IS SAID TO CONTAIN THE SECRET NAME OF THE ANTIGOD.

THE CULT WANTS TO DECIPHER THE NAME, SUMMON THE ANTIGOD, AND BRING ABOUT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE. SIMPLE.

CAN I PUT MY SHIRT ON NOW?

WHAT EXACTLY IS THIS "ANTI-GOD" YOU KEEP TALKING ABOUT?

DON'T YOU THINK IT MIGHT HELP IF YOU EXPLAINED SOME OF THIS STUFF TO US?

WELL, ACCORDING TO THE BELIEFS OF THE CULT, IT ALL GOES BACK TO THE FIRST MOMENT OF CREATION, WHEN GOD BECAME SELF-AWARE AND SAID "FIAT LUX!"

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

THAT FIRST LIGHT OF CREATION CAST THE FIRST SHADOW.

AND THE SHADOW WAS GOD'S OWN--THE ANTIGOD, THE UN-MAKER, THE DECREATOR.

BUT WHY SHOULD THE CULT WANT TO END THE UNIVERSE? IT'S CRAZY.

PERHAPS THEY BELIEVE MATTER AND PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION TO BE CORRUPT, LIKE THE...

SOMETHING COMING.

BARCELONA



THERE'S SOMETHING COMING DOWN THE STREET...

OH, IT'S...

GET AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!



GET AWAY! DON'T LET IT SEE YOU!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?

THE SHROUD ON STILTS. ONE OF THE MINOR GROTESQUES.

IT'S OKAY... IT'S GOING PAST.

THESE THINGS ARE GOING TO KEEP COMING THROUGH UNTIL WE LOCATE AND SEAL THE WOUND.



SO LET'S HOPE MY HOLY POP HAS DONE THE TRICK...

HOLY WHAT?

POP 7-UP THAT'S BEEN BLESSED BY A DEFROCKED PRIEST.

I'VE HAD THESE TELEPHONE DIRECTORIES STEEPING IN THE STUFF SINCE WE GOT HERE.

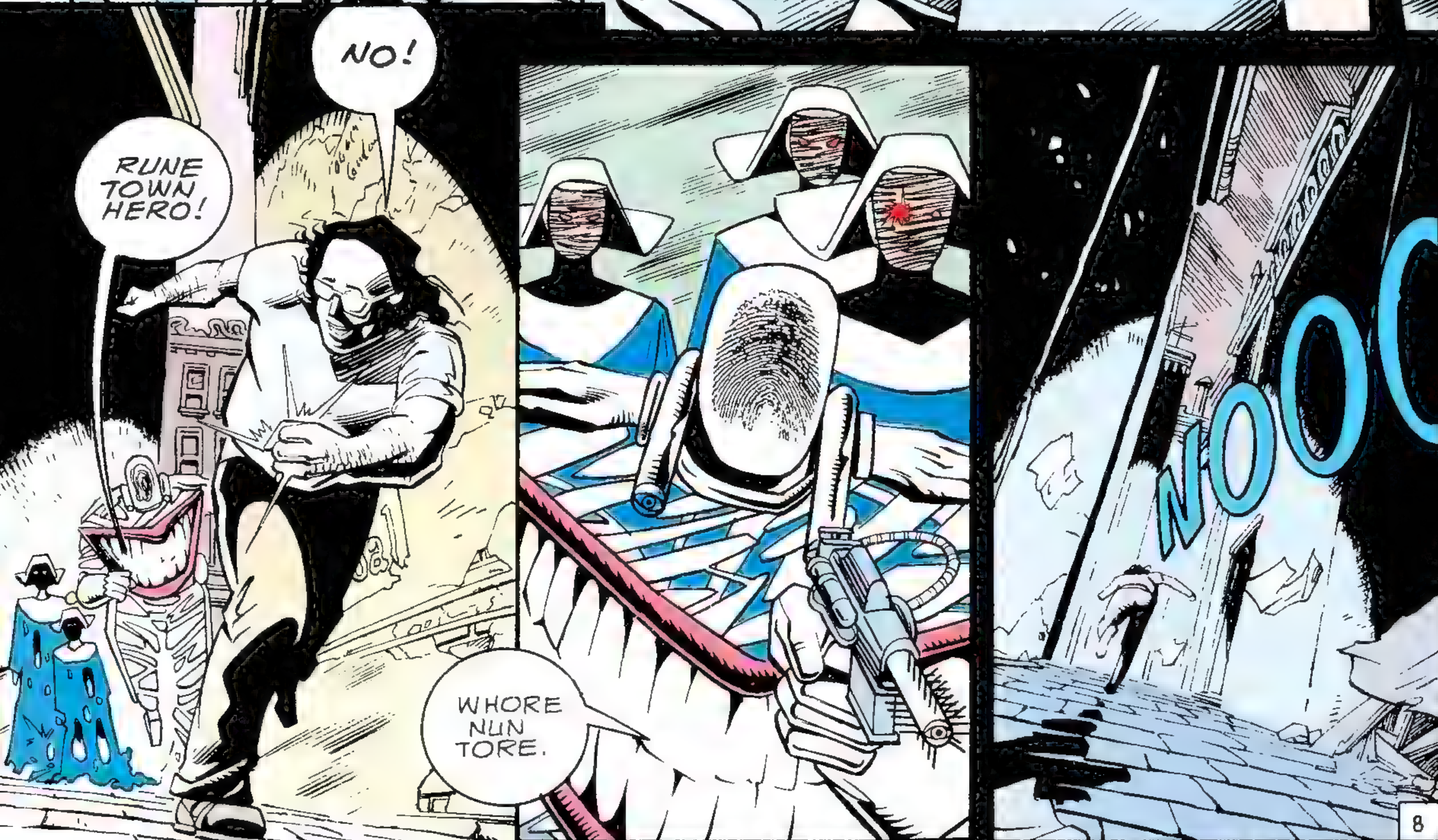
OR HADN'T YOU NOTICED?

IT'S ONE OF MY LITTLE TECHNIQUES. THE HOLY POP ERASES ALL THE NAMES IN THE DIRECTORY, EXCEPT THE NAME OF THE PERSON BEARING THE WOUND.

I CAN ONLY HOPE THE SOD HAS A PHONE...

AH! HERE WE ARE. HIS NAME'S CUERVO. EMILIO CUERVO.

CUERVO, EMILIO... 112 B



...LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE BEST THING TO DO WOULD BE TO SPLIT UP.

Hotel

WELL, WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE? I PLAN TO GET ABSOLUTELY BLOODY RAT-HOLED.

THINGS ARE GETTING OUT OF CONTROL OUT THERE. WE'RE WASTING TIME TALKING AND HANGING AROUND THIS...

KIPLING, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

IT'S THE ONLY SANE WAY TO FIGHT THE CULT.

ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT WE'LL GET THINGS DONE MUCH QUICKER IF WE DELEGATE.

AM I TALKING TO MYSELF HERE?

WHAT WAS THAT?

I'M SUGGESTING WE SPLIT UP. I CAN SPEAK A LITTLE SPANISH, SO I'D PROBABLY BE THE BEST CHOICE TO PICK UP THIS CUERVO GUY...

FINISHED.

BLOODY TYPICAL.

FINE, FINE.

YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND HIM IN THE CATHEDRAL -- SAGRADA FAMILIA.

GREAT NOW WHAT ABOUT THIS WOUND?...

IT'S THE GATEWAY INTO THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE CULT OF THE UNWRITTEN BOOK.

IT USUALLY MANIFESTS ITSELF AS AN UNUSUAL GASH ON A HUMAN BODY--

--ON THE CHEST, THE HEAD, THE HANDS...

IT USUALLY KEEPS GETTING **BIGGER** UNTIL THE AFFECTED PERSON IS **ALL** WOUND. CULT AGENTS TRAVEL **THROUGH** THE WOUND INTO THIS WORLD.

AS FOR THE CULT HQ ITSELF, THEY INHABIT THE **GHOST** OF A GERMAN TOWN CALLED **NÜRNHEIM**, WHICH WAS **DESTROYED** AGES AGO.

BEING THE GHOST OF A DEAD TOWN, NÜRNHEIM IS ABLE TO MOVE ABOUT AND TO **DISGUISE** ITSELF.

SOMETIMES IT'S HIDDEN IN AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OR IN A DRAWING IN A COMIC. THE WOUND IS THE ONLY WAY IN. THAT'S WHY NO ONE'S EVER BEEN ABLE TO DESTROY THE TOWN ITSELF.

LET'S JUST HOPE IT DOESN'T COME TO ACTUALLY HAVING TO GO INTO NÜRNHEIM. IT'S A BLOODY DREADFUL PLACE BY ALL ACCOUNTS.

IF WE'RE LUCKY, WE CAN JUST **SEAL** THE WOUND AND COME UP SMILING.

FUNNY HOW NO-BODY'S ASKED ME WHAT **I** WANT TO DO.

THAT'S BECAUSE WE'RE ALL THOROUGHLY **SICK** OF YOUR CONSTANTLY WHINING VOICE.

YOU'LL STAY HERE WITH **CRAZY JANE**.

RIGHT. EVERYBODY HAPPY?

THEN LET'S GO.

A PLAGUE OF BODILESS MOUTHS SWEEPED THROUGH THE PARQUE GUELL, DISAGREEING VIOLENTLY WITH ONE ANOTHER.

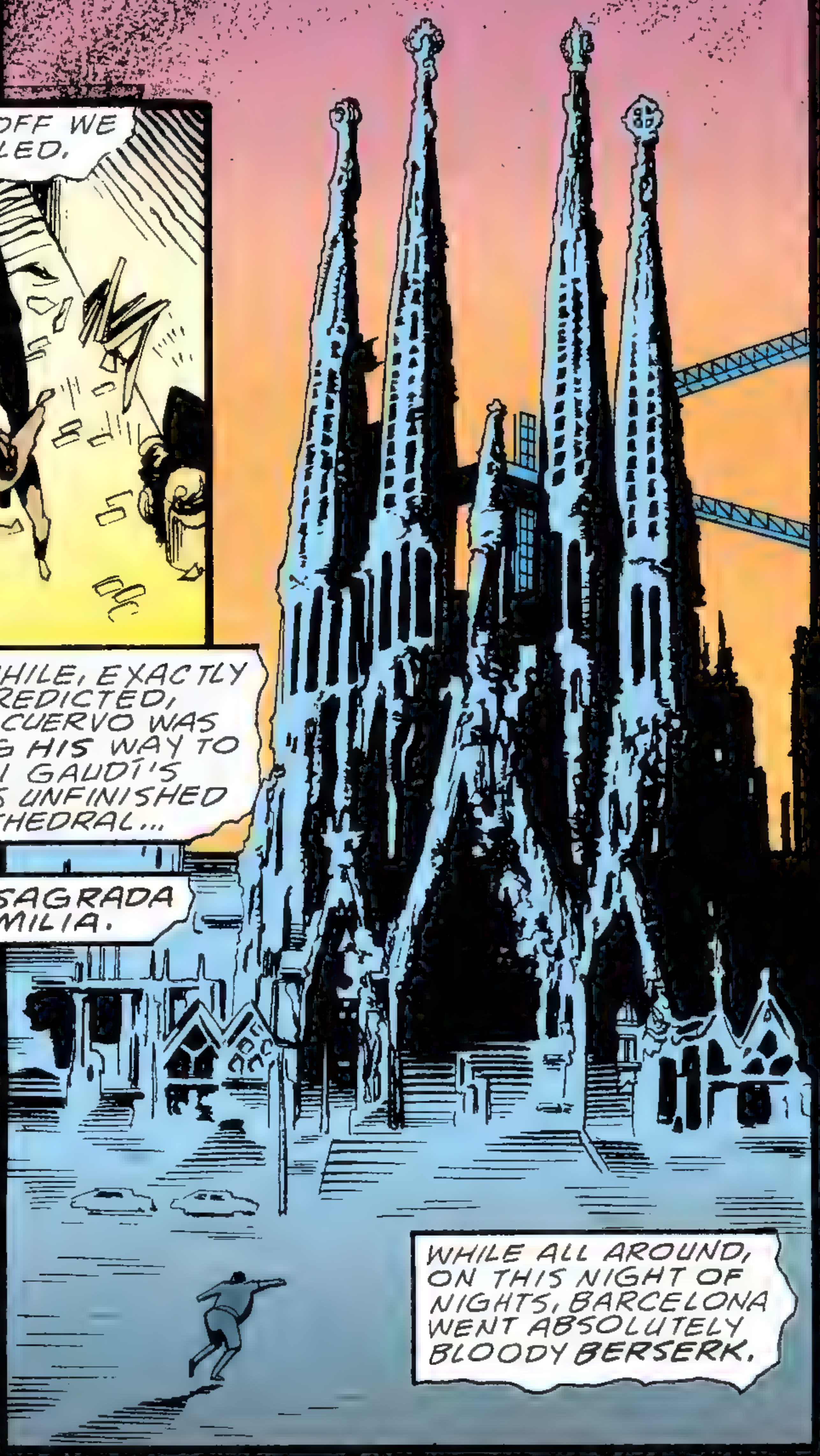


AND OFF WE TODDLED.



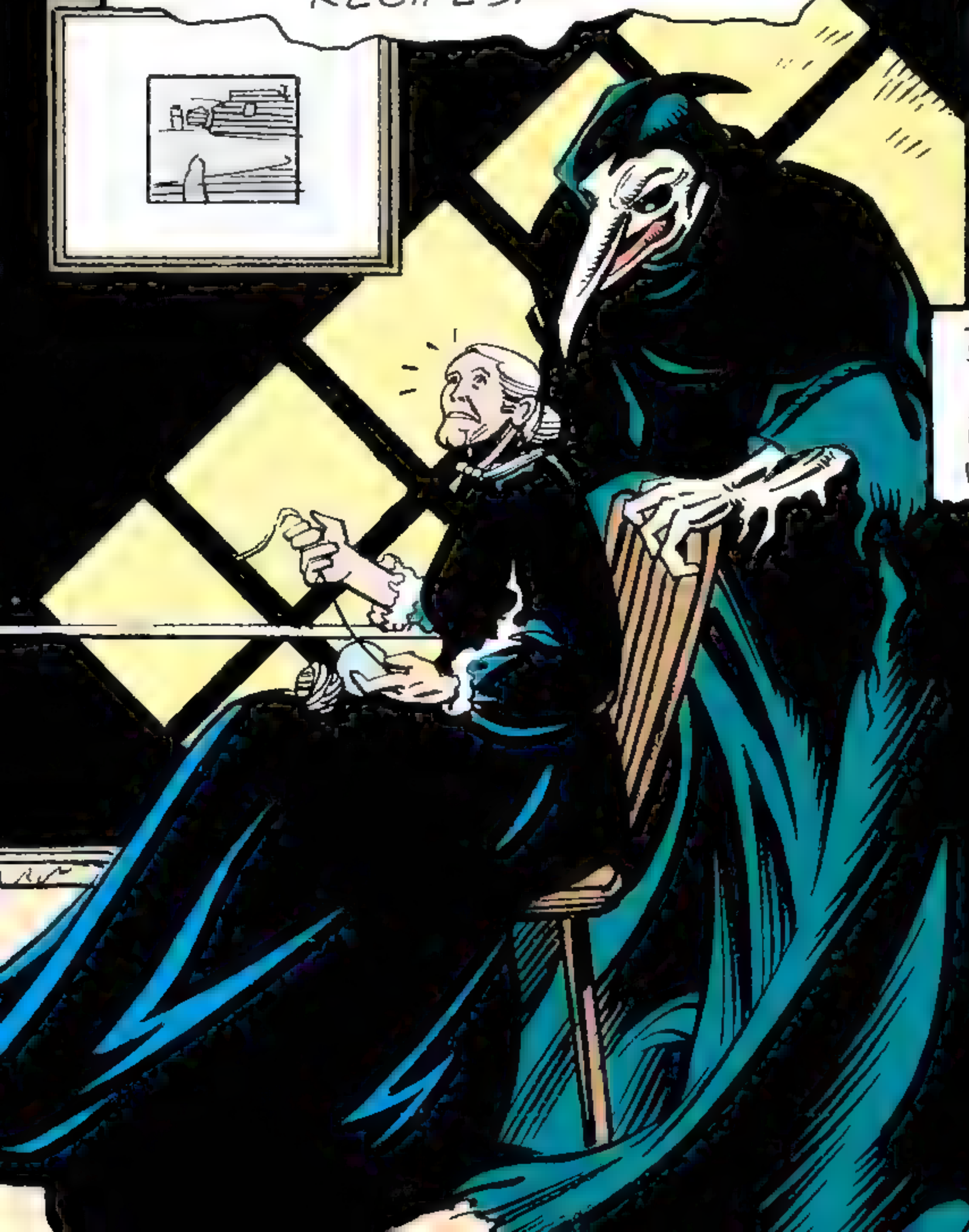
MEANWHILE, EXACTLY AS I PREDICTED, EMILIO CUERVO WAS MAKING HIS WAY TO ANTONI GAUDI'S FAMOUS UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL...

THE SAGRADA FAMILIA.



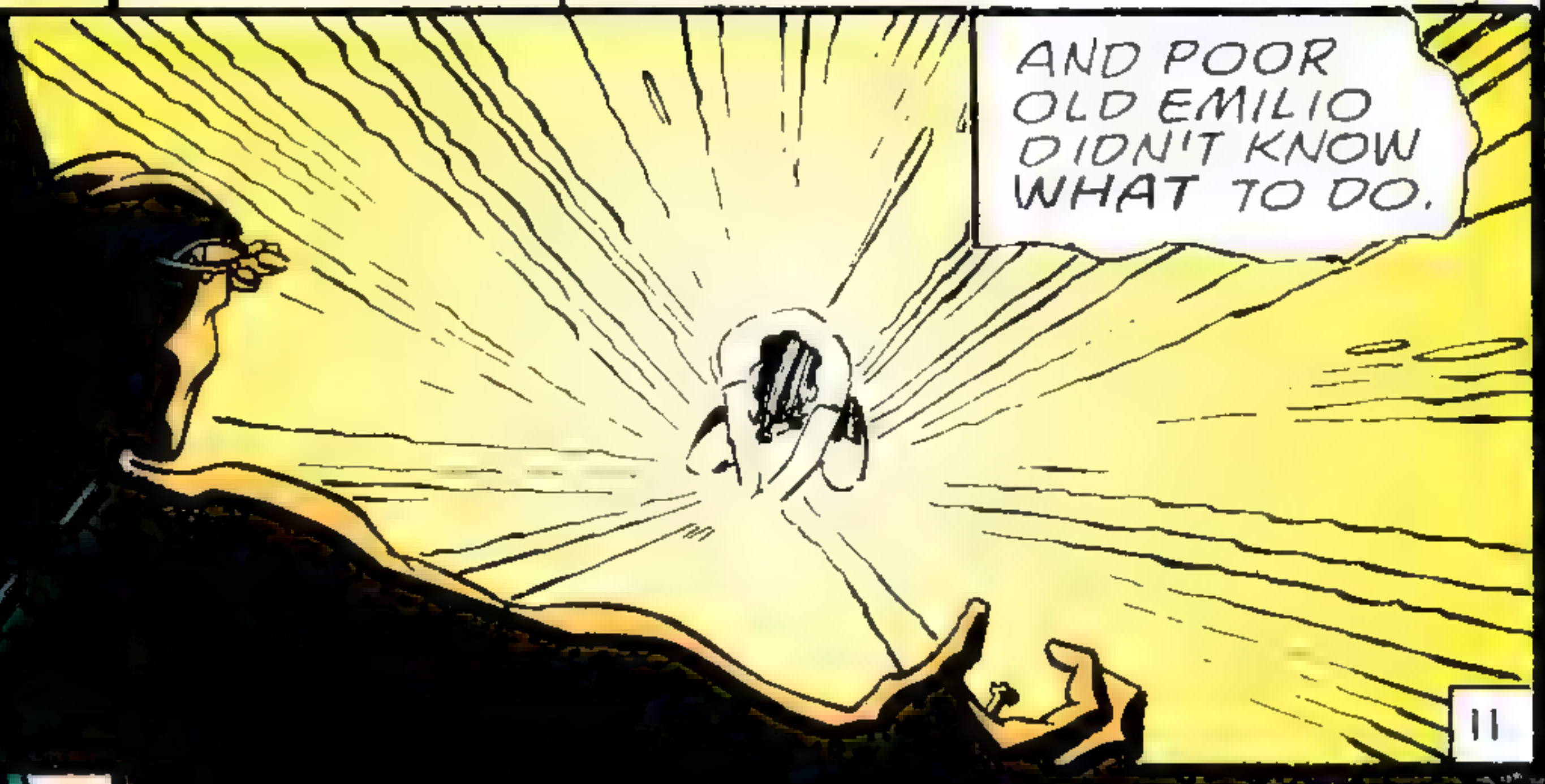
WHILE ALL AROUND, ON THIS NIGHT OF NIGHTS, BARCELONA WENT ABSOLUTELY BLOODY BERSERK.

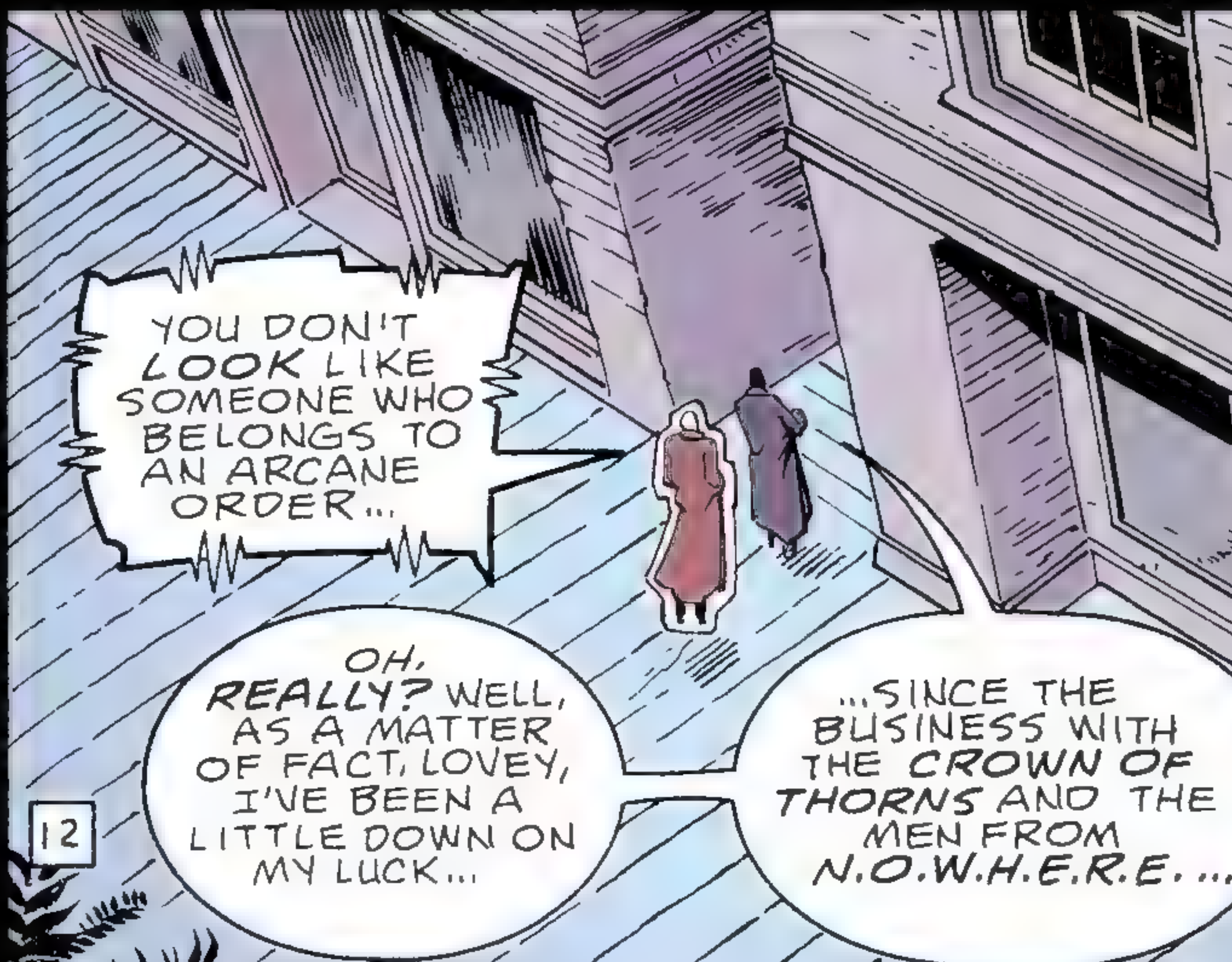
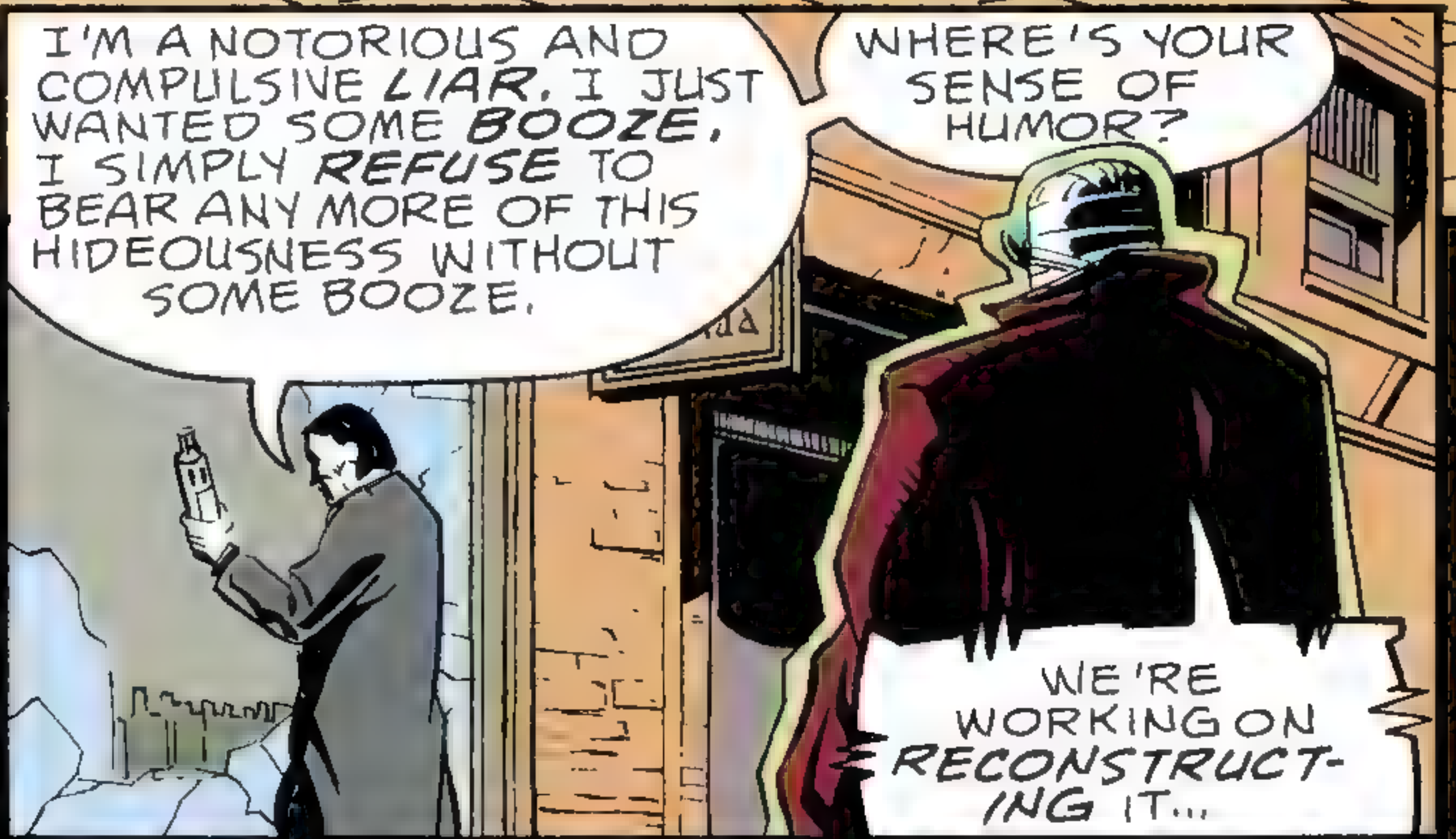
WHISPERING JACK HAUNTED THE HOUSES OF UNMARRIED WOMEN, SUGGESTING INDECENT INGREDIENTS FOR UNUSUAL RECIPES.



THE WEeping BLADES TURNED UP LATE AND BEGAN TO COVER THE WALLS OF LA PEDRERA WITH STRANGE SLOGANS.

AND POOR OLD EMILIO DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.



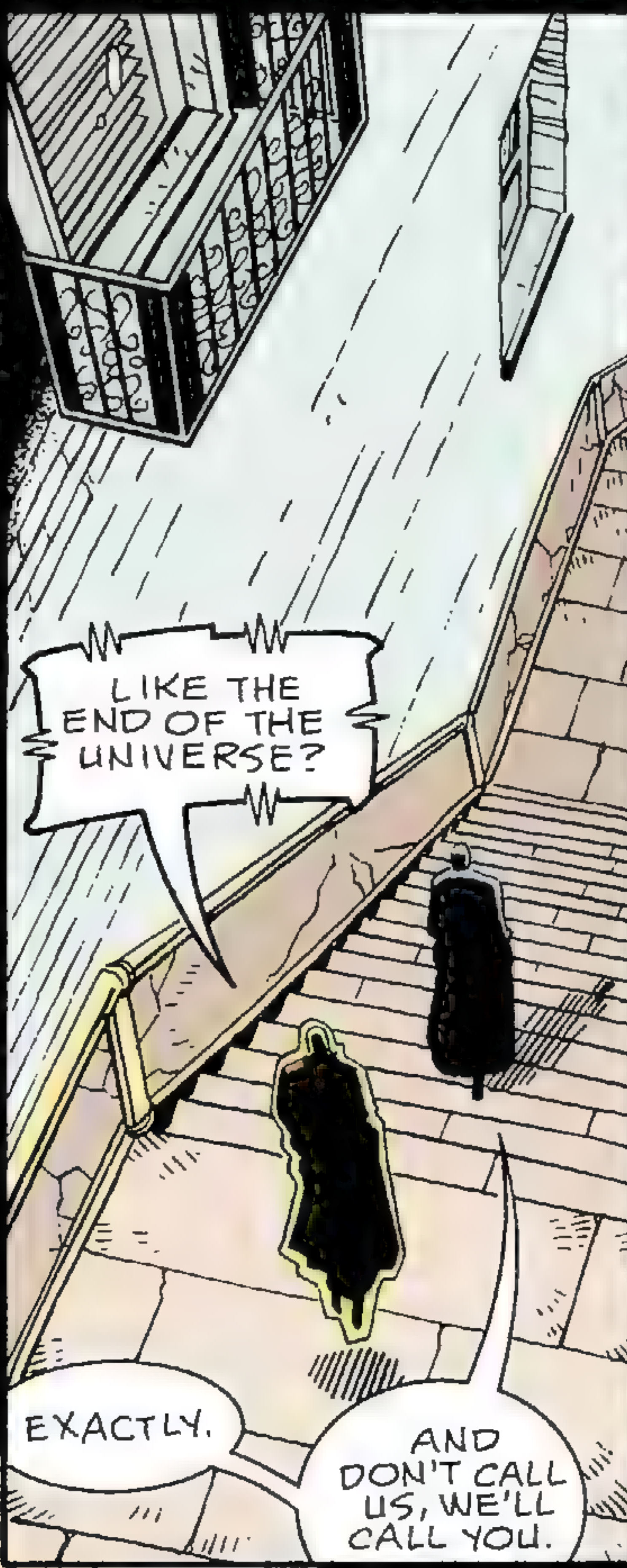


YOU BUGGERS
THINK YOU'RE
SO TERRIBLY
WEIRD, DON'T
YOU?

WELL, YOU
JUST
DON'T
KNOW THE
HALF OF
IT. YOU
PONCE AROUND
GETTING ALL THE
GLORY WHILE
PEOPLE LIKE ME
HAVE TO DEAL WITH
THE REAL STRANGE-
NESS, THE SMALL
THINGS...



LIKE THE
END OF THE
UNIVERSE?



EXACTLY.

AND
DON'T CALL
US, WE'LL
CALL YOU.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE POST-
CARDS? YOU SAID WE
NEEDED THEM TO MAKE
THE HOTEL ROOM INVISIBLE
TO THE AGENTS OF THE
CULT...



I KNOW
WHAT I
SAID. I'VE
GOT
THEM.

IT'S
OKAY.
I'VE GOT
THEM
RIGHT
HERE IN
MY...

POTS!

TV MOOD
A POTENT
TOTEM!



"STOP! DO
NOT ATTEMPT
TO MOVE!"

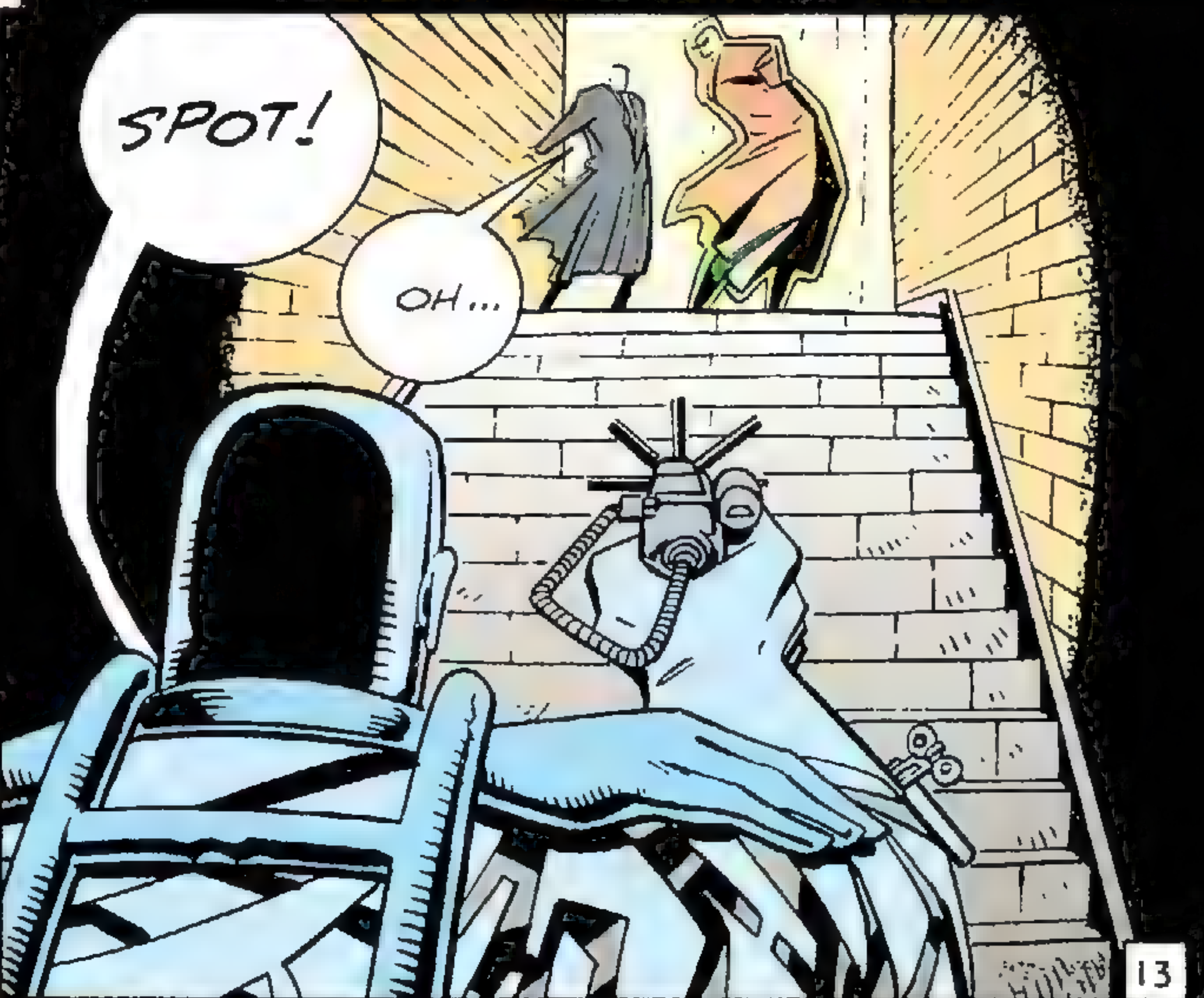
WHAT?

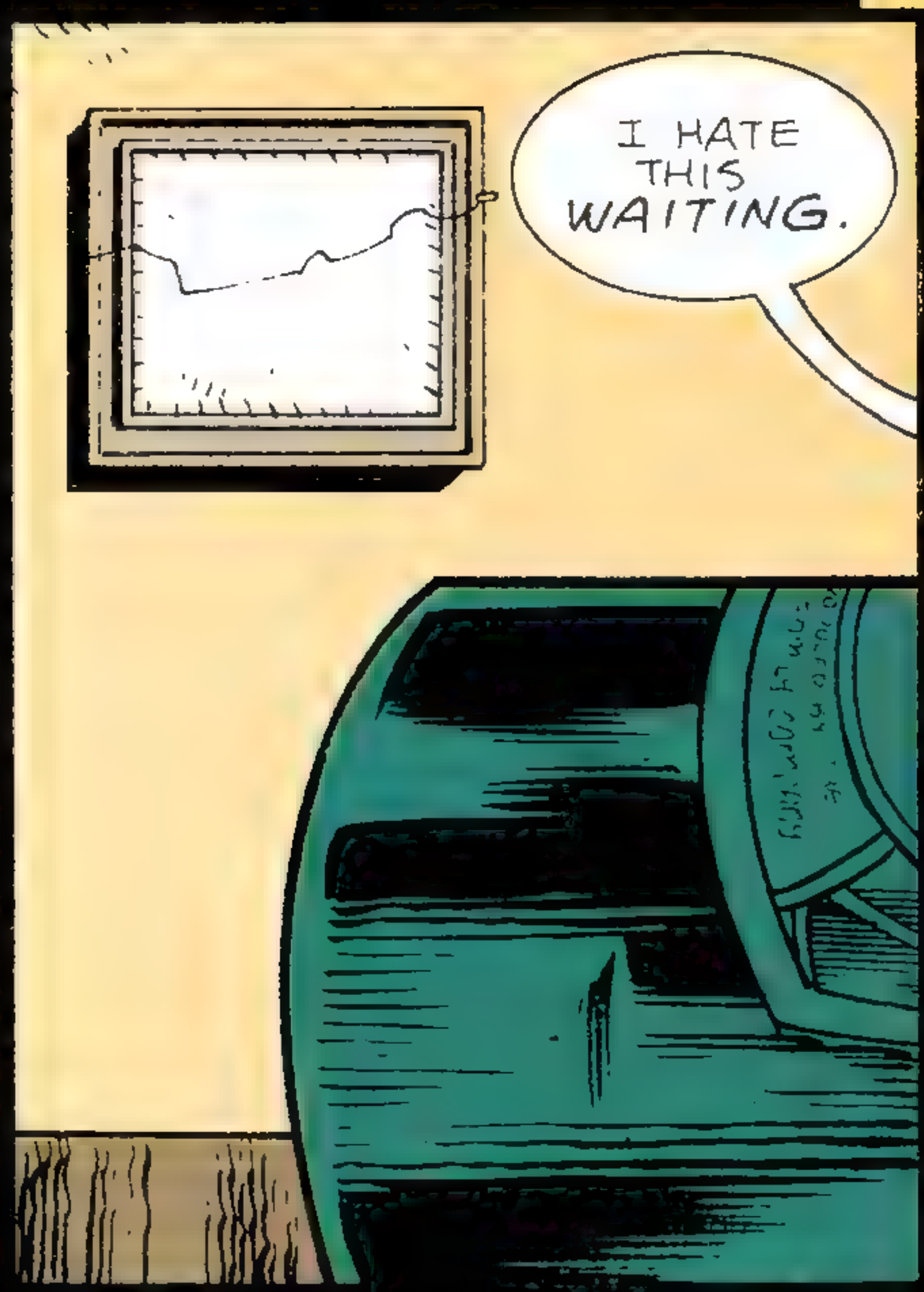
WHAT HE
SAID. AN
ANAGRAM
OF...



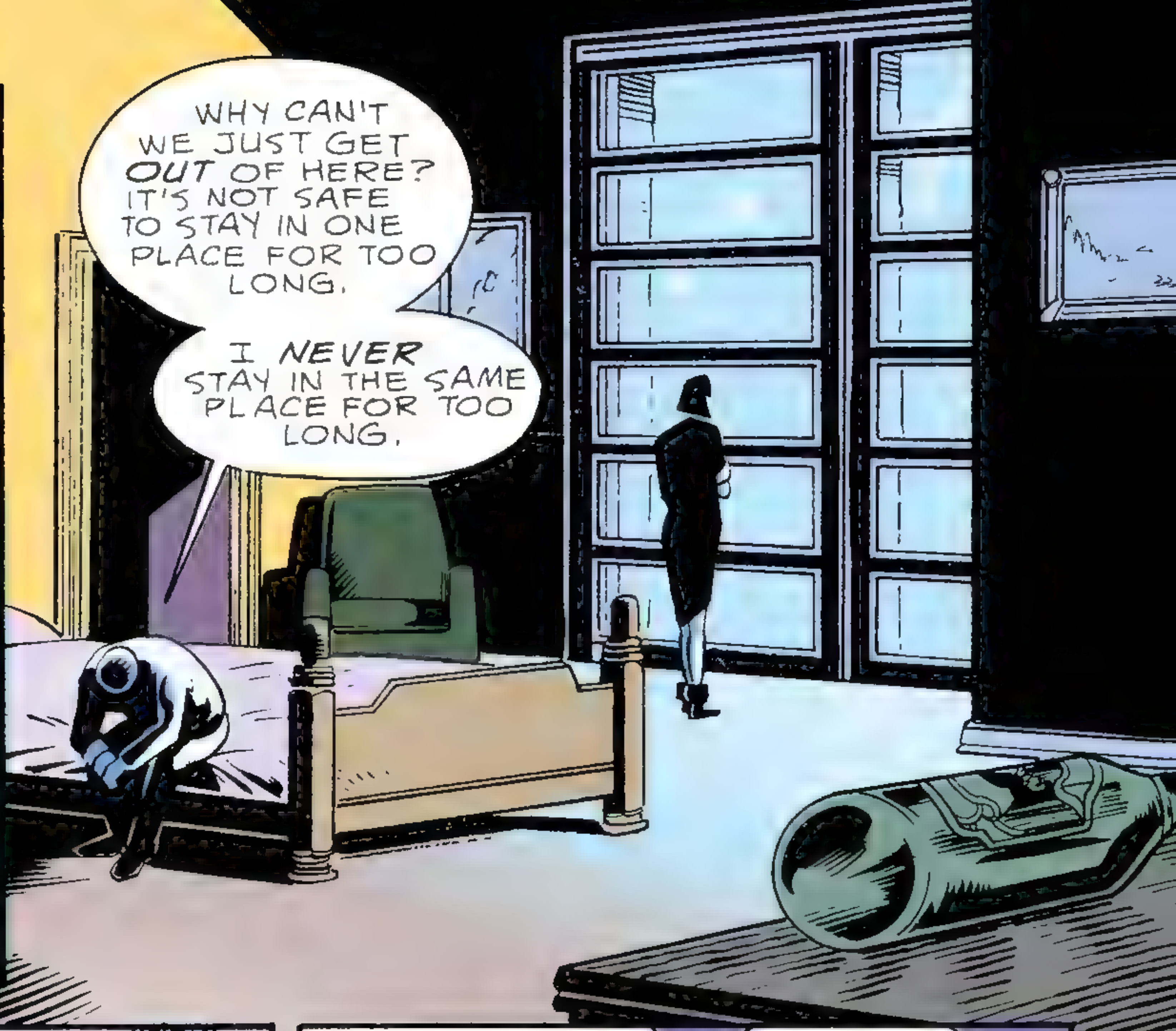
SPOT!

OH...





I HATE THIS WAITING.



WHY CAN'T WE JUST GET OUT OF HERE? IT'S NOT SAFE TO STAY IN ONE PLACE FOR TOO LONG.

I NEVER STAY IN THE SAME PLACE FOR TOO LONG.



STREETS ARE QUIET. WE SHOULD BE OKAY UNTIL THE OTHERS GET BACK.

JUST SIT QUIET. WAIT.

I CAN'T SETTLE.

I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE.



I SUPPOSE IT'S BEEN HARD FOR YOU-- ALWAYS MOVING, ALWAYS BEING CHASED.

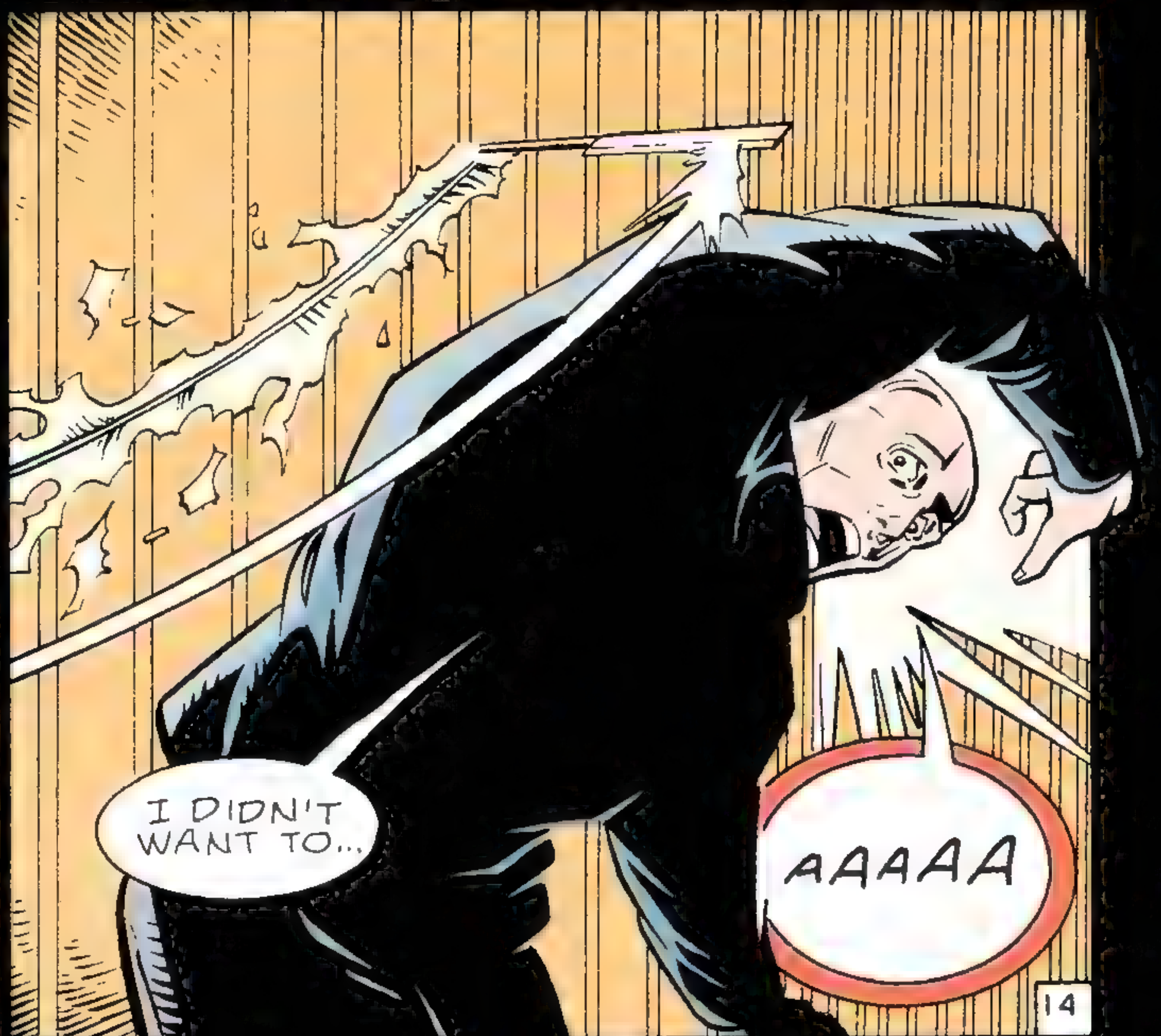
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR P-PUH-PARENTS... PARENTS... YOUR PARENTS?



RECRUITED BY THE CULT WHEN I WAS SIX MONTHS OLD. TURNED INTO WINDOWS OF WARNING.

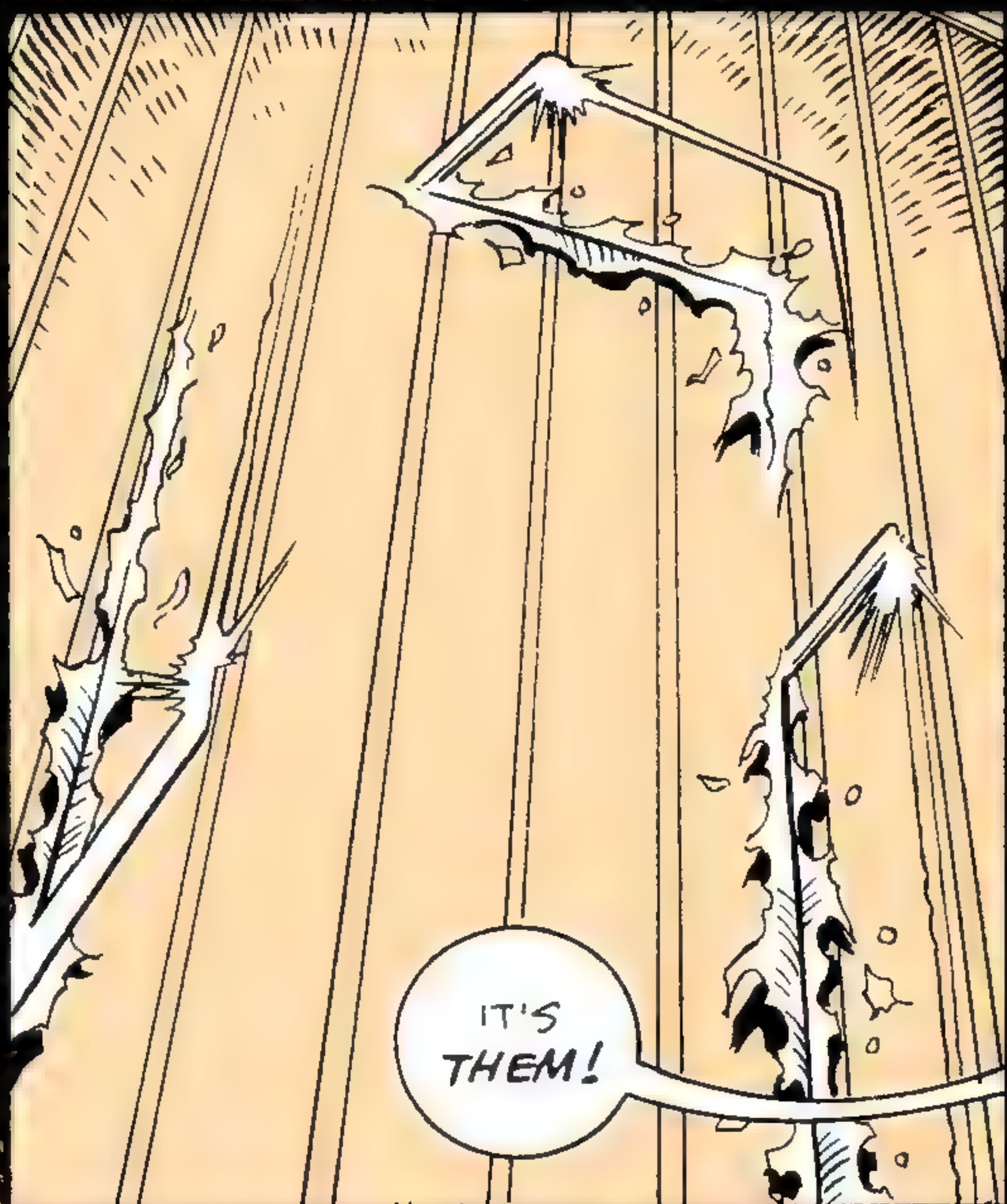
I WAS BROUGHT UP BY TWO DOCTORS... OCCULTISTS... THE CULT KILLED THEM WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN. I'VE BEEN ON THE RUN EVER SINCE.

I MEAN, IT'S NOT MY FAULT I WAS BORN LIKE THIS!



I DIDN'T WANT TO...

AAAAA



IT'S THEM!

THEY'RE DRAWN FROM THE RANKS OF CHILDREN WHO REFUSE TO GROW UP.

THE CULT SPIRITS THEM AWAY TO NÜRNHEIM WHERE THEY'RE SUBJECTED TO SECRET DISFIGUREMENTS WHICH PROLONG CHILDHOOD INDEFINITELY.

VERY QUICKLY, THEY REALIZE THAT STAYING YOUNG IS NOT ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE, BUT BY THAT TIME, IT'S TOO LATE.

AND THAT'S WHEN THEY WANT TO START SHARING THEIR AGONY...

...RAZCKS...
THEY'LL
CUT US
TO BITS...

RAZORS?
RAZORS?

DO THEY
THINK I'M
AFRAID OF
RAZORS?!



OF ALL THE AGENTS OF THE CULT, THE LITTLE SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF THE RAZOR ARE PROBABLY THE MOST DEDICATED TO INFLECTING OUTRAGEOUS AMOUNTS OF PAIN.





O,
ANNOY!
ACCEPT!
USE!



Y,
THOU
SEWERY
AREA!



IT'S YOU
HE WANTS.
DO THE
DECENT
THING, FOR
GOD'S
SAKE!

GIVE
YOURSELF
UP TO HIM.
TELL HIM I'M
COMPLETELY
INNOCENT.



WAIT!
WHERE DO
YOU THINK
YOU'RE
GOING?

COME
BACK, FOR
GOD'S
SAKE!



YOU
CAN'T
JUST
LEAVE
ME
HERE
WITH...

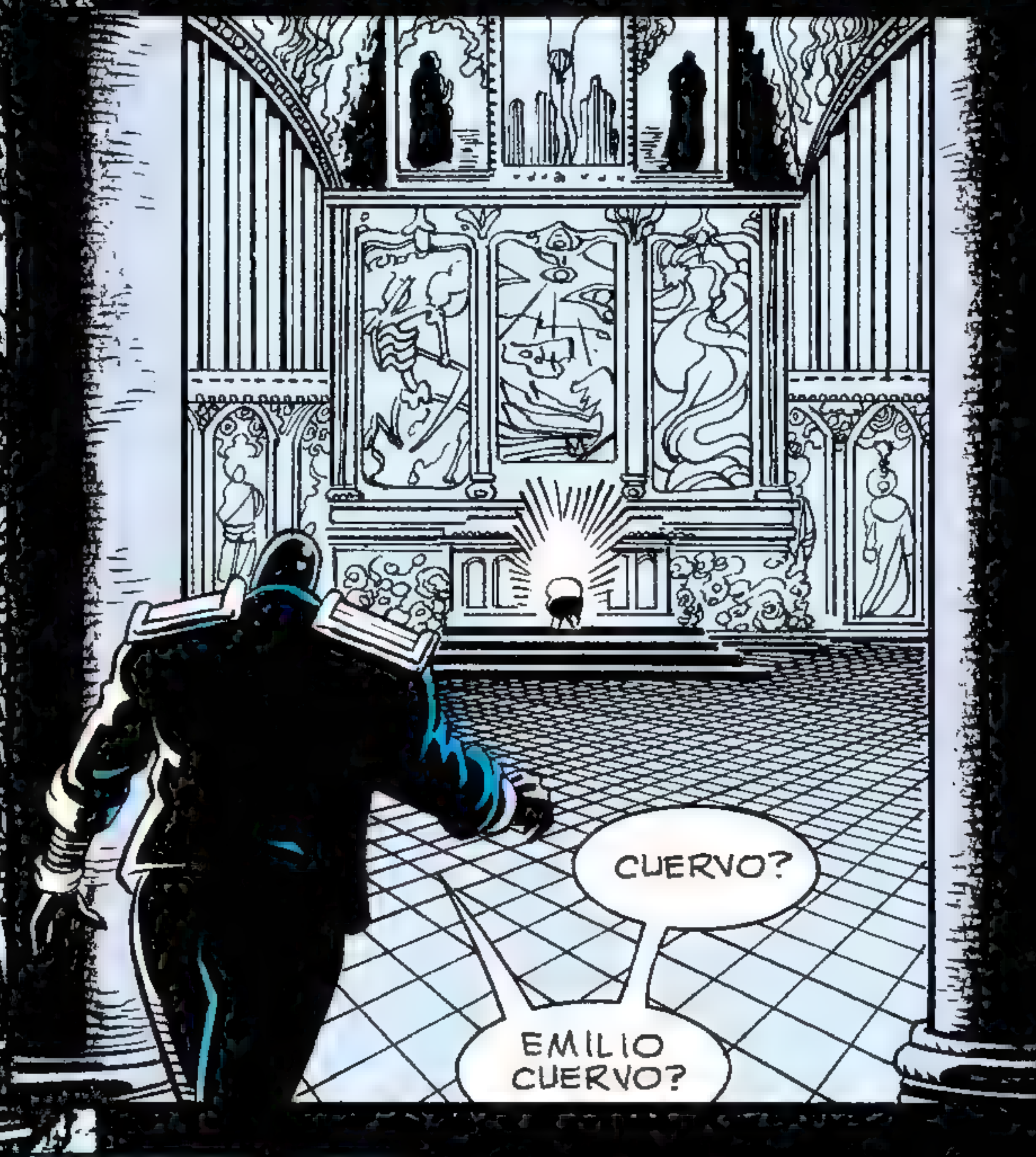
KING
LIP?



EMU,
WE WAIL
DEVIANT
FOR TOY
EGO.

LO!







COME
APART SO
EASY!



GUILTY
GUILTY
CHILDREN!

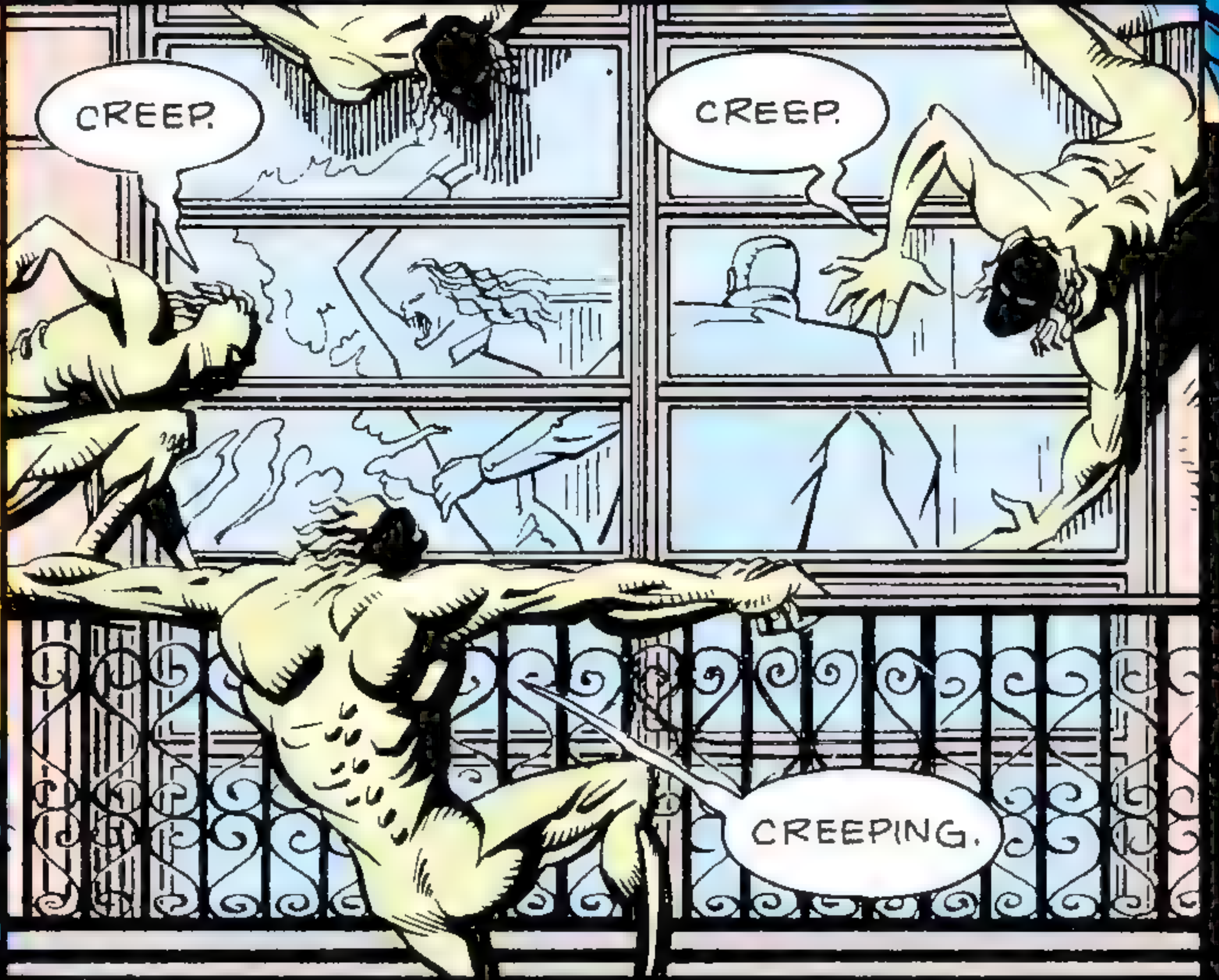
TEARING
LIKE PAPER
AND MILK.



TEARING!

TEARING!

TEARING!



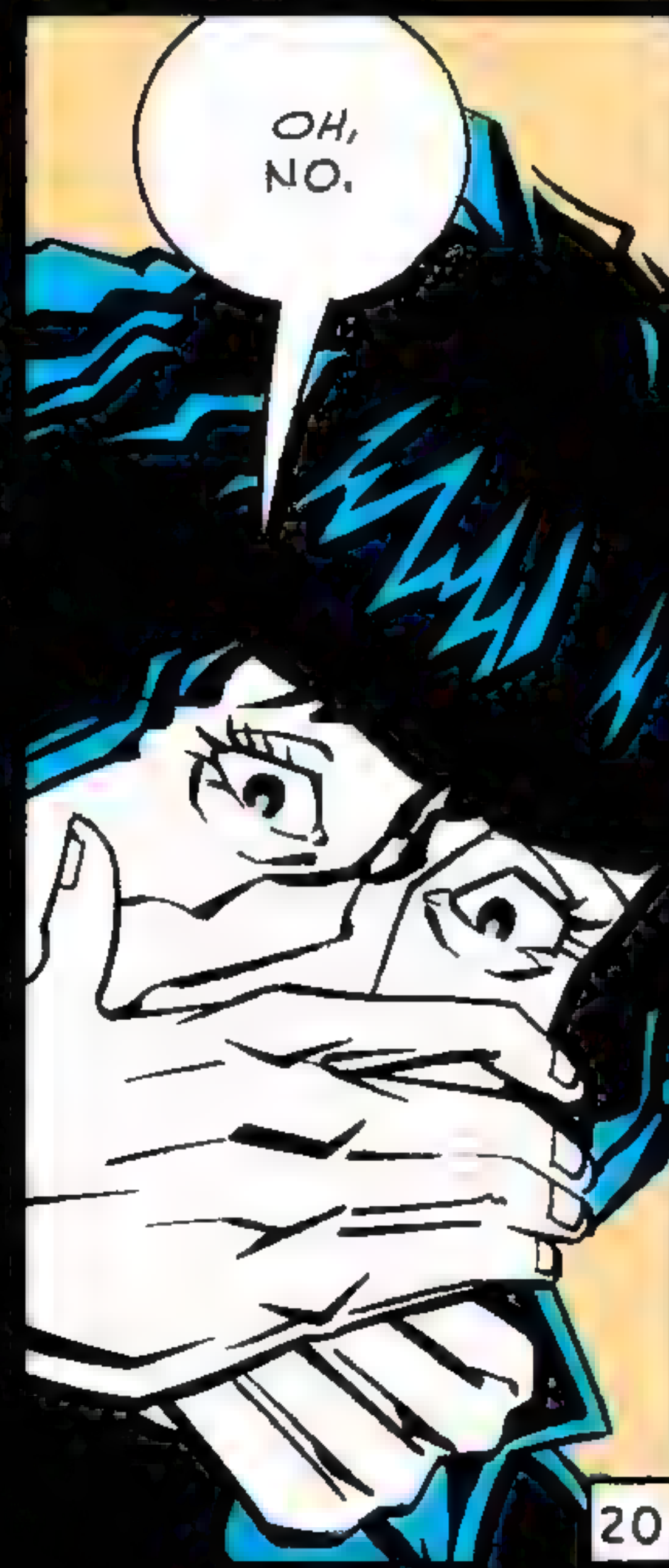
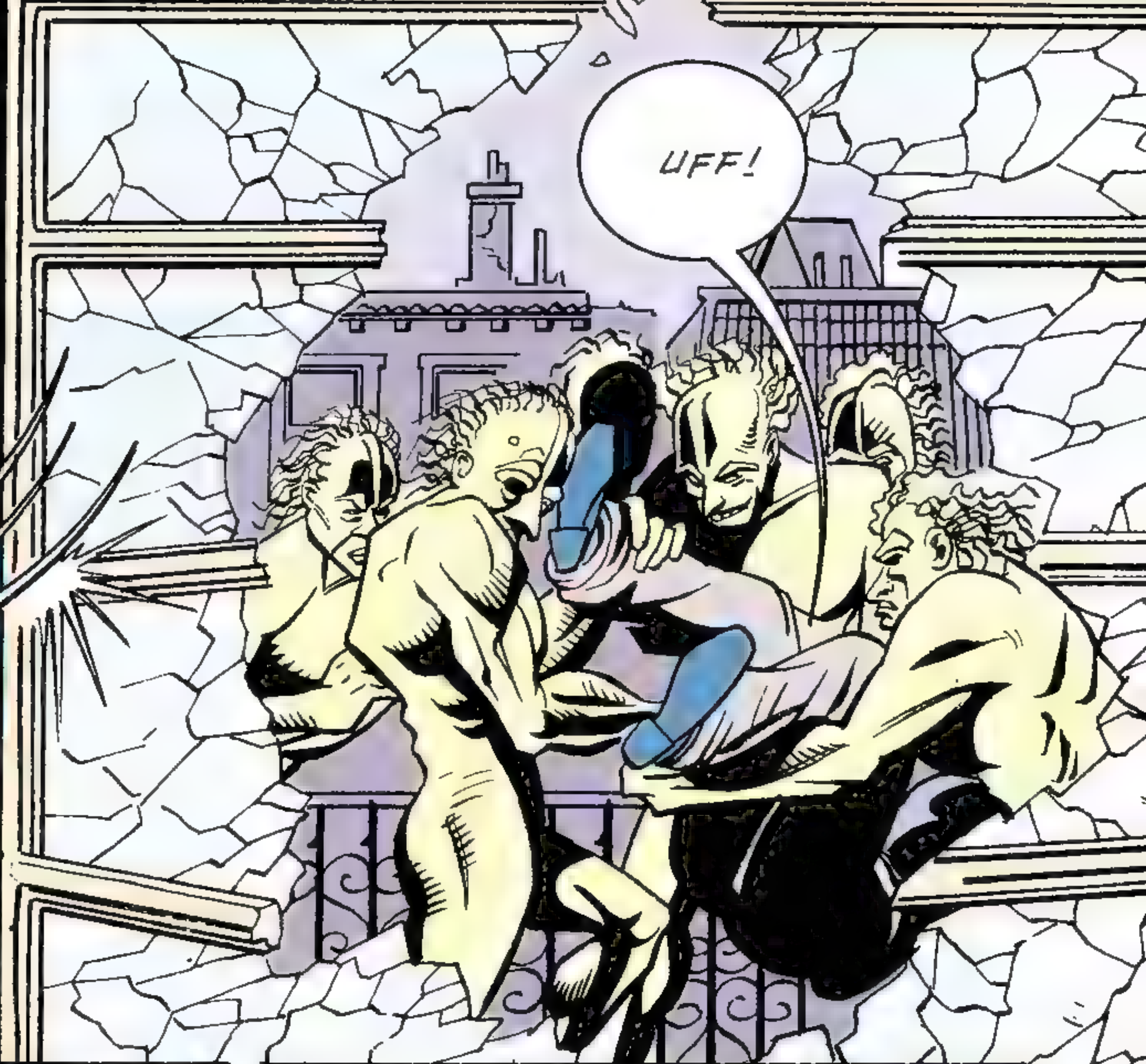
CREEP.

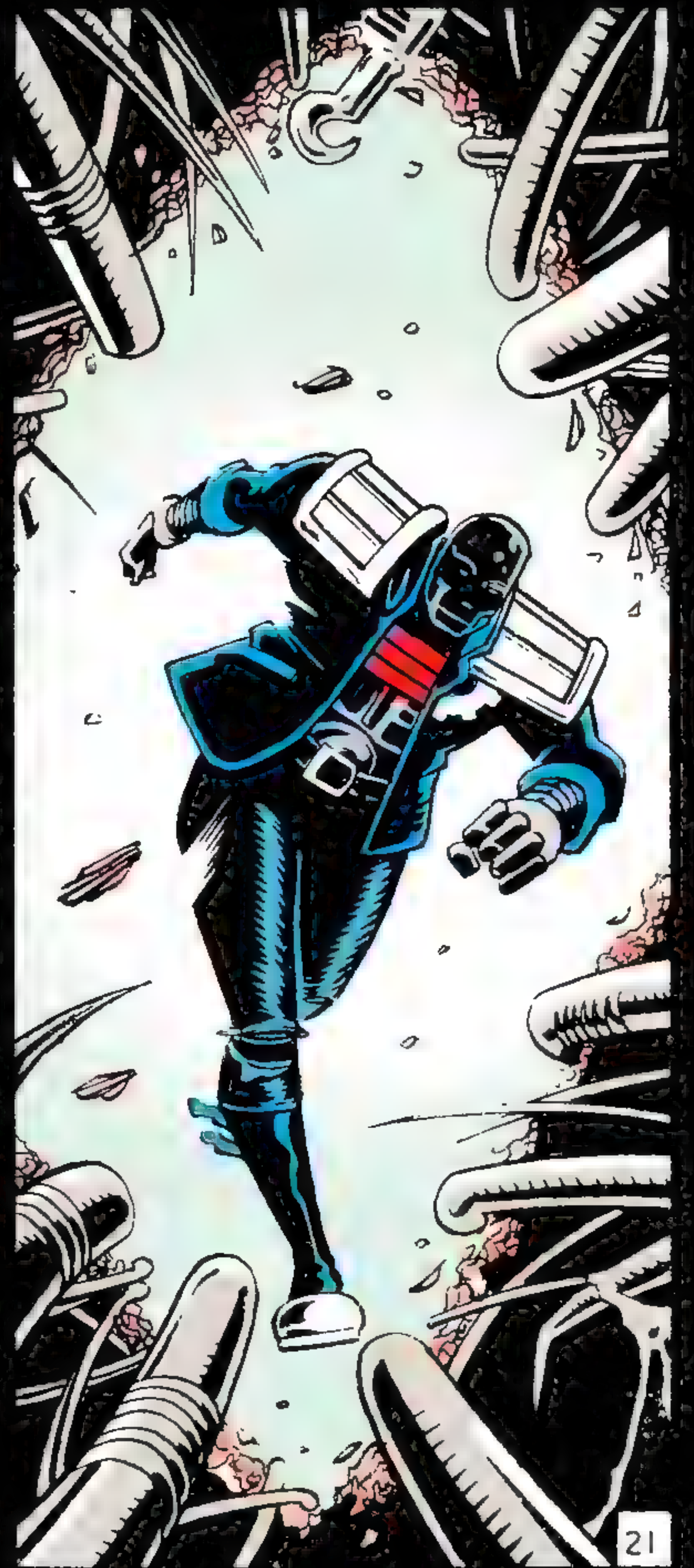
CREEP.

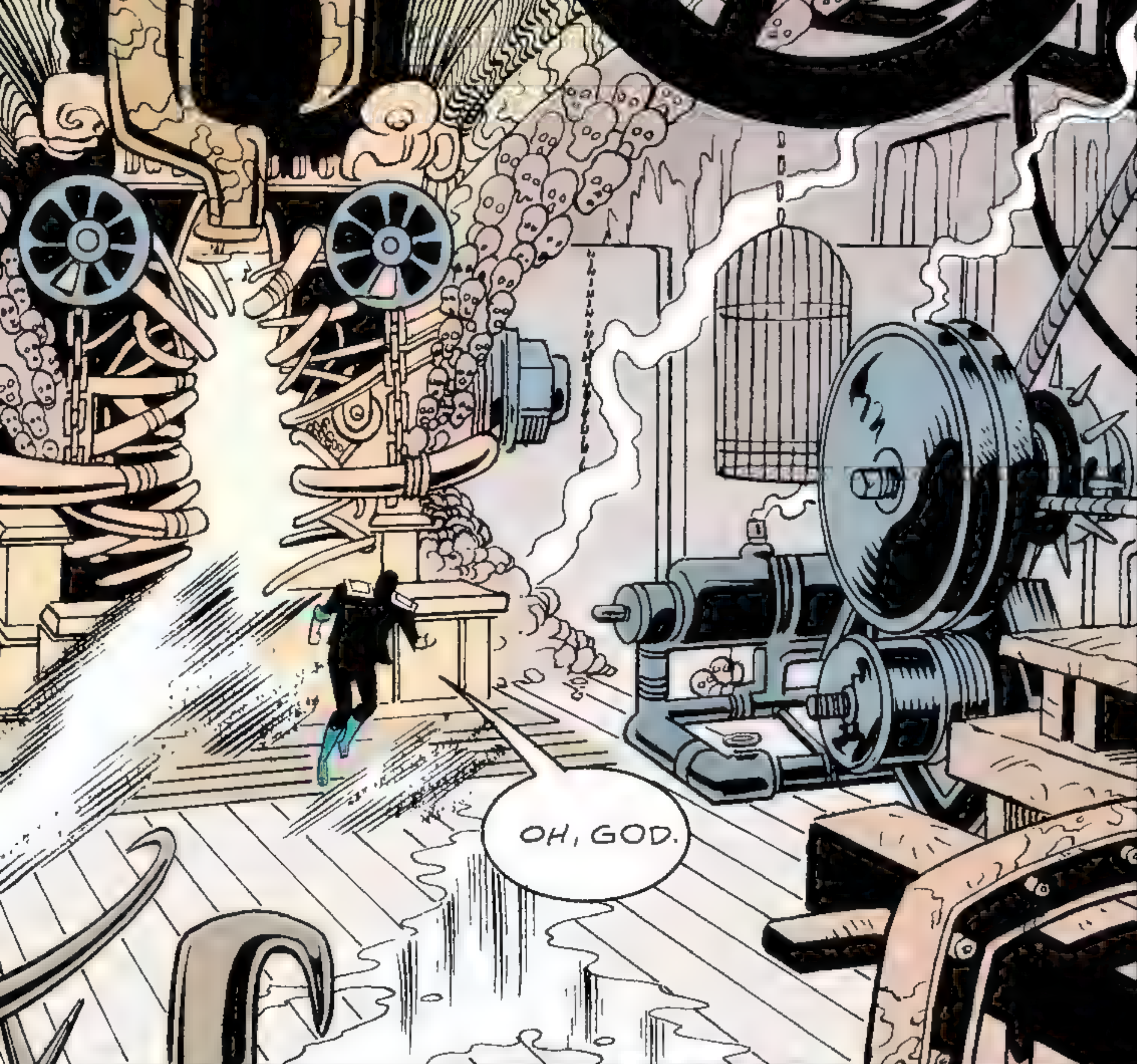
CREEPING.



AA





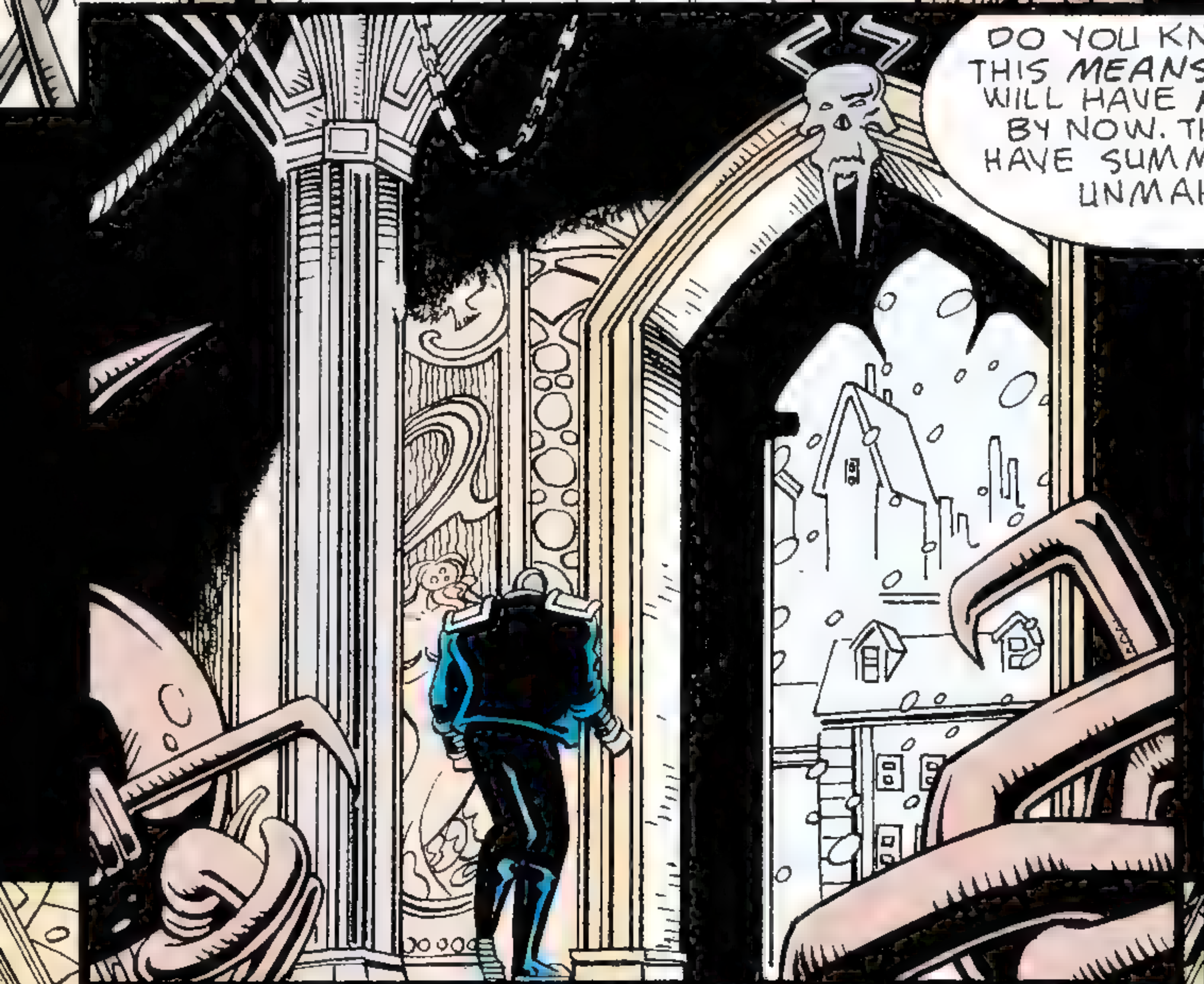


OH, GOD.



YOU
WHAT?

THIS IS AN
OUTRAGE!
WE'VE ONLY BEEN
GONE FIVE
MINUTES!

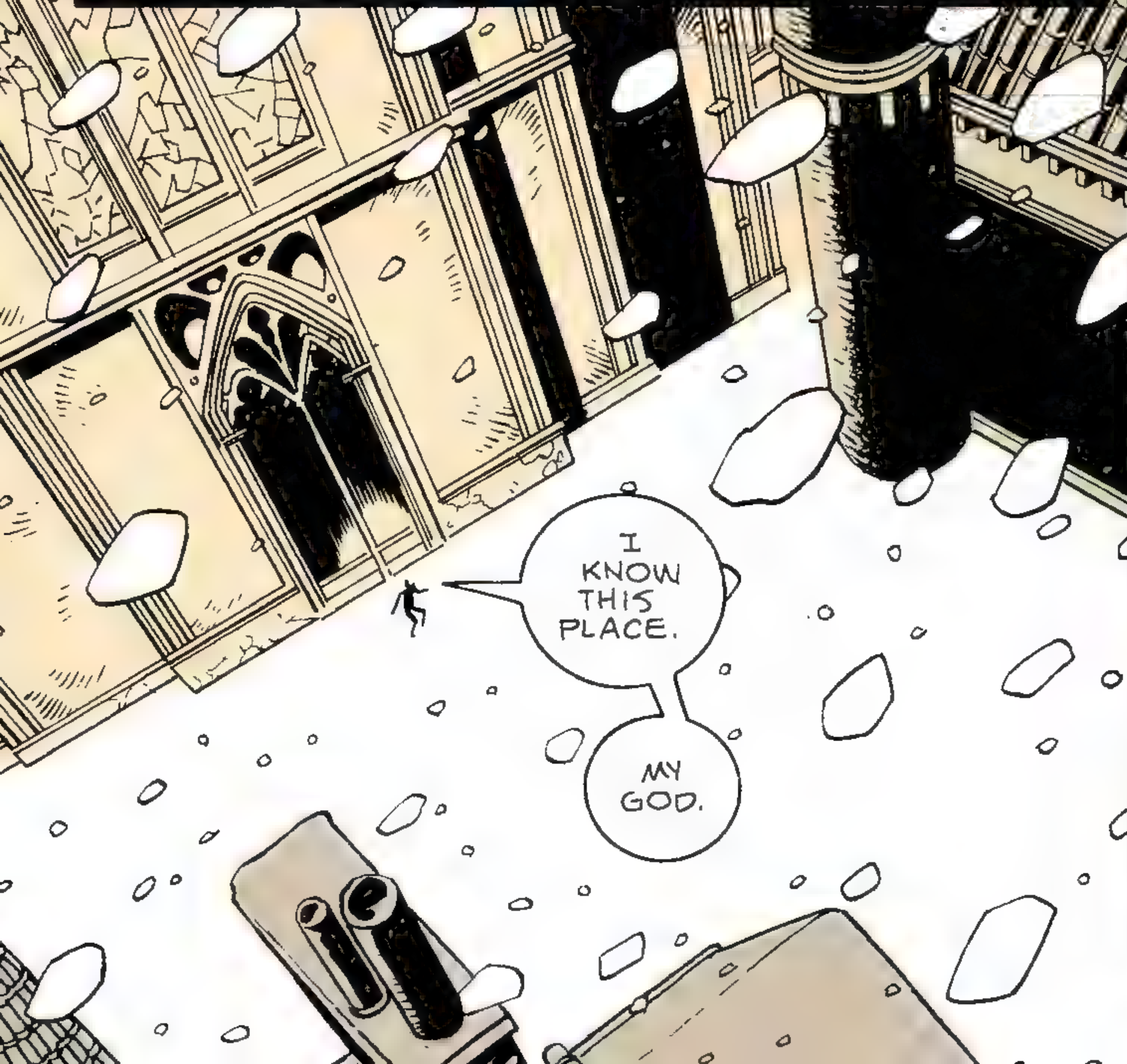


DO YOU KNOW WHAT
THIS **MEANS?** THE CULT
WILL HAVE **READ** HIM
BY NOW. THEY'LL
HAVE SUMMONED THE
UNMAKER...



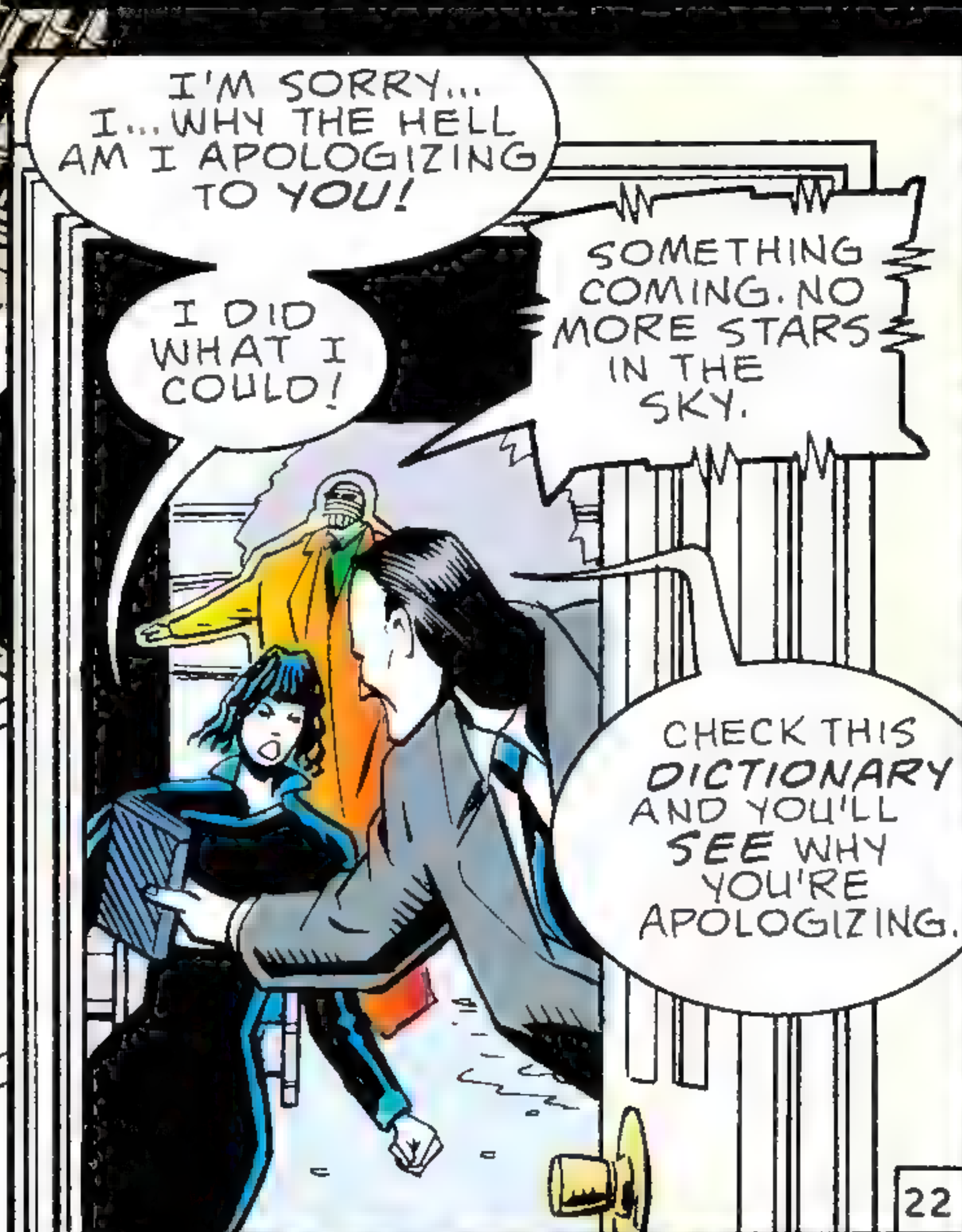
THIS IS ONLY
THE END OF THE
BLOODY **UNIVERSE** WE'RE
TALKING ABOUT NOW!

I DIDN'T
MEAN TO...
HONESTLY...



I
KNOW
THIS
PLACE.

MY
GOD.



I'M SORRY...
I... WHY THE HELL
AM I APOLOGIZING
TO YOU!

I DID
WHAT I
COULD!

SOMETHING
COMING. NO
MORE STARS
IN THE
SKY.

CHECK THIS
DICTIONARY
AND YOU'LL
SEE WHY
YOU'RE
APOLOGIZING.



JOSHUA?

I
KNOW
THIS
PLACE.



OH,

AND THAT'S
ONLY THE
START.

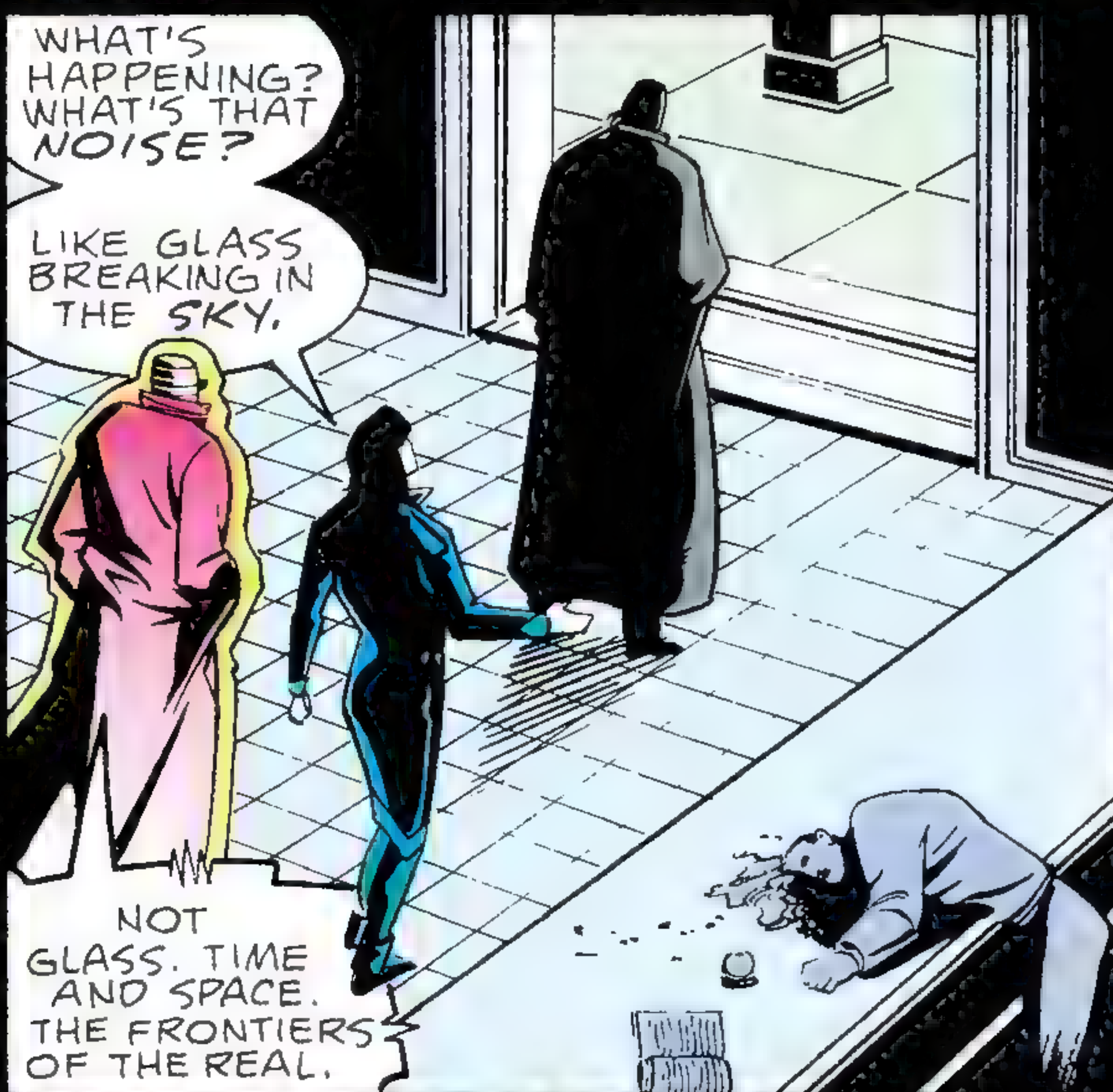
THE WORDS.
THE WORDS ARE
VANISHING
FROM THE
DICTIONARY.



JOSHUA, COULD
YOU COME OVER
HERE FOR A
MOMENT?

I'M PICKING UP SOME
VERY STRANGE READINGS.
UNUSUAL ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC ACTIVITY.

IT SEEMS TO
BE HAPPEN-
ING ALL
OVER THE
WORLD.



WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?

LIKE GLASS
BREAKING IN
THE SKY.

NOT
GLASS. TIME
AND SPACE.
THE FRONTIERS
OF THE REAL.



ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT,
JOSHUA?

ME? WHAT?...
YEAH. YEAH.
I JUST
THOUGHT I
HEARD SOME-
THING, THAT'S
ALL.



WHAT'S
HAPPEN-
ING?

THAT'S
WHAT'S
HAPPEN-
ING.



THE
DECREATOR
IS HAPPENING.

CHICKEN
LITTLE WAS
RIGHT.



DOOM
PATROL

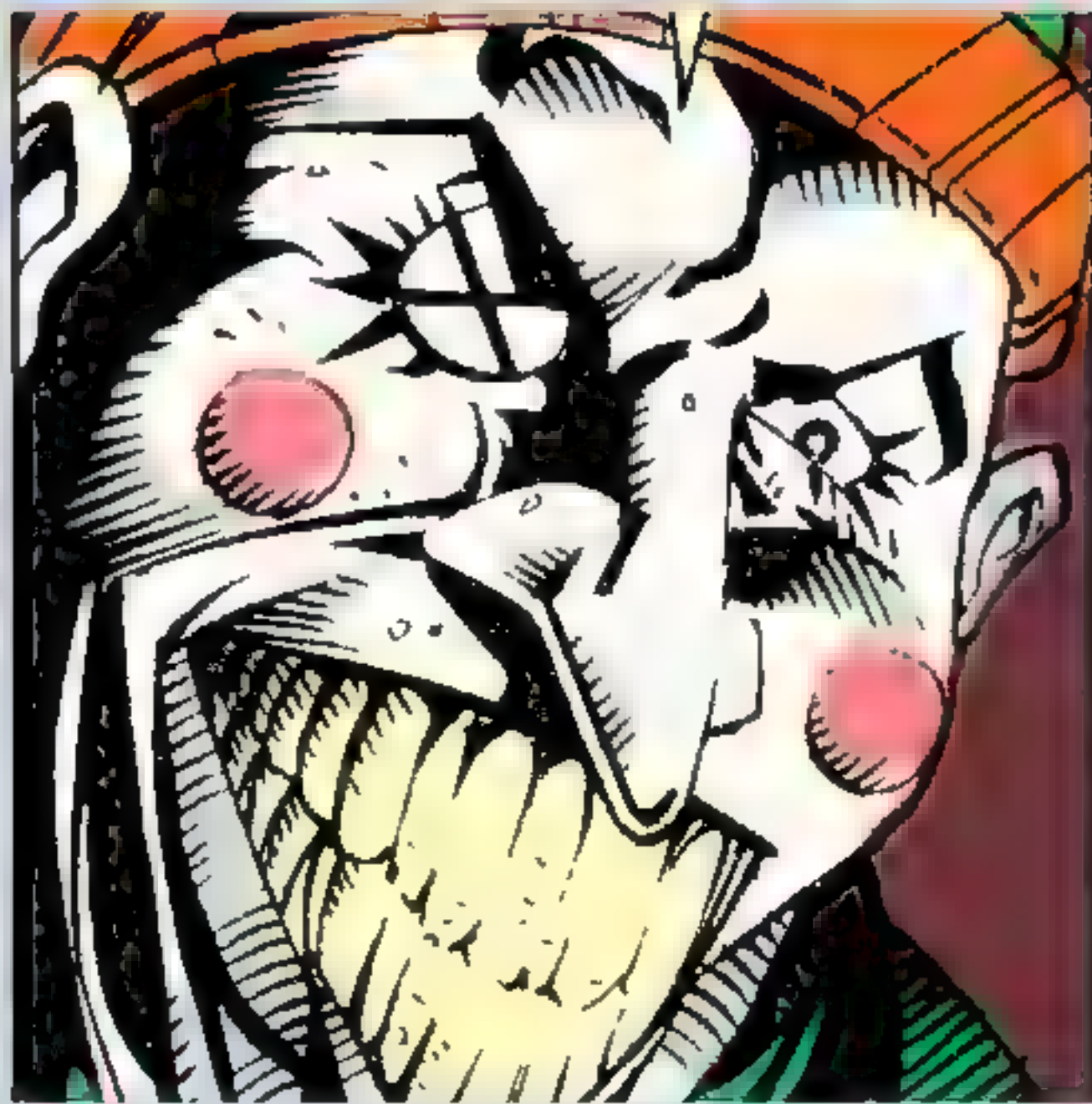
33
JUN 90

doom PATROL



GRANT MORRISON
RICHARD CASE
JOHN NYBERG

dom PATROL



"My god! I've never met a
more hysterical and unruly
mob than you people!"

SO HERE WE ARE: IT'S THE
END OF THE UNIVERSE.
I'VE ONLY GOT TWO
CIGARETTES LEFT, AND IT
PAINS ME TO ADMIT THAT
THAT TEDIOUS OLD STOAT
ELIOT WAS ABSOLUTELY
RIGHT.

s, he took down we
s frightened. He you feel
old tight. night, and go
mounts: roots that clut
m stony rubbish? Son
What t of you cannot
A heap of broken images, wh
And the dead tree gives no
There the stone sou
Come shadow under t
I will show you s
shadow shadow at
THIS IS THE WAY
THE WORLD ENDS. you feel

WORDS DISAPPEAR FROM
BOOKS, BOOKS DISAPPEAR
FROM SHELVES, SHELVES
DISAPPEAR FROM
LIBRARIES...

NEED I
GO ON?

OH, ALL
RIGHT,
THEN...



SUICIDES SEARCH IN VAIN
FOR RAZOR BLADES AND
PILLS.



TRAVELERS WAIT IN
THE RAIN FOR A BUS
THAT NEVER COMES.

THE LIGHTS ARE GOING
OUT ALL OVER EUROPE,
ALL OVER THE WORLD
DOT DOT DOT.



AND WHY?

THE EGYPTIANS
CALLED IT THE
EYE OF HORUS,
LORD OF FORCE
AND FIRE.



FOR THOUSANDS OF
YEARS, THE HINDUS
HAVE KNOWN
IT AS THE
ANNIHILATING
EYE OF SHIVA.

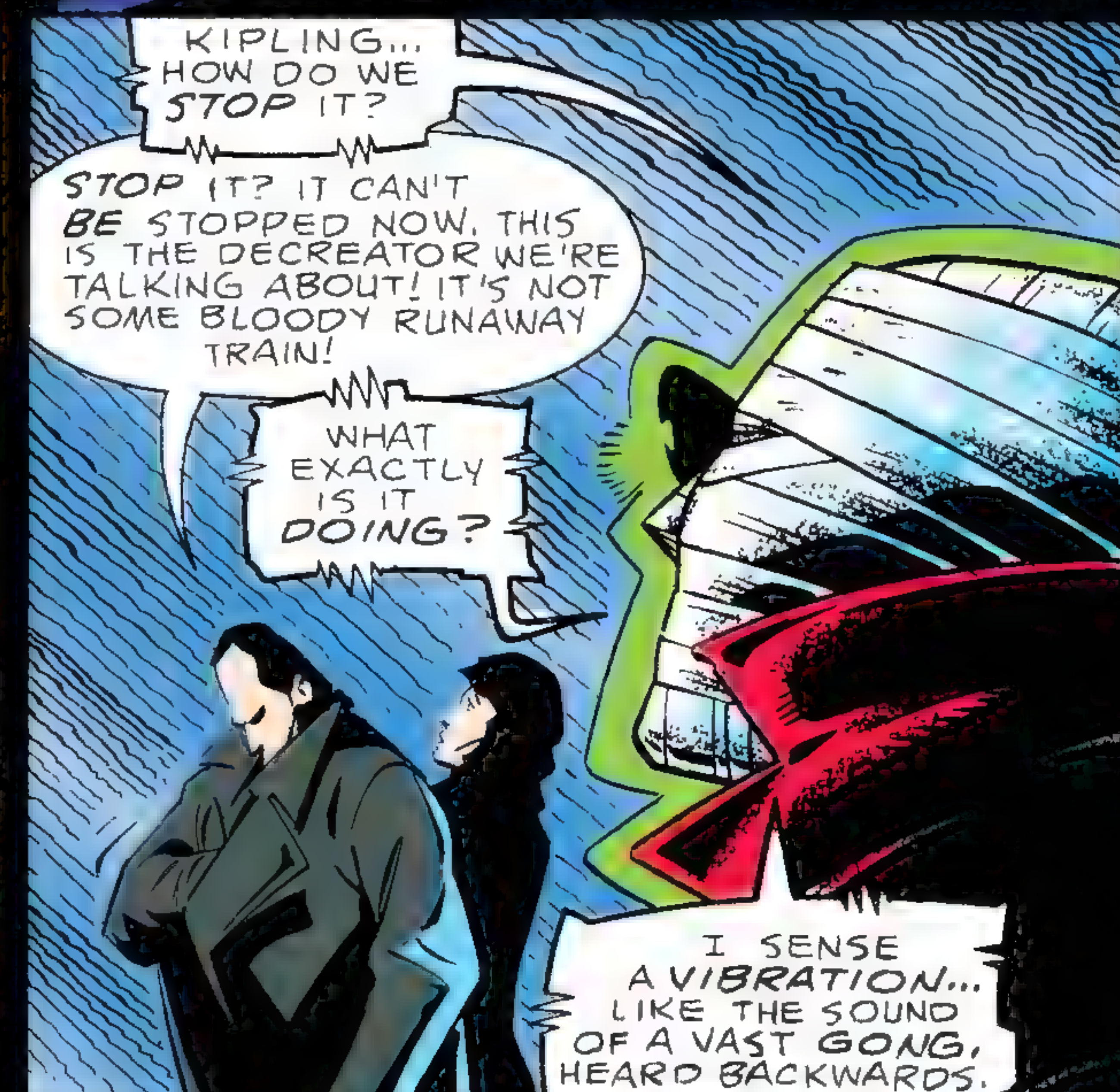
AND AS FOR ME,
I KNOW IT AS THE
BIGGEST PAIN IN
THE ARSE SINCE
THE DEATH OF
EDWARD THE
SECOND.





BASTARD!

HOW DARE
YOU STEAL MY
CIGARETTES?

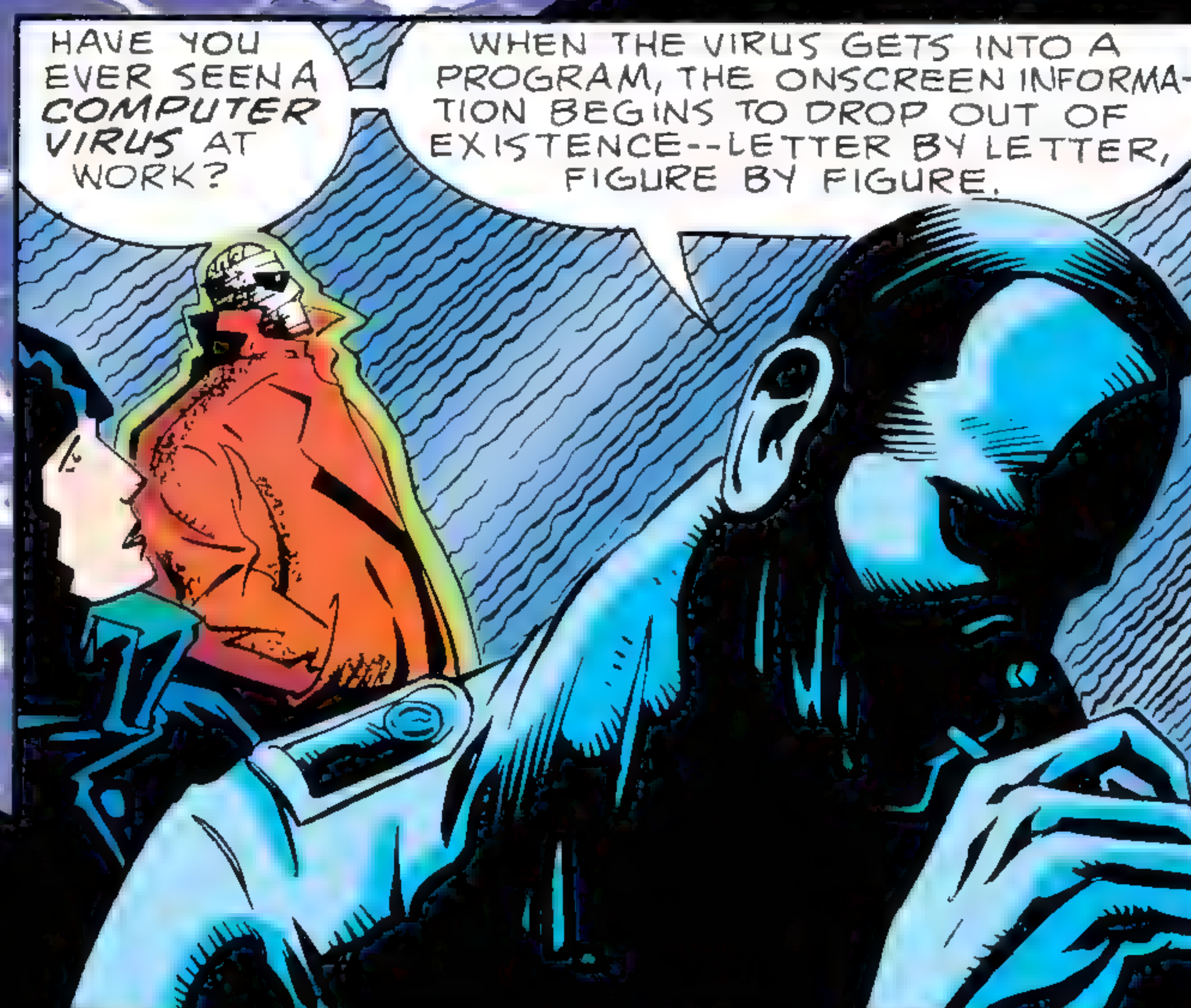


KIPLING...
HOW DO WE
STOP IT?

STOP IT? IT CAN'T
BE STOPPED NOW, THIS
IS THE DECREATOR WE'RE
TALKING ABOUT! IT'S NOT
SOME BLOODY RUNAWAY
TRAIN!

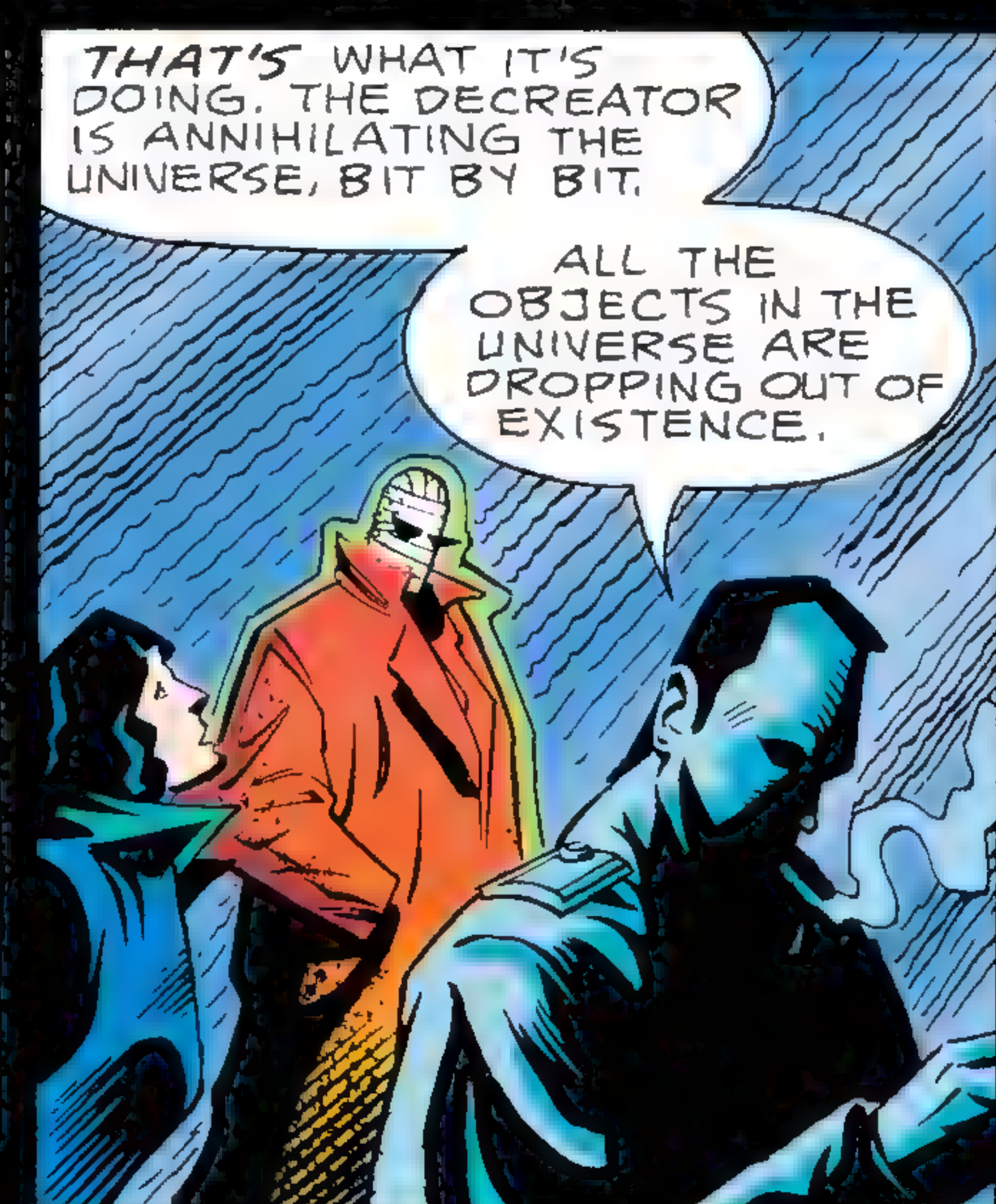
WHAT
EXACTLY
IS IT
DOING?

I SENSE
A VIBRATION...
LIKE THE SOUND
OF A VAST GONG,
HEARD BACKWARDS.



HAVE YOU
EVER SEEN A
COMPUTER
VIRUS AT
WORK?

WHEN THE VIRUS GETS INTO A
PROGRAM, THE ONSCREEN INFOR-
MATION BEGINS TO DROP OUT OF
EXISTENCE--LETTER BY LETTER,
FIGURE BY FIGURE.



THAT'S WHAT IT'S
DOING. THE DECREATOR
IS ANNIHILATING THE
UNIVERSE, BIT BY BIT.

ALL THE
OBJECTS IN THE
UNIVERSE ARE
DROPPING OUT OF
EXISTENCE.

I KNOW IT AS
THE ANTIGOD,
THE UNMAKER.

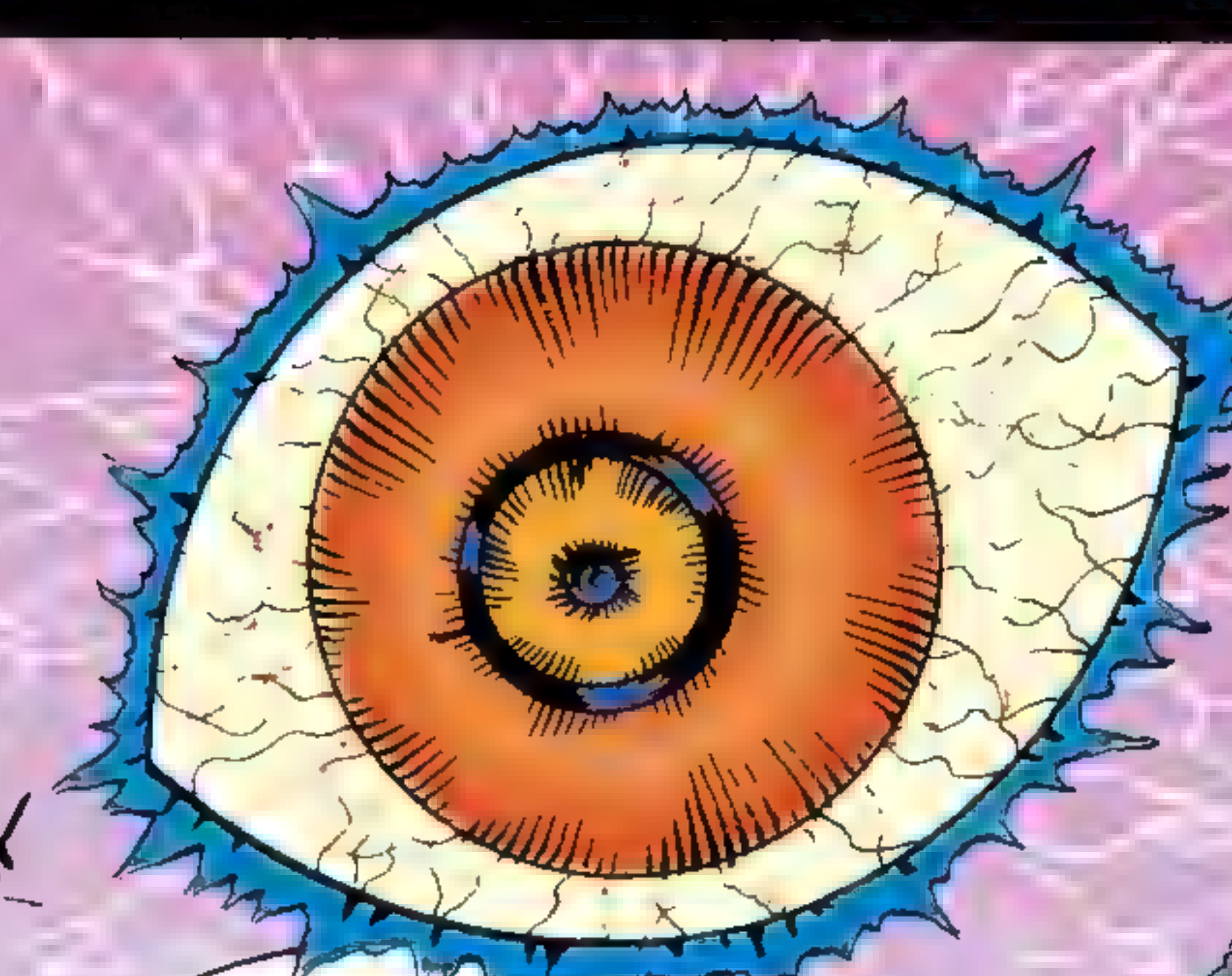
DECREATOR.

SEE?

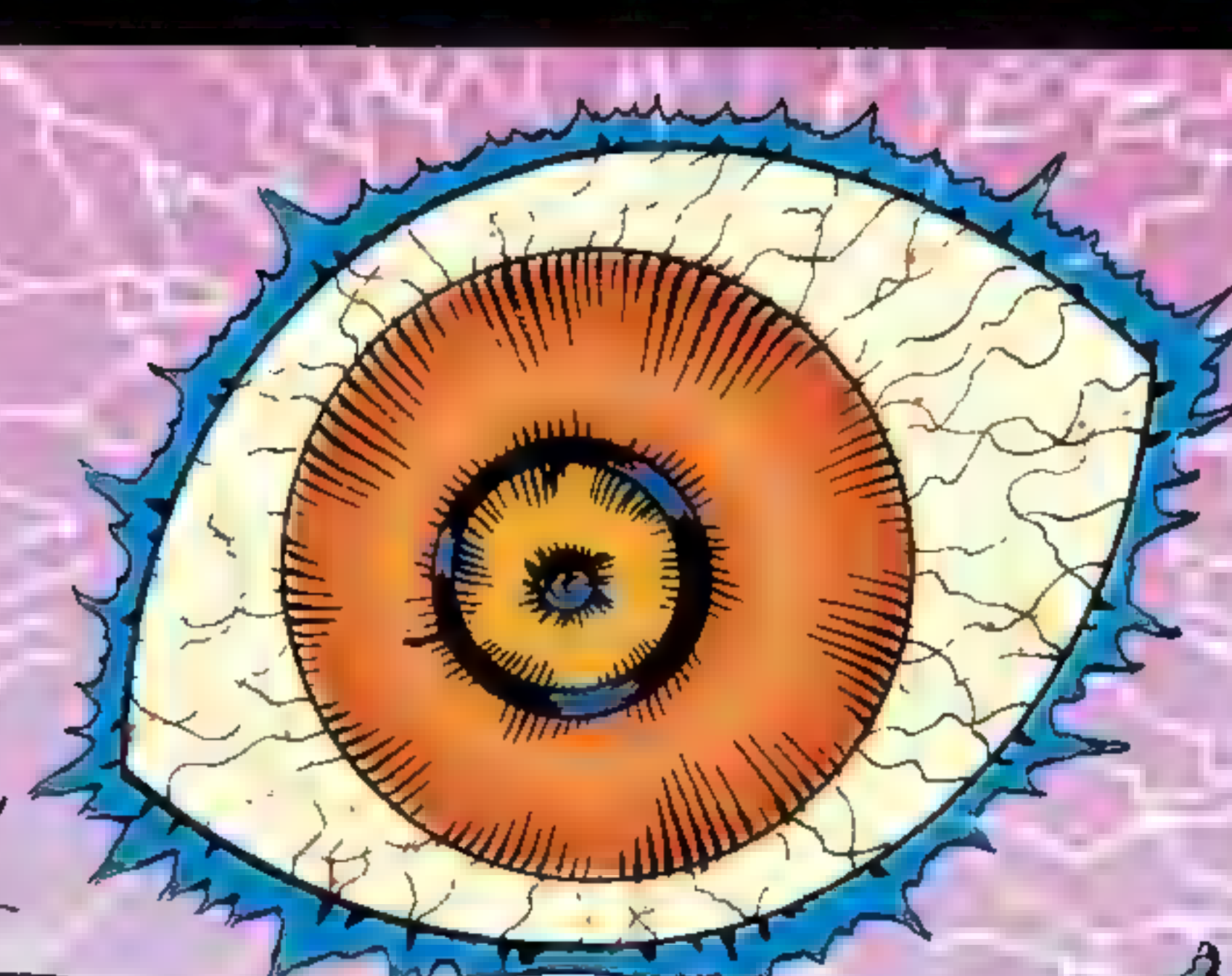
WHAT
DID I
TELL
YOU?

THE CULT OF THE UNWRITTEN
BOOK HAS SUMMONED THE
DECREATOR. WE'RE STARING
THE END OF THE UNIVERSE
IN ITS BLOODSHOT BLOODY
EYE AND IT'S ALL YOUR...

... AH...



CIGARETTES
AND ASTEROIDS,
GRAINS OF SAND,
RED SETTEES AND
OVERCOATS AND
NEUTRON STARS...



ALL
DISAPPEAR-
ING, ONE BY
ONE.

AND
THERE ISN'T
A SINGLE
BLOODY THING
WE CAN DO
TO STOP
IT.

CHIN-
CHIN.

WHICH BRINGS
US, RATHER
NEATLY, TO MR.
STEELE...

The Puppet Theater



MR. STEELE, TRAPPED IN THE SPIRIT-TOWN OF NÜRNHEIM, HOME OF THE CULT OF THE UNWRITTEN BOOK.

STAY THERE!

EEEEEE

IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED, THE STUPID, HIGH-PITCHED VOICES BELONGED TO HOODMAN BLIND AND HOODMAN SHAME.

STAY THERE!

MAKE NO MOVE!

CHAK

MR. STEELE, AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, ATTEMPTED TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST THESE TWO TWITTERING IDIOTS.

AND THAT'S WHEN EVERYTHING WENT HORRIBLY WRONG.

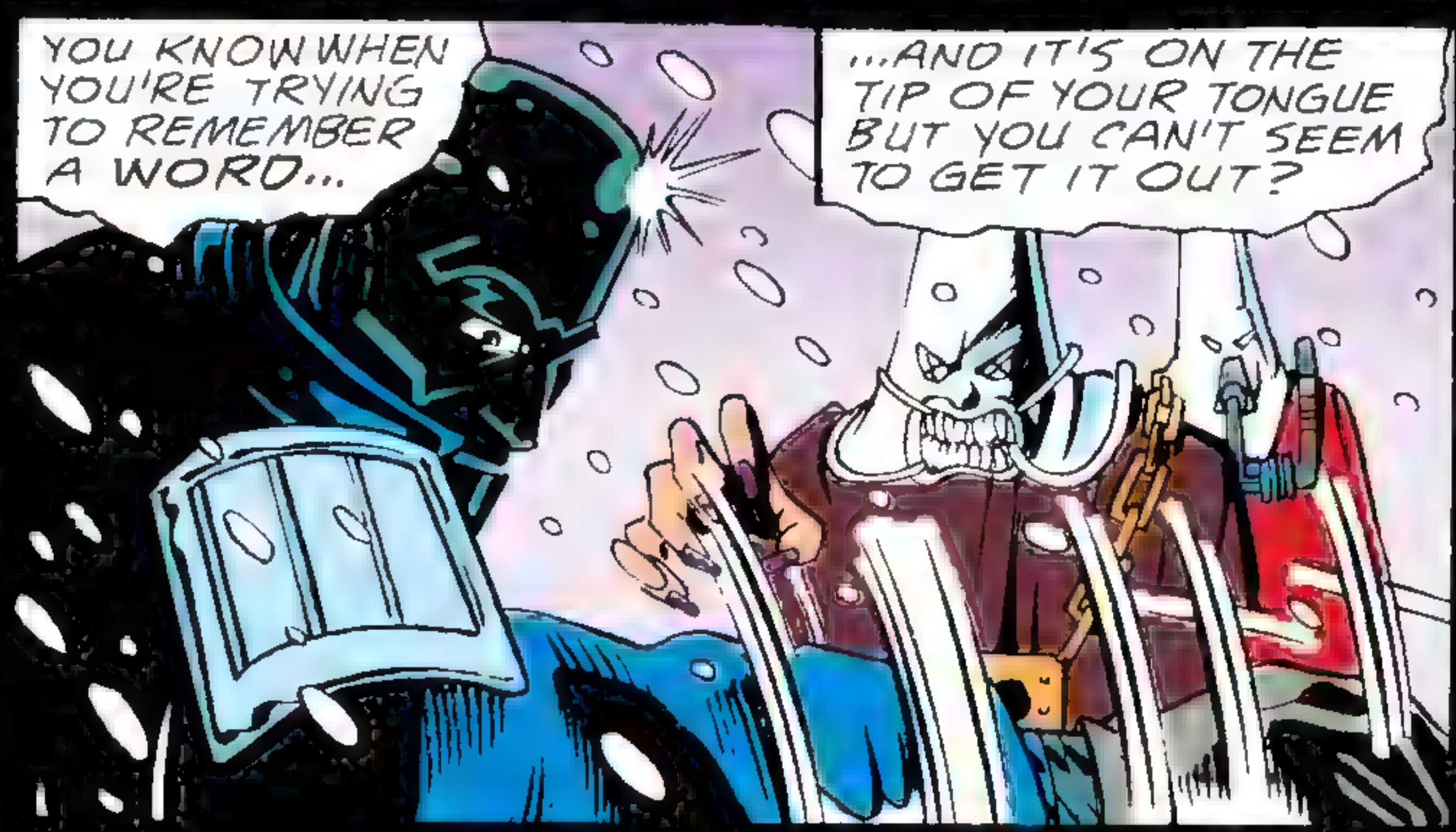
SEE?



ST. VITUS SHAKE.

TAKE YOUR PARTNERS FOR THE DANSE MACABRE.

THE HOODMEN ARE FAR FROM BEING THE WORST OF THE SERVANTS OF THE CULT OF THE UNWRITTEN BOOK, BUT THEY ARE AMONG THE MOST PECULIAR.



YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO REMEMBER A WORD...

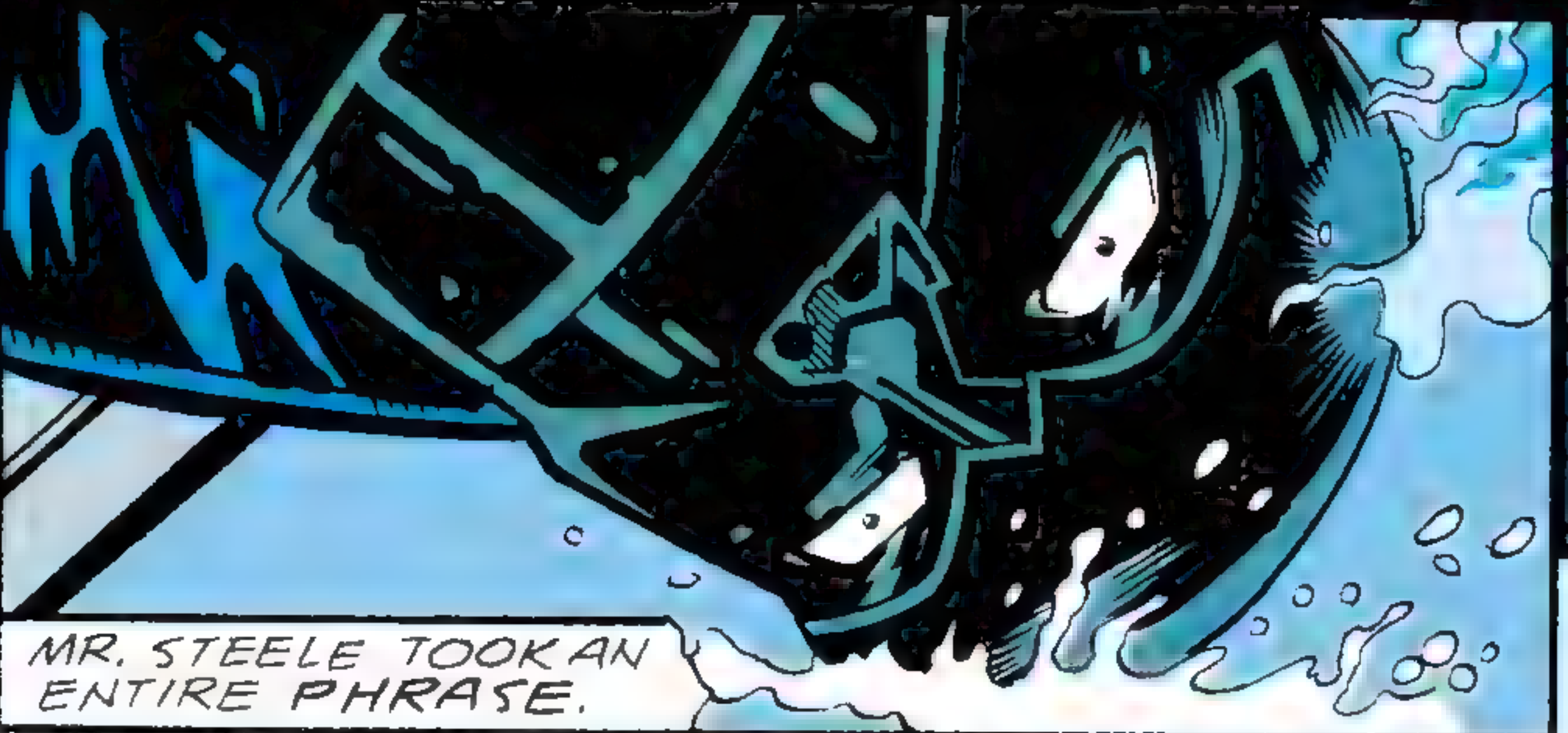
...AND IT'S ON THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE BUT YOU CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT OUT?



WELL, THAT'S BECAUSE THE HOODMEN HAVE EATEN IT.

THEY EAT ALL THE WORDS THAT ARE ON THE TIPS OF OTHER PEOPLE'S TONGUES. THEY THRIVE ON MISPLACED WORDS, SAVORING ALL THE LOST POTENTIAL OF EACH EXPRESSION.

THEY'RE ALSO ABLE TO CONVERT WORDS INTO ELECTRICITY.

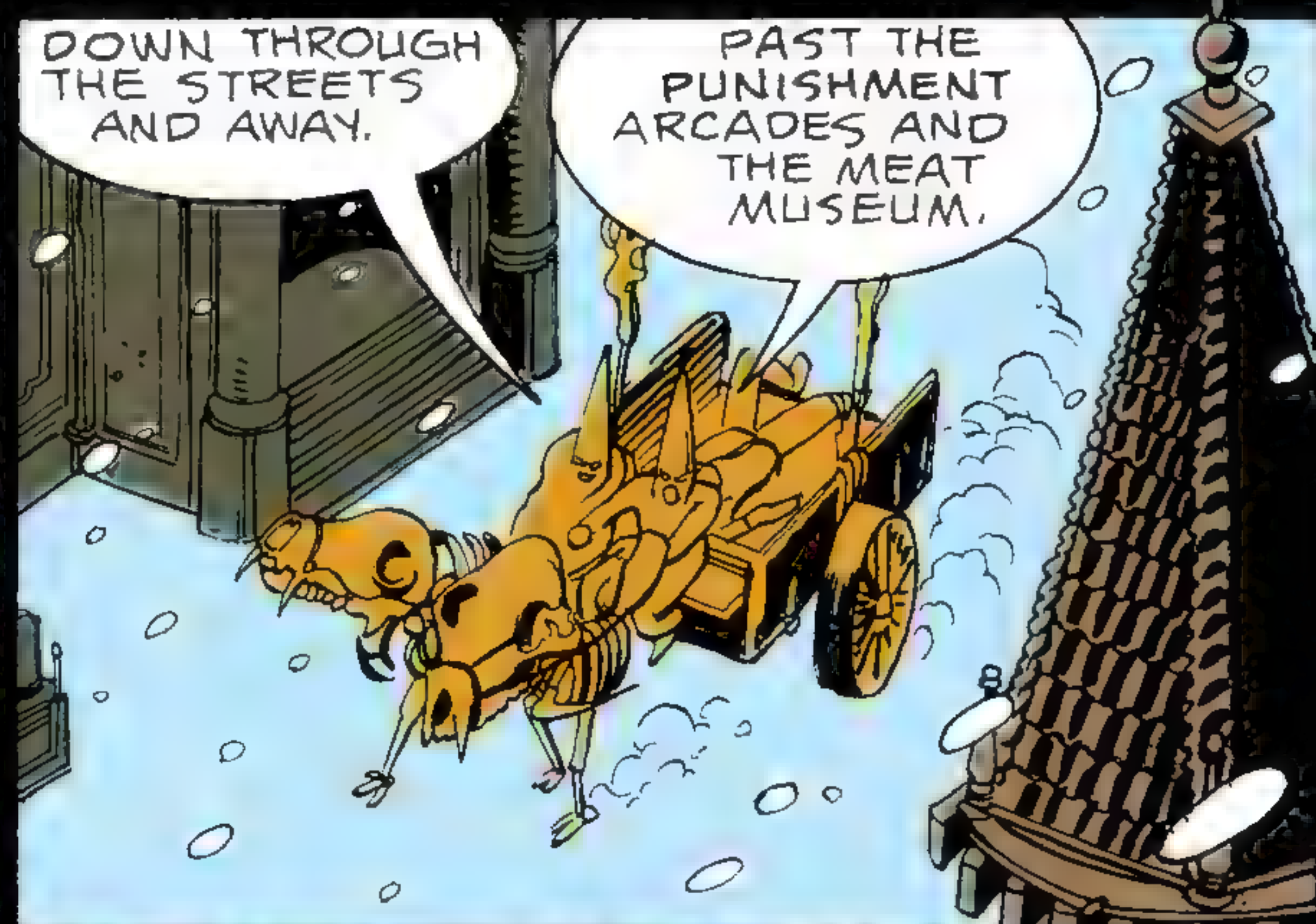
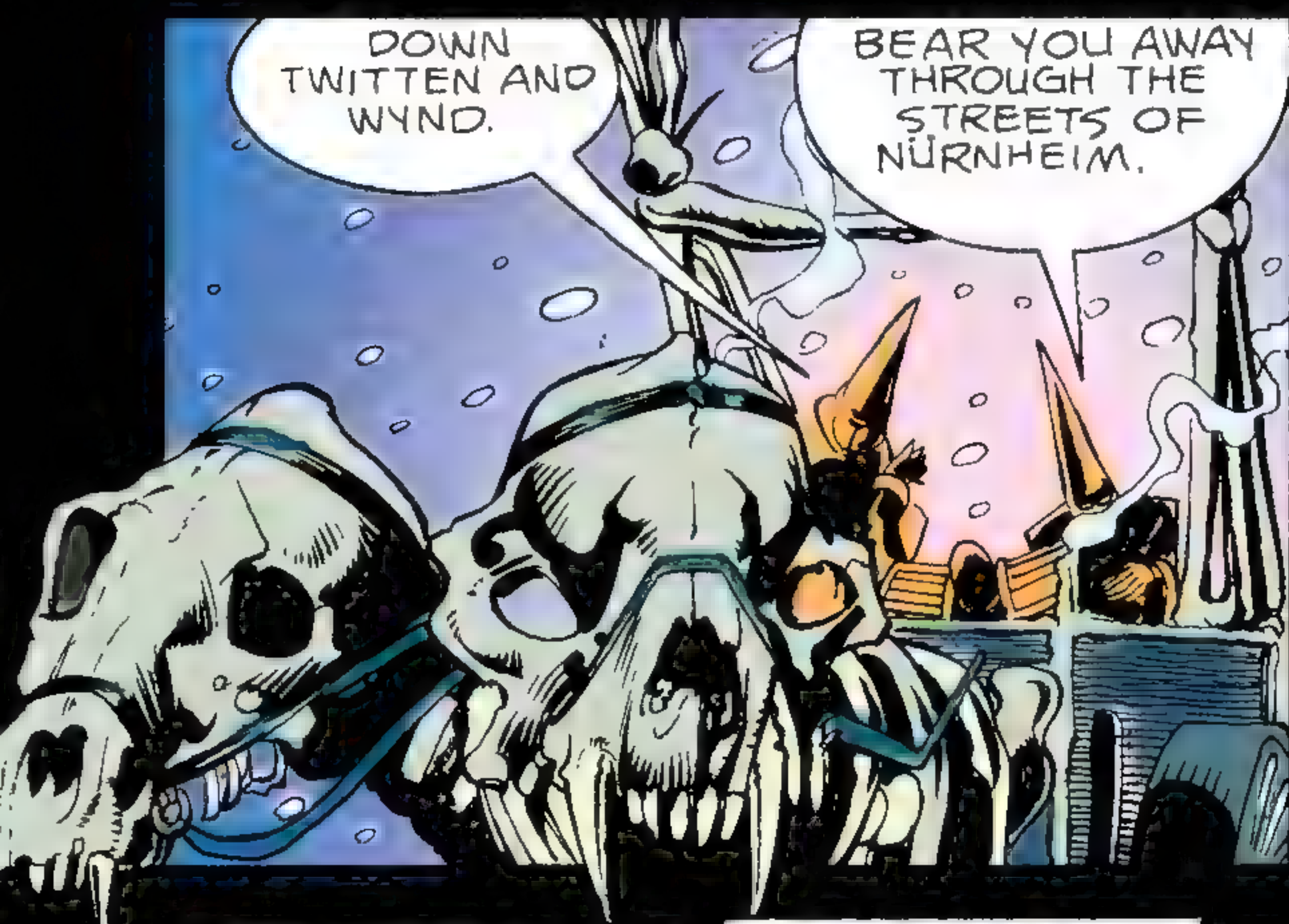


MR. STEELE TOOK AN ENTIRE PHRASE.



COME WITH US.

COME WITH US.



WHAT'S HAPPENING, PROFESSOR CAULOER?

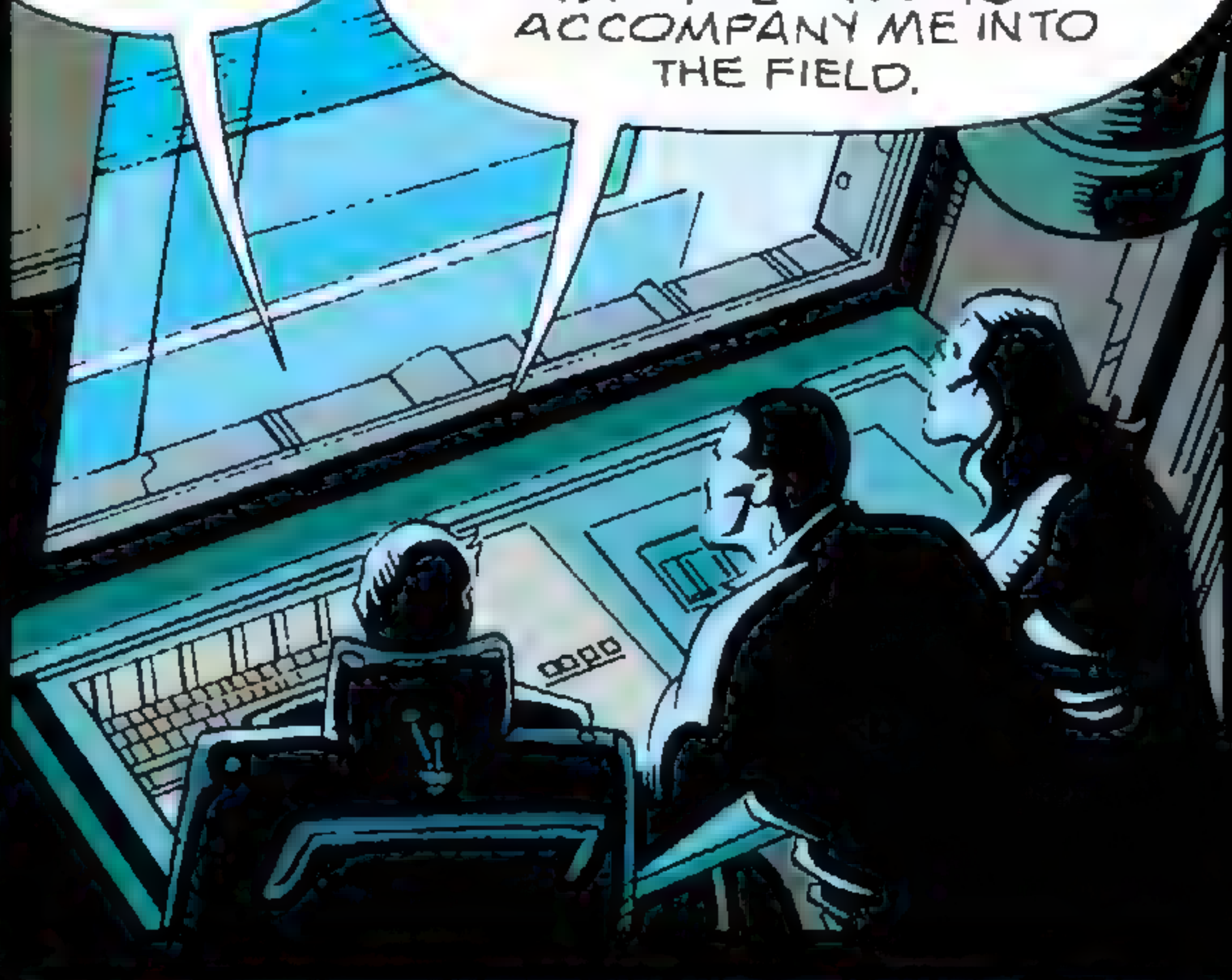
I FEEL KINDA SCARED.

AND WELL YOU MIGHT BE, DOROTHY, IF THIS DATA IS CORRECT, WE COULD BE LOOKING AT THE END OF THE WORLD.



THEN AGAIN, THE END OF THE WORLD IS ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR THE DOOM PATROL.

HOWEVER... IN THE EVENT THAT WE HEAR NO NEWS FROM THE OTHERS WITHIN... LET'S SAY THIRTY MINUTES, I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO ASK YOU TWO TO ACCOMPANY ME INTO THE FIELD.



SO, IF YOU'D LIKE TO...



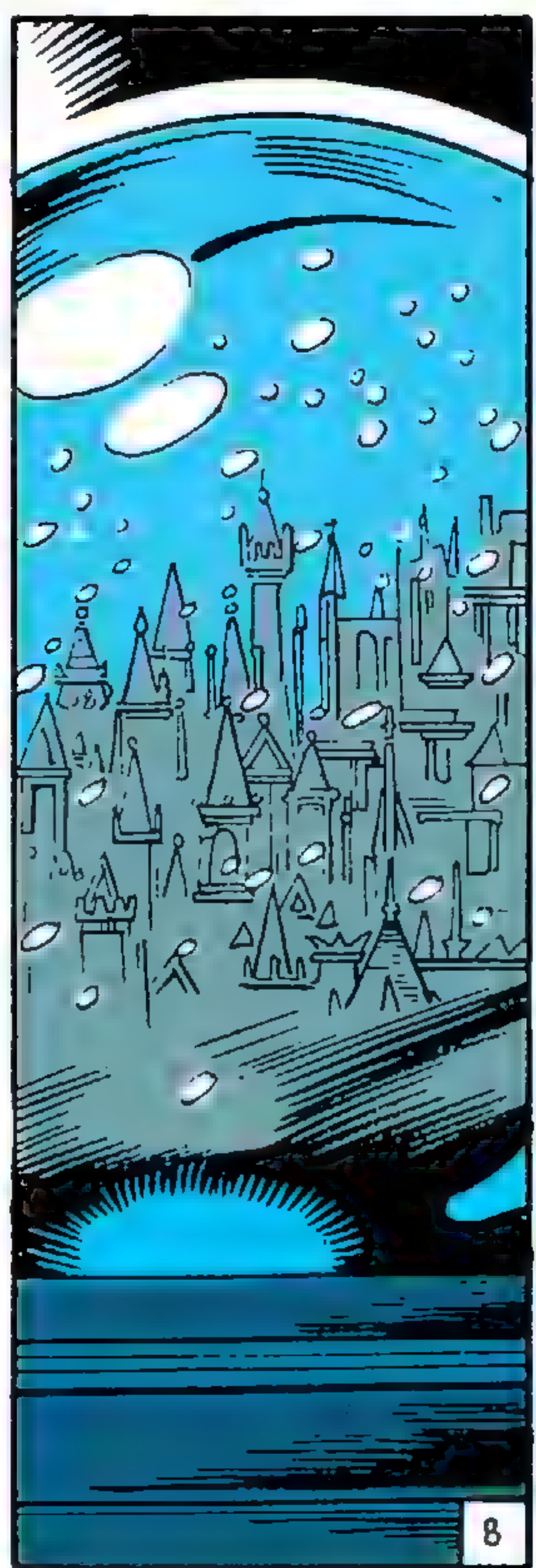
JOSHUA, WILL YOU PLEASE PAY ATTENTION WHEN I'M SPEAKING!

I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING, THAT'S ALL.



I'M SURE I HEARD SOMETHING.

I DON'T KNOW.





I MEANT
WHAT I SAID:
IT CAN'T BE
STOPPED!

SO WHERE
THE HELL ARE
WE GOING, THEN,
MOTORMOUTH?

I DON'T WANT
TO SPEND MY LAST
HOURS ON EARTH
RUNNING AROUND
LIKE A HEADLESS
CHICKEN!

THIS
IS WHERE
WE'RE
GOING.

THE
SAGRADA
FAMILIA.



WELL,
WHERE DOES
IT LOOK LIKE
WE'RE GOING?
MUST I EXPLAIN
EVERY LITTLE
THING?

THERE!



BUT
WHAT'S
THE
POINT?

THE POINT IS THAT
I HAVEN'T GOT ANY
BETTER IDEAS. I
MEAN, I JUST...



WHAT
IS IT?

OH.

EEEEAAAAA
AAAAA
AAA

IT'S EMILIO CUERVO. IT WAS EMILIO CUERVO. NOW IT'S THE WOUND.

BUGGER!



SO WHERE'S CLIFF?



YOU SENT CLIFF IN HERE AND I DON'T SEE HIM ANYWHERE!



MY GOD! I'VE NEVER MET A MORE HYSTERICAL AND UNRULY MOB THAN YOU PEOPLE!

DON'T I HAVE ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT?



SEE? THERE'S SOMETHING COMING OUT OF THE WOUND NOW!

WHAT DID I SAY... DIDN'T I ...RRUCH...!



I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE ACTION FAIRLY QUICKLY...

HURF KUCH

WHAT'S UP WITH YOU NOW?



I'M DYING OF BLOODY CONSUMPTION.

I'M HALF-DEAD ALREADY!

I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE ACTION NOW!



OH, WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP?

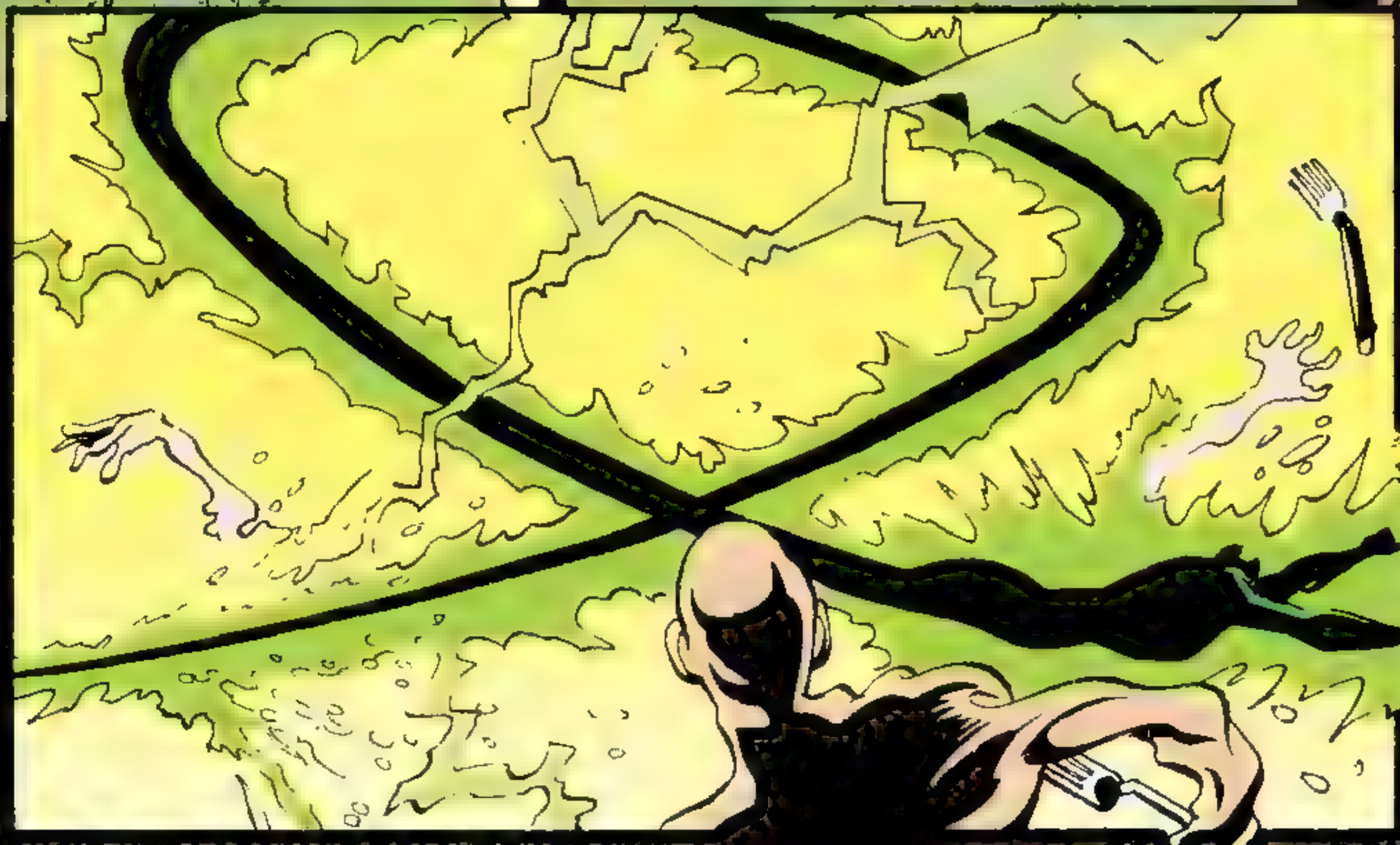
LOOK, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT I'M IN NO FIT STATE FOR A FIGHT. YOU KEEP THE STARVING SKINS BUSY...

...AND I'LL TRY TO STAY ALIVE LONG ENOUGH TO LAY A PROTECTIVE POSTCARD SPIRAL...



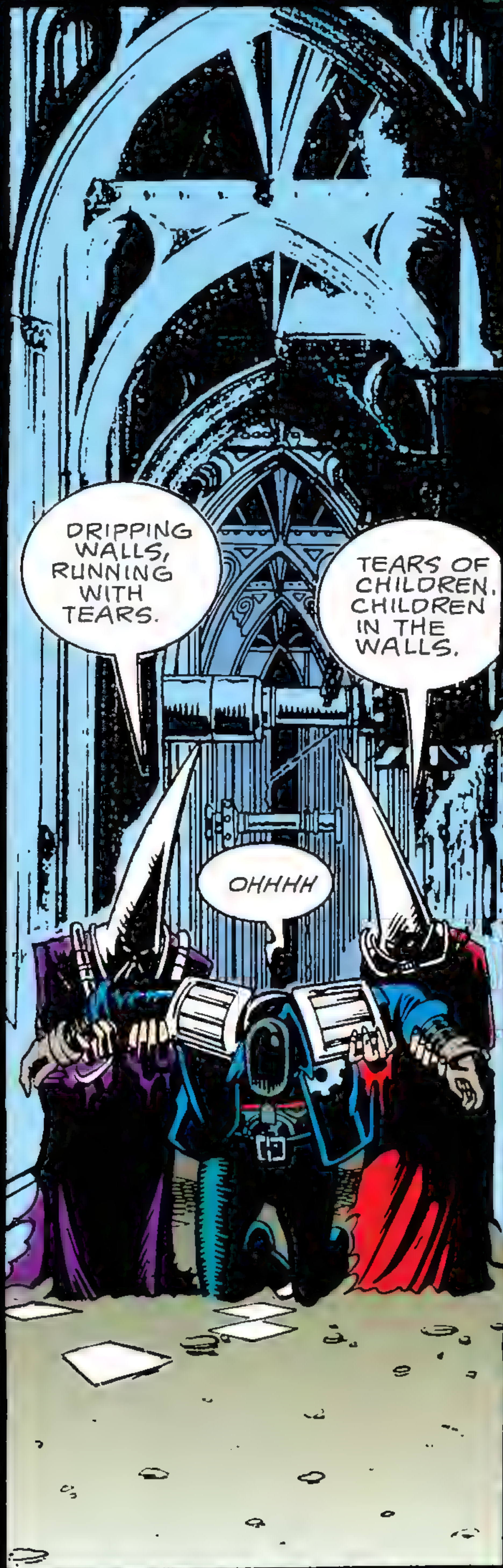
RIGHT.

WHERE ARE MY CARDS?



BRAVO!

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!



DRIPPING
WALLS,
RUNNING
WITH
TEARS.

TEARS OF
CHILDREN.
CHILDREN
IN THE
WALLS.

OHHHH



SOBBING
STONE.

STEELE?

MR.
STEELE?



MR.
STEELE,
IT'S
ME!

THE
BOOK!

THEY READ ME,
THEY READ ME AND ALL
THE WORDS JUST DIS-
APPEARED OFF MY BODY!
I COULDN'T STOP
THEM! I COULDN'T
HELP IT!



I THINK
THEY...

HIM.

BRING
HIM,
TOO.



OH!
NO.

CREEP.

CREEP.

CREEPING.

12



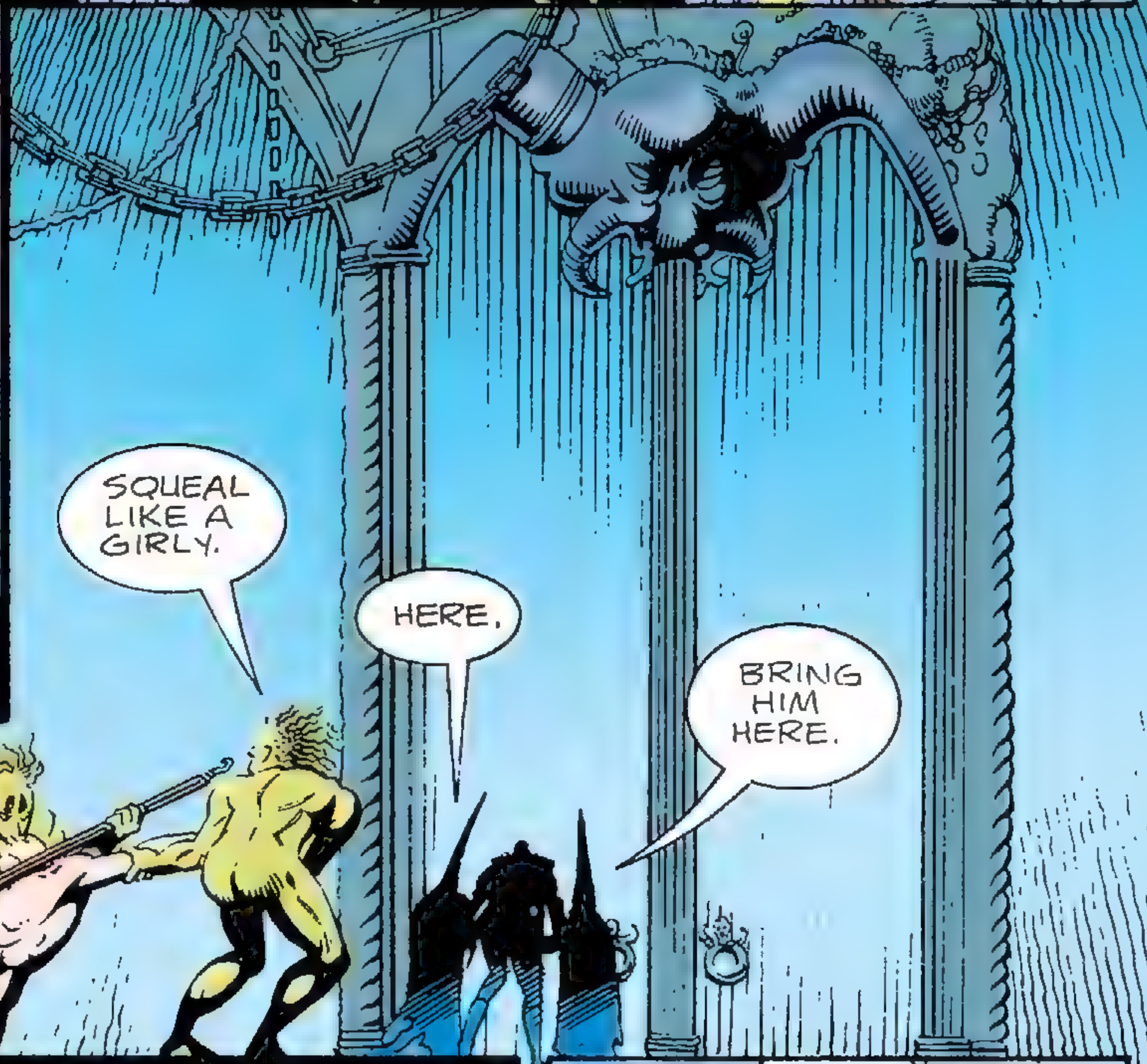
STICK HIM WITH NEEDLES.

HOOKS AND EYES.



PRICK HIS SKIN.

MAKE HIM SQUEAL.



SQUEAL LIKE A GIRLY.

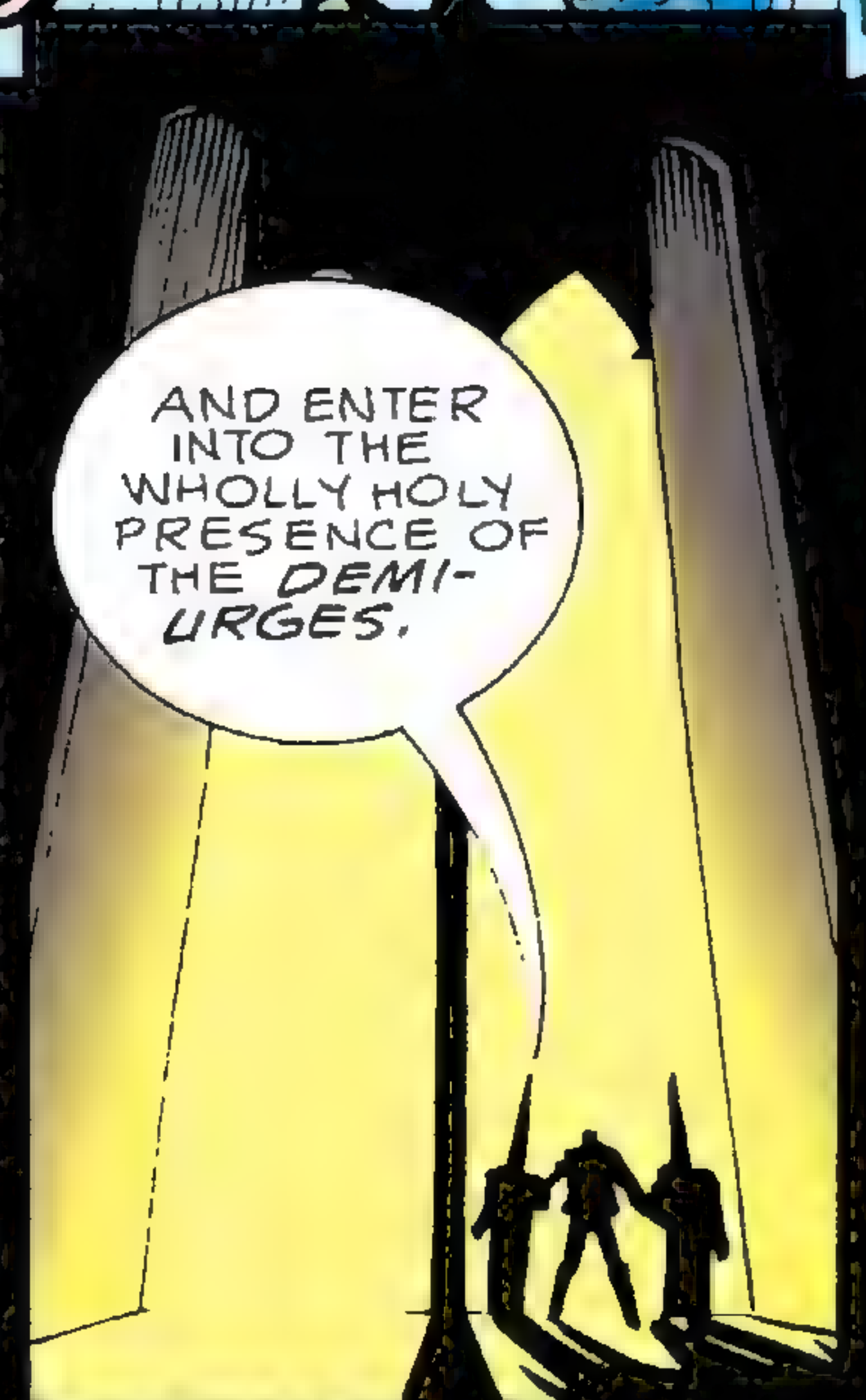
HERE.

BRING HIM HERE.



NOW.

PREPARE YOUR MINDS AND OPEN YOUR EYES.

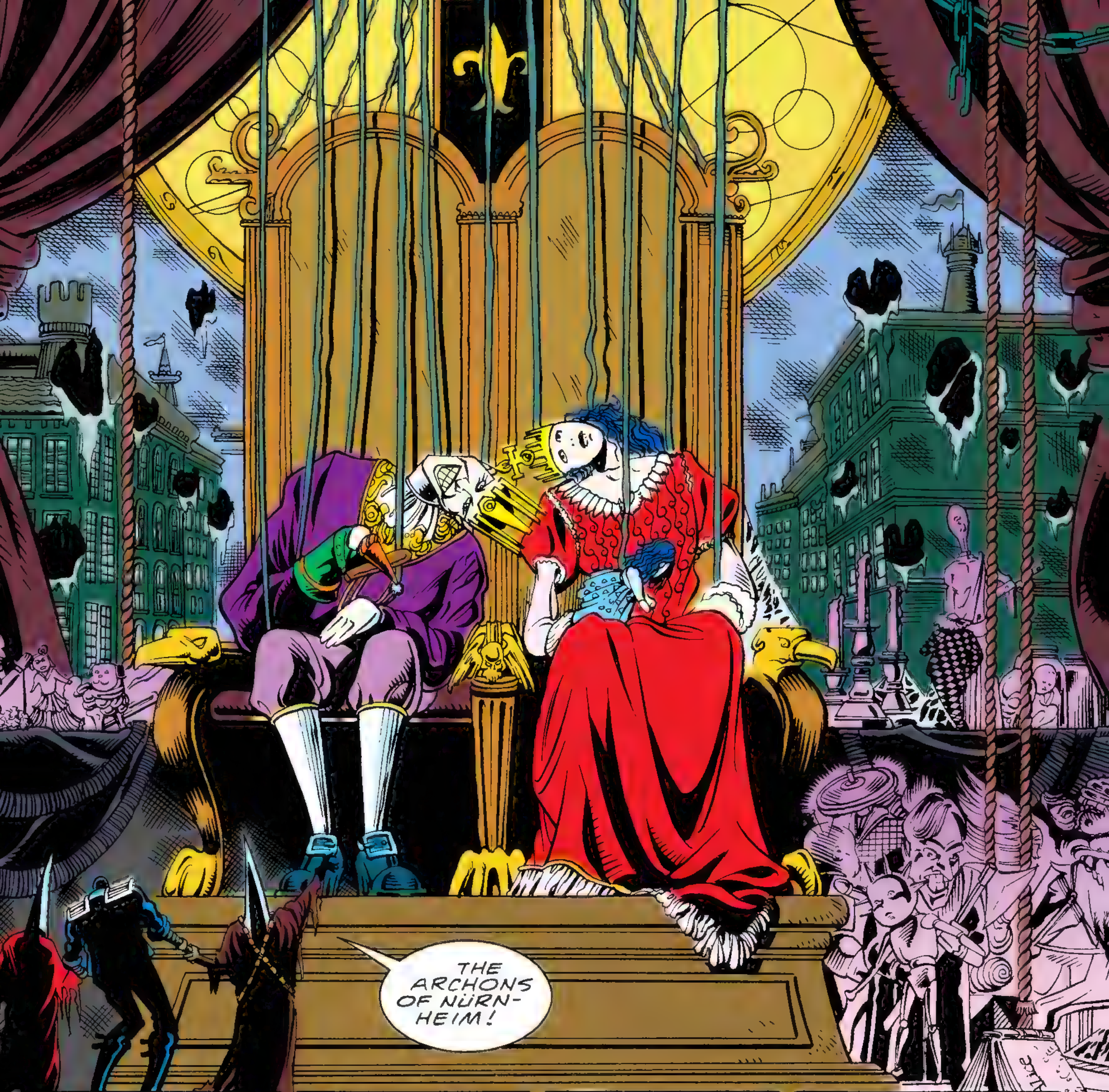


AND ENTER INTO THE WHOLLY HOLY PRESENCE OF THE DEMI-URGES.



WHAT?

THE MASTERS.

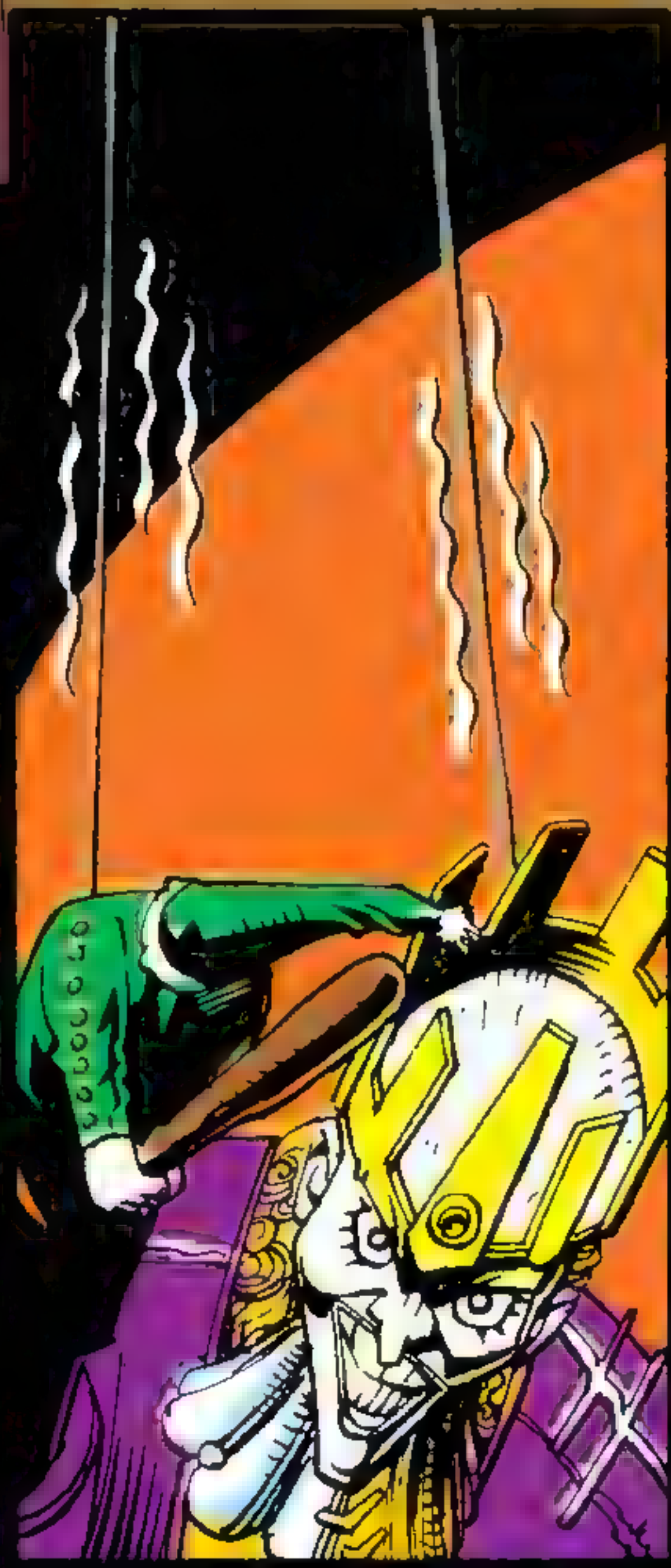


THE
ARCHONS
OF NÜRN-
HEIM!

PUPPETS?

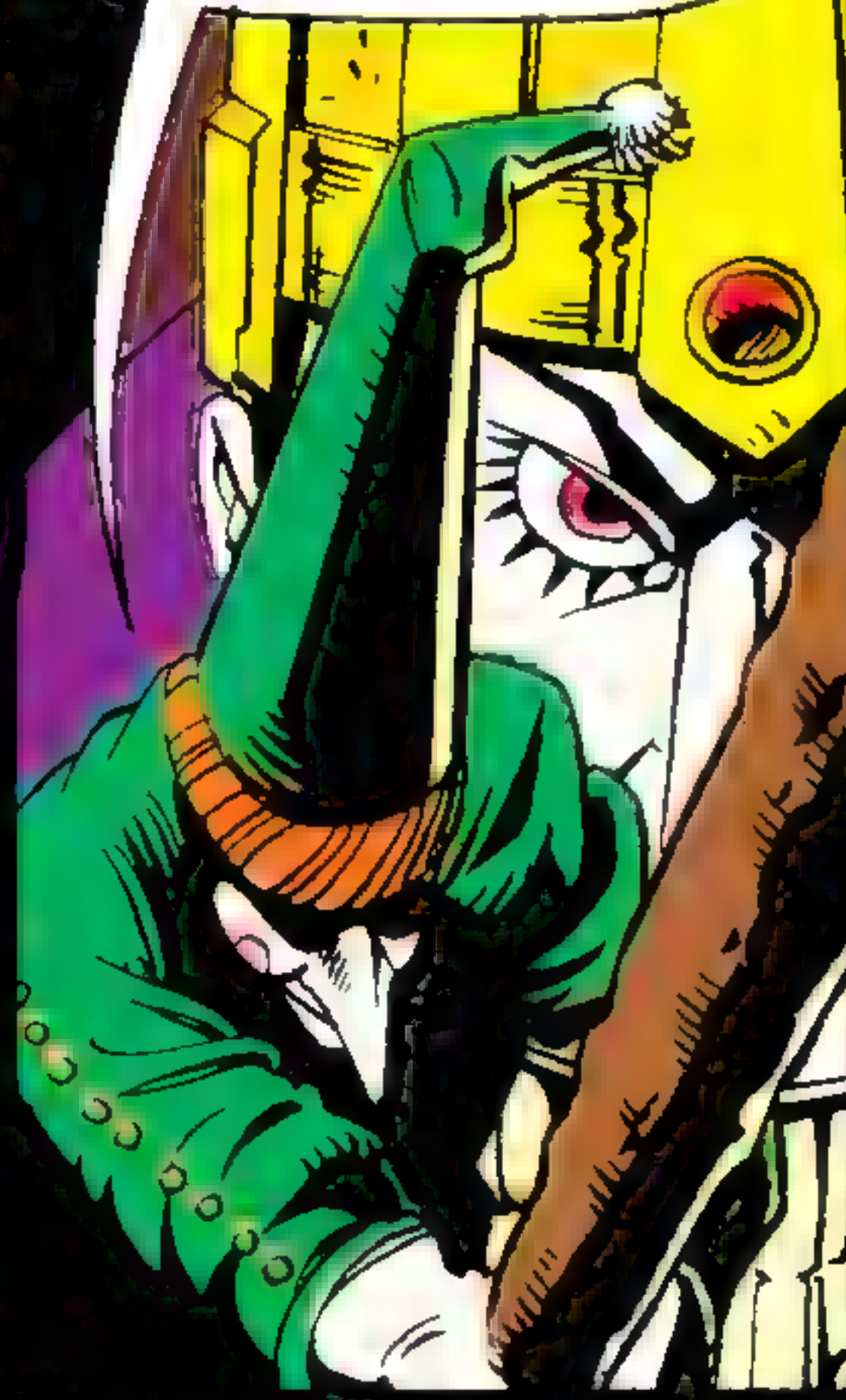
THOSE
ARE THE
LEADERS OF
THE CULT?

PUPPETS?



PUPPETS? ALL LIFE
IS JERKED ON THE
END OF IDIOT
STRINGS. ALL LIFE
DANCES BLINDLY
IN THE DARK.

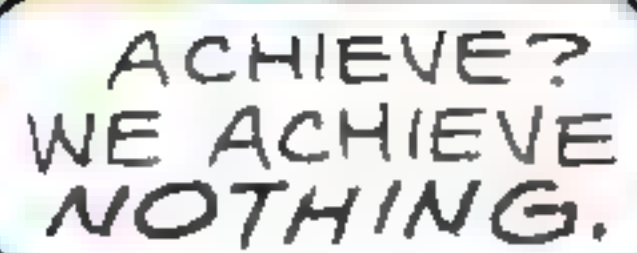
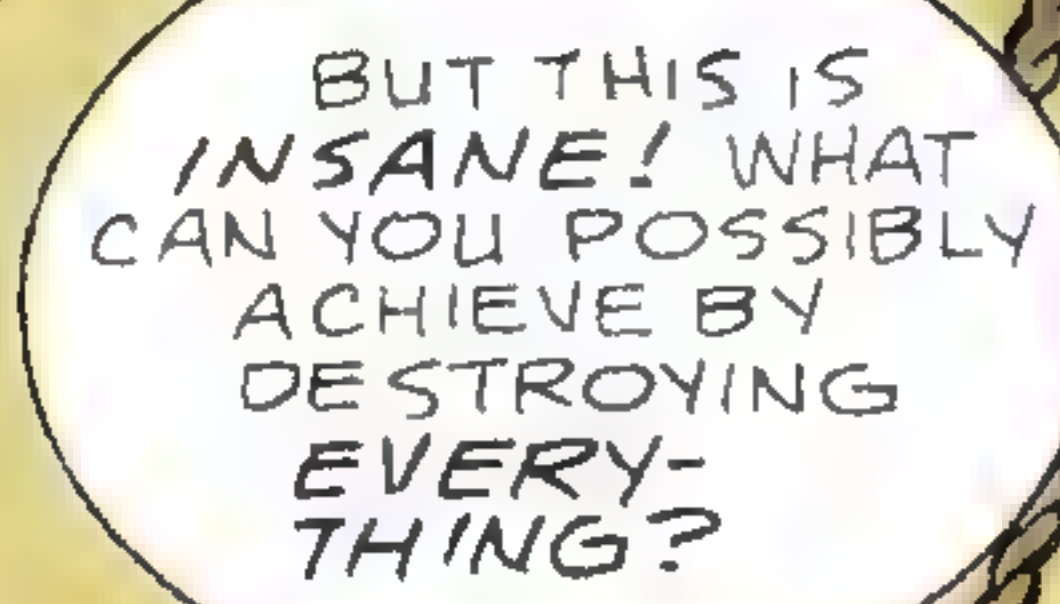
WE ARE SOME-
THING MORE.



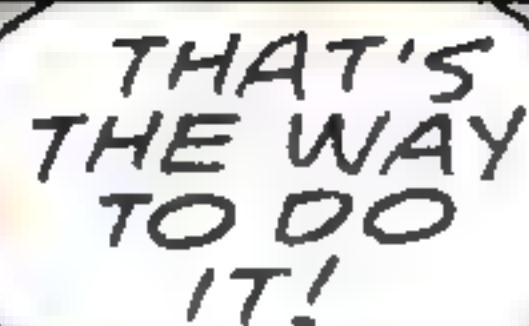
DISCARDED CHILDHOOD
TOYS, GROWN BITTER
AND DEFORMED AND
HUNGRY FOR
REVENGE.

PAINTED GODS, BY
WHOSE POWER
EXISTENCE ITSELF
IS BROUGHT TO AN
END.

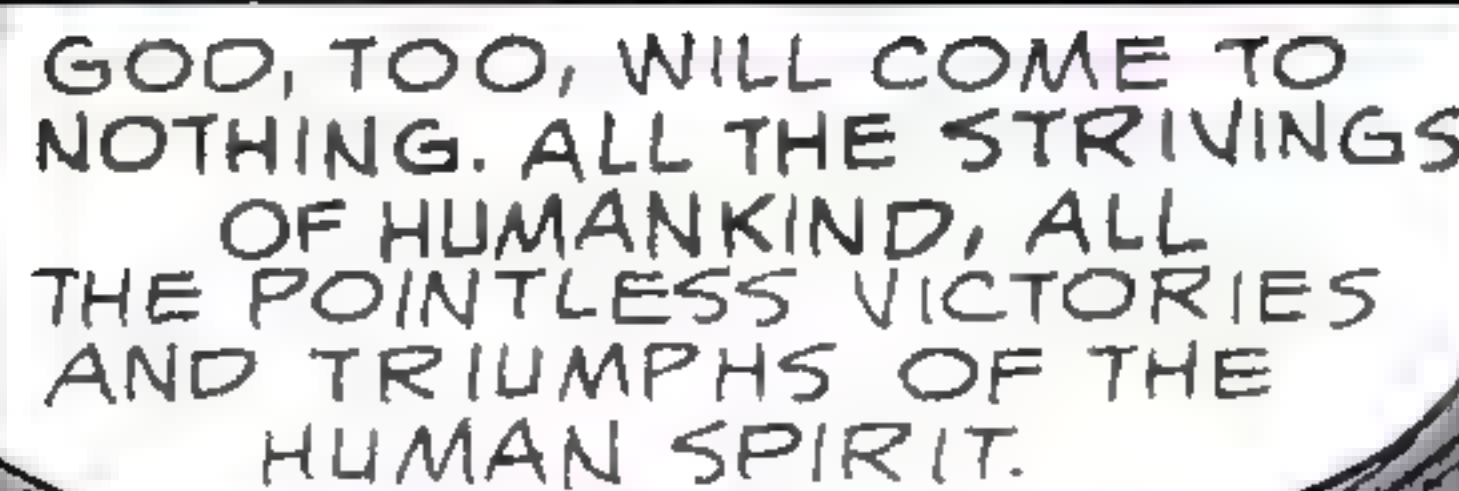




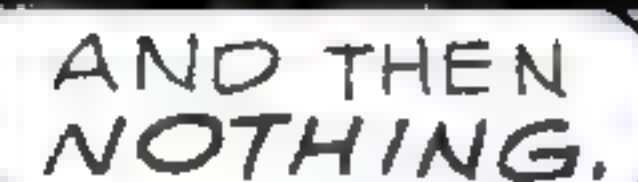
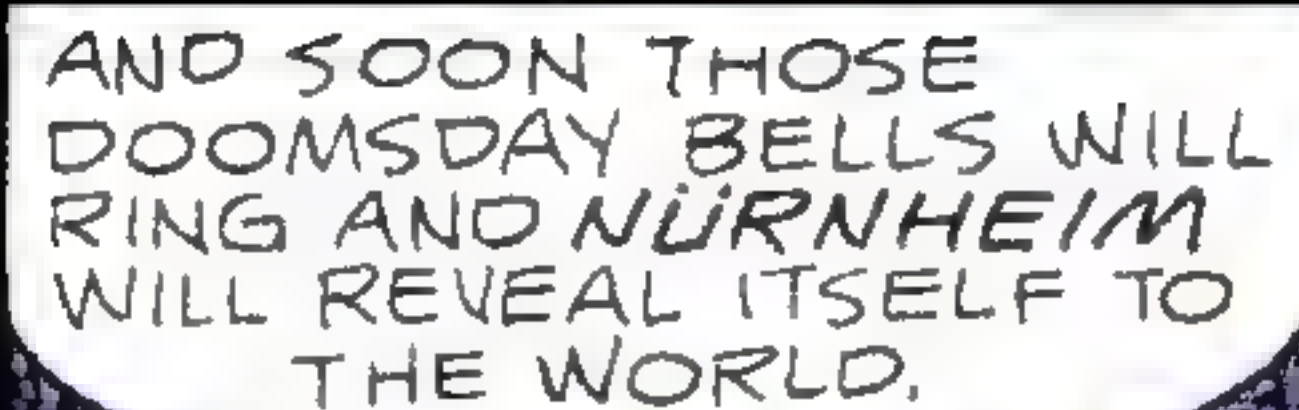
LITERALLY
NOTHING.



DEAR
GOD,



ALL FOR
NOTHING.



FOREVER
AND EVER.



WELL, NOT LONG NOW BEFORE THE END OF THE UNIVERSE.

DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY BRILLIANT IDEAS BEFORE WE ALL DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY?

YES. I HAVE A BRILLIANT IDEA. AS USUAL, IT'S UP TO *ME* TO GET US OUT OF THINGS.

I THINK I KNOW HOW TO STOP THE DECREATOR.

IT CAN'T *BE* STOPPED! I'VE TOLD YOU A *MILLION* BLOODY TIMES!

"STOP" IS JUST A WORD I USE TO MEAN SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT. I'M HANDING OVER TO *LUCY FUGUE* NOW.

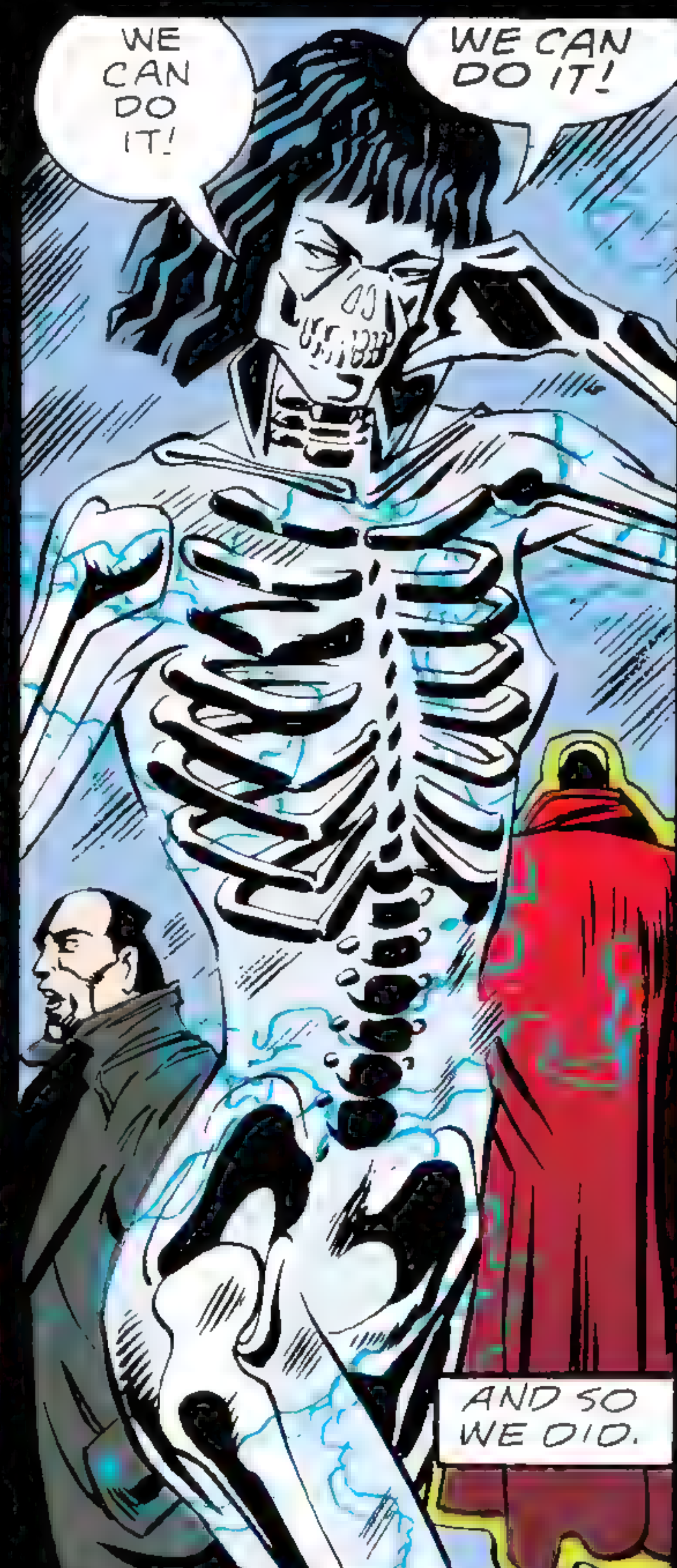
SHE'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. THE DECREATOR IS A WORD, YOU SEE.

THE WORD OF GOD BROUGHT THE DECREATOR INTO BEING. SOUND AND LIGHT. THE DECREATOR IS A *VIBRATION*, NOTHING MORE.

WAVELENGTHS AND FREQUENCIES.

YES! SACRED GEOMETRY. STONE BECOMES LIGHT. HYPERBOLOID, HELICOID. SPIRITUAL RADIO.

THIS IS ALL TREMENDOUSLY "WOODSTOCK," BUT WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO, APART FROM *BORE* THE DECREATOR TO DEATH?



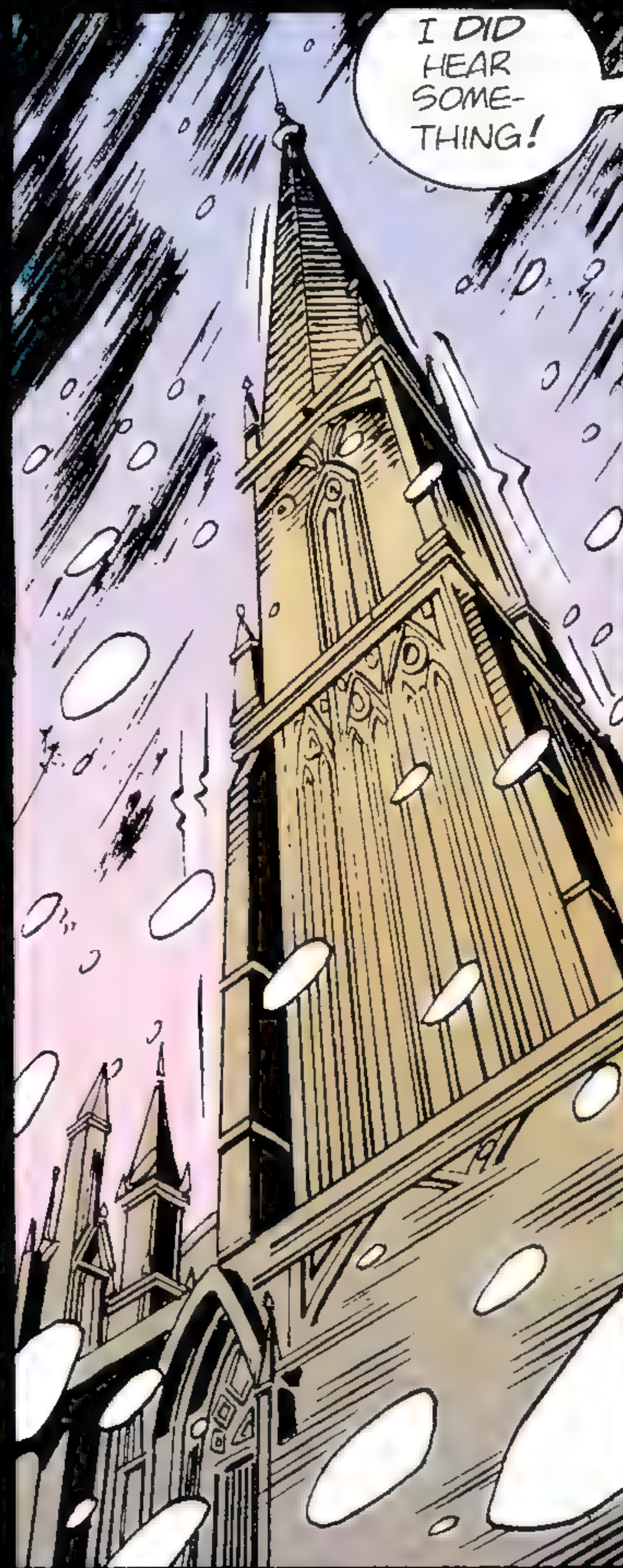
BUT... IT MUST BE SAID...





OKAY.

I JUST
HOPE YOU CAN
HEAR ME OUT
THERE,
JOSH.

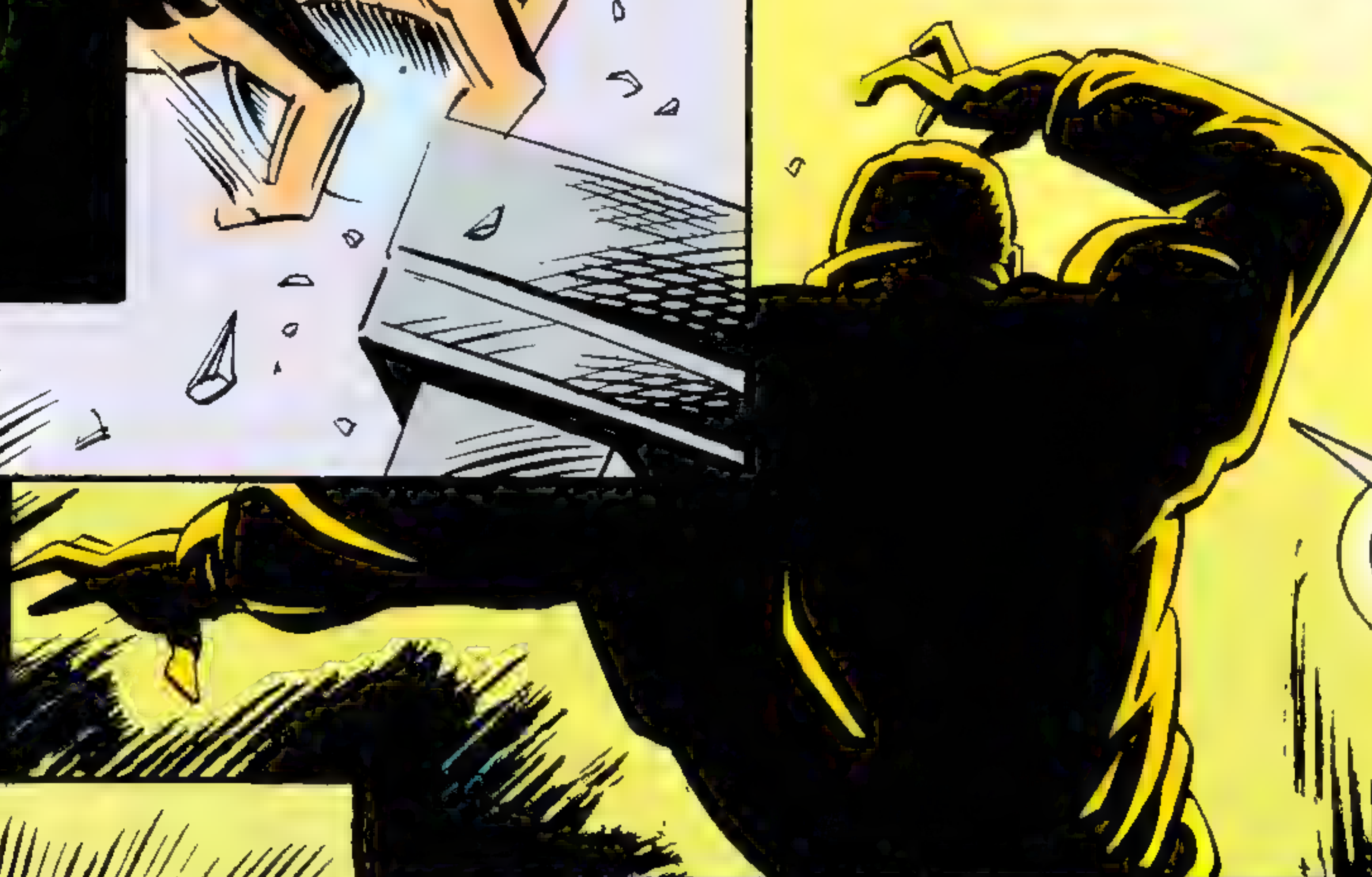


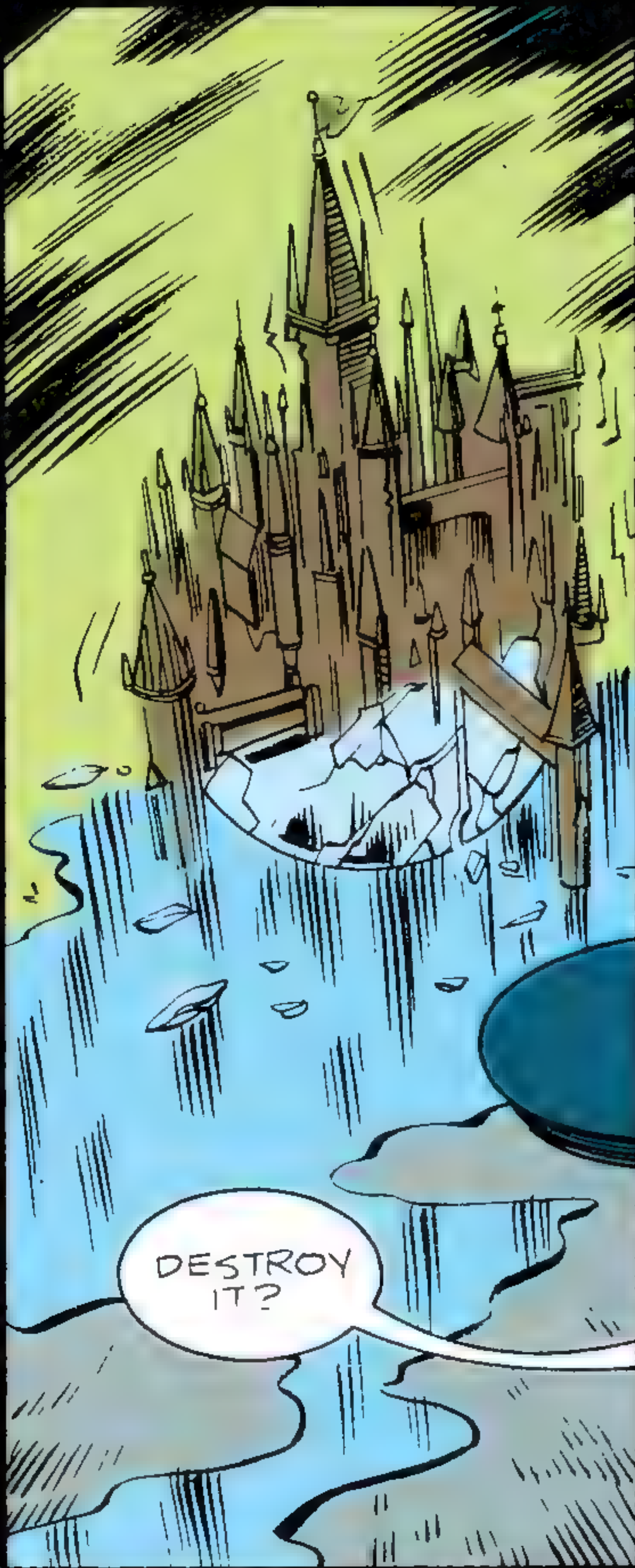
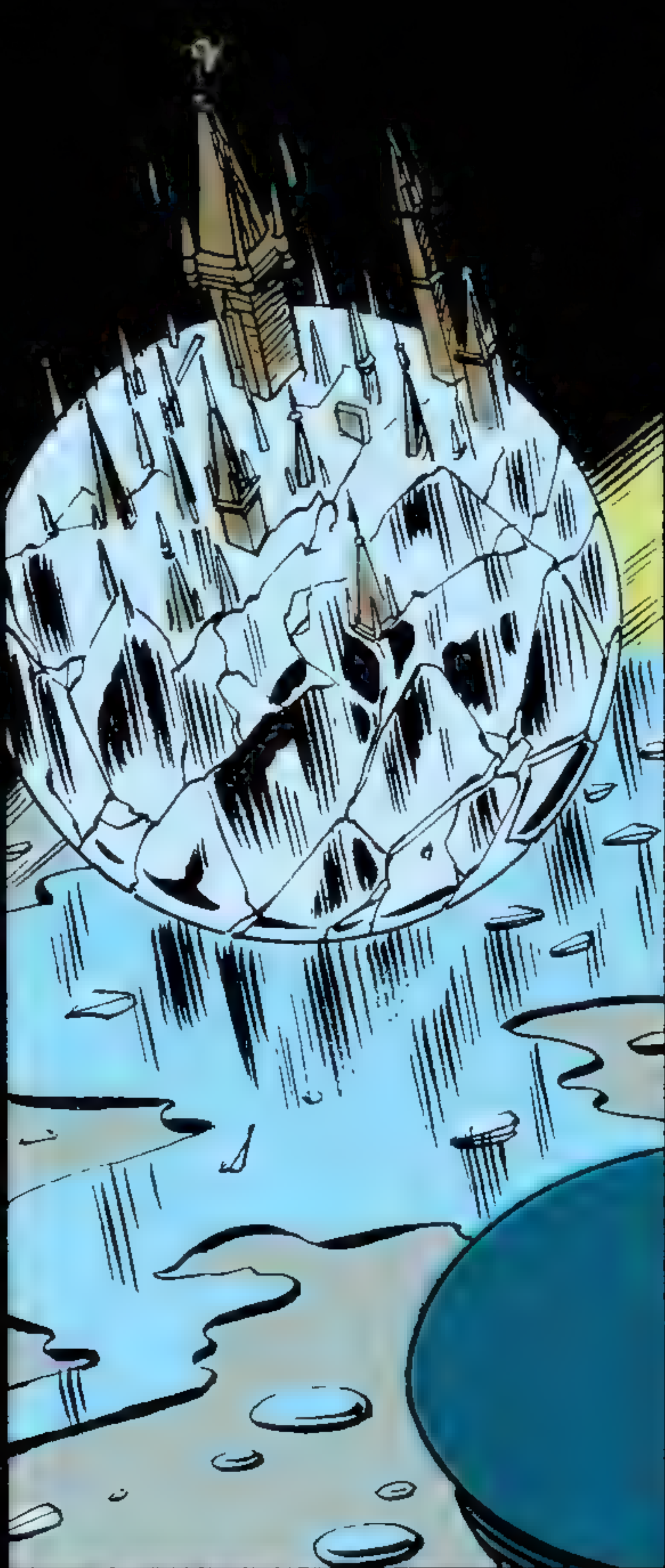
I DID
HEAR
SOME-
THING!

IT'S HERE! MY
GOD, IT'S IN HERE!
BELLS!

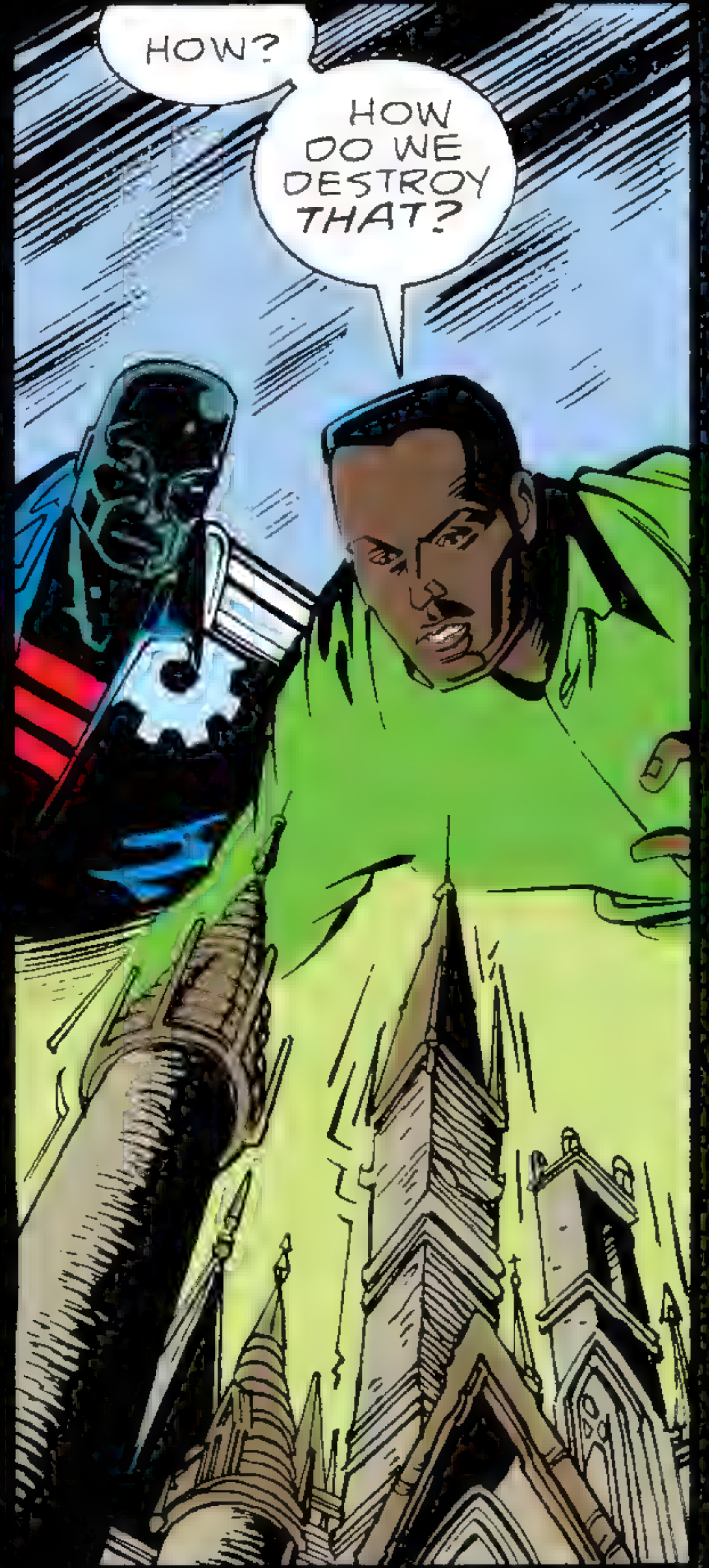


THERE'S
SOMETHING...



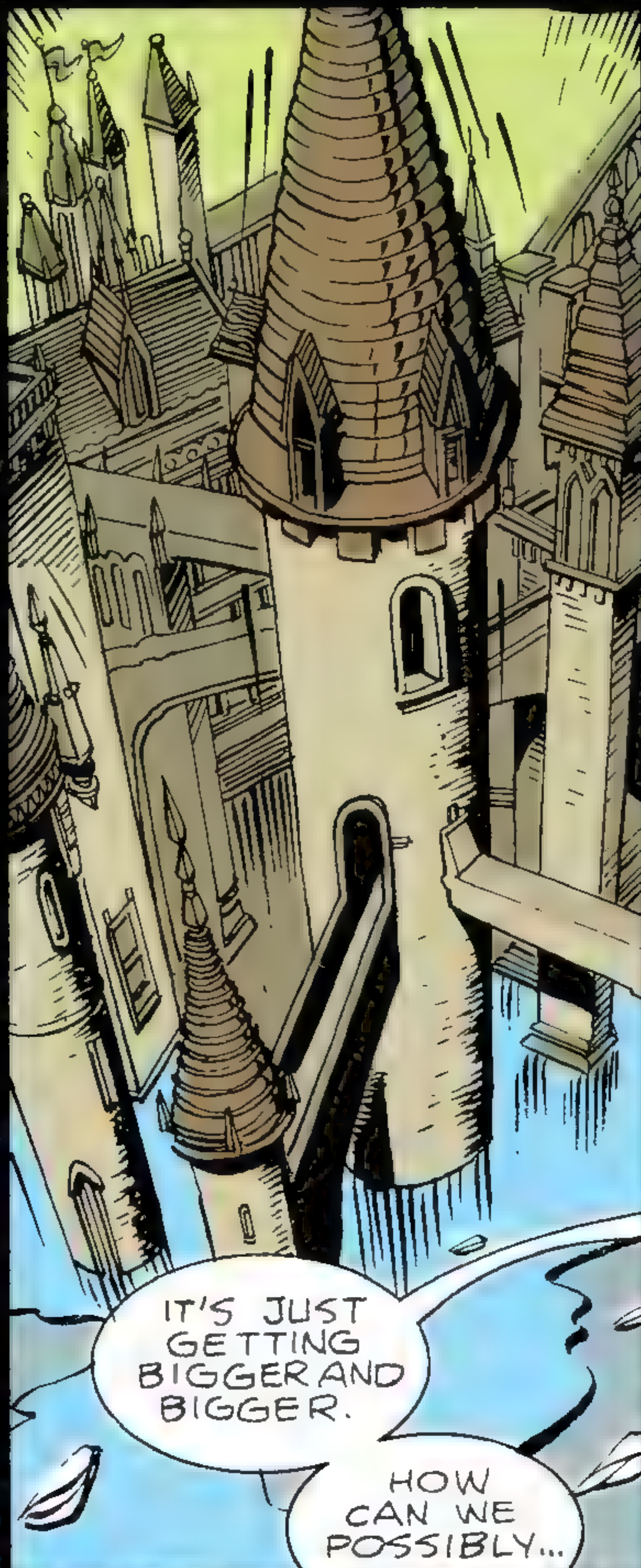


DESTROY IT?



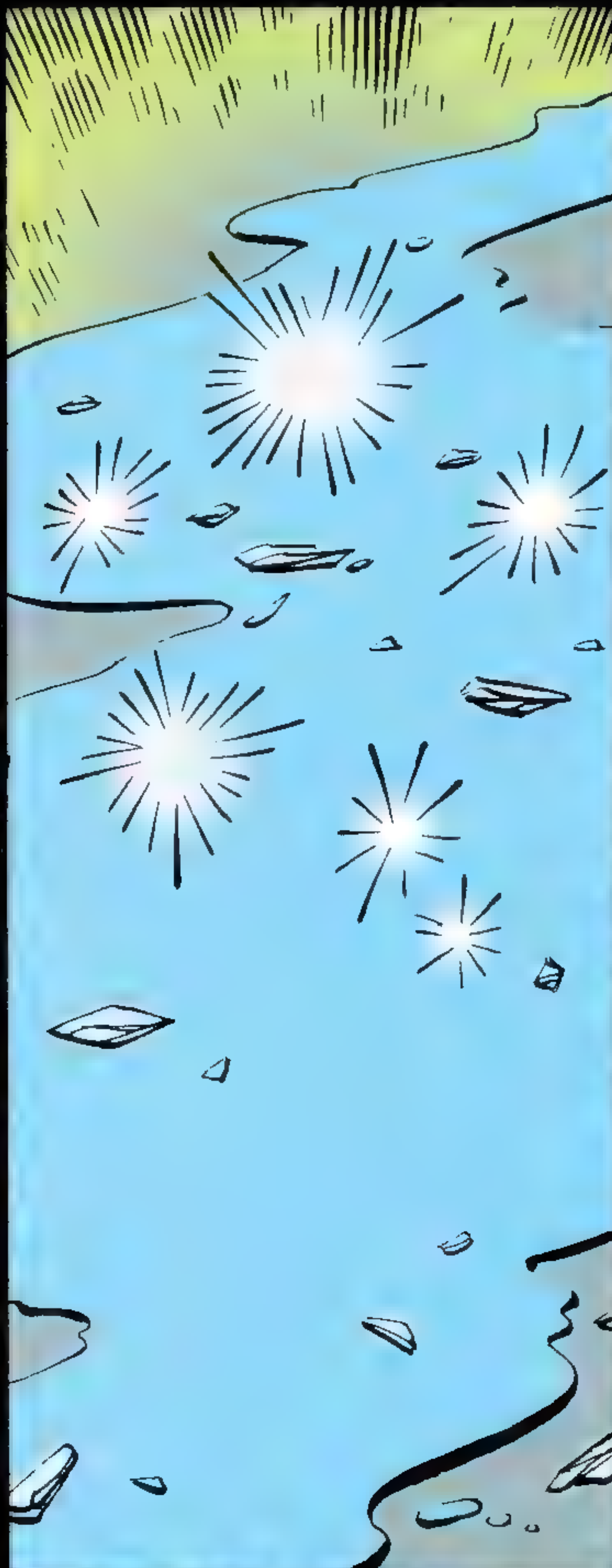
HOW?

HOW DO WE DESTROY THAT?

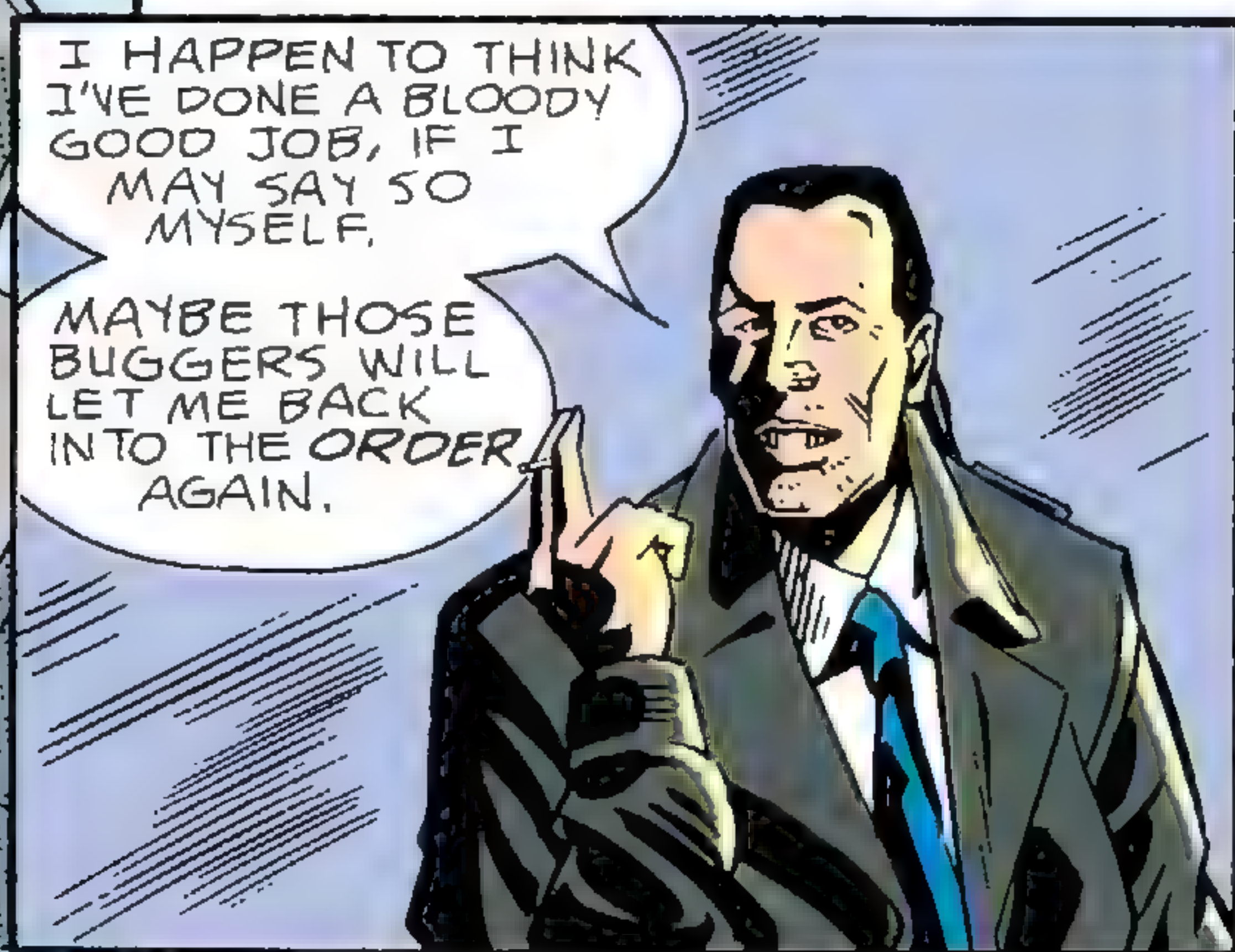
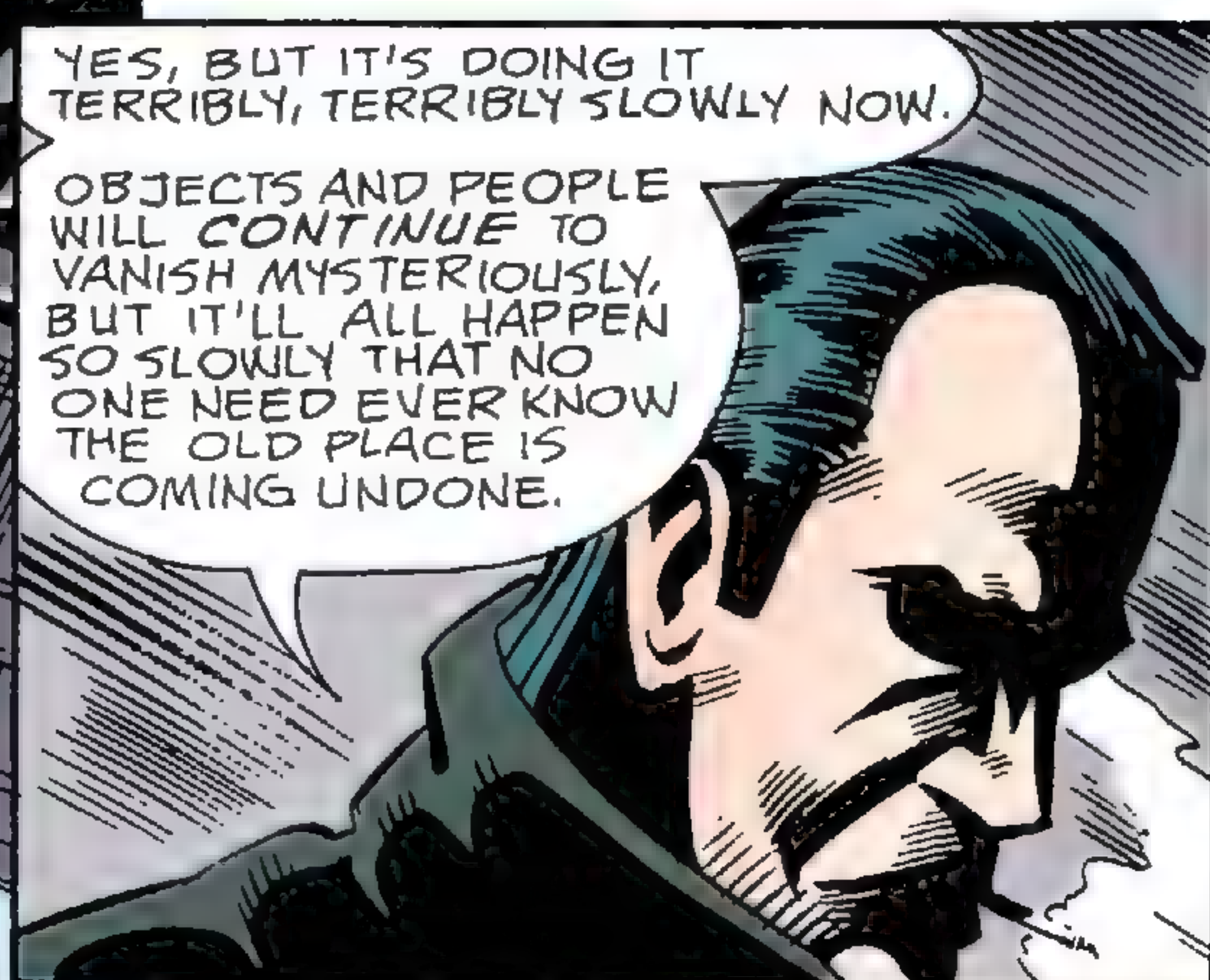
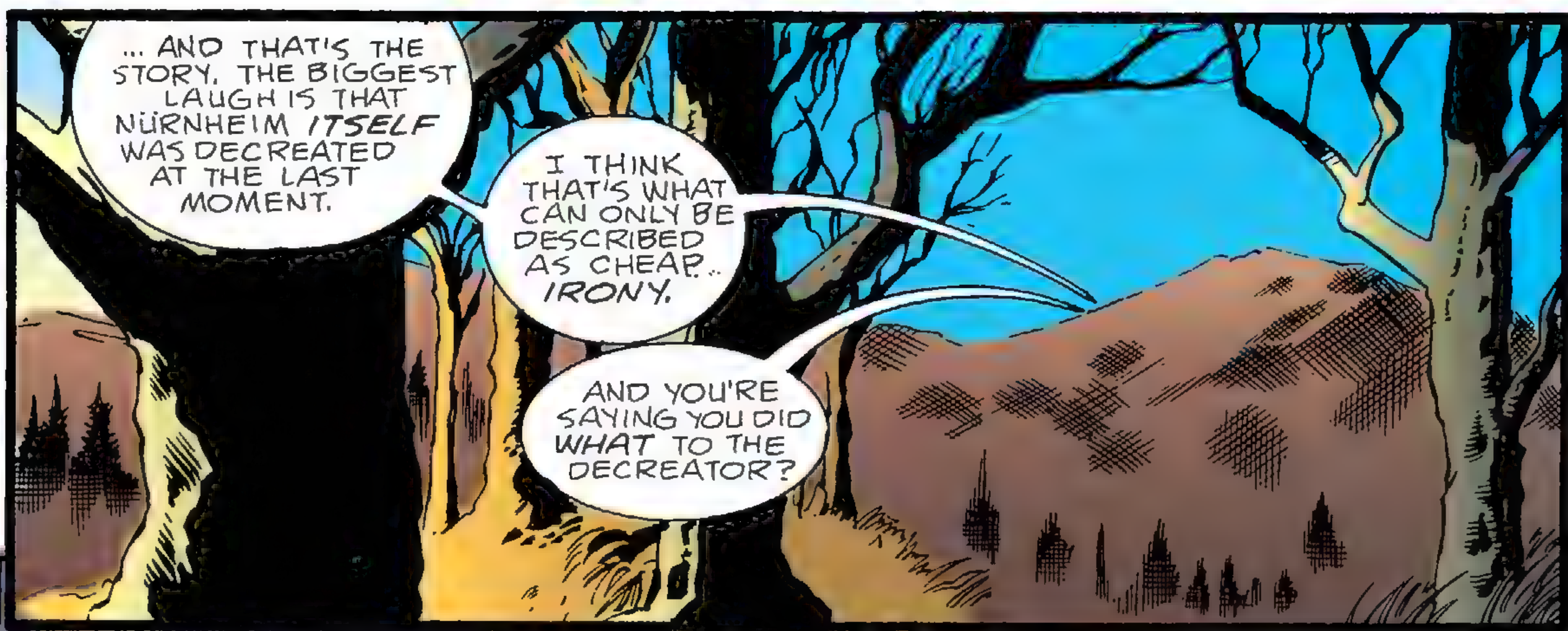


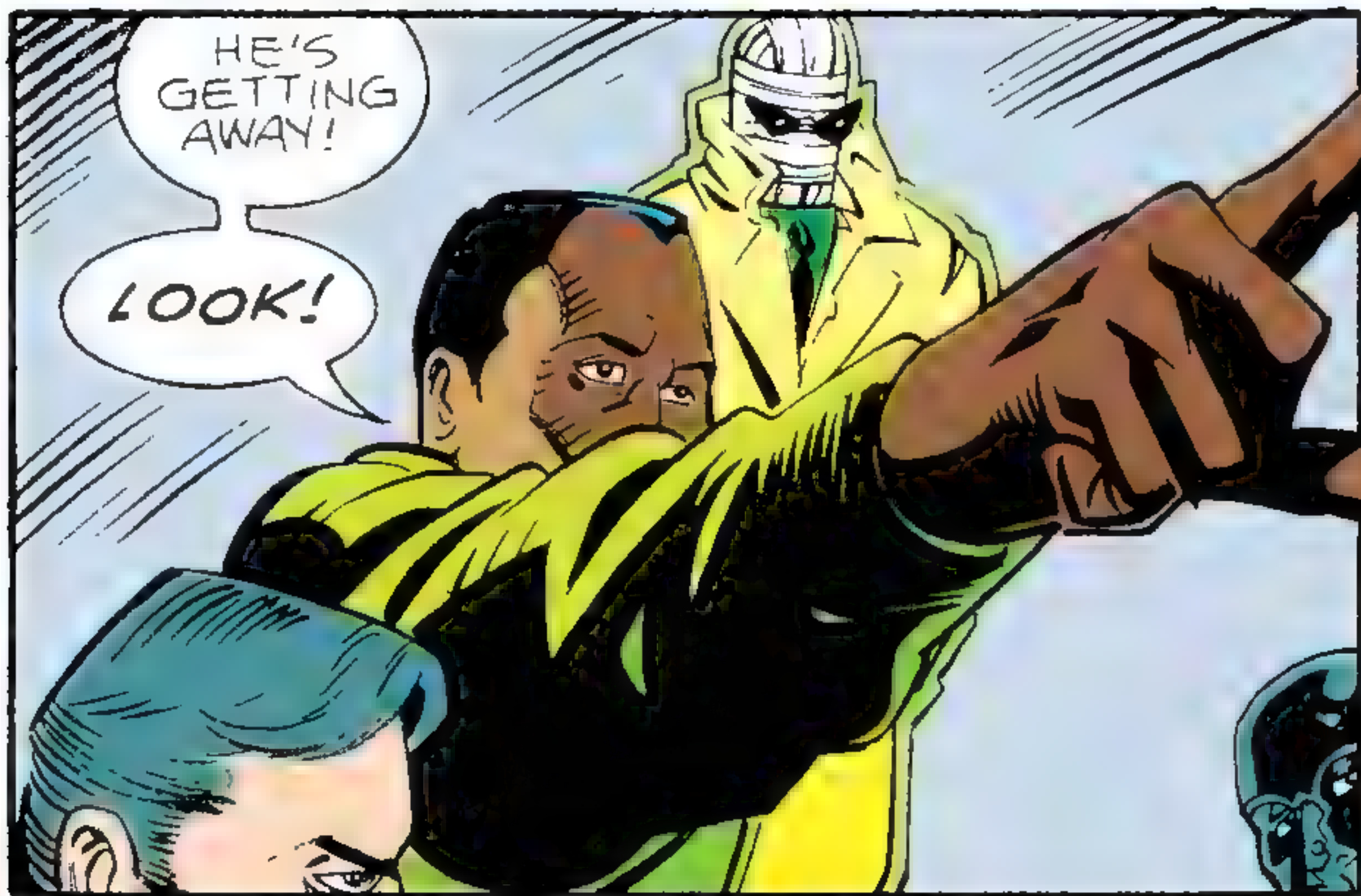
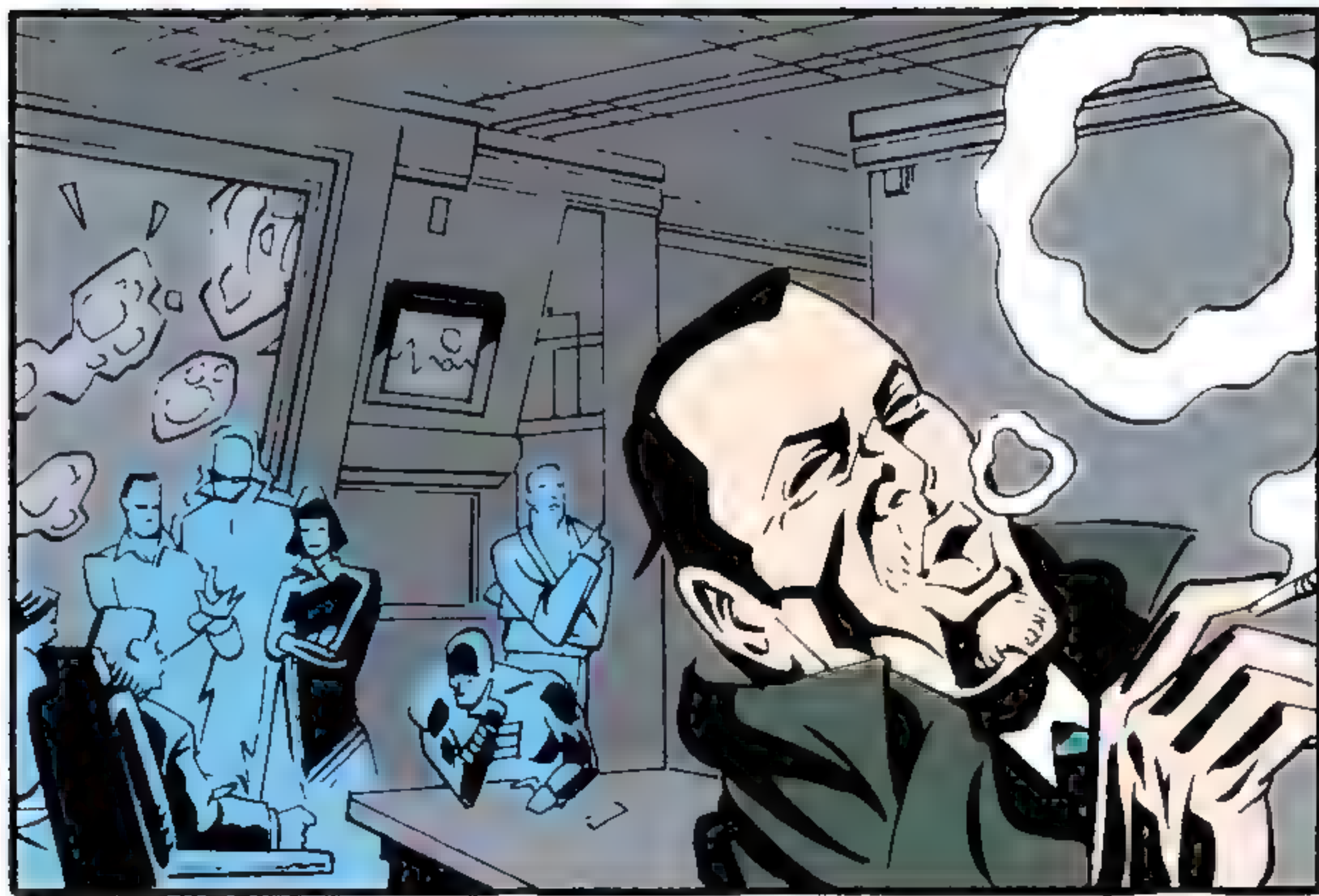
IT'S JUST GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER.

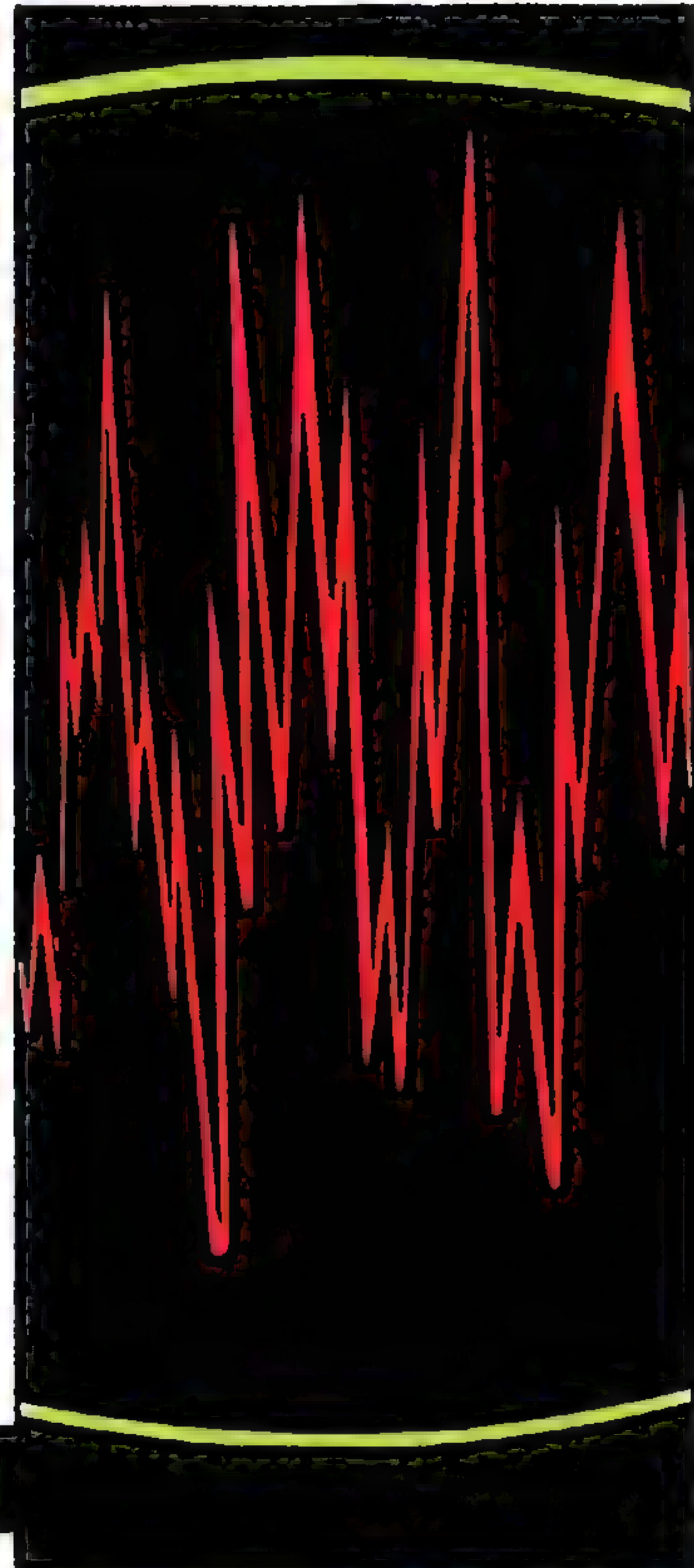
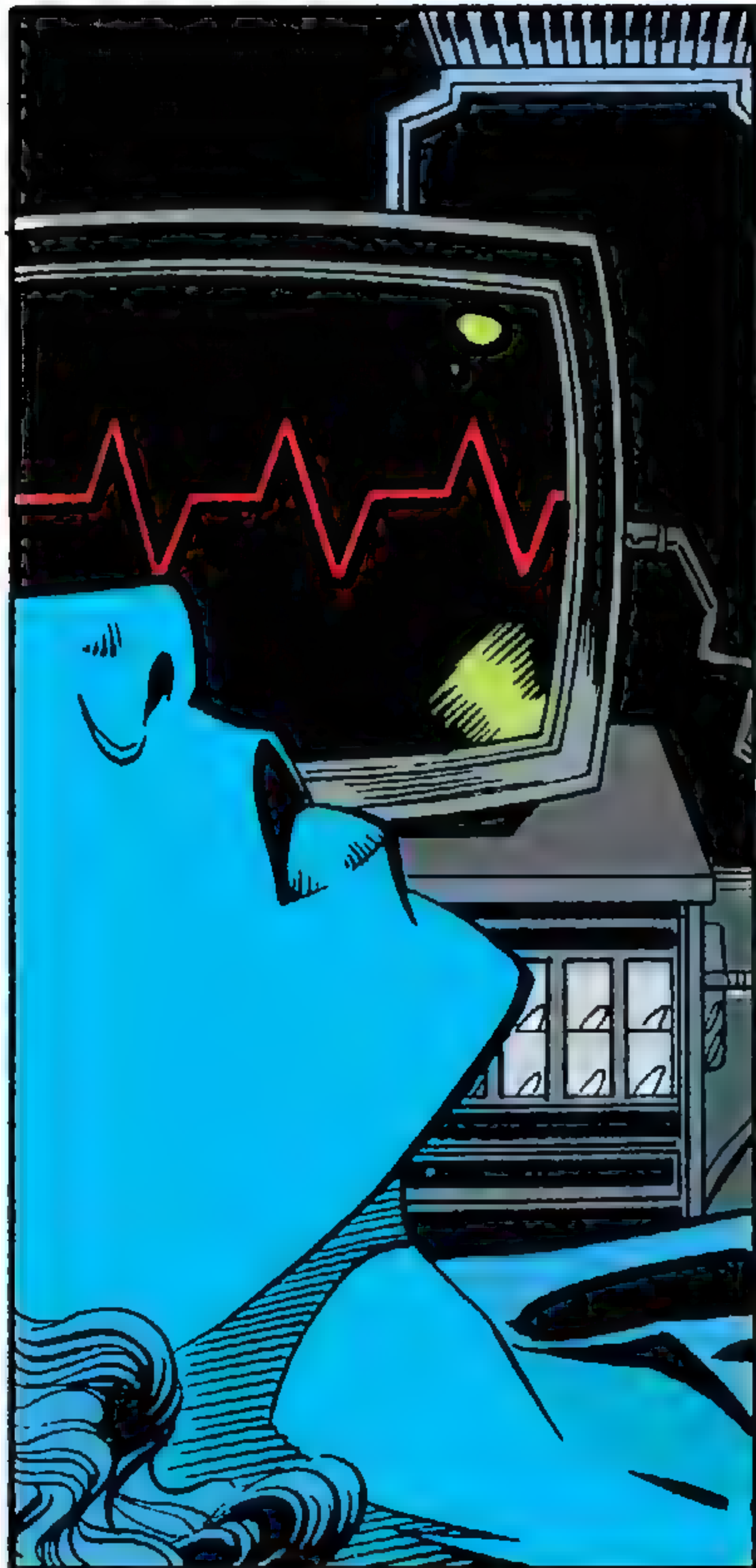
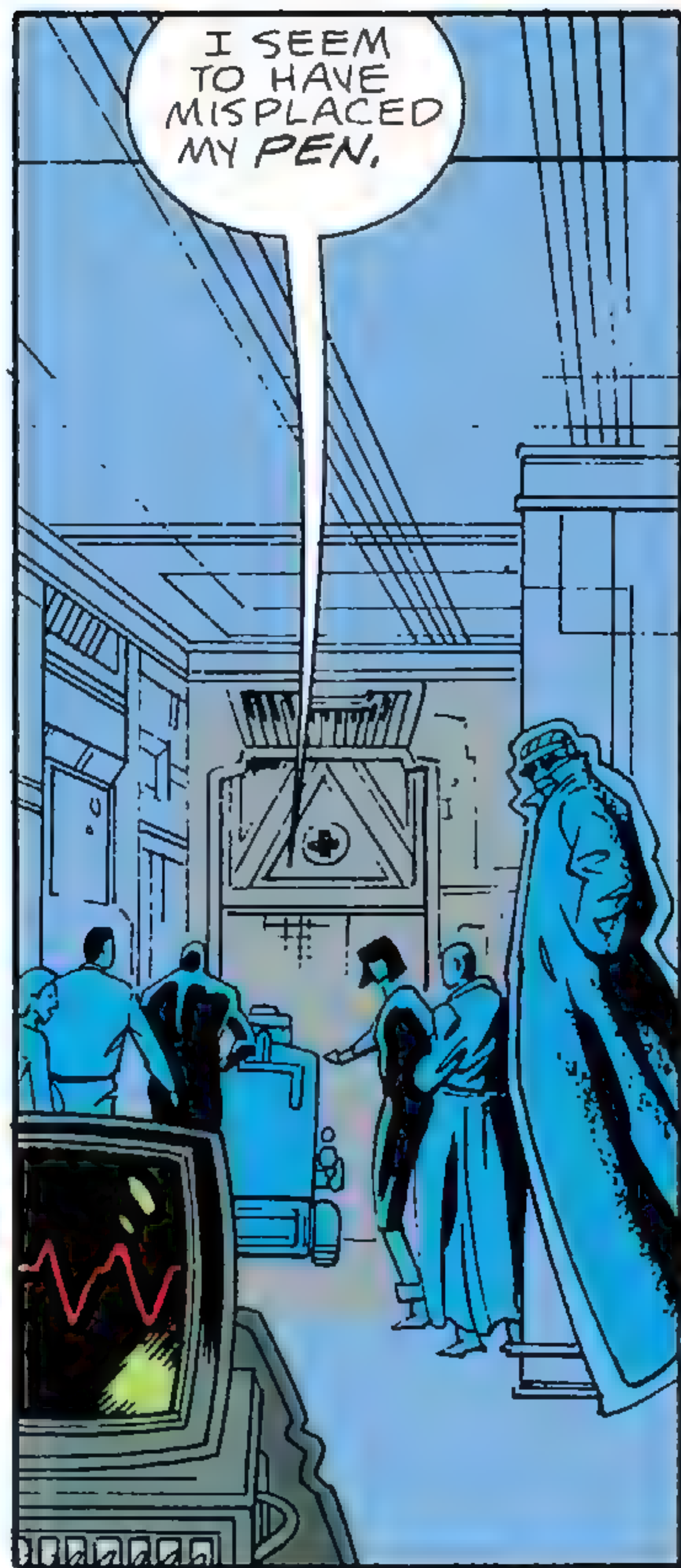
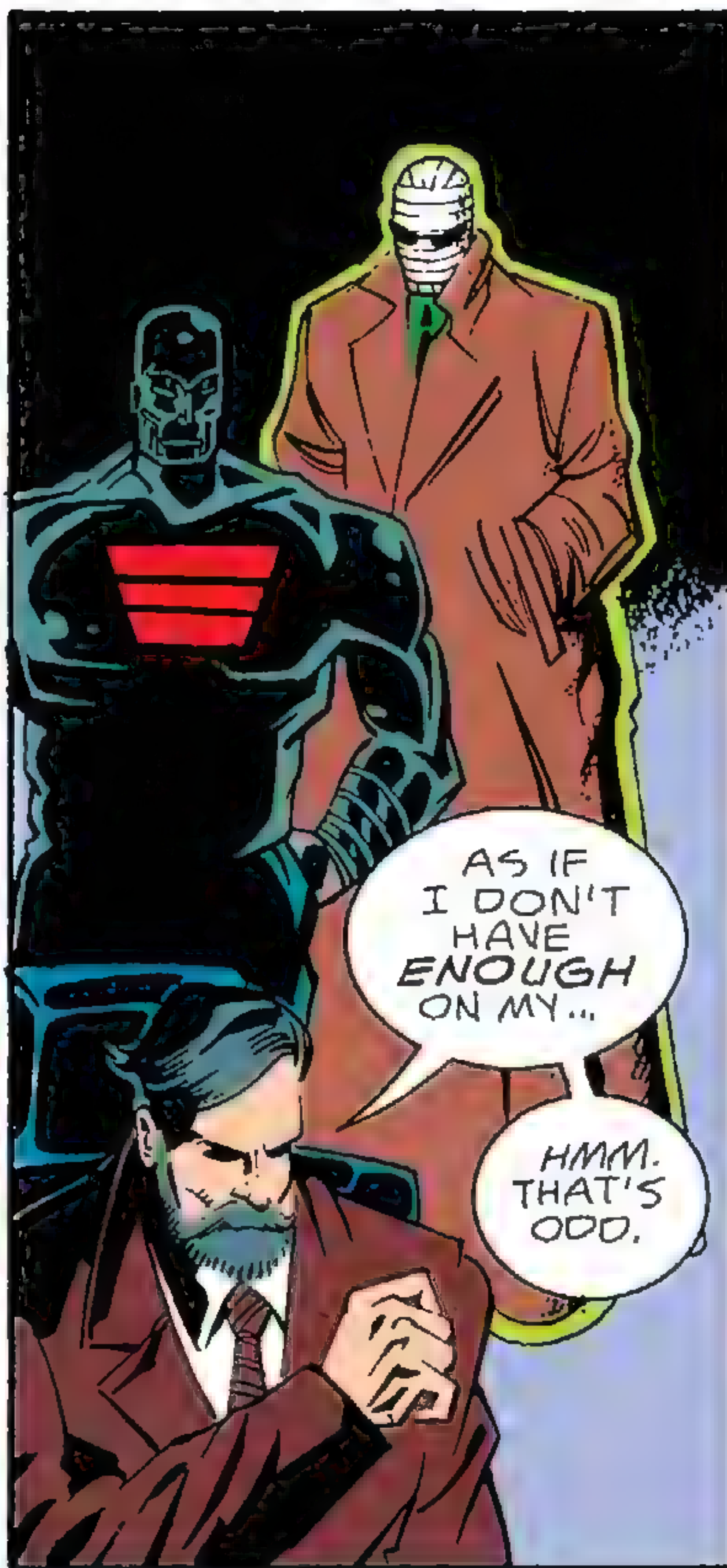
HOW CAN WE POSSIBLY...



WHY DOESN'T STUFF LIKE THIS SURPRISE ME ANYMORE?









DOOM
PATROL

34

JUL 90

DOOM PATROL



GRANT MORRISON
RICHARD CASE
JOHN NYBERG

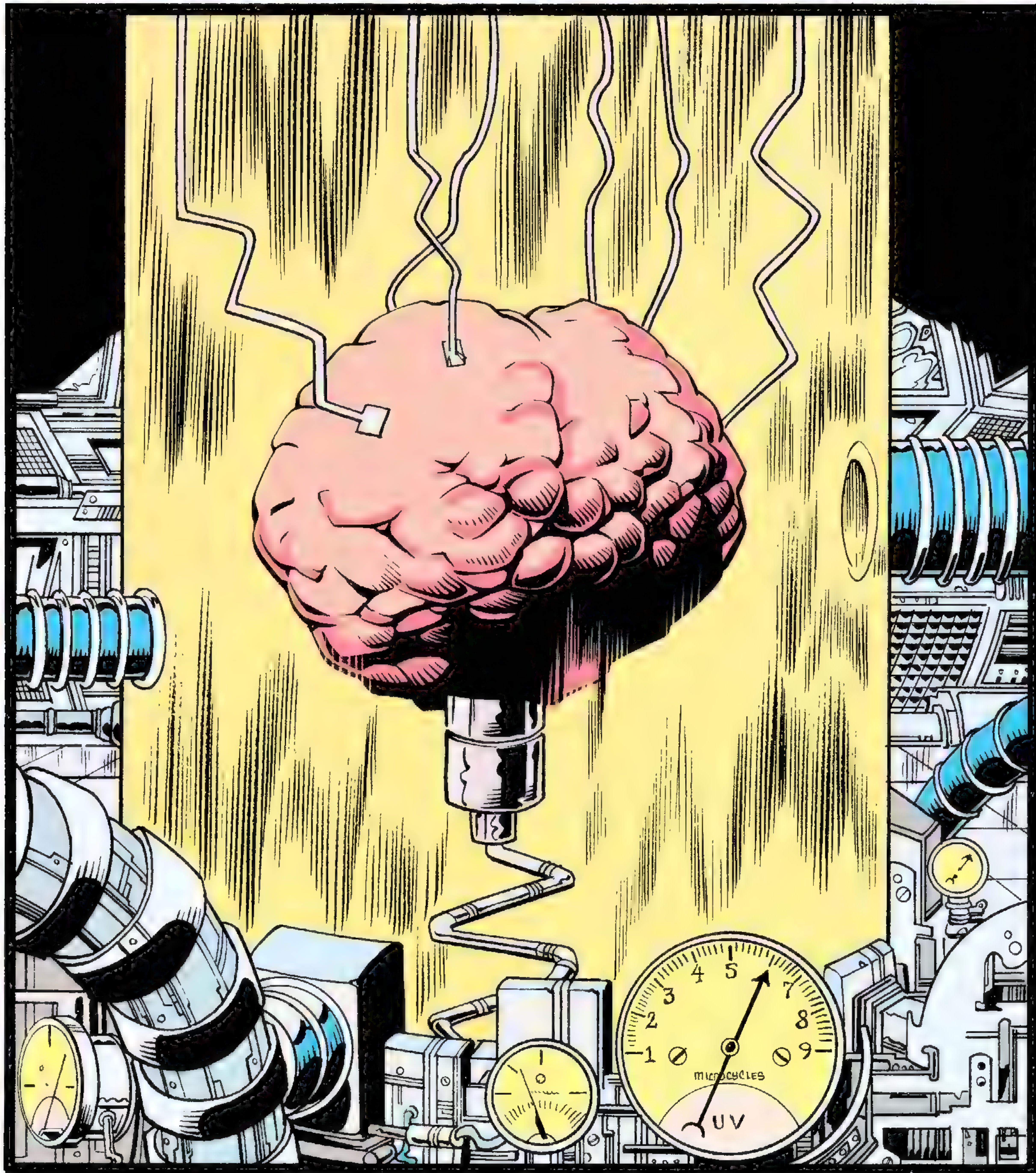
dom PATROL



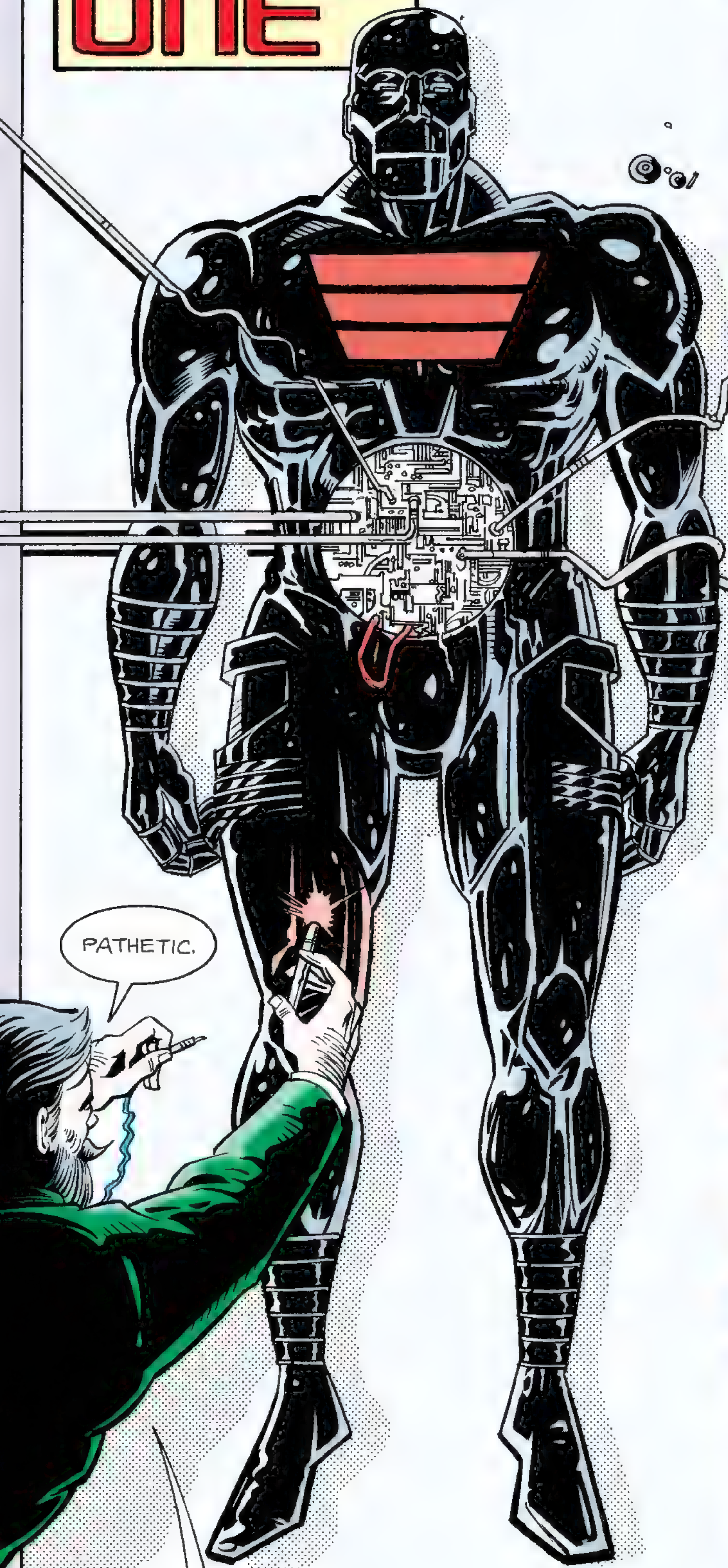
**"Where is my *gum*?
I must try to look as
normal as possible."**

THE SOUL OF A MEAT MACHINE

DOES THE BODY RULE THE MIND OR DOES THE MIND RULE THE BODY?



MIND AND BODY=
ONE



PATHETIC.

PATHETIC,
SHODDY
WORKMANSHIP.

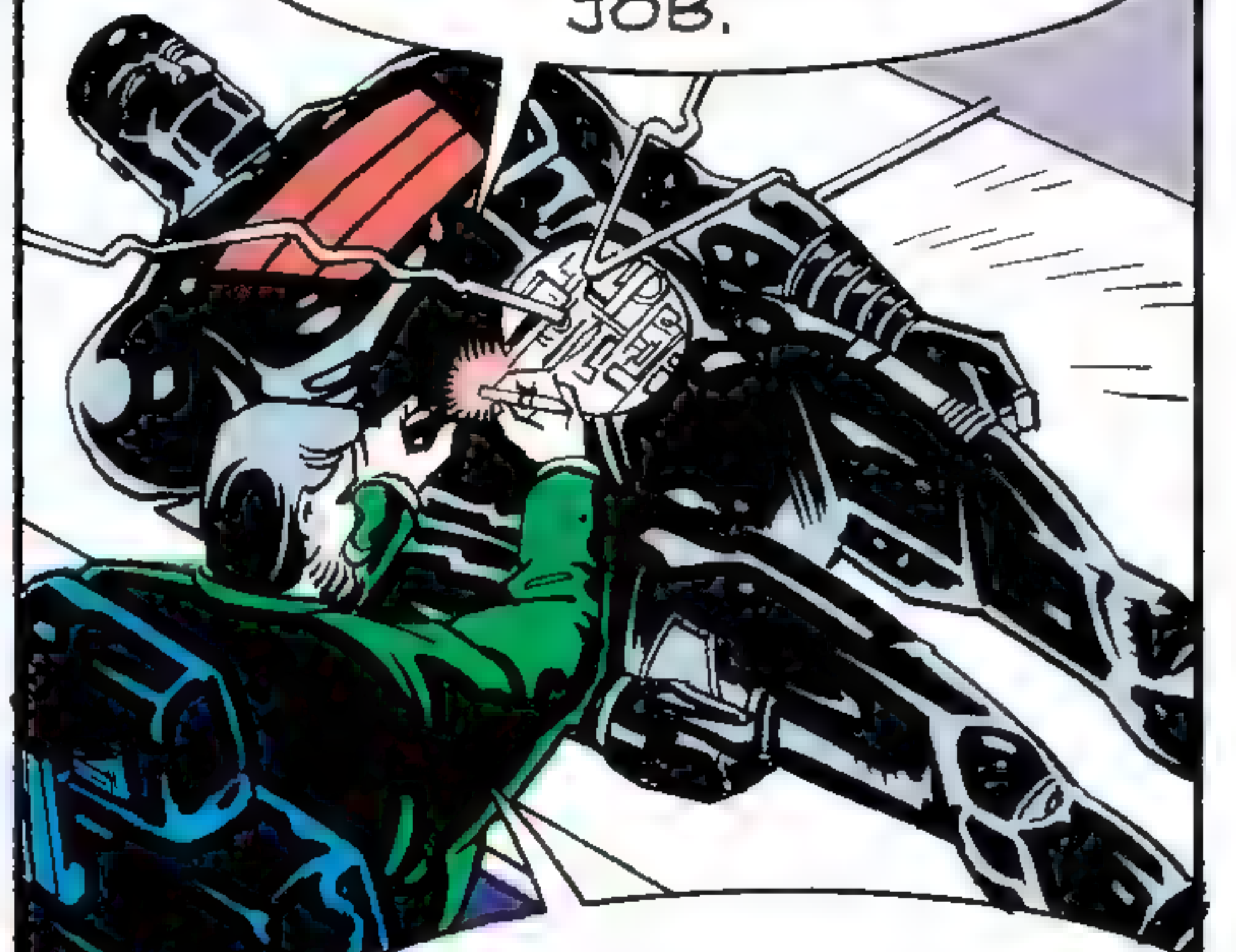
NEXT TIME I SEE
DOCTOR MAGNUS,
I INTEND TO TELL
HIM EXACTLY WHAT
I THINK OF HIS
WORK.

WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO
STEP IN TO CORRECT HIS
IDIOTIC MISTAKES? HAVEN'T
I ENOUGH ON MY MIND?



I
SUPPOSE
I'LL HAVE
TO BUILD
A NEW BODY
FOR CLIFF
MYSELF.

THIS PIECE OF SCRAP
IS LITTLE MORE THAN
A TEMPORARY
JOB.



AND JOSHUA, COULD YOU
ARRANGE MONITOR DETAIL
SO THAT SOMEONE IS
WITH RHEA AT ALL TIMES?
I'M A LITTLE CONCERNED
ABOUT HER CONDITION.

YEAH, SURE. NO
PROBLEM.

WHERE IS
EVERYONE
ELSE, ANY-
WAY?



JANE AND DOROTHY ARE ON AN ERRAND FOR ME. I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE REBIS IS.

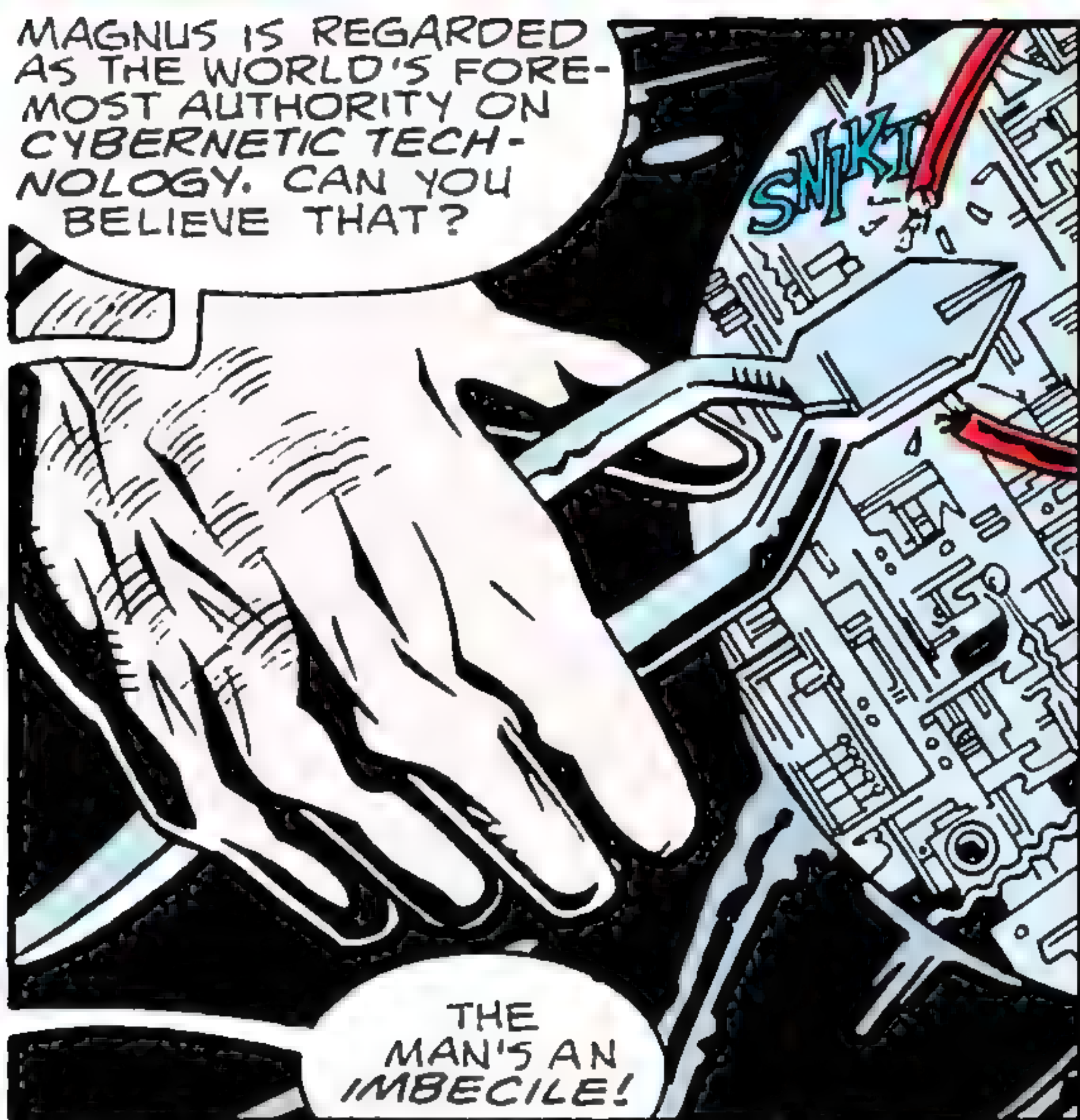
NUMBER SEVEN WIRE-CUTTERS, PLEASE.



HURRY, MAN, HURRY!

I DON'T WANT TO SPEND ALL DAY TINKERING WITH THIS PIECE OF GARBAGE.

MAGNUS IS REGARDED AS THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON CYBERNETIC TECHNOLOGY. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?



THE MAN'S AN IMBECILE!

OF COURSE, I SMILE AND I TRY TO BE PLEASANT WHENEVER WE MEET, BUT THIS...THIS IS THE END!

I'VE WASTED TWO DAYS ON THIS. TWO WHOLE DAYS DURING WHICH I'VE NEGLECTED MY OWN RESEARCH.



WHO KNOWS WHAT BREAKTHROUGHS I MIGHT HAVE ACHIEVED IN THOSE TWO DAYS?



THERE.

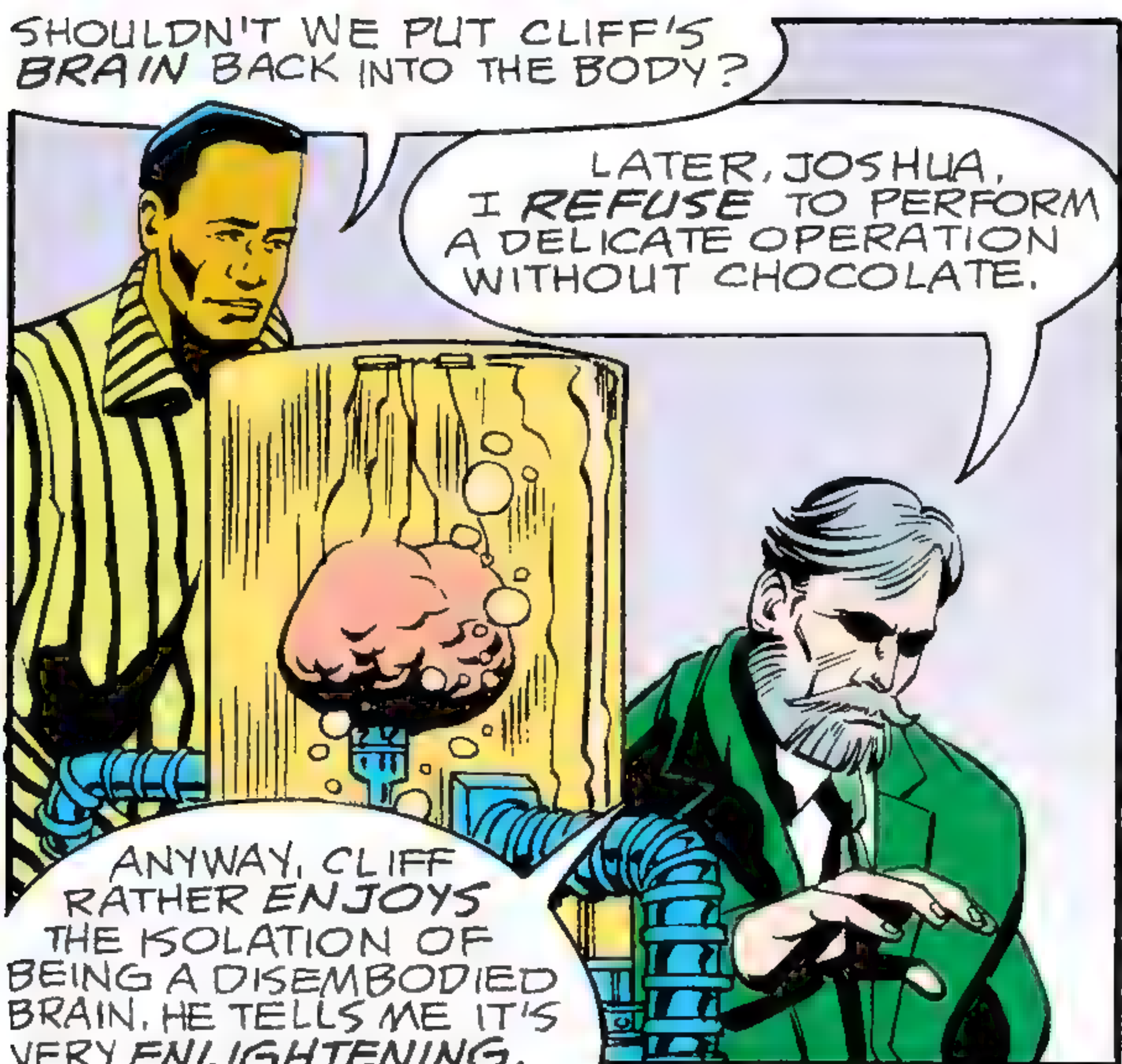
IT SHOULD AT LEAST BE SERVICEABLE NOW.



I'D LIKE YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME INTO TOWN, JOSHUA.

I'VE RUN OUT OF CHOCOLATE AND YOU KNOW HOW IRRITABLE I CAN BE IF I DON'T HAVE MY CHOCOLATE.

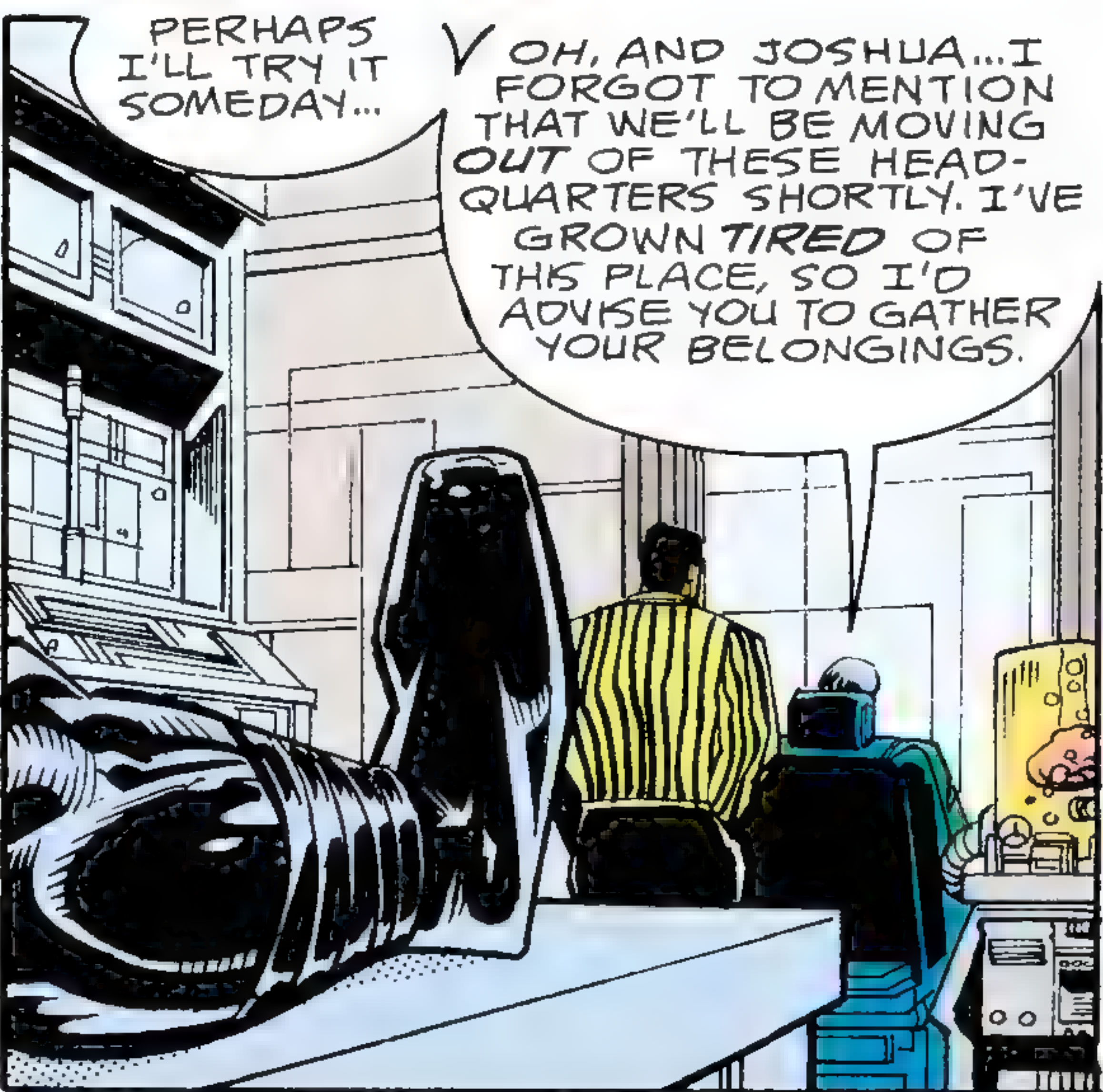
I'D HATE TO BECOME IRRITABLE.



SHOULDN'T WE PUT CLIFF'S BRAIN BACK INTO THE BODY?

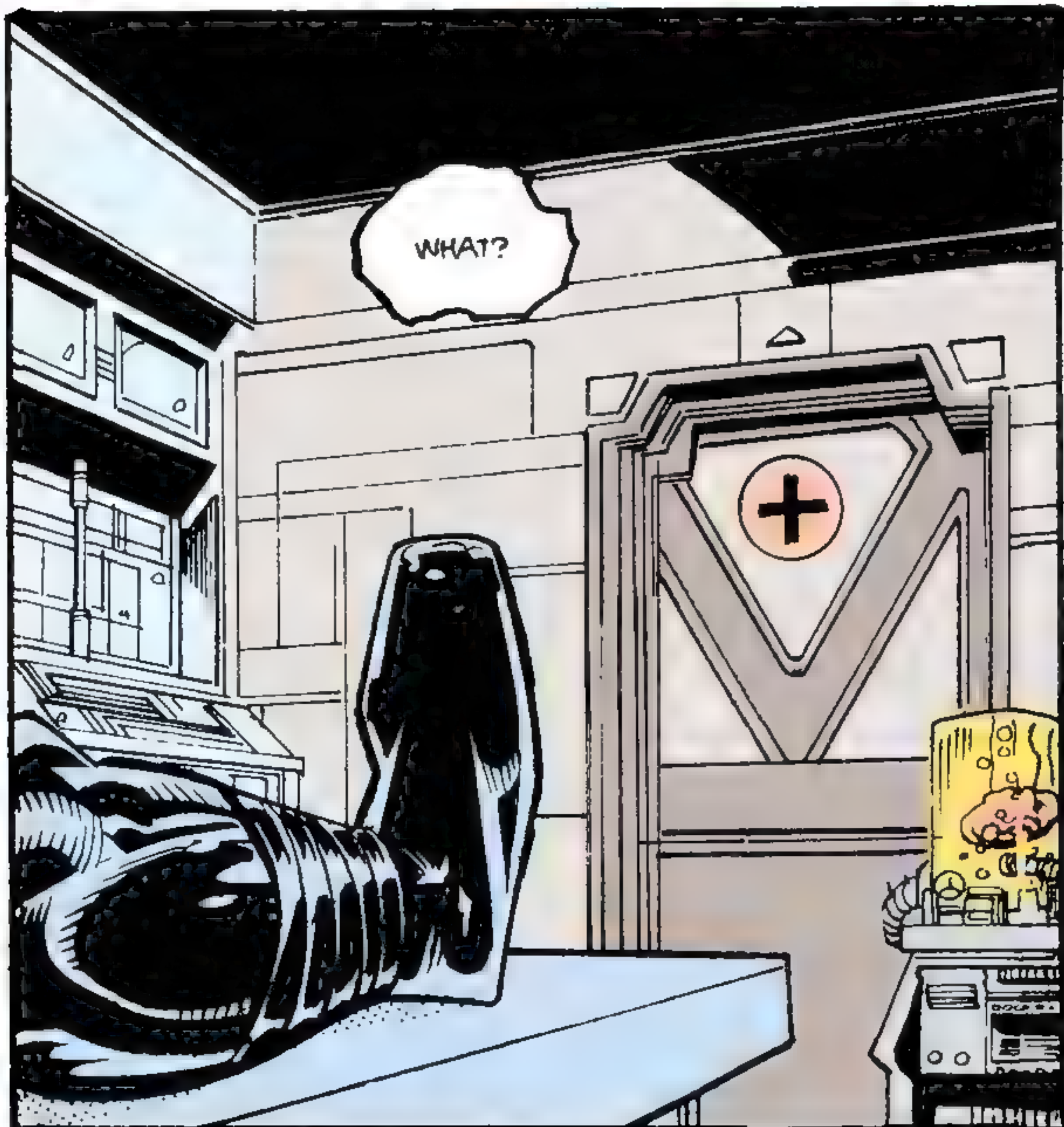
LATER, JOSHUA, I REFUSE TO PERFORM A DELICATE OPERATION WITHOUT CHOCOLATE.

ANYWAY, CLIFF RATHER ENJOYS THE ISOLATION OF BEING A DISEMBODED BRAIN. HE TELLS ME IT'S VERY ENLIGHTENING.



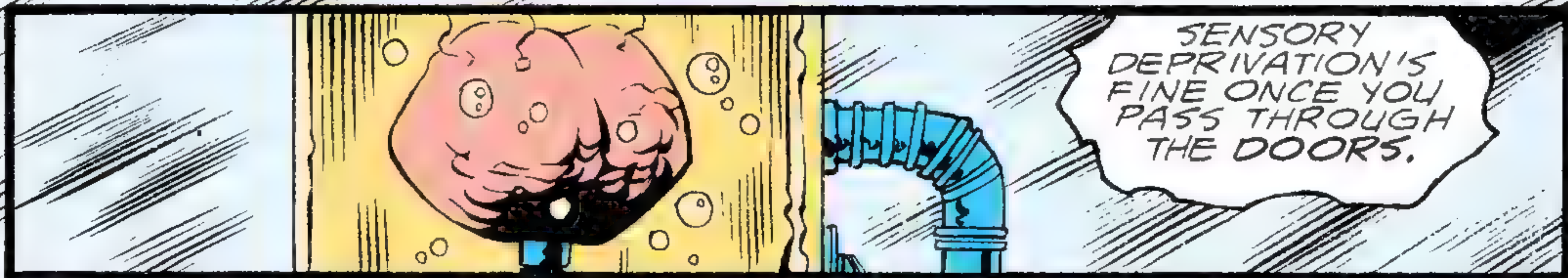
PERHAPS I'LL TRY IT SOMEDAY...

OH, AND JOSHUA...I FORGOT TO MENTION THAT WE'LL BE MOVING OUT OF THESE HEAD-QUARTERS SHORTLY. I'VE GROWN TIRED OF THIS PLACE, SO I'D ADVISE YOU TO GATHER YOUR BELONGINGS.

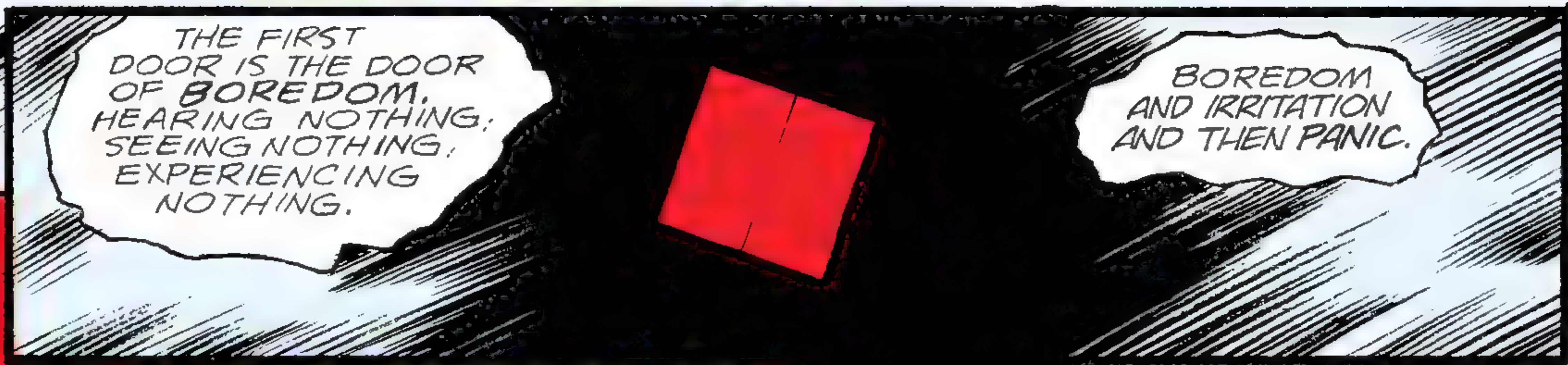


WHAT?



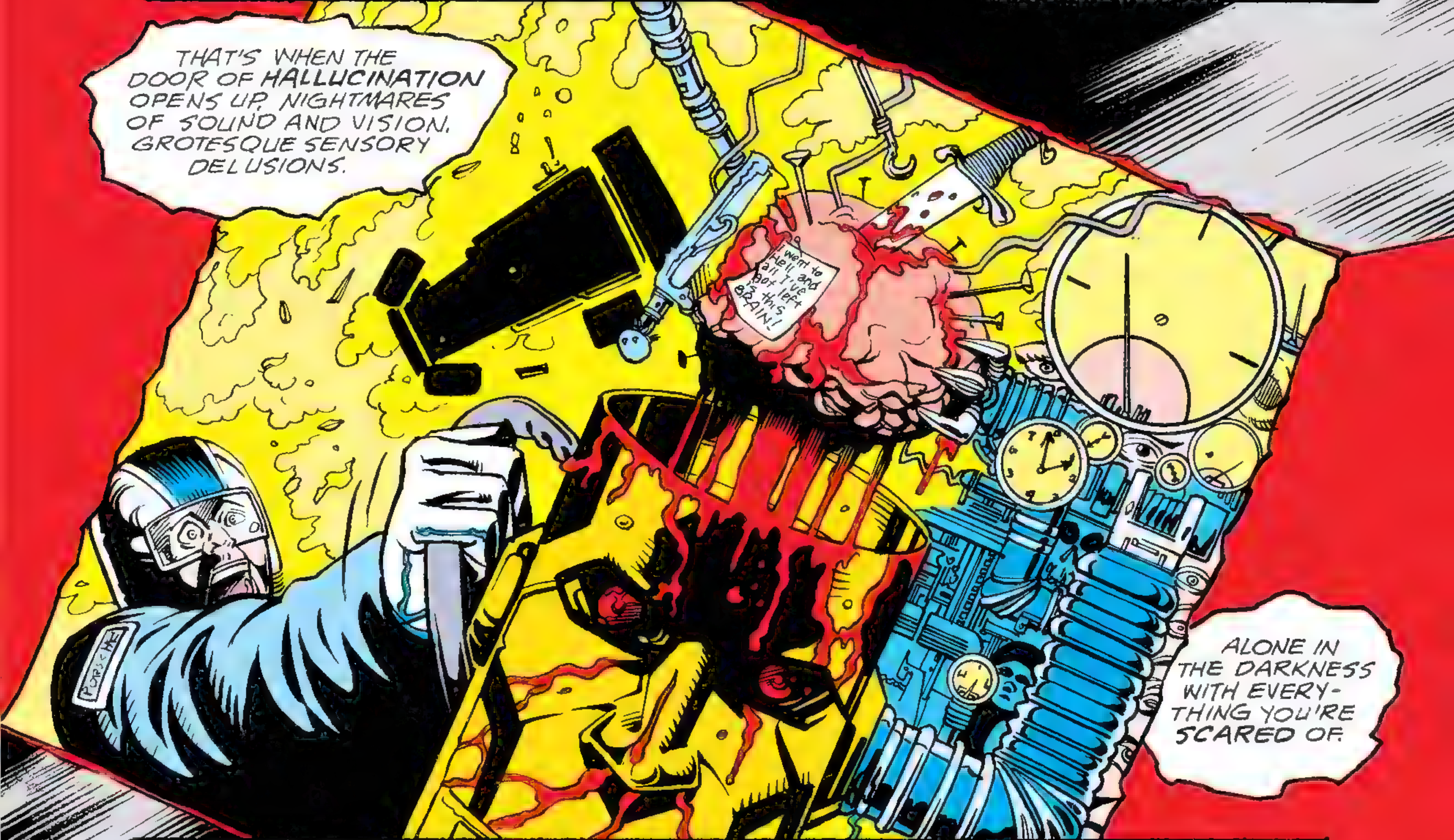


SENSORY DEPRIVATION'S FINE ONCE YOU PASS THROUGH THE DOORS.



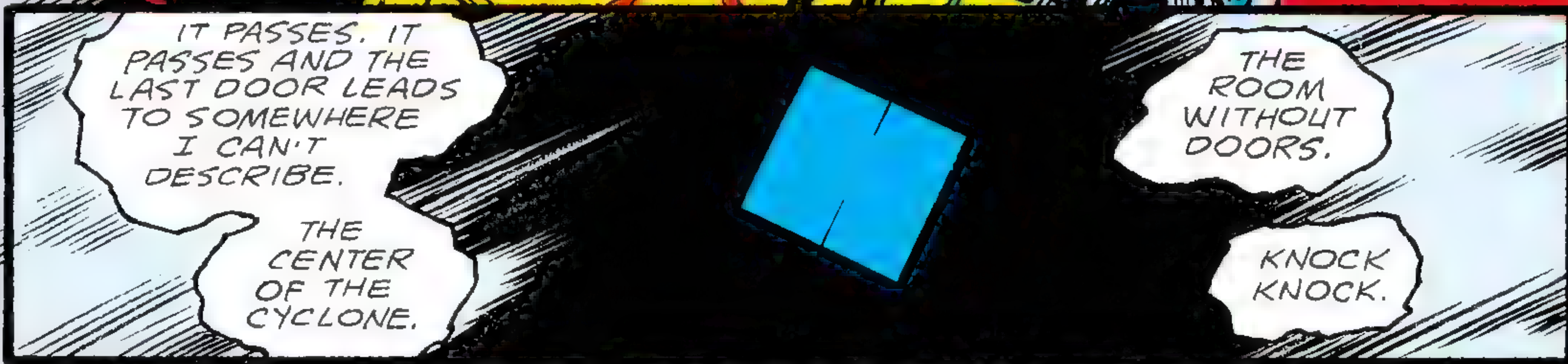
THE FIRST DOOR IS THE DOOR OF BOREDOM, HEARING NOTHING, SEEING NOTHING, EXPERIENCING NOTHING.

BOREDOM AND IRRITATION AND THEN PANIC.



THAT'S WHEN THE DOOR OF HALLUCINATION OPENS UP, NIGHTMARES OF SOUND AND VISION, GROTESQUE SENSORY DELUSIONS.

ALONE IN THE DARKNESS WITH EVERYTHING YOU'RE SCARED OF



IT PASSES, IT PASSES AND THE LAST DOOR LEADS TO SOMEWHERE I CAN'T DESCRIBE.

THE CENTER OF THE CYCLONE.

THE ROOM WITHOUT DOORS.

KNOCK KNOCK.



WHO'S THERE?

AMOS.

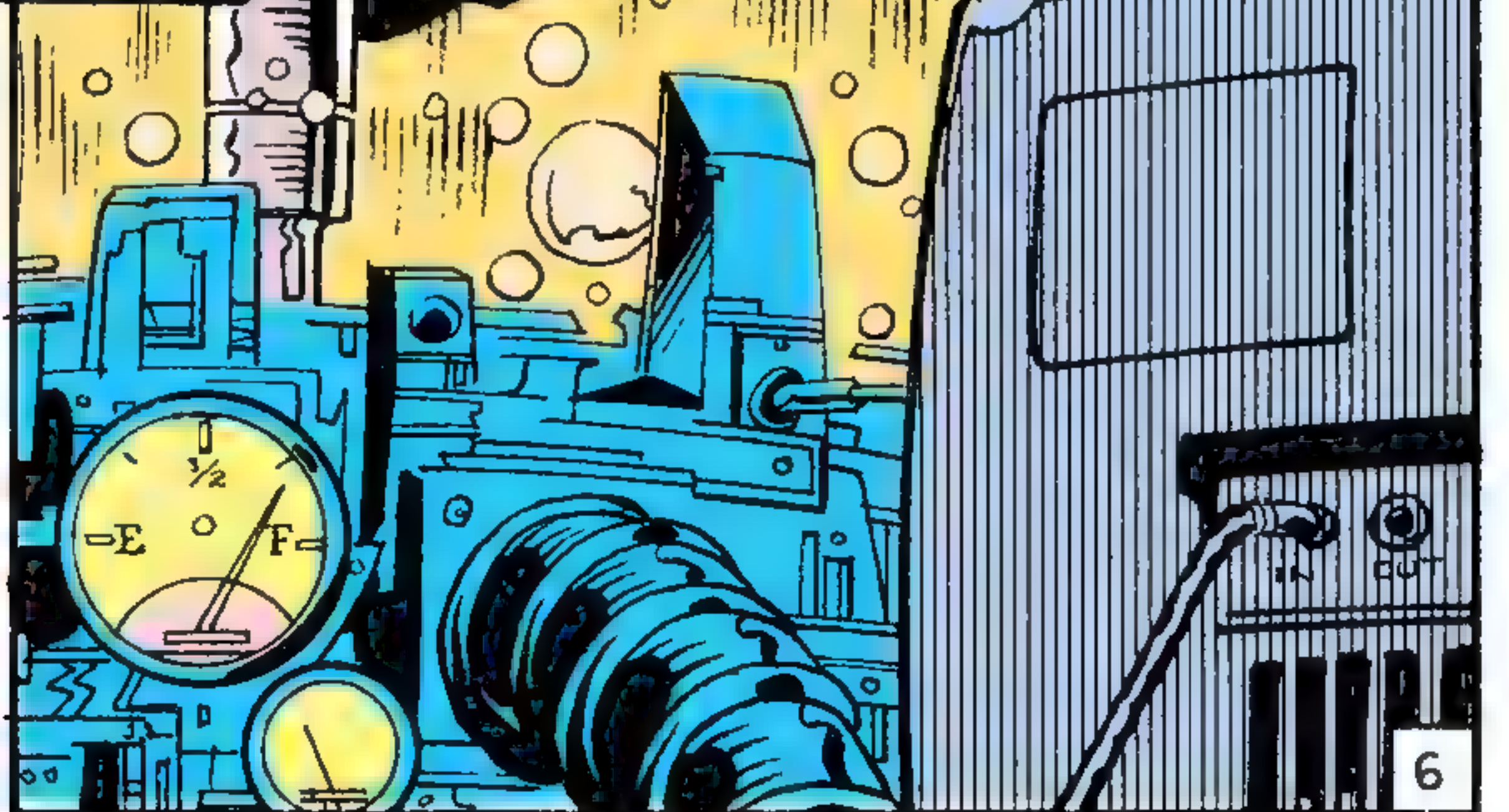
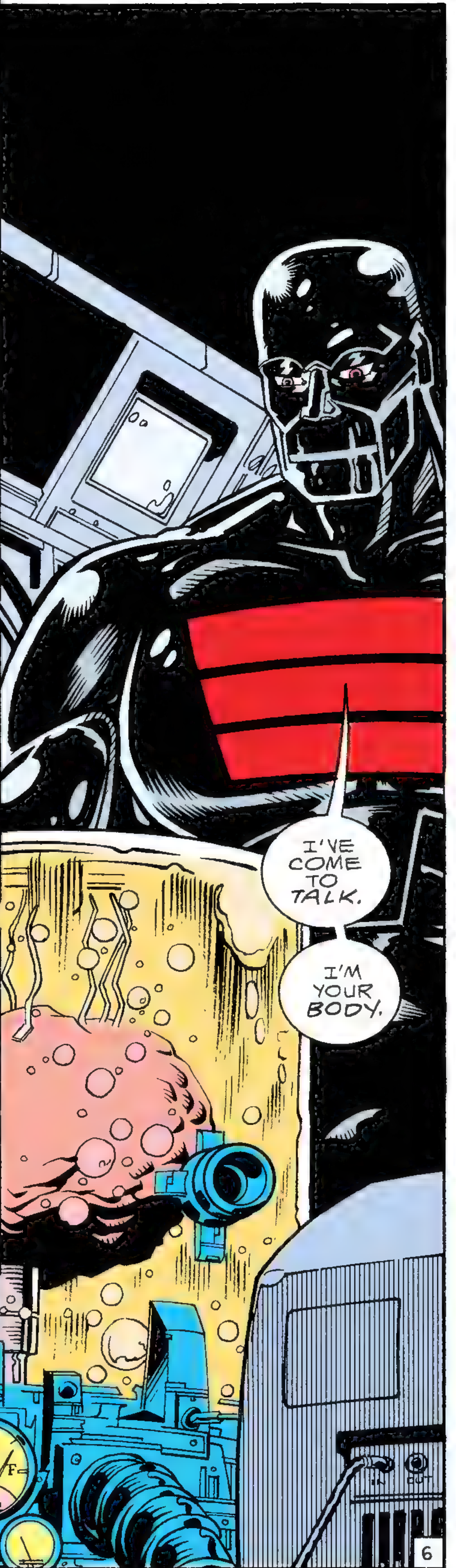
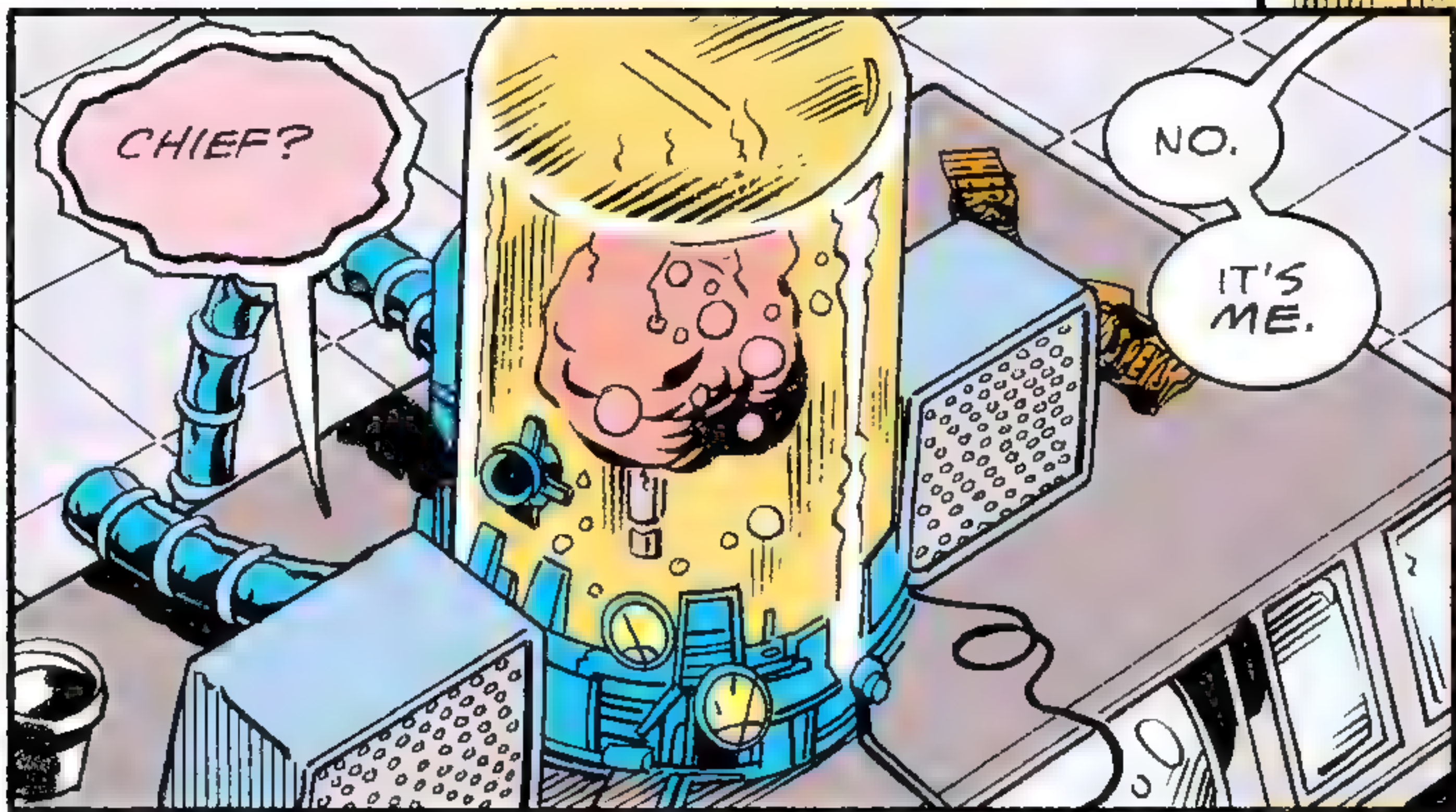
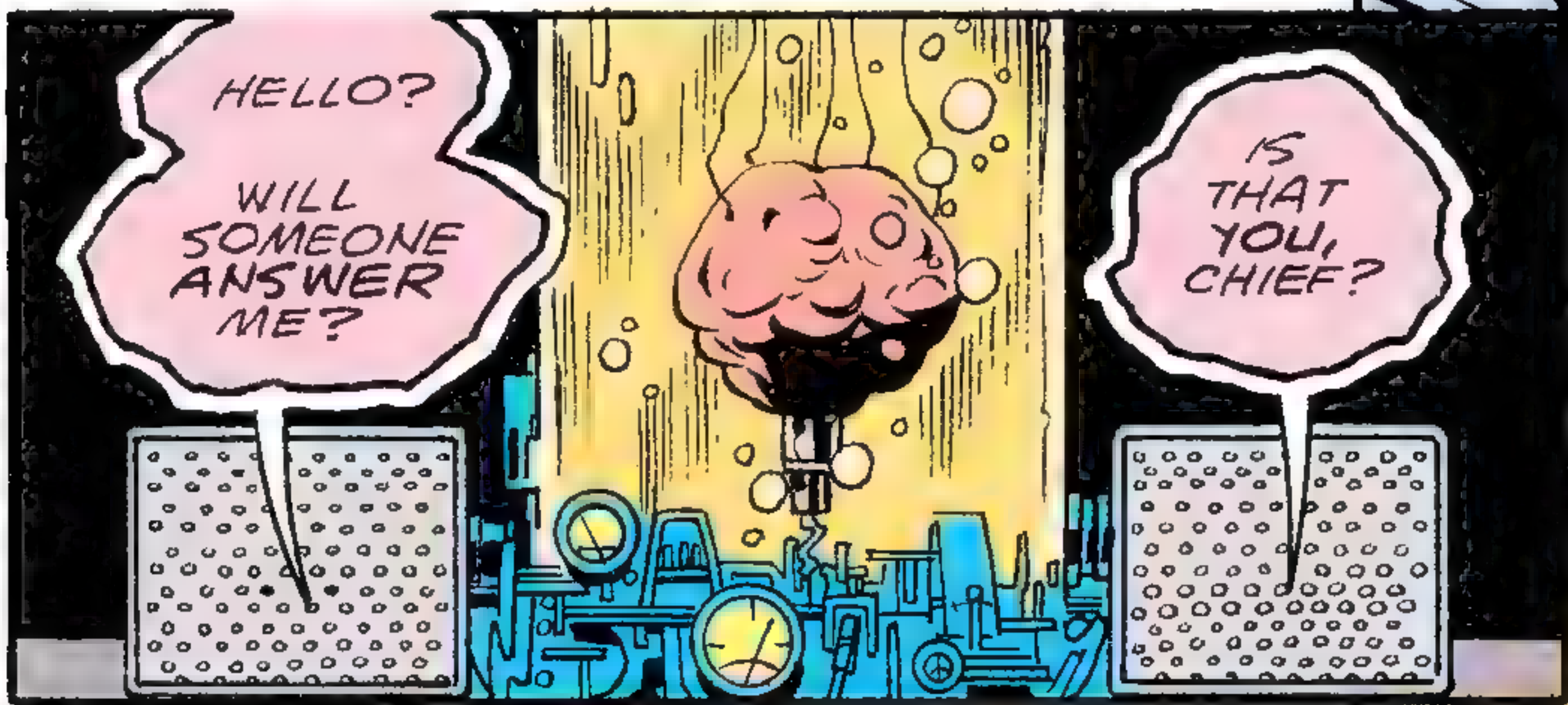
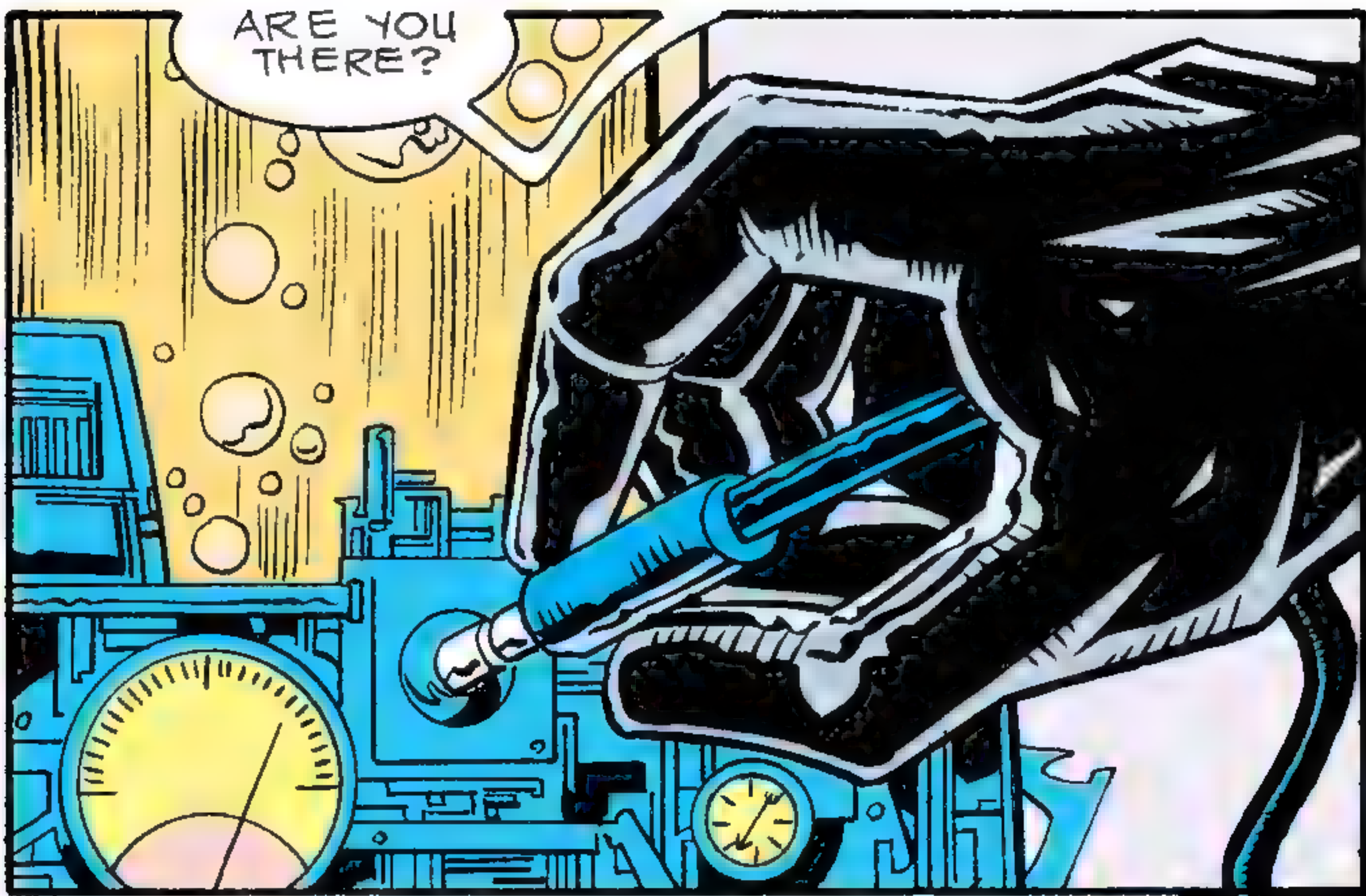
AMOS WHO?

A MOSQUITO.

KNOCK KNOCK.

STEELE?
CLIFF STEELE?

CAN YOU HEAR ME?



YOU'RE
WHAT?

IS THIS
SOME
KIND OF
JOKE?

NO JOKE. I'VE
JUST DEVELOPED
CONSCIOUS-
NESS. IT'S A
LITTLE EMBARRASS-
ING AND I'M NOT
REALLY SURE HOW
IT HAPPENED. MY
GUESS IS A FAULTY
RESPONSOMETER.

ANYWAY,
I THOUGHT
WE SHOULD
TALK.

AH...
SURE... I
MEAN...

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT TO
TALK
ABOUT?

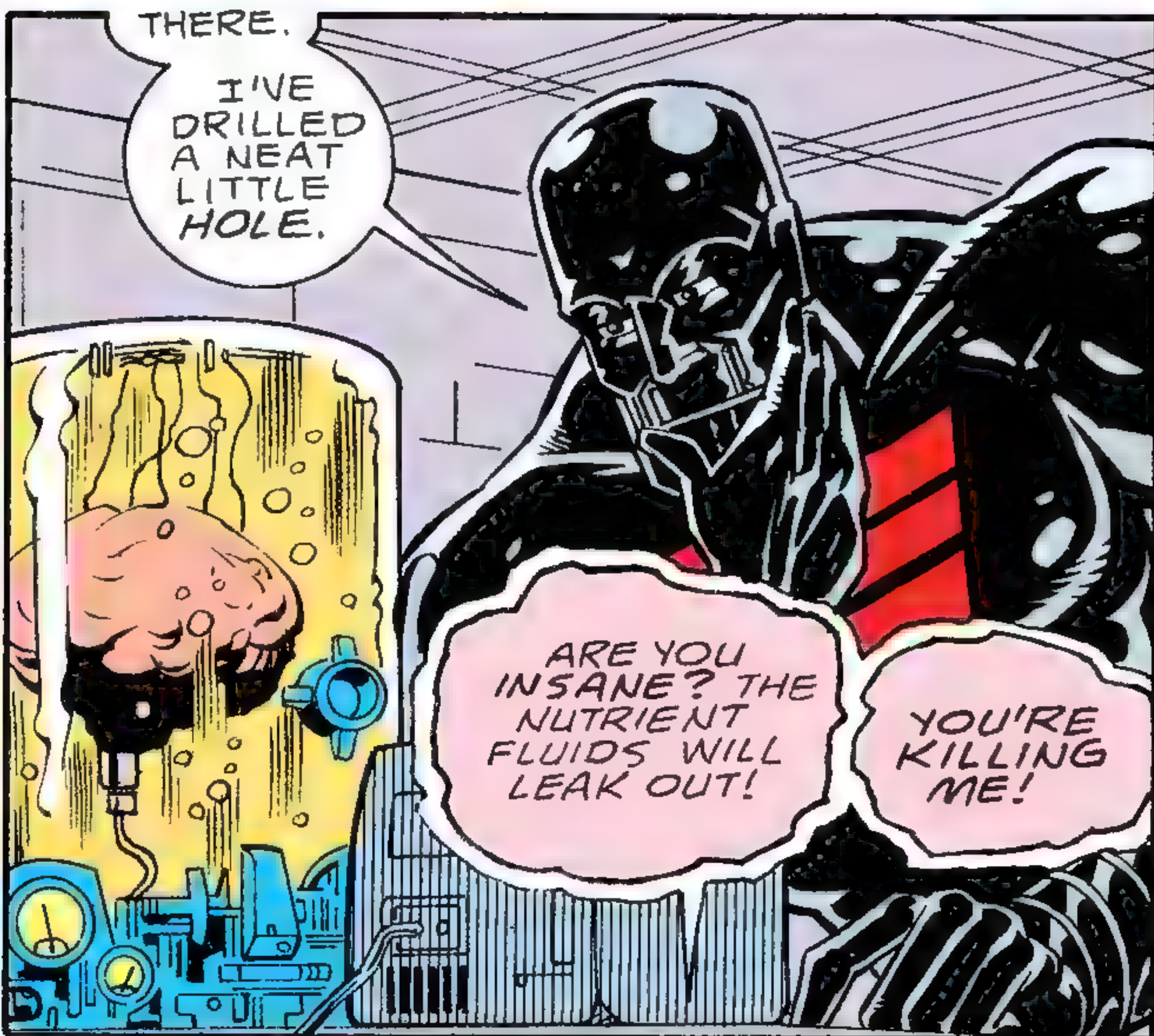
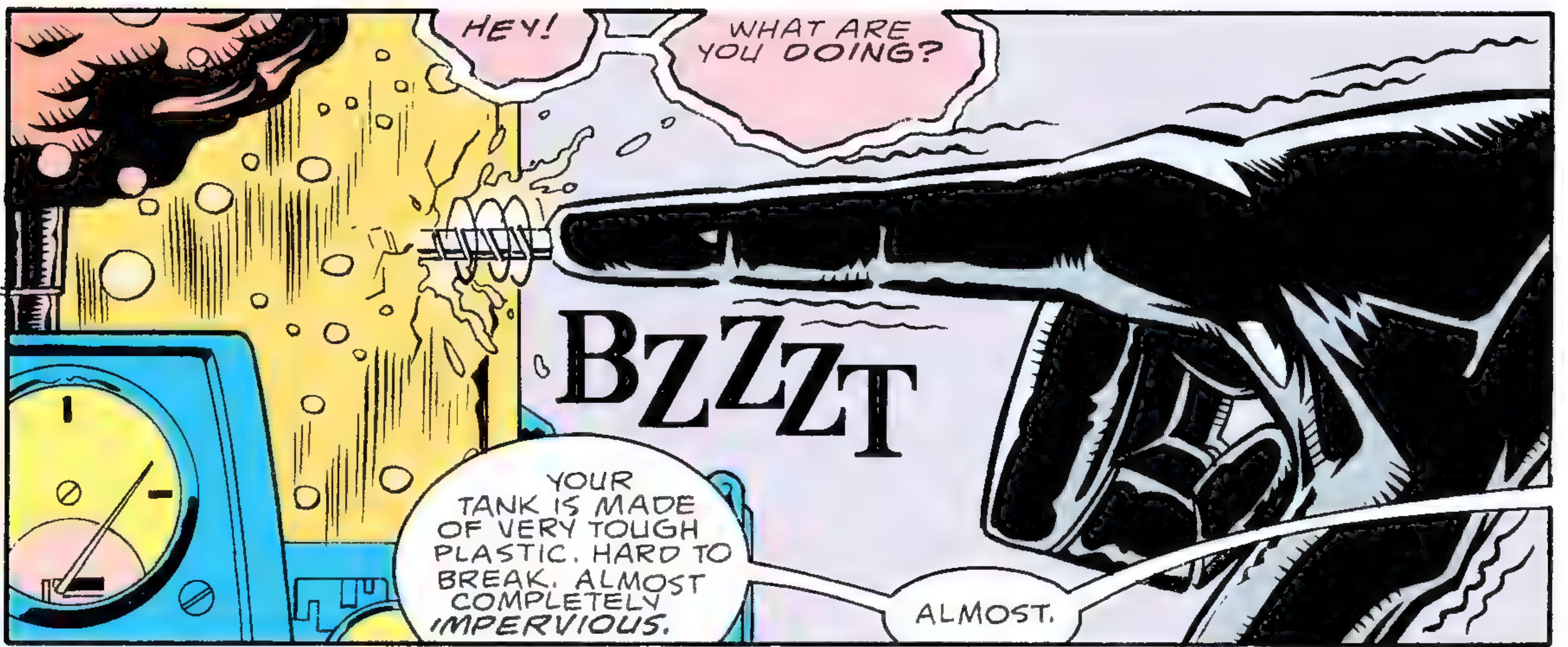
I'M WORRIED,
CLIFF. AT LEAST,
I *THINK* I'M
WORRIED. I'M
WORRIED ABOUT
WHAT MIGHT
HAPPEN IF THEY
PUT YOU BACK
INTO ME.

I MIGHT
LOSE MY
INDE-
PENDENCE.

I DON'T THINK
I CAN ALLOW
THAT TO
HAPPEN,
CLIFF.

THIS BODY IS
FULL OF
MARVELOUS
GADGETS.

LIKE
THIS MINI
DIAMOND
DRILL, FOR
EXAMPLE.



MIND AND BODY- TWO

...OF COURSE,
PLATO WAS THE
FIRST TO MAKE THE
DISTINCTION. HE
MAINTAINED THAT THE
BODY WAS SIMPLY A
VEHICLE FOR
THE MIND...



MALLAH!
MALLAH,
I KNOW
ALL THAT!

ARE WE
ALMOST
THERE
YET?

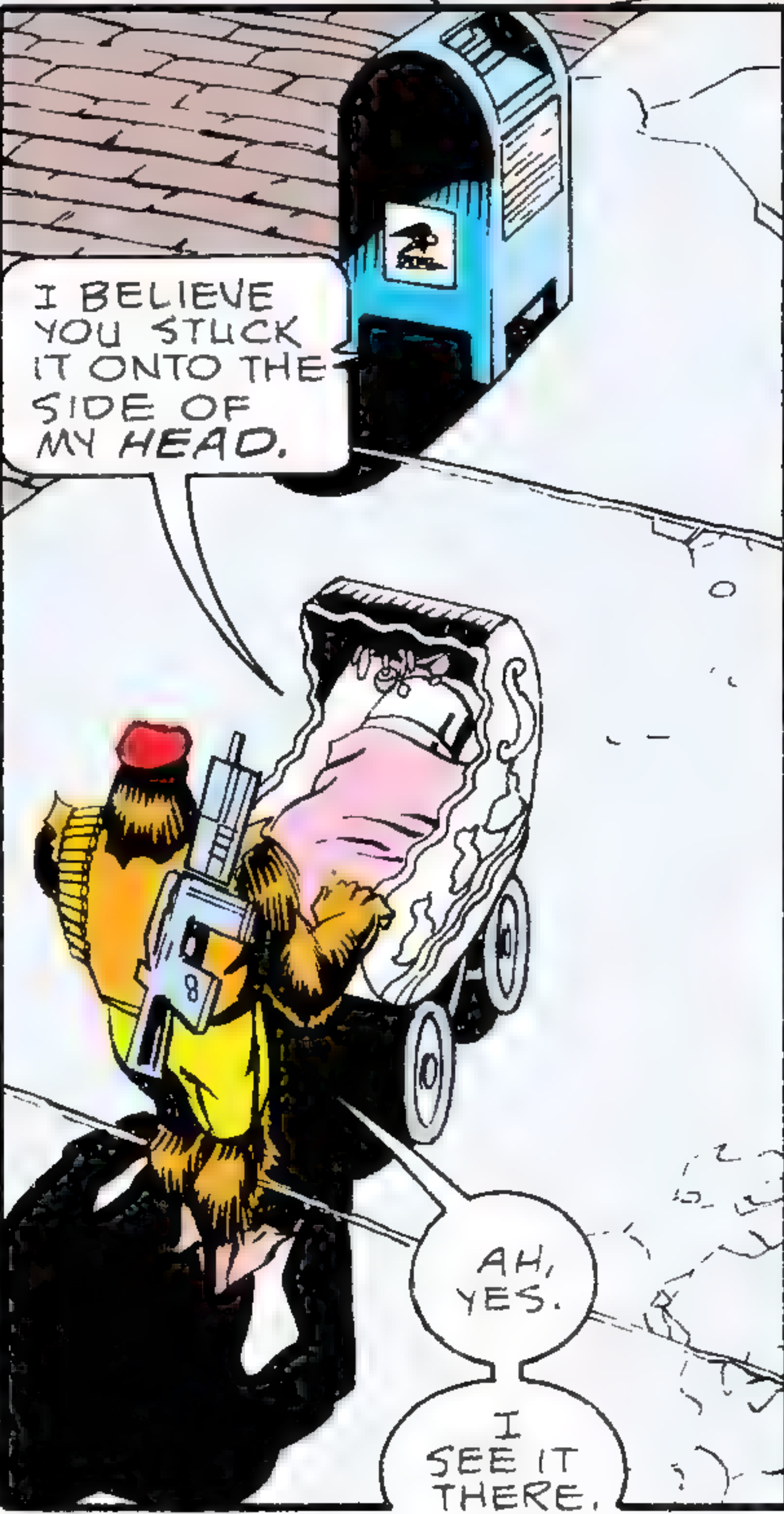
Squeek
Squeek

MAIS OUI, MASTER! BUT
SHH! KEEP YOUR VOICE
DOWN. WE DARE NOT
BLOW OUR COVER.

WHERE IS MY GUM?
I MUST TRY TO LOOK
AS NORMAL AS
POSSIBLE.



9



I BELIEVE
YOU STUCK
IT ONTO THE
SIDE OF
MY HEAD.

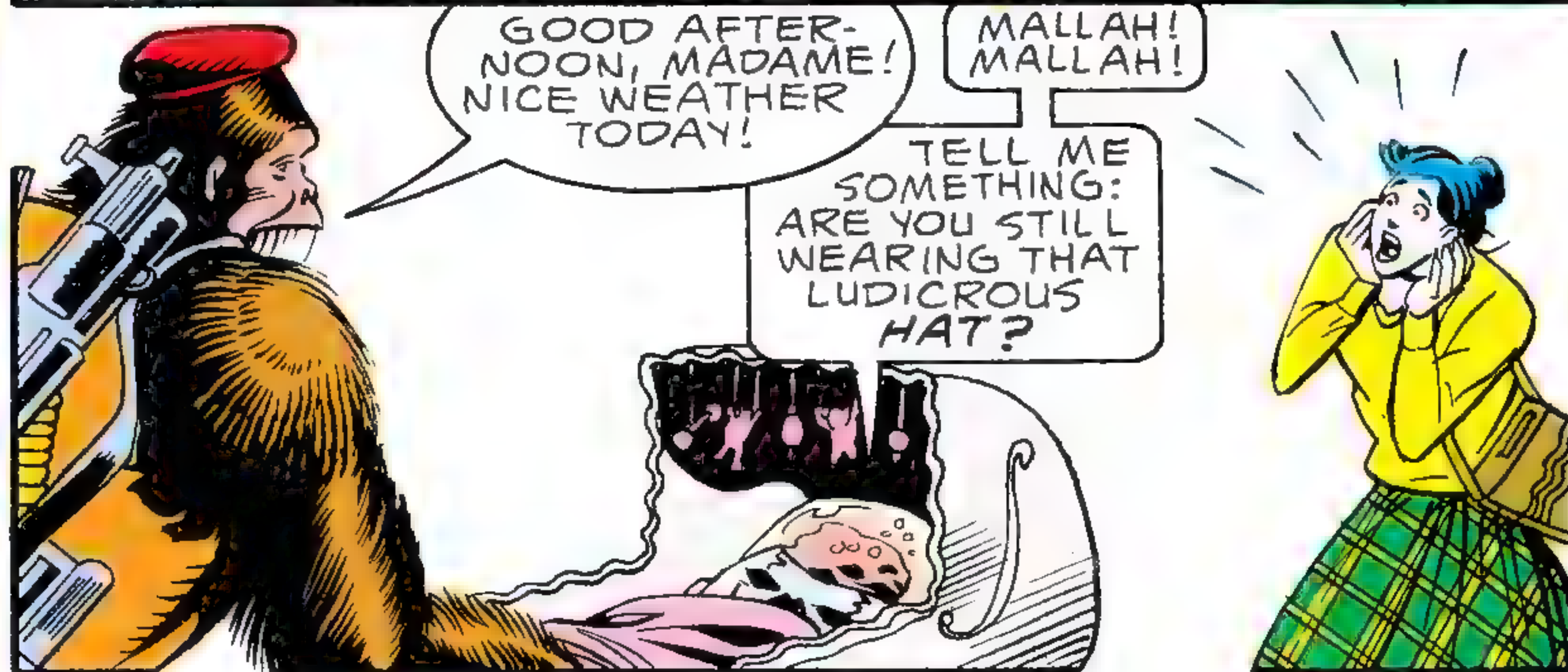
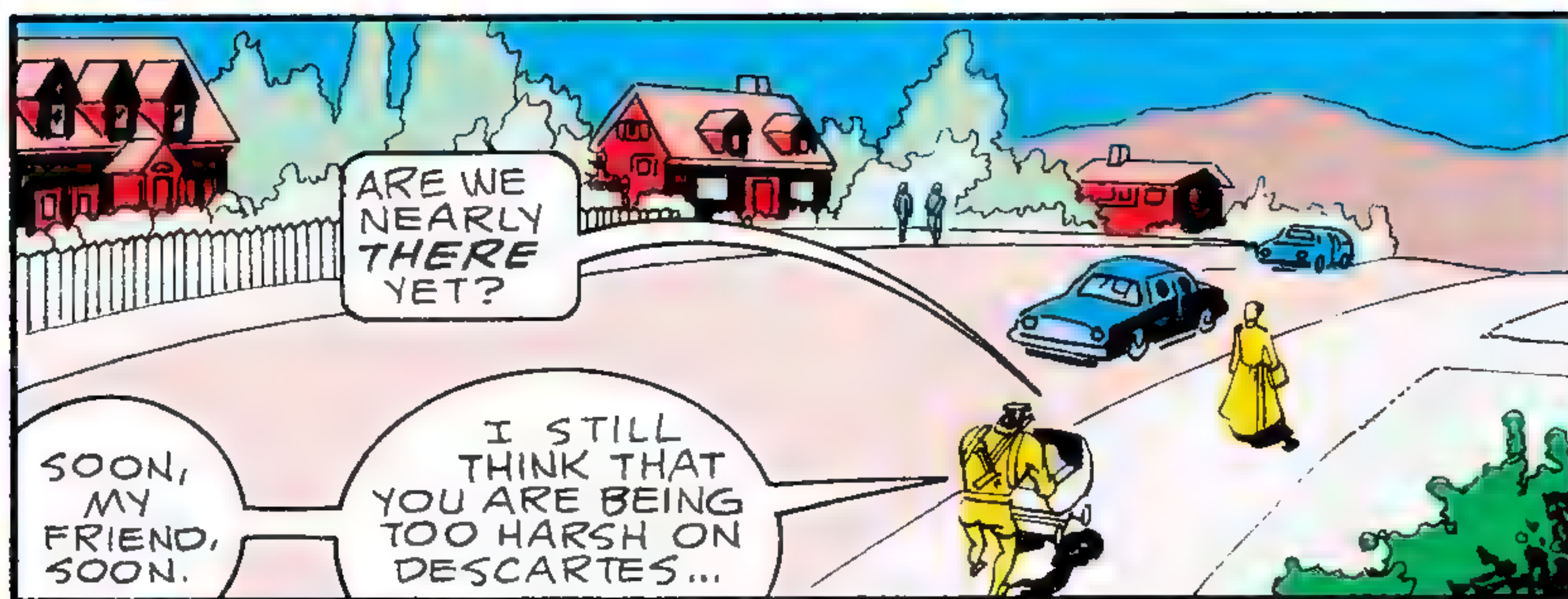
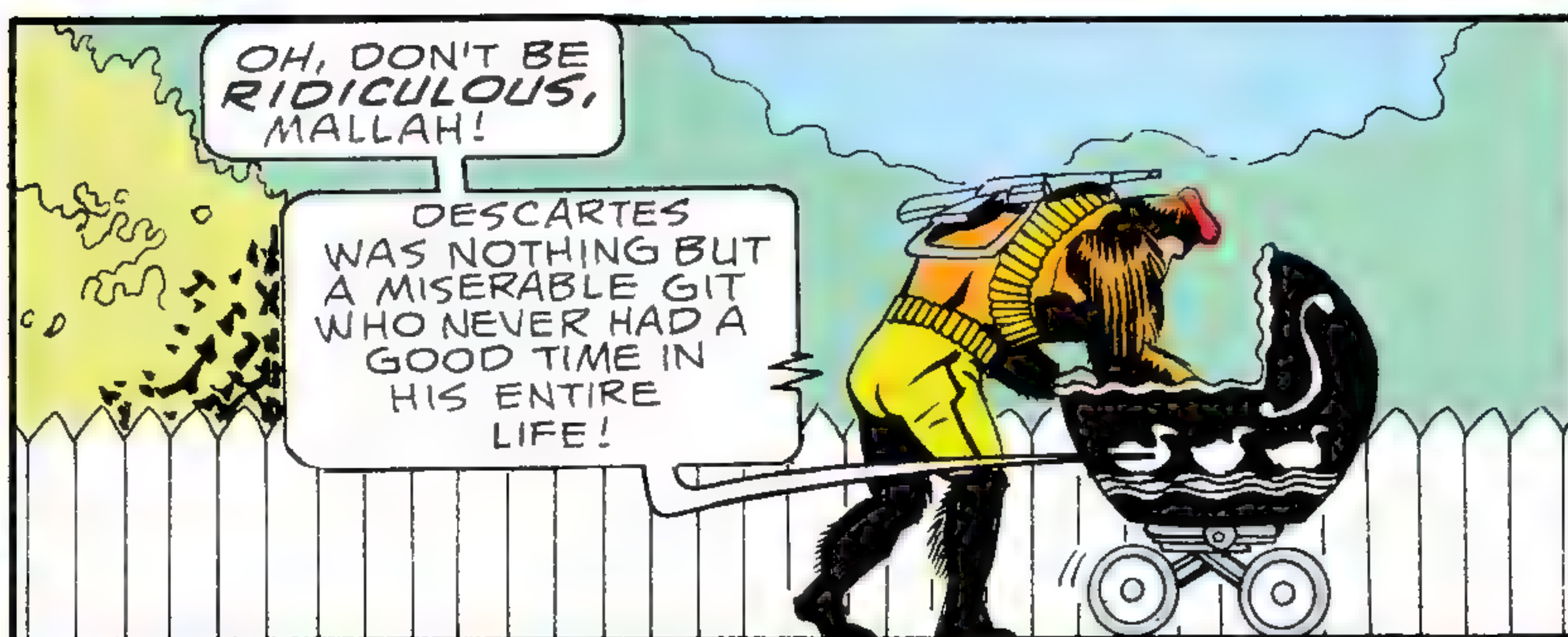
AH,
YES.

I
SEE IT
THERE.



I WON'T
HAVE IT,
MALLAH. IT'S
DISGUSTING
AND IT'S
UNHYGIENIC.

DID I BRING YOU
UP TO BE A SLOB?
I THINK NOT.



HOW I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I LAID EYES ON YOU; YOU WERE YOUNG, THEN... UNSOPHISTICATED.

MY HENCHMEN BROUGHT YOU IN,

AND I OVERSAW THE DELICATE OPERATION THAT ENHANCED THE POWERS OF YOUR BRAIN.

YOU WERE AN APE, A SAVAGE BRUTE.

AND I MADE YOU A GENIUS!

I PROVED DESCARTES WRONG!

INITIALLY, I'D PLANNED TO HAVE MY OWN DISEMBODED BRAIN TRANSPLANTED INTO YOUR MIGHTY BODY, MALLAH, BUT SOMEHOW WHEN I LOOKED AT YOUR EAGER FACE, I JUST COULDN'T DO IT.

INSTEAD, YOU AND I BECAME THE CORNERSTONES OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL!

AN EMPIRE OF CRIME SUCH AS I'D DREAMED OF BACK IN THE OLD SCHOOL, WHEN THE OTHER CHILDREN USED TO LAUGH AT ME BECAUSE I WAS A BRAIN IN A TANK.

REMEMBER THOSE HAPPY DAYS? FIGHTING THE DOOM PATROL AND THE TEEN TITANS.

WHAT A PAIR! A COUPLE OF SWELLS!

THE BRAIN AND MONSIEUR MALLAH!

OTHERS CAME AND WENT, BUT YOU AND I REMAINED STEADFAST IN OUR COMMITMENT TO GLOBAL TERROR.

THROUGH
THICK AND
THIN.

A VIVID
AND EXPLICIT
EXPRESSION
OF CARTESIAN
DUALISM.

YES, WE'VE COME A
LONG WAY TOGETHER,
YOU AND I.

YOU MAY BE A
RAMPANT ANIMAL
AND AN ACTIVE
SENSUALIST, BUT
I CAN'T HELP THINK-
ING WE WERE **MADE**
FOR ONE ANOTHER.

I HAVE **OFTEN**
THOUGHT THAT, **MON**
AMI. AND SOON OUR
LONG PARTNERSHIP WILL
REACH ITS TOWERING
PINNACLE.

WE HAVE
ARRIVED!
SEE THERE!

DOOM
PATROL
HEAD-
QUARTERS.

AT LAST! YEARS! I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR THIS REVENGE!

THOSE BASTARDS WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM! I'LL MAKE NILES CAULDER EAT HIS WHEELCHAIR...!

DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF, MASTER. REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOUR BRAIN OVERHEATED THE LAST TIME.

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S JUST THAT THIS PLAN IS SO OUT-RAGEOUSLY PERFECT...

I'LL HIDE THE BRAIN-MOBILE HERE, JUST IN CASE.

IF YOUR PLAN SUCCEEDS, OF COURSE, YOU WON'T NEED IT AGAIN.

OH, IT'LL SUCCEED. I'D FEEL IT IN MY BONES... IF THEY WEREN'T BURIED IN A BUNKER SOMEWHERE.

THERE! JUST AS YOU PREDICTED, MASTER!

THE VENTILATION SHAFT!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES WHEN THEY SEE ME IN MY NEW BODY!

FIRST THE DOOM PATROL, THEN THE TITANS, THEN THE SALVATION ARMY... NO MERCY!

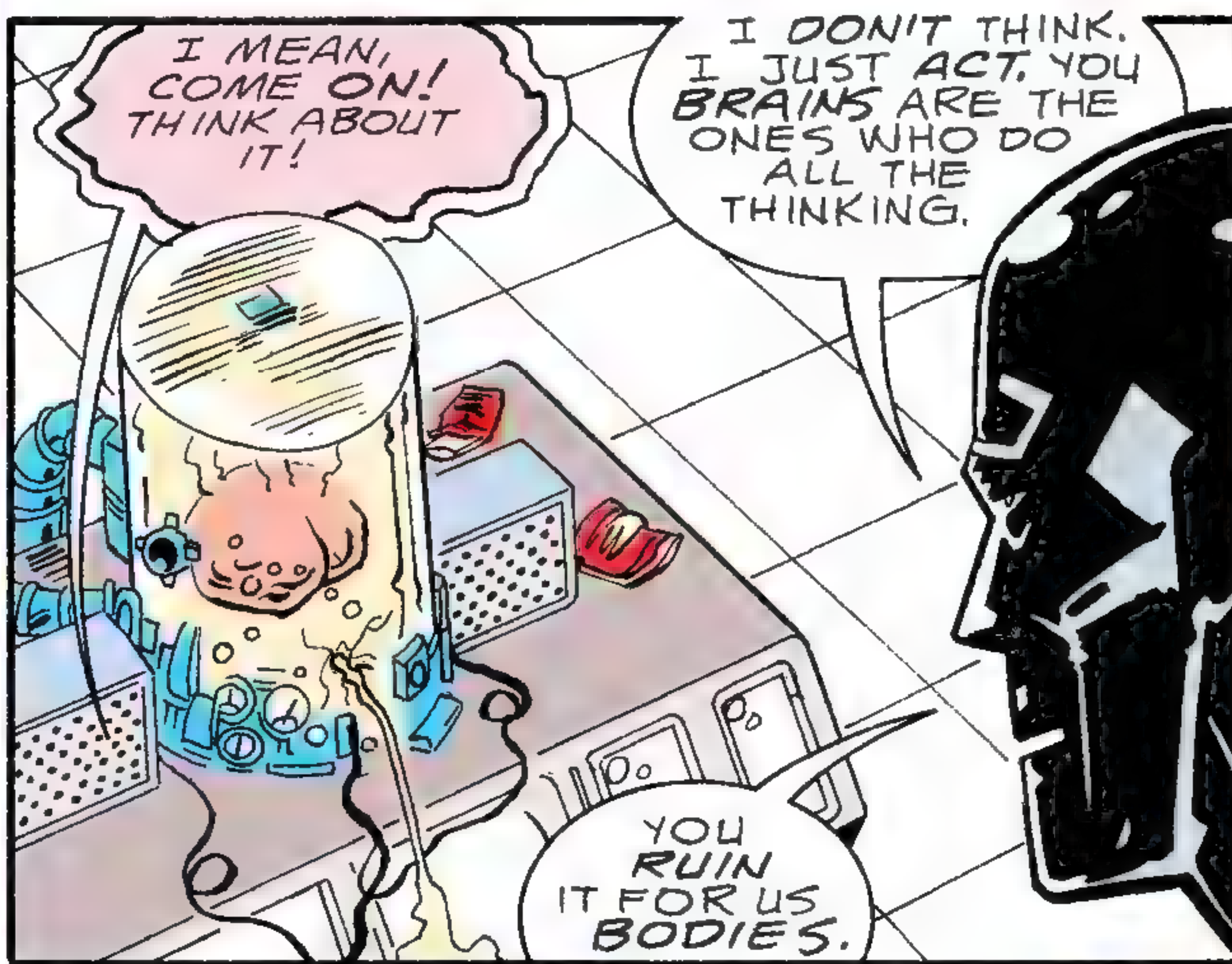
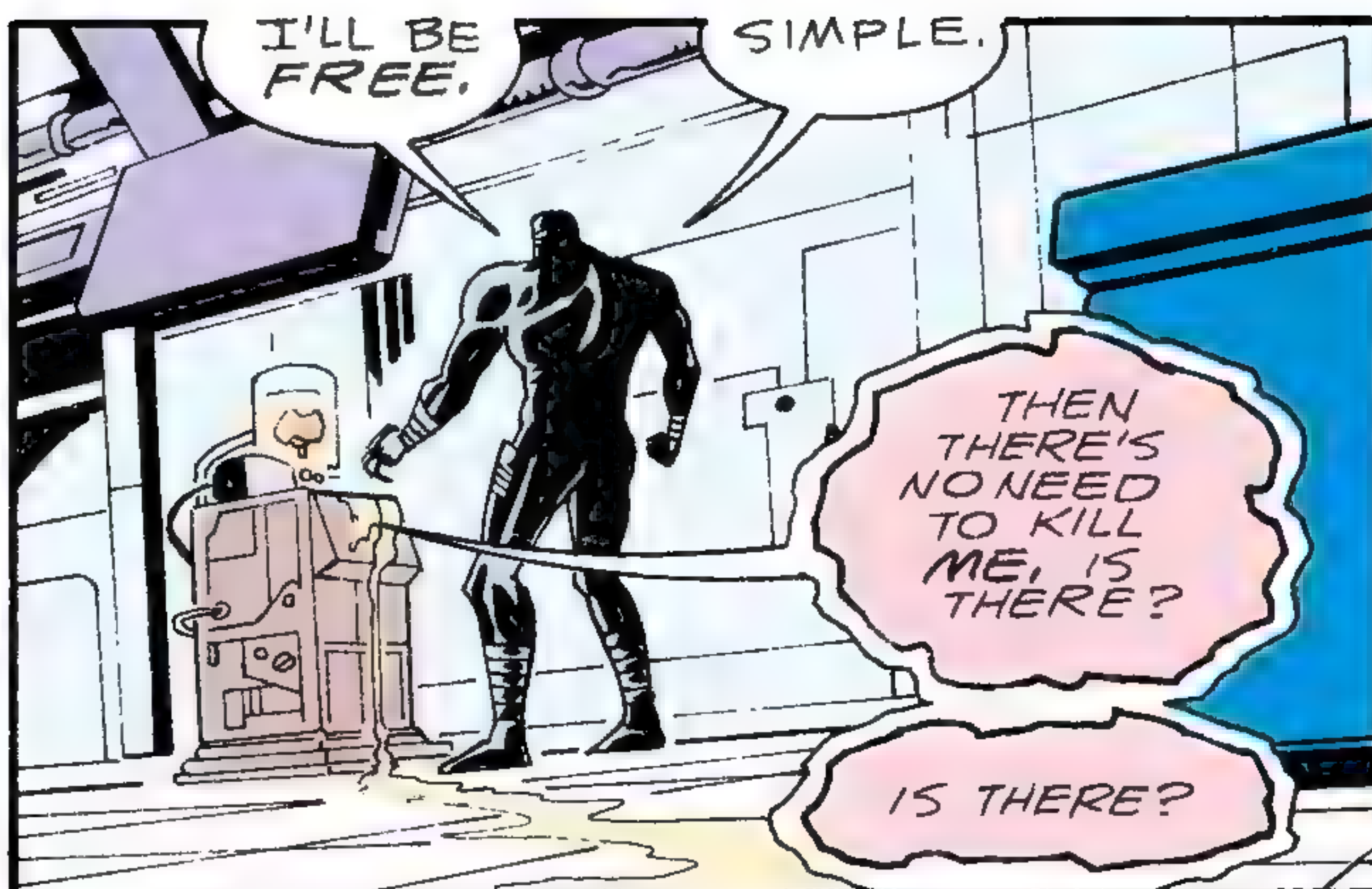
SOON YOU'LL NO LONGER BE KNOWN AS THE BRAIN, MASTER, WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A NEW NAME FOR YOU.

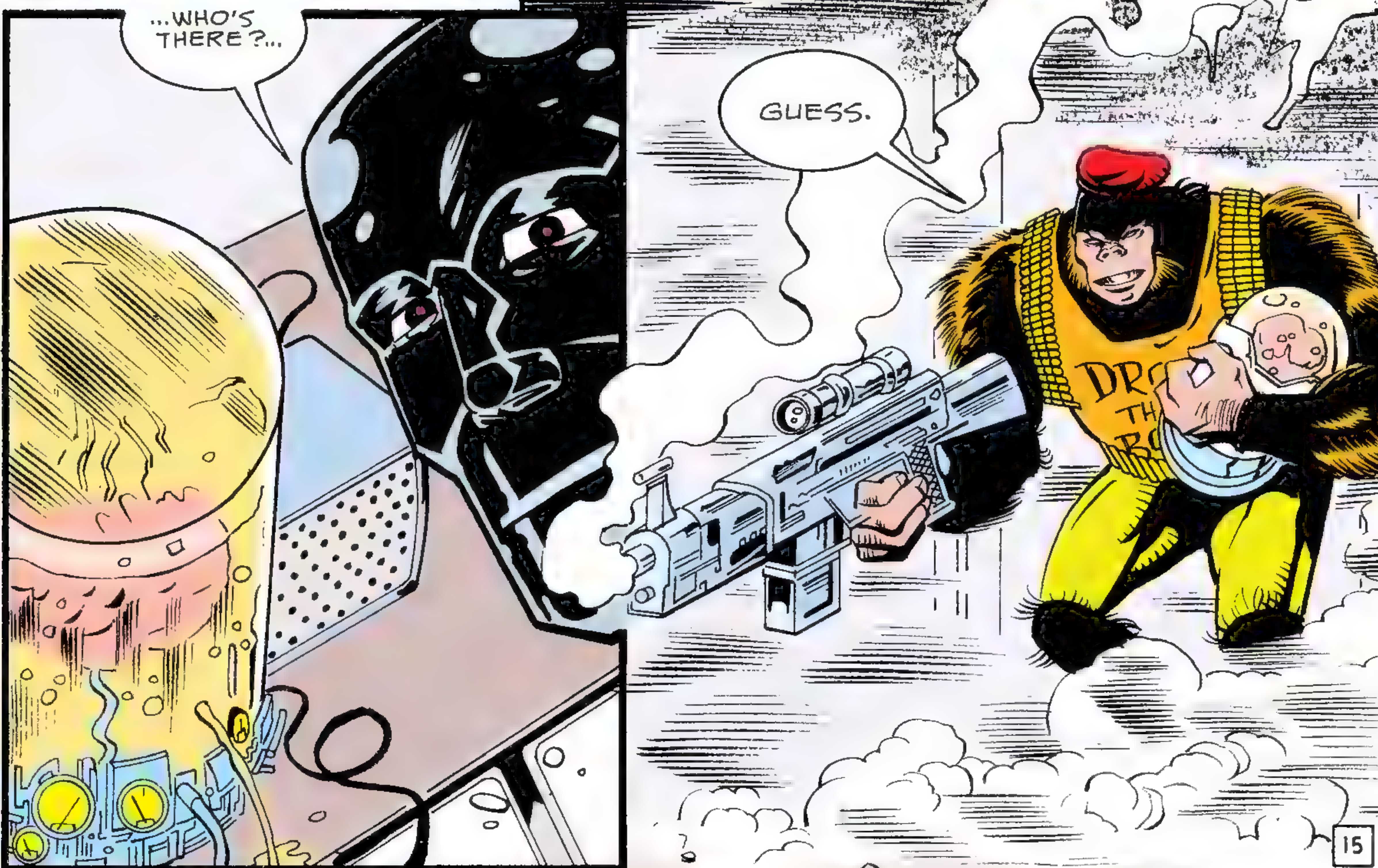
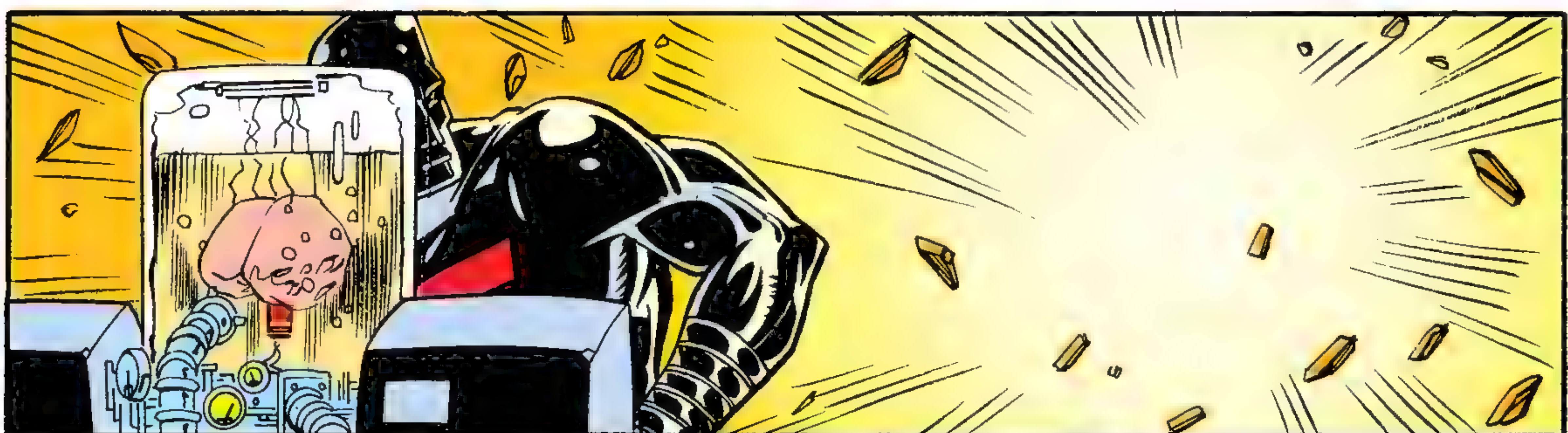
HOW ABOUT GOD?

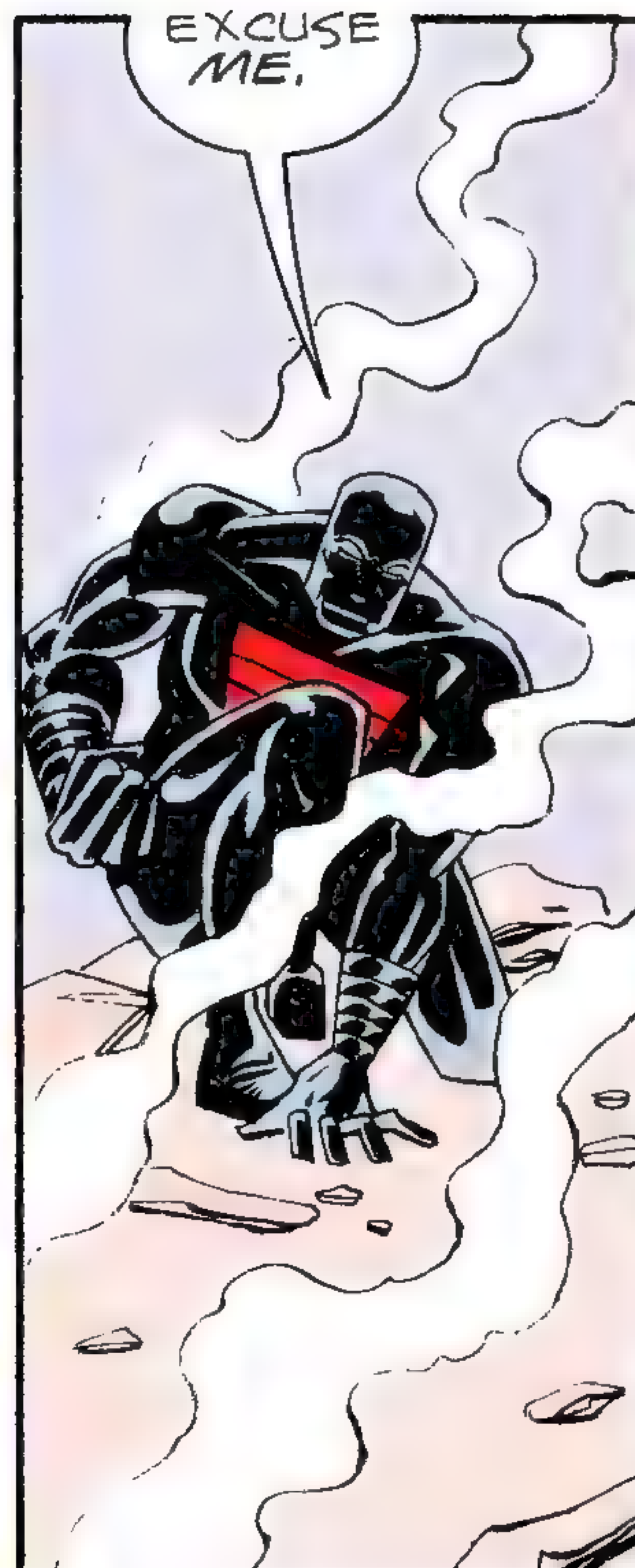
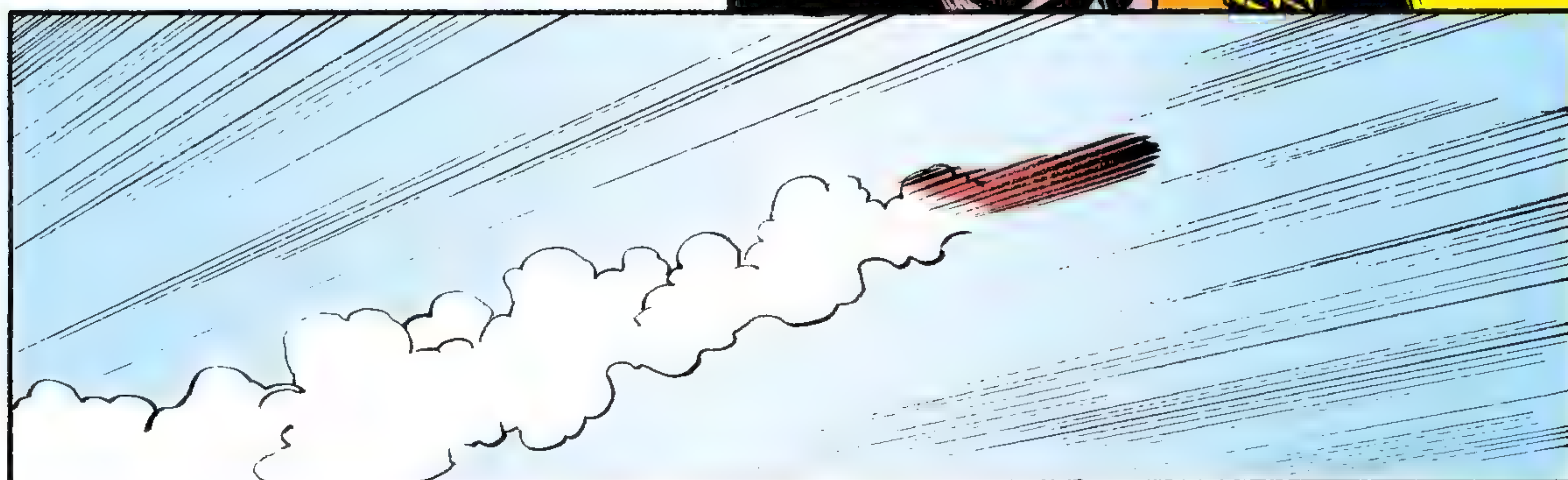
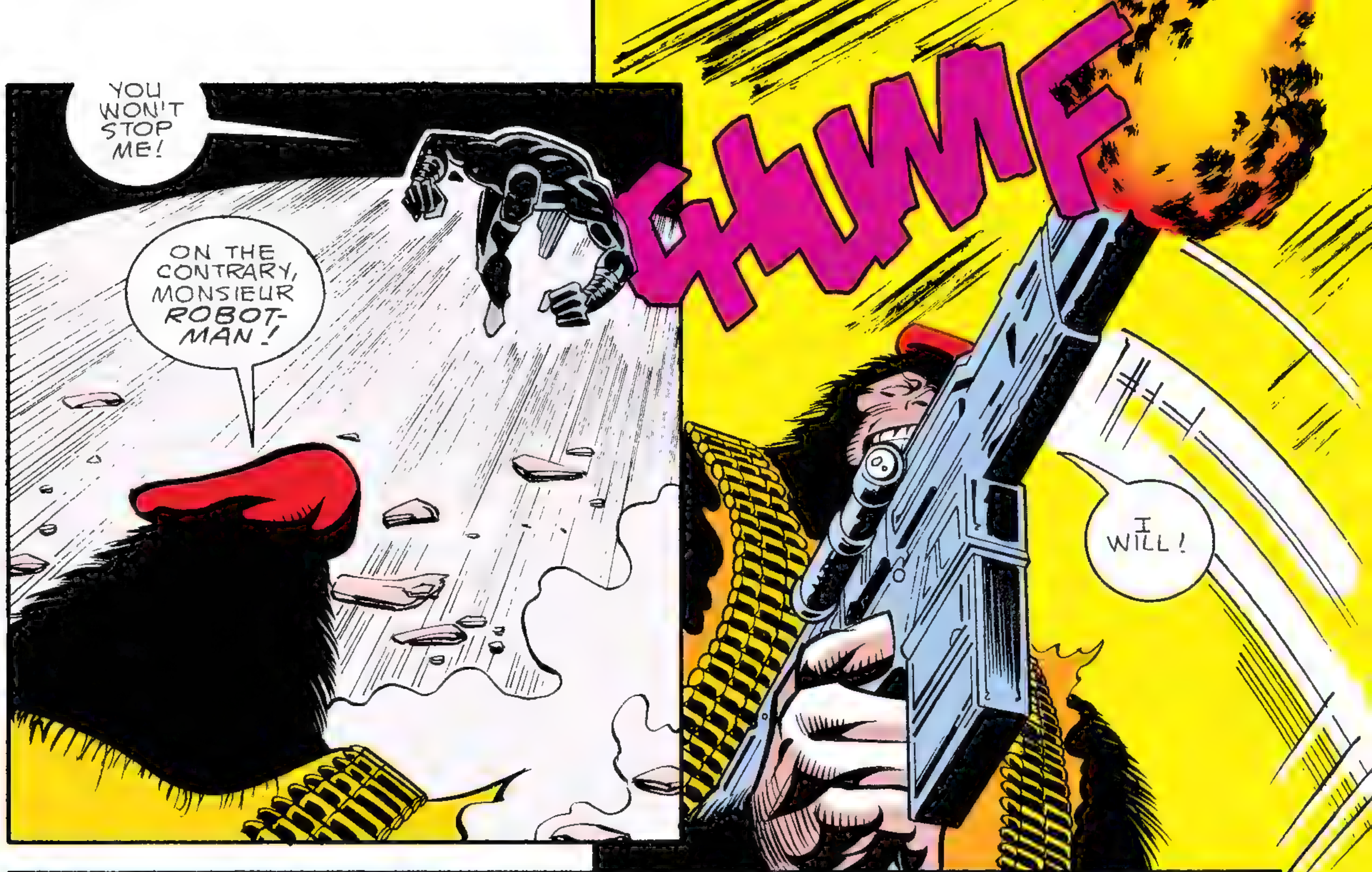
OF COURSE, THIS OPENS UP THE WHOLE AREA OF INTER-ACTIONISM, WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO DESCARTES AND LEADS INEVITABLY ON TO GEULINCKX, DEMALEBRANCHE AND THE OCCASIONALISTS...

OH, SHUT UP, MALLAH...

MIND AND BODY- THREE







AH, MASTER...I SEE THAT YOU, TOO, CRAVE ACTION.

DO NOT FEAR. I WILL SHOW YOU ACTION SUCH AS YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.



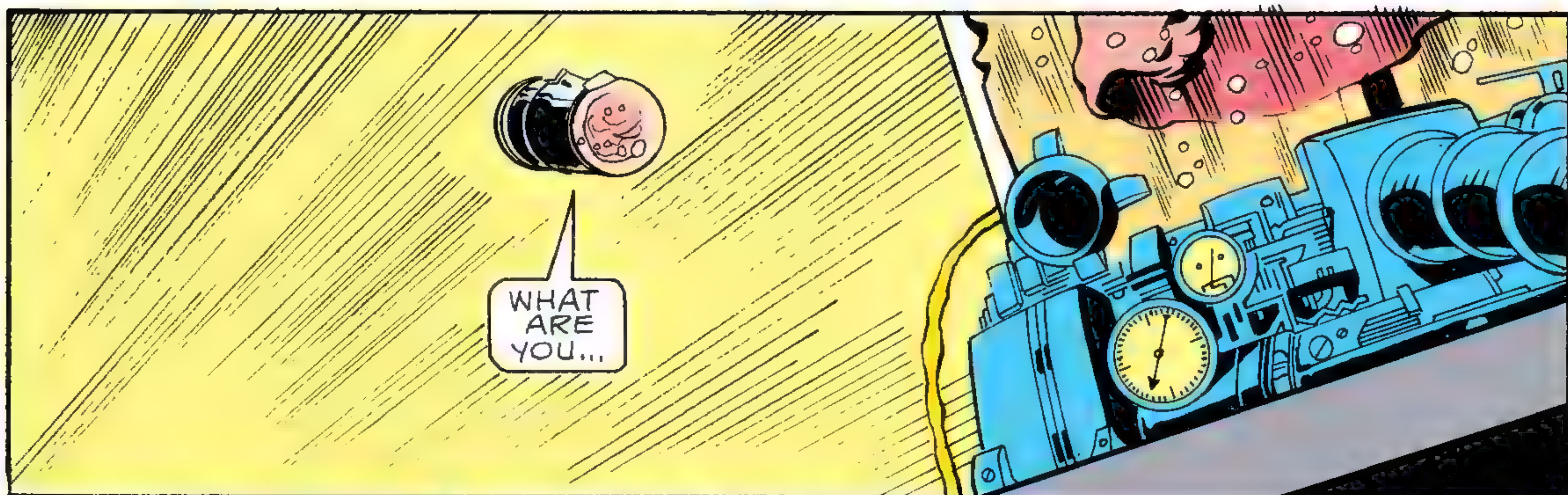
BRAIN VERSUS BRAIN!

MALLAH! FOR GOD'S SAKE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

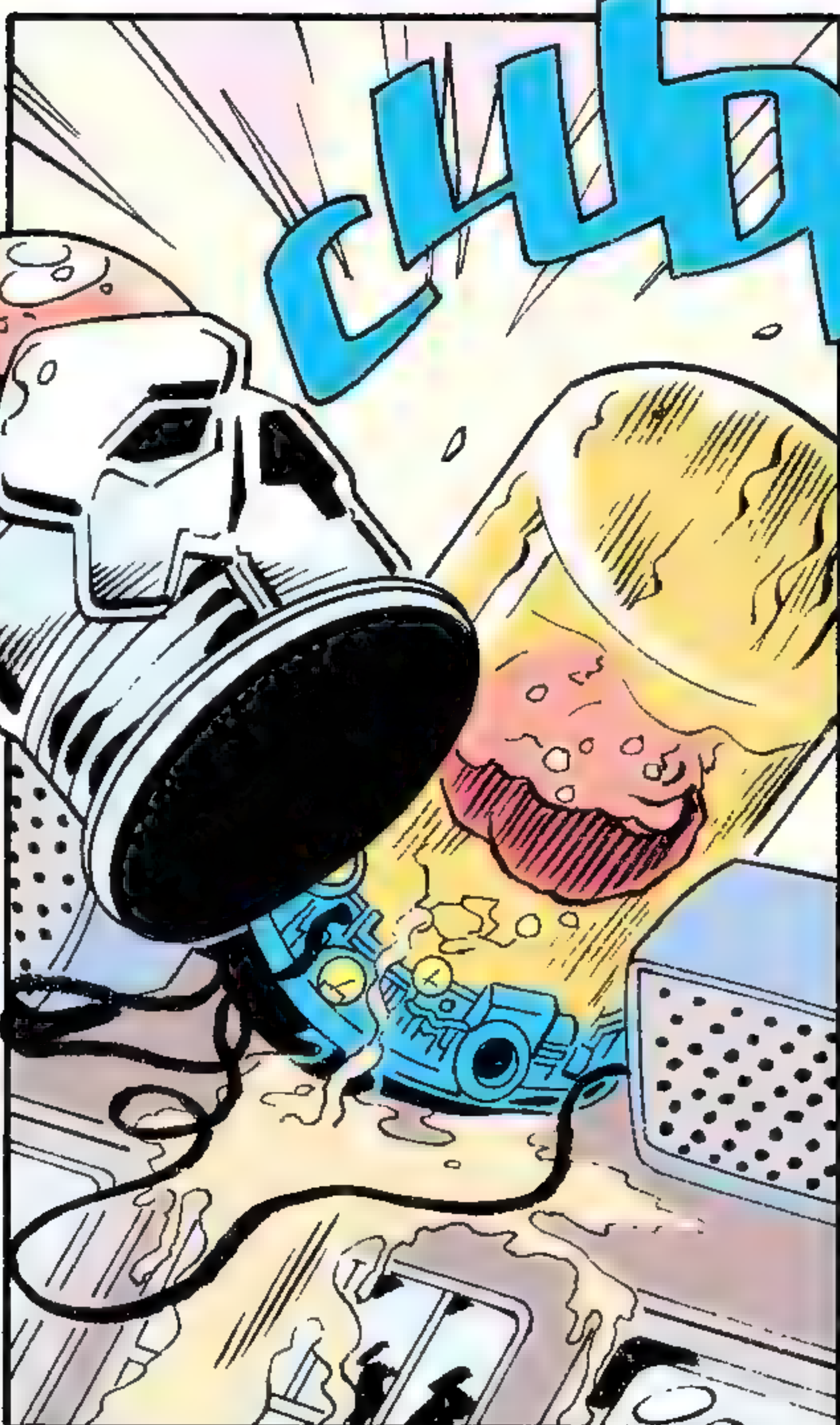


WHAT ARE YOU...

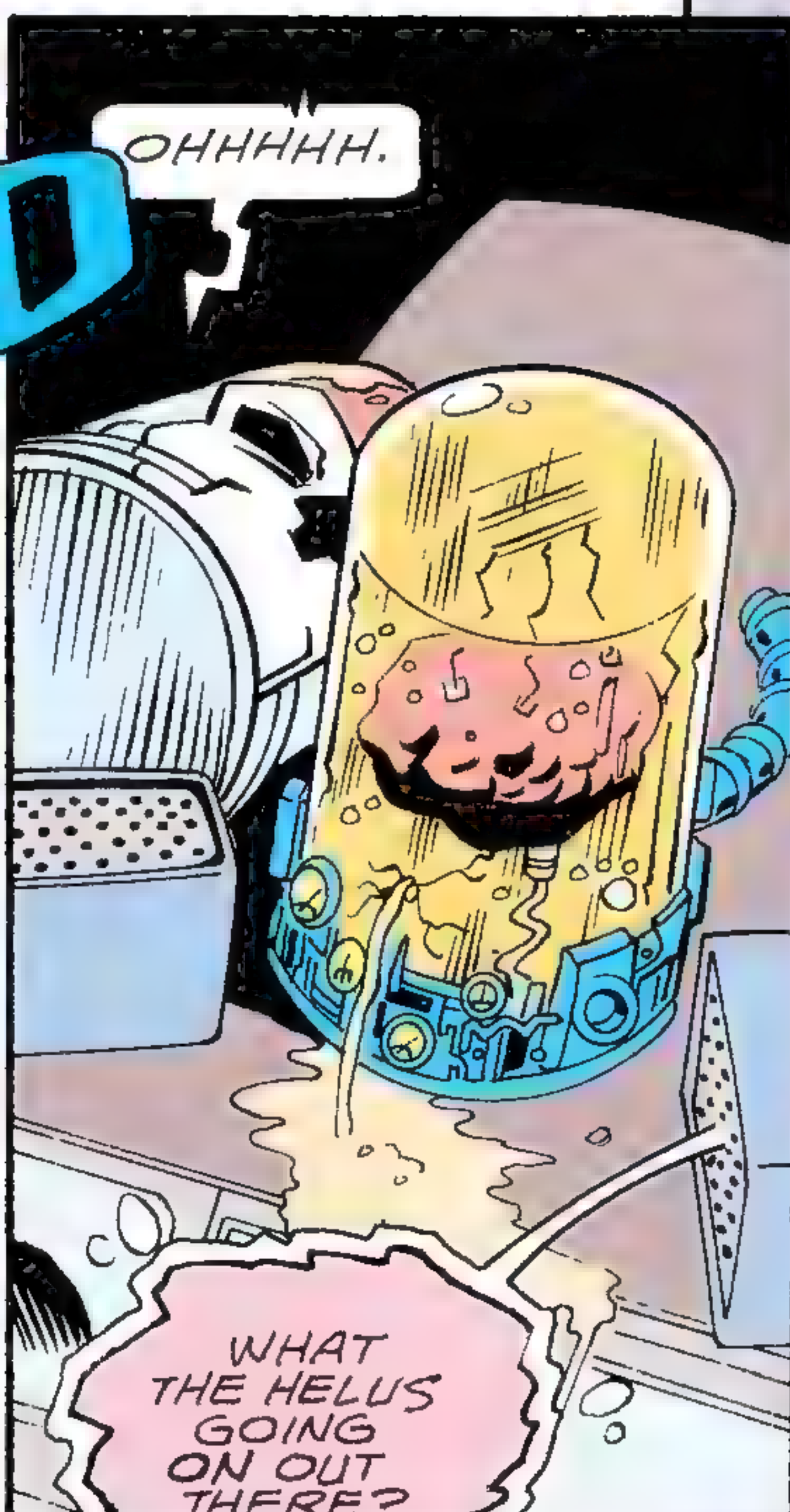


CLUB

OH HHHH.



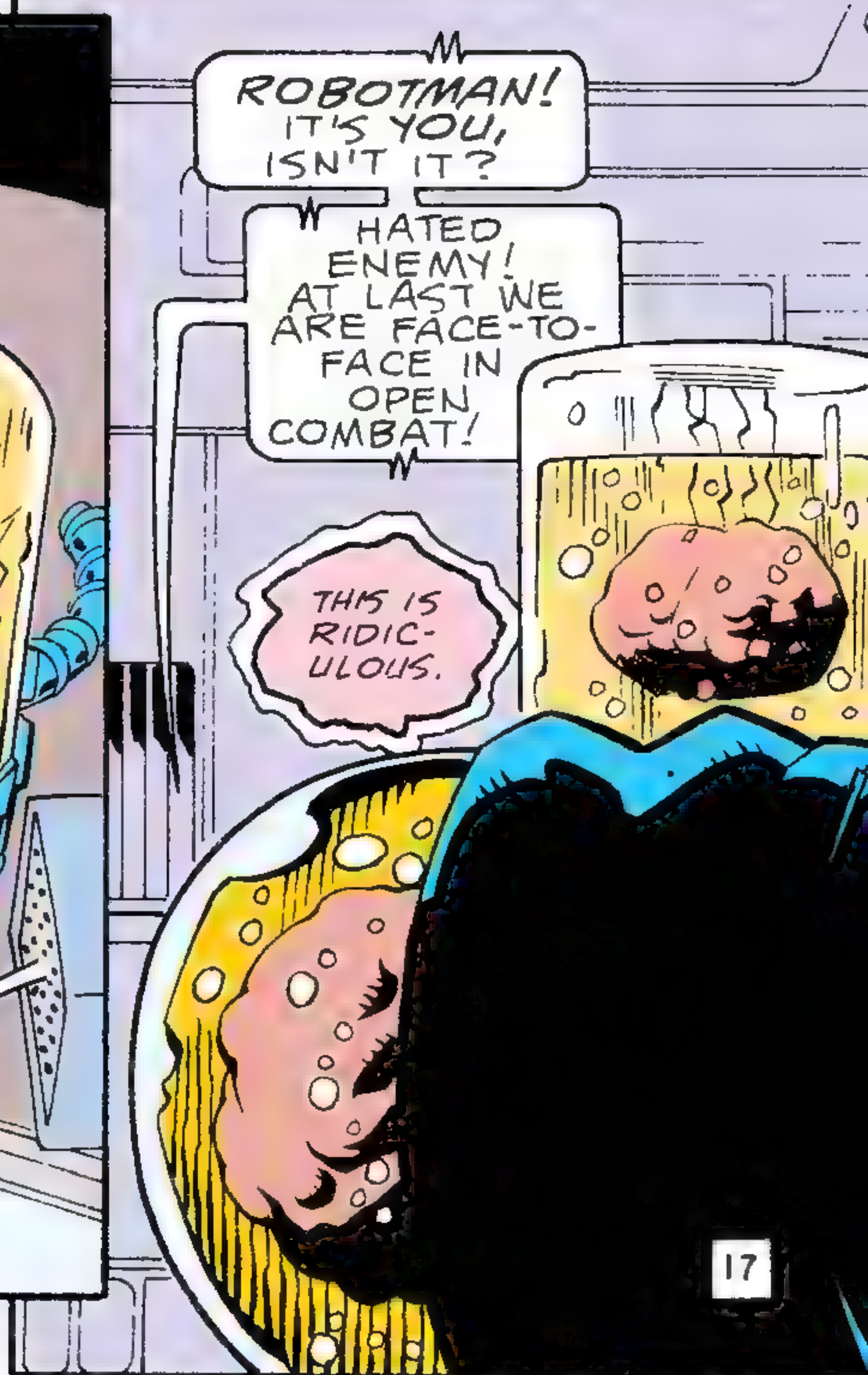
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON OUT THERE?



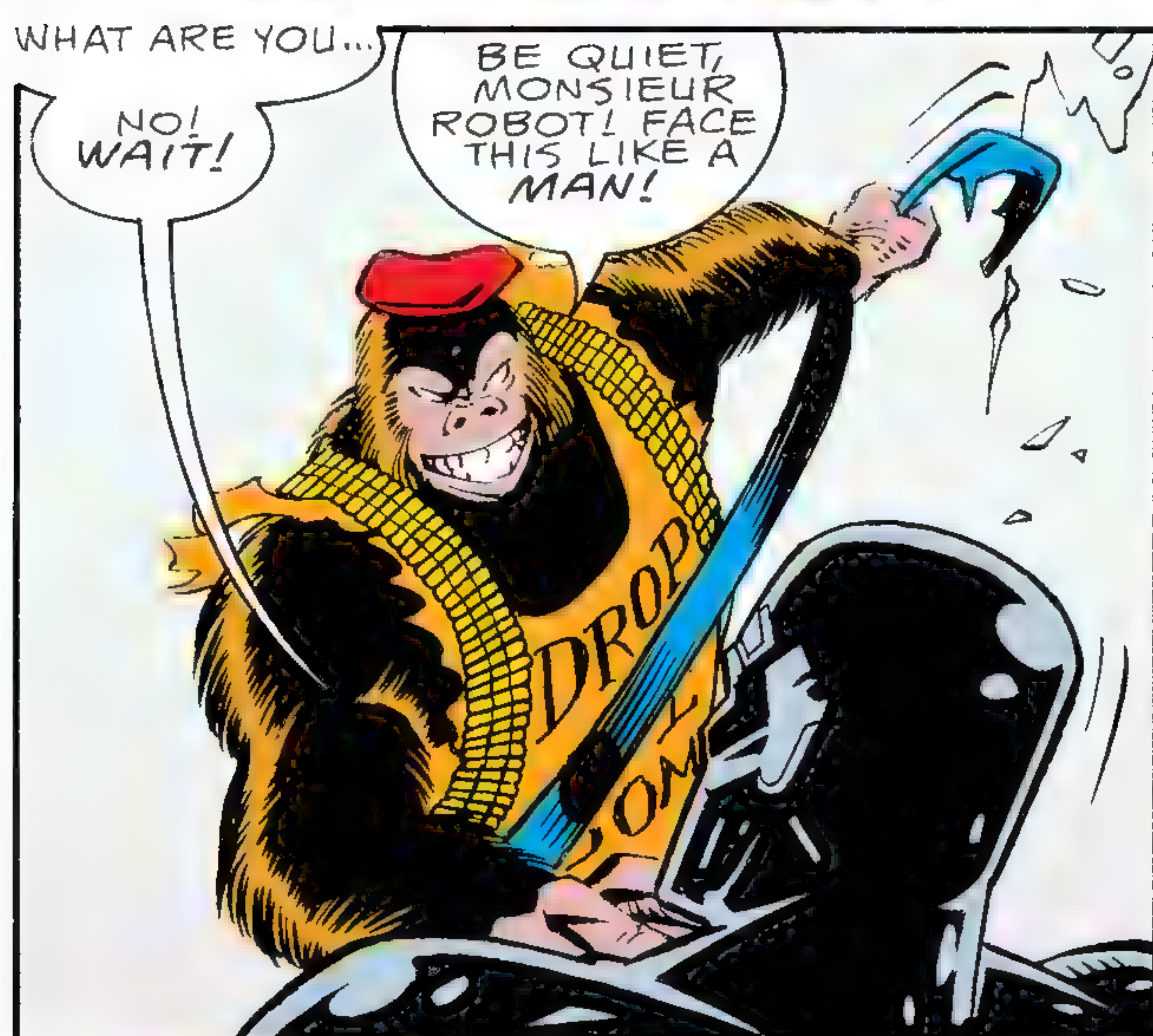
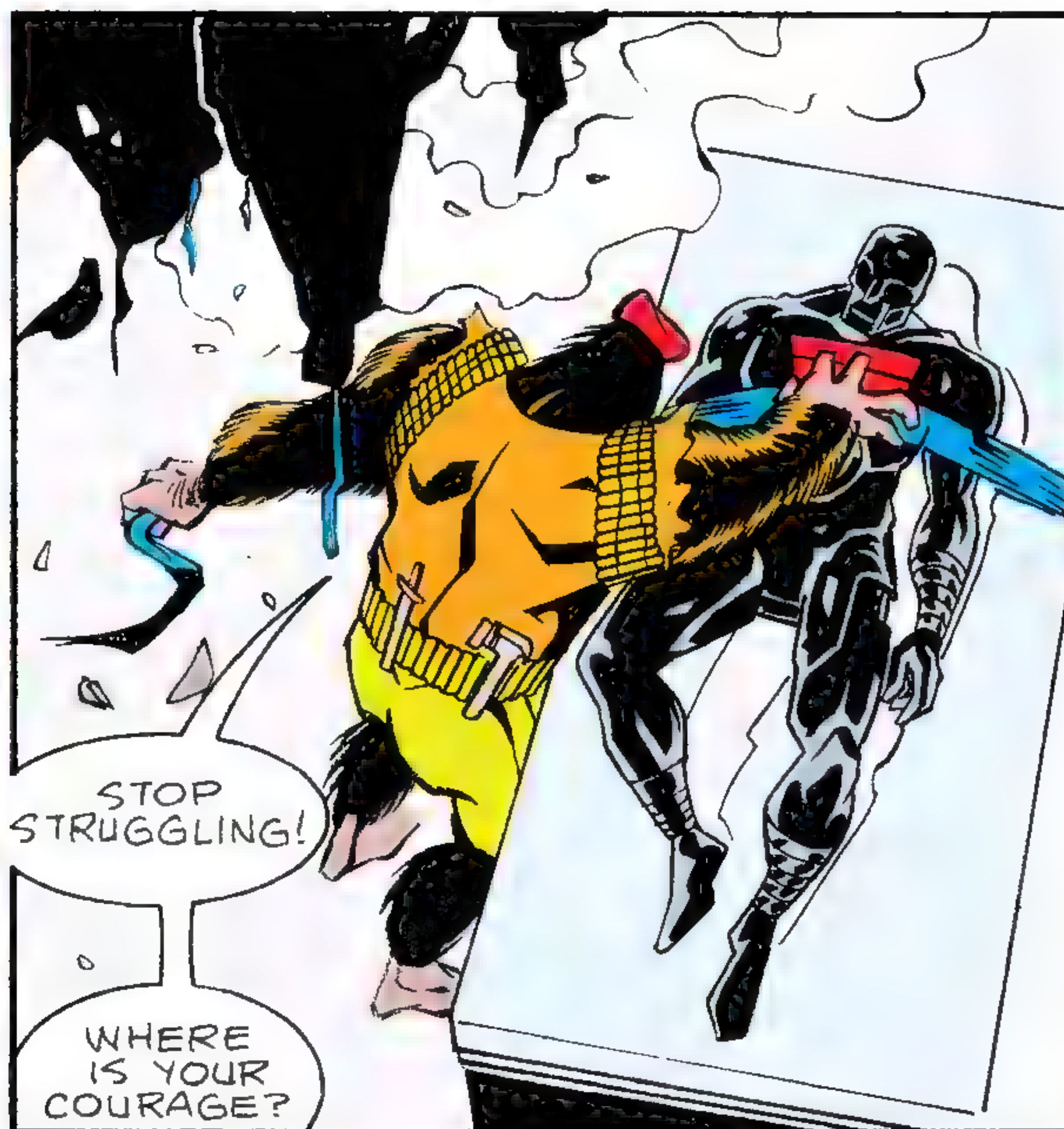
ROBOTMAN! IT'S YOU, ISN'T IT?

HATED ENEMY! AT LAST WE ARE FACE-TO-FACE IN OPEN COMBAT!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS.







THERE.

MASTER?
ARE YOU
THERE?

IT'S
OVER,
MASTER.
I DID IT.
HOW DO YOU
FEEL?

FEEL?

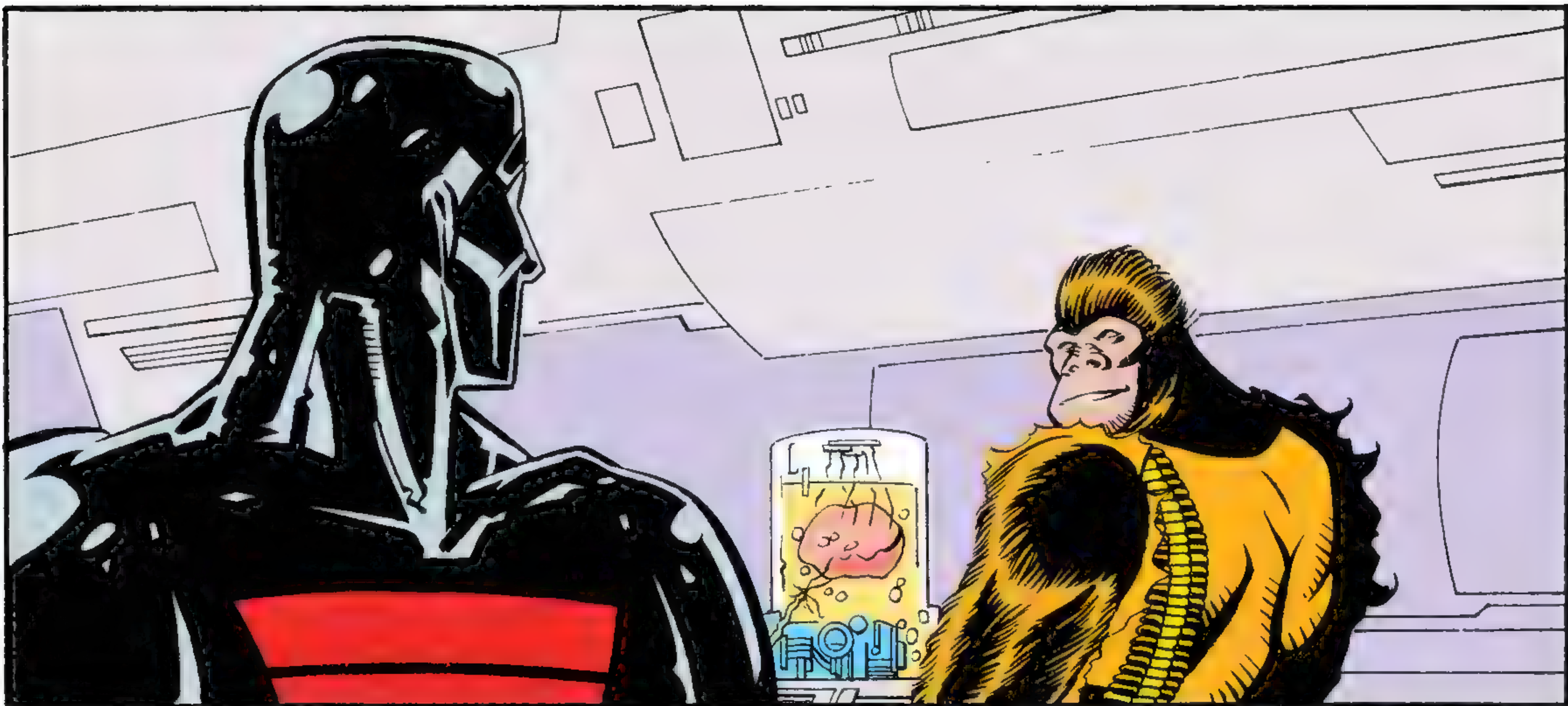
FEEL?
... I ...

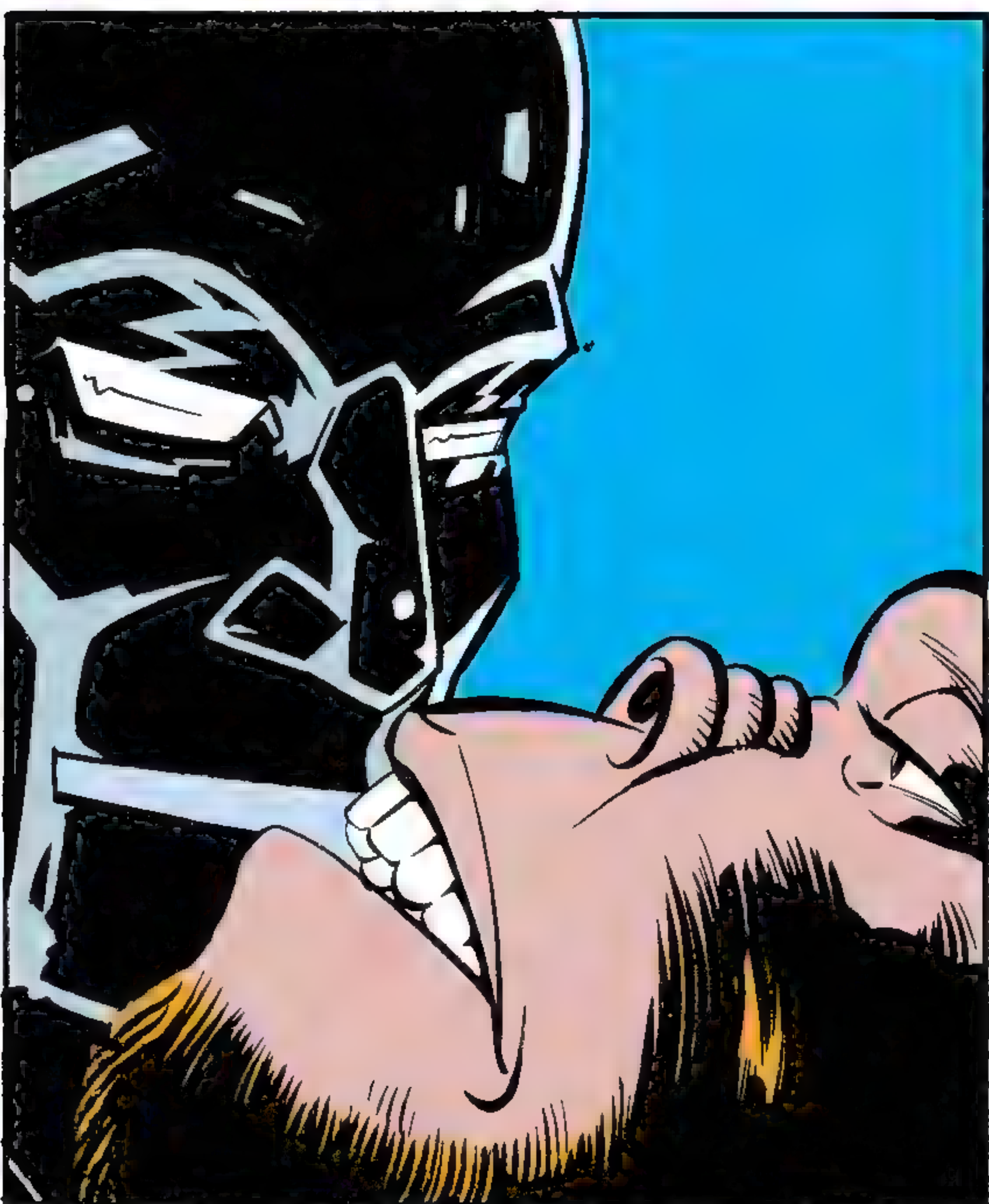
I CAN
FEEL! IT'S A
TRIUMPH,
MALLAH! MY
BRAIN IN THIS
MAGNIFICENT
BODY...

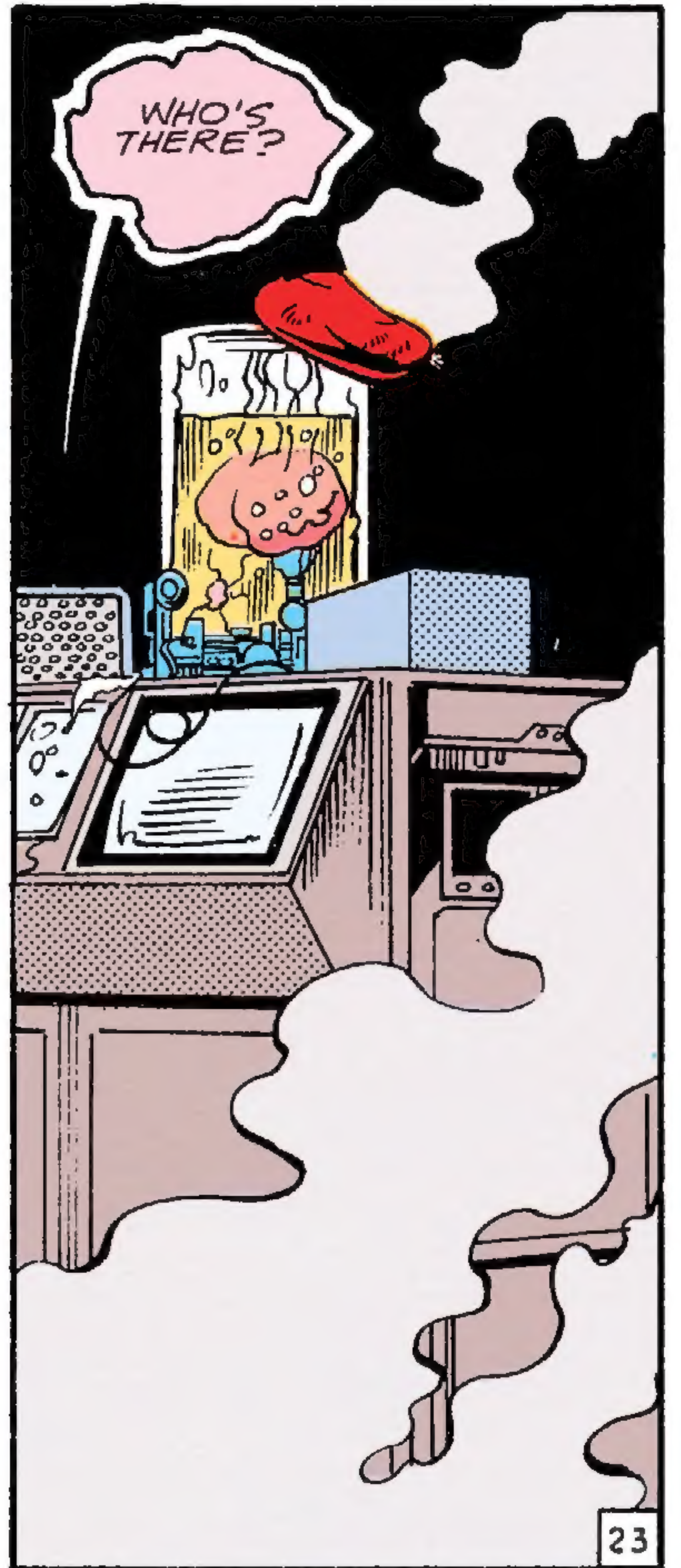
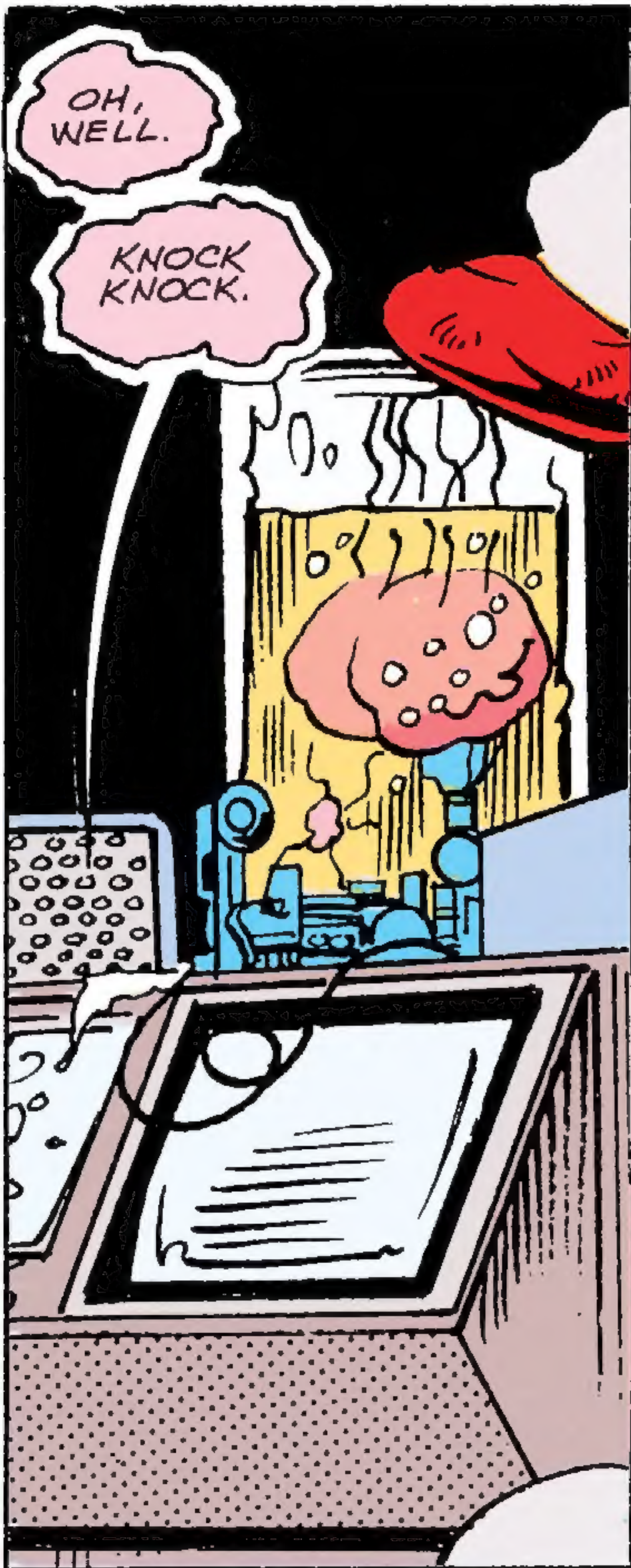
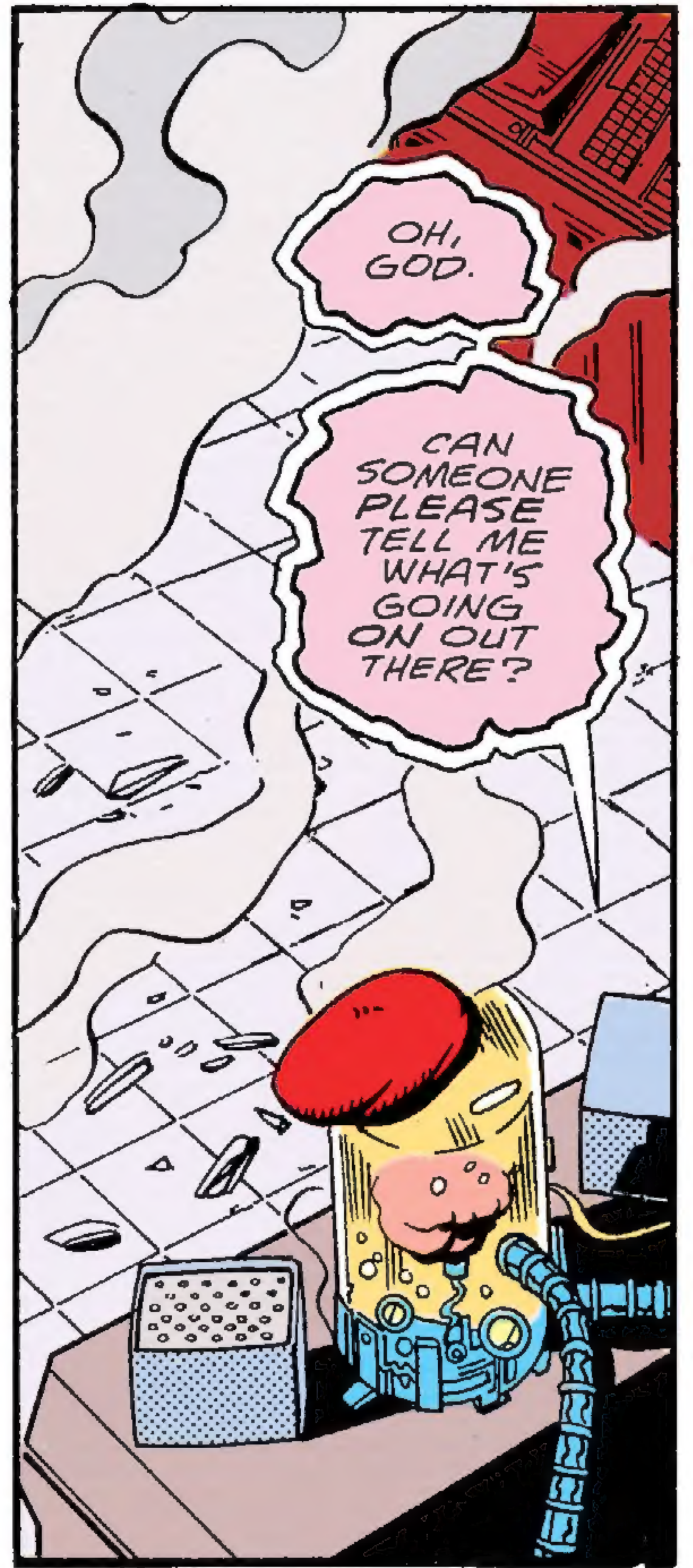
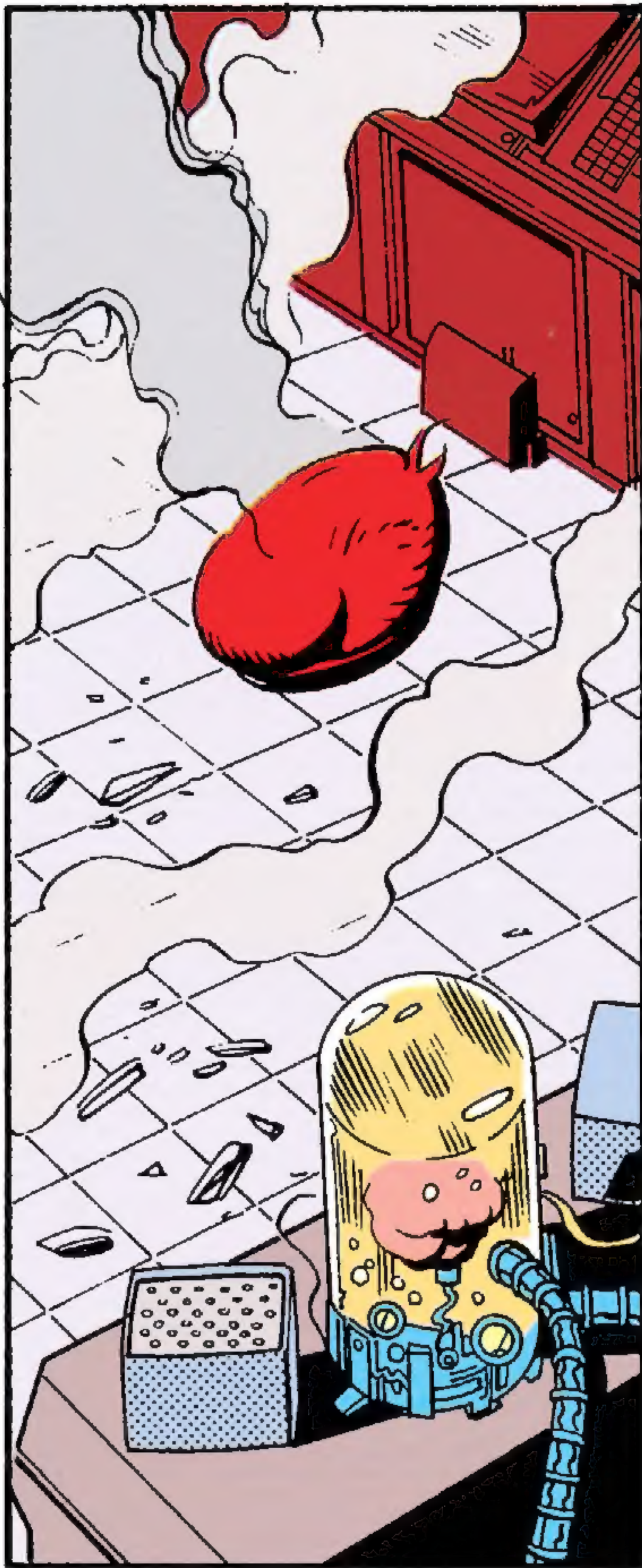
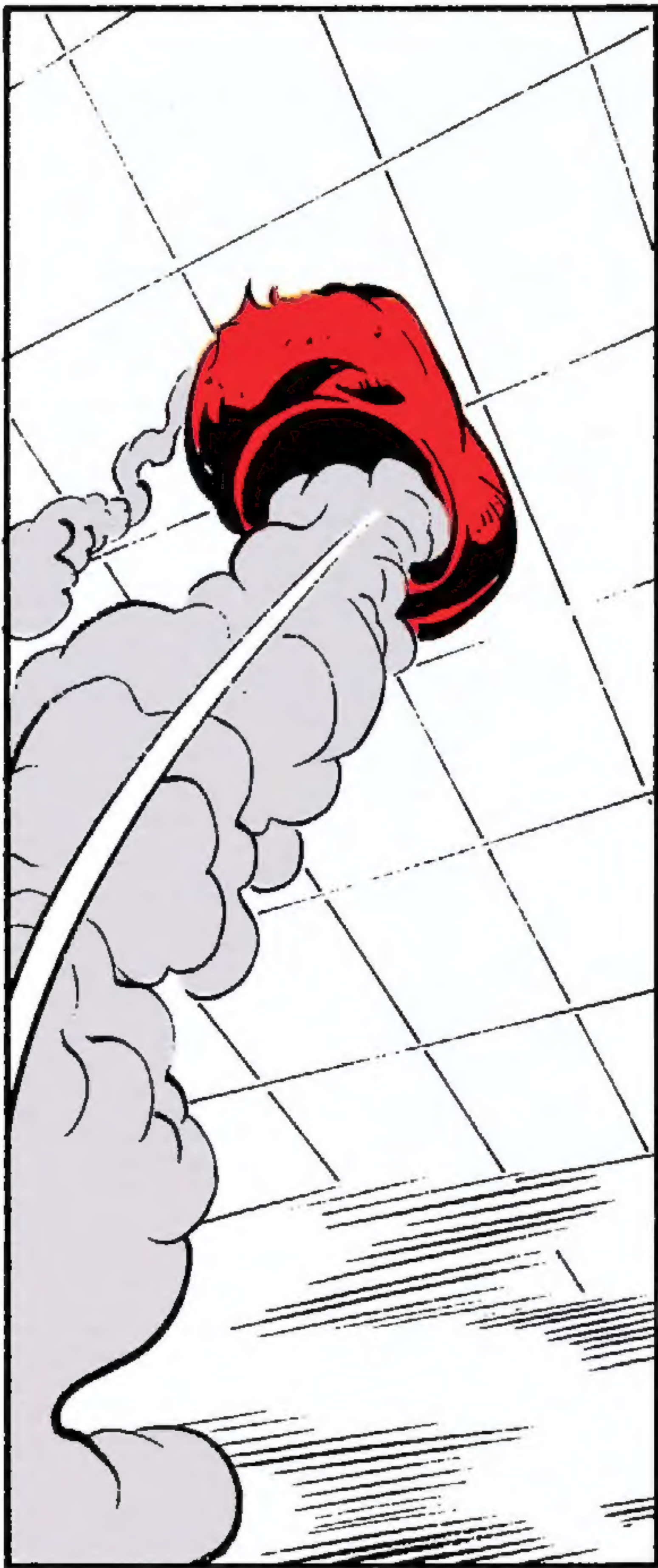
MY
GOD.

HOW DO I
LOOK?

YOU... YOU LOOK
VERY... HANDSOME,
MASTER...

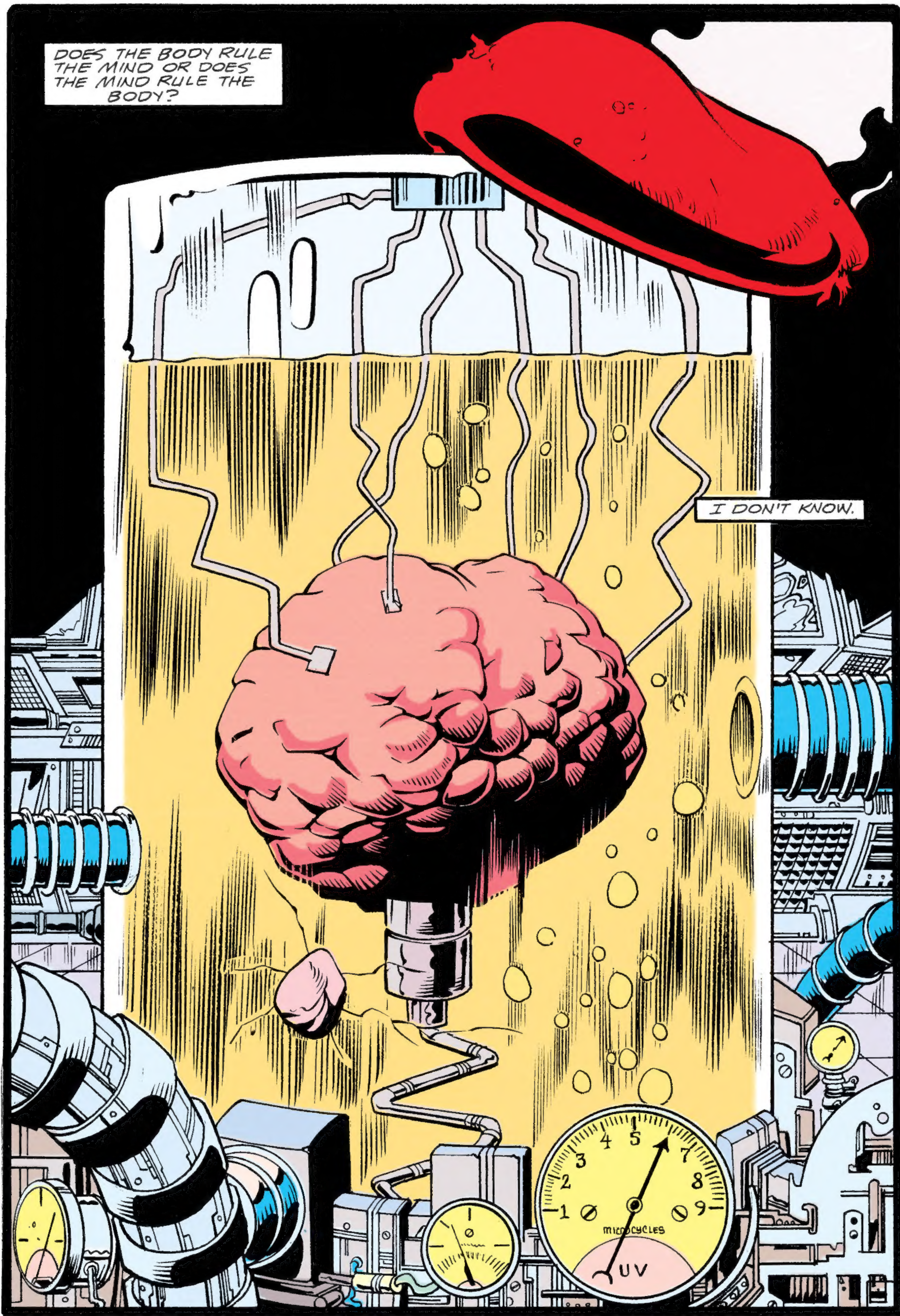






DOES THE BODY RULE
THE MIND OR DOES
THE MIND RULE THE
BODY?

I DON'T KNOW.



**"Very very very shortly,
this drab, workaday world
and everything in it will be
changed for *ever*! Follow
us into the golden country,
into the empire of the
senseless!"**

Originally conceived in the 1960s by the visionary team of writer Arnold Drake and artist Bruno Premiani, the Doom Patrol was reborn a generation later through the singular imagination of a young Scottish author — and the result took American comics in a wholly unexpected direction.

In forging their new path, the reborn World's Strangest Heroes left behind almost every vestige of normality. Though they are super-powered beings, and though their foes are bent on world domination, all that is conventional ends there. Shunned as freaks and outcasts, and tempered by loss and insanity, this band of misfits faces threats so mystifying in nature and so corrupted in motive that reality itself threatens to fall apart around them — but it's still all in a day's work for the Doom Patrol.

"Morrison and artist Richard Case took over that fourth-tier superhero series at the beginning of 1989 and spent the next four years driving it through zones of surreal madness that comics had scarcely visited before (and mostly haven't revisited)."

— **Los Angeles Times**

"Famously deconstructed the genre."

— **Washington Post**



Written by **GRANT MORRISON** and featuring art by **RICHARD CASE, JOHN NYBERG, DOUG BRAITHWAITE, SCOTT HANNA** and **CARLOS GARZÓN**, DOOM PATROL BOOK ONE collects issues #19-34 of the groundbreaking series and includes introductions from Morrison and editor Tom Peyer.

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